## THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1903



CHAPTER XXVII.

Linton was looking anything but her best. There was a trown upon her brow, an angry light in her blue eyes, that sadly spoilt her beauty. Her tall, well-developed figure was' arrayed in one of Worth's latest and most costly creations, her snowy neck was covered with diamonds, and her fair hair was dressed high upon her head in the most becoming fashion. Yet as she swept her handsome drawingroom from end to end the richness of her apparel, the spiendor of her jewelc, gave her little pleasure, for her soul was full of wrath.

"Every day he becomes more unbearable," she muttered, clenching her fists tightly. "He may bet and play cards and lose money as he pleases, but if I have a bill a little larger than he thinks fit, he grows stingy and mean to an alarming extent, and there is a row. My drawer is , now full of unpaid bills, and the creditors are pressing. He laughed scornfully. and flatly refused to pay them, when I ventured to tell him of one or two to-day. So anything may happen unless-yes, my only nope is in Sir Peter Goldsmid. He is rich and generous, and has something to gain by keeping me as a friend.

The frown left her brow, her eves became serene, her tips smiled sweetly as the door opened and Sir Peter Goldsmid was ushered in.

"My dear Sir Peter," she cried, holding out both hands at once and gliding forward softly to meet him, "how quite too charming! I was afraid, really quite afraid, to dare to send you such a shor invitation. But, knowing what a true friend you are-'

"You felt sure I would come, delighted, if only fortunate enough to Mrs. Danvers has foolishly engaged as ing upstairs, Lady Linton, so there his sake you must let Mr. Fairfax here I am. You got my telegram, dear Lady Linton, of course?"

"To my joy, yes-whilst dressing a few moments ago. His eyes rested for a moment upon

the elegant satin gown and rich lace, upon the diamonds on her neck and in her hair.

"A most successful toilette. Your ladyship understands the art of dressing better than any lady I know. You are looking charming to-night.'

But as he made this speech with a view to putting his hostess in good humor, he remembered Margaret's simple costume, and smiled. She required but little adornment. She "walked in beauty," but the beauty had thought, in Italy, but in London, a fool I am! Why should she? Her After Work or Exercise years later, the day before Archibald aunt's steward! The idea! Hurry on, came home." "But he did not see the woman ei- ed yourself to be your father's rightther before or after death."

"No." doggedly. "But everything you as Lord Linton, begin to think pointed to the fact that she was Ar- of Margaret Fane. Hadr as it will chibald's wife.

You are so generous; you would let her spend as she pleased. But you way, and were accepted without dis- tion now held by her father, I can-Just before Sir Peter arrived Lady have never, wise man that you are, pute at the time. The papers told the not draw back. I must act in justice been tempted to such a folly as matthrilling tale, and no one stepped for- to my mother, my sister, myself, rimony. Now, have you?" ward to say it was not true." Sir Peter grew grave, and went back to his seat by her side. "I have so." Lady Linton's hands trembled a do so-even though it should cost me generally contain "wood alcohol," a deadly been-am-tempted, Lady Linton. I little as she took up a small vase of very dear. Now that things look

identity of Madeline Delorme."

am madly in love." She looked at him in speechless am- on a high-standing cabinet. "And I seems will ing to help in this difficult azement. "Really? Well, of course, cannot think why you are so anxious task, which has been the ambition of it's not so surprising, after all." "I hope not-I trust not. I am not old, Lady Linton. I am rich, and I Margaret, and are so desirous of be done without beinging an instant's eyes upon her face. "Moon? I don't love sweet Margaret with my whole marrying her.". soul." Sir Peter smiled, and went over to

"Margaret? Margaret Fane? My step-daughter?" "Your step-daughter. Yes. Now,

t-if," his face grew scarlet, "you husband had any doubts as to will help me there."

"Well, really, and," with a little "Had he entertained such doubts. "you will ask for interest laugh, also, Sir Peter?" them to me?"-

"Not also. That-your good-will and Sir Peter looked at her closely. "I suppose not. And yet- However, ing down here to spy about and make fax?" help with Margaret is the interest I don't trouble about the matter. I am remarks," he grumbled, after a few require."

She looked at him. "And what if not, you may be sure, anxious to inmy help prove useless? What if you jure Margaret in any way. And if." should fail?" he laid great stress on the word, He caught her hand. "I will not "you help me, and all goes well, I

blame you, and will ask no further shall never raise the question." interest-that is, if I feel sure that "And if you don't succeed?" you have done your best for me." "Bah! we'll not think of anything "Oh," laughing lightly, well pleasso miserable-I've sworn to win Mar-

ed at his easy conditions, "you may garet, and I will. You must urge Lord Linton to favor me-before ev- I should add to your discontent. But be sure I'll do my best. And now, how shall I begin? Shall I get Marervone. garet up to town again?" She raised her eyebrows and shrug-

"No. Leave here where she is. ged her shoulders, then laughed. "I'll won't stay long." saw her to-day. She is happy at tell him-and shall I mention why it Riversdale." is, advisable he should do so?" "You saw her to-day? Then you saw "I trust you will. He will then unmy poor Hugo, I suppose?" derstand everything."

"Certainly. He too is happy at Riversdale. "But frail and feeble as ever?"

Lord Kelmsford." "I fear so. And greatly enamored Sir Peter grew suddenly scarlet. of a young gentleman-a namesake of Lord Linton's, one John Fane, whom change his mind. Some one is com-

steward, and seems inclined to treat is no time for more. I'll expect your paint you." as a friend." little note to-morrow, and you shall "Oh!" Lady Linton glanced at him not be kept waiting, I promise you." quickly. "And does Margaret favor

"Thank you; you are more than happy, Meg. I never want anyone him too?" kind." "I scarcely know. But he is a pro-The door opened, and Sir mising young fellow, and fit for someturned away. thing better than acting as steward. "By Jove," he muttered, I'd give

I am taking him into my office. all I've got could I but meet the man am going to make his fortune." who could tell me anything definite "How kind of you! So he is to about this Madeline Delorme." come to town, and Margaret is to "Mr. Gerald Fairfax," announced stay in the country?" the butler. And forgetting for the

"That is my idea." "It would be wiser to ship the cussing with Lady Linton, Sir Peter young gentleman to the Colonies."

started round, full of interest, to "The days of the pressgang are see what manner of man the young terribly, Meg, if he went away." over, Lady Linton. To ship John artist was. ane to the Colonies would be im

John Fane, and when you have provful heir, when all the world recognize

be to hurt her, as it must do if I "Certainly, the facts pointed that get possession of the title and posi-

roses from a table, and placed it up- promising, that Sir Peter Goldsmid

to raise the question now," with a my life, I could not give up. But reproachful glance, "when you love would that what I wish to do could sorrow upon Margaret.'

Under the shadow of a big hay stak her side. "My dear Lady Linton, I Hugo lay upon his couch, which was gan to fold up her work. You are too merely put the case-imagined what strewn with pictures and photographs literal, dear. But here comes' Mr. might possibly be true-asked, for a pair of scissors and a paintbox. His Fane. I wonder what he will think you want my help. You shall have the sake of information, whether your little face was white and wan; there about the portrait. I'm sure he'll be were dark circles under his eyes, and pleased." the

Meg? Isn't it a bore?"

right. But poor me, with my crook-

boy with a smile.

"He won't like it. And he is anx- ed back. It's absurd. Who on earth

ious that Margaret should marry wants to have a picture of me?"

Peter

moment the subject he had been dis-

CHAPTER XVIII.

This letter came upon John as a

"Nothing but pure kindness could

be Sir Peter Goldsmid. It is amaz-

youg decision soon?" said Isabel, af-

"This very day. I know a man

once. So my departure will not in-

write it, and carried it, in consider- tion."

dear John, it's the very thing for father."

his breath, "continue my work at a different family."

willing and able to take my place at that in life, Hugo."

terribly, John. For of course you without him."

in operation.

the corners of his mouth drooped with Hugo pouted and, as John came a sad expression of weariness and across the field, he muttered in a is it likely that he would confide discontent as he tossed the papers to sulky voice: "If he is I'll be surprisand fro with his tremulous hands. ed, and-and very angry." "I don't want an artist fellow com-

"I wonder if he knows Mr. Fair-

"I'm sure he wouldn't know anyone moments' silence; "and I don't want so stupid. John, John, I am so glad to be painted. What do you think, to see you," half-rising in his eagerness to greet his friend. "Do you Margaret, who was sitting on the know an artist fellow called Fair- The MANCHESTER FIRE grass, her back against the couch busfax?"

ily sewing at a child's frock of dainty John shook hands with Margaret; lace and muslin, looked round at the then turned away kuickly to the impatient boy. His eyes were heavy and "I'm afraid to say I do, dear, lest his face pale. The news he had to communicate was painful. The child's we must try and make the best of affectionate greeting and the girl's it, and be as patient as we can. He look of pleasure as she bade him "good morning" made it more diffi-"That's all very fine. You are something to look at, Meg, and if he were cult, more trying even than it had seemed on the way from Sturry. coming to paint you it would be all (To be Continued.)

OUT OF DEBT.

"Everyone who knows and loves It helps Betty, You might try you, Hugo," she said gently: "but "So he has told me. But he may your father most of all. He loves you don't need any help-perhaps you like dearly-more than any of us. So for to wipe dishes! Betty-dear me, how Betty doesn't like to! Although now it isn't nearly as bad, since she made "I suppose so. I'd like to please father if I could. But we were so a play of it. It's almost fun now.

When you are ten years old, you can make a play out of almost anything. not even father-except you and John. He is a dear. Now, isn't he?" That is the advantage of being ten Margaret's reel of cotton had roll- years old. You will be surprised how ed away amongst the hay, and she much it helps-ask Betty.

"Come, girls-dishes!" mamma bent down suddenly to look for it. "He's very nice, and very good to calls, after tea. In the mornings and you, dear," she replied, after a con- at noons there are lessons, and mamsiderable pause, her eyes searching ma washes them herself.

the tumbled hay for the missing reel; "Dishes! Dishes! Call for Volunteers!" and two volunteers appear. "I should just say he was, and Glory is the older, and washes; Betty much more than nice. We'd miss him wipes. She waits until the drainer is

EDWIN MARSHALL, DAVID FASKEN, Secretary, Presiden full of glasses and spoons. Then she



Deutists

strength Don't take the weak, watery witch hazel and, above all, to my dear father. I preparations represented to be "the same "Because there was no one to do were a traitor to his name did I not as" Pond's Extract, which easily sour and oisen. ger to her lip. "Hush, dear; it's foolish to cry for the moon, remember.'

Hugo fixed his great dark circled understand. John's not a moon."

ness and gives the body a feeling of c

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tems shown below :

Margaret laughed merrily, and be

was all her own, and required neither satin nor lace to set it off. "Base flatterer!" Lady Linton

cried, with an arch glance, far from guessing where his thoughts had led

"Not at all. I speak quite truly. The gown is in exquisite taste." She sighed, and caressed the lace upon the bodice with loving fingers.

"If it had not to be paid for, yes. But the day of reckoning always comes, Sir Peter." He bent towards her. "And it has

come to you, Lady Linton, in a not too pleasant way, I suppose?"

you know?' He laughed, and as she raised her head their eyes met. "I only guessed, but my surmises were correct. You Lord Linton quite sure that his cous-

pressed?" Her eyes fell and her color deepened.

"Horribly hard pressed, and Linton is adamant. He does not care what and turned up the electric light in to me to get you away from Riversmy troubles are, and used most insuf- the centre of the ceiling. "Poor Ar- dale. It is absurd to think of you as ferable language in speaking of them chibald was separated from his wife, a steward on any estate!" to-day. He," with set teeth, "anger- Madeline Delorme, for years, and "It's the very opening I have long- no relation." ed me beyond words. He will do no- came home to find her dead. They ed for. And, as you know, I have thing-says I may sell, or-"

"That was his little joke. But menawhile," he pressed her hand, ed resolutely at the carpet. "you/must let your friends help you. I for one am ready to see you through this time."

She breathed heavily, and bent might have been a mistake?" down to hide the expression of relief and pleasure that lit up her whole face. "Oh, Sir Peter, you are too, quite too generous. You have no idea what a large sum I would gladly bor- lorme had been killed in Italy, as bilities in the way of speculating in your little head trying to fit in puzrow this time."

is not small. But I shall want con- Fane had married-" siderable interest for my money."

laughed, highly amused by her horrified expression. "You cannot expect all for nothing."

"No," nervously, "of course not. But, you see-"

"Name your sum," he cried, gaily, picion. It is too horrible to think mine. So no fretting, remember." photographs yet?" "and then I'll tell you the interest I of." require."

She began to count quickly on her pleasant idea-for you or Lord Lin- was clear and serenely blue; the air John was a child are puzzling. few words in his ear.

laughed. "What an expensive luxury wife?"

make a man ponder-hesitate, even a question you should ask Linton - looked upon it his eyes grew sudden- of one of John's big albums. at the last moment." not me."

what a clumsy, ill-made man he was, said, wondering at her pallor. "Does ing his hand across his brow. "The bounded suddenly up to the couch. not lace my right shoe or put my ri the mantel-piece. He was not likely quickly, "or is it only terror for the of town; the hurry and rush of be far away, and we must not ask left knee. to attract a good-looking and expen- what might be should my supposition London are not in my line. To leave him impertinent questions about his sive wife, she told herself, so he need prove true?"

not be uneasy. Then, aloud, she "Linton has told me often," she But my whole future depends upon it. "I'd love to find he was a relation. ing three boxes I began to walk went on, with labored breath, "that It must be done. I wonder will she I'd like him better than anyone in around and do my work and lace up said:

"The girl who married you would there was no doubt about the mat- care? Hugo will lament openly-but the world for a brother or cousin." 'my shoes. me most fortunate, dear Sir Peter. ter. Madeline had not died, as he Margaret? Will she miss- Oh! what Margaret smiled and put her fin- "Six boxes cured me completely."

possible. At least, I could not do "John Fane? Does he claim any relationship with my husband's fam-

lv?" Sir Peter turned aside, that she putting into execution his plan of might not see the strange smile that luring John Fane away from Rivers- know?" flitted across his face. dale, and a carefully worded letter

"It would be folly for him to do indicating that he had been thinking that, I fancy," he answered, evasive- there might be something after all ly. \*'Lord Linton has no relatives, I in John's claim and offering him a cannot expect to keep Mr. Fane long understand. His family, they do post in his office as an articled clerk, as steward. He is really fit for betwas the first step towards putting it ter things."

say, is almost extinct.' "Almost, I believe.' Failing Hugoand his life is a poor one." with a "Yes; truly, it has. But how did little sigh-"Margaret and Doris will great surprise. He could not imagine

die with my husband." "Exactly. So I thought. But is able perplexity, to his mother.

are at this moment a little hard in, the late Lord Archibald Fane, who have put such an idea into his head." was killed in a railway accident, you Isabel cried delightedly. "And my remember, left no heirs?"

"Quite. He could not have done you. In a good profession you will so." She walked across the room do well, and it is an immense relief

never had any children." Sir Peter stroked his chin and look- could not-dare not," he said under a farmer there. They belong to quite

"I am aware of that. But did it Riversdale. But I never for an innever suggest itself to your mind or stant imagined that the person to to that of your husband that there help me out of my difficulties would

"A mistake." She stared at him. ing." "What on earth do you mean? No

mistake was possible. "But supposing that Mdeline De- ter they had exhausted all the possi- ed him. "Don't perplex and bother

your husband and his cousin both be- John's behalf. "I have a shrewd suspicion that it lieved for years, and that Archibald

"Good heavens! Would you suggest She looked up startled, and he that Linton has no right to-" "I was putting a case, supposing a

thing that might have happened." "That would mean ruin to us all. will have to go to London." Sir Peter, pray do not poison my

He smiled grimly. "It is not a

ly dim.

convenience her."

ingers, then, blushing to the roots of ton. But do you believe that your full of the perfume of new mown hay. There's a man-a tall man constantly er," Mr. Dixon says in telling the ar hair, bent forward and whispered husband is honestly convinced that The view from the top of the hill was in them who is like, very like, my story, "and after I got over it and

the woman in St. John's Wood, whom a favorite one of John's, and turning father-though handsomer and finer started to work Rheumatism set in. "Good heavens!" He coughed and he sent his cousin to see, was his as he went on his way to Grove looking. I'll show you one or two I had pains in my back and in my Ferry, he stood for a moment gazing and see what you think about it."

Lady Linton smiled, and thought "I mean to do so some day," he "I'll miss it all," he sighed, pass- cried quickly, as a large black dog and for three or four months I could

been feeling for some time that I from New Zealand. Their father was

"And you'll tell Mrs. Danvers of dreamily, "and another a lord."

this and those I love will be hard. relations."

ooking for, and started round with "Oh, dear!" she says, "how many a quick flush. debts I owe! I must begin right off "Went away? My dear Hugo, what nonsence. He's not going away."

Margaret forgot the object she was begins.

'very nice, indeed."

low; "I often thought it."

"Oh, people often ask that

she couldn't see it, and that he was Donnell.

"Of course not. Those Fanes come

"Yes, but John's a gentleman,

"It's odd that one gentleman should

only be a steward," the child said

Margaret turned suddenly and kiss-

zles of that kind," she said, laugh-

"There are, I suppose. But, Meg.

"Foolish little boy. Now, that's go-

ing. "There are stranger things than

il John goes away I shall go too.

Meg. Now, isn't he?"

"Yes, to be sure he is."

they hear his name is Fane."

and pay 'em up. It will never do to let this go on any longer! There, Then she laughed, and, picking up her there's one debt paid a'ready. I be-Sir Peter Goldsmid lost no time in work again, she said quietly: "Who put that into your head, I'd like to one's paid, and that one, and that in to feel a little relieved. And that's one! I'll work ve-ry hard, and p'r'aps "Aunt Miriam. I heard her praissome day," sighing, "I'll be out of ing John yesterday to a lady who debt!"

was visiting her, and she said: 'I She wipes away busily, a little scowl between her eyes. The tumbler debts, are all paid. the plate and saucer ones come next, and she settles "That's true," Maragret murmured them.

"Why, I'm getting along beautiful-"That's what the lady said; and inherit everything. The title will then what had prompted the solicitor to then she asked if John was a rela- ly!" she murmurs, presently, and the scowl is certainly smoothing out There is a breathless last minute or when two, and then a shout of triumph -"Done!" "Well, she declared her reason for

> saying so was his likeness to my The towel waves, Betty dances on her toes, the Gray Princess wakes up Margaret laughed gaily. "She was and purrs her congratulations. Great THE TORONTO GENERAL dreaming. Why, John is dark and-" times! "It was expression and a kind of

"Oh," breathes Betty, "it feel so family look. But Aunt Miriam said good to be out of debt!"-Annie H.

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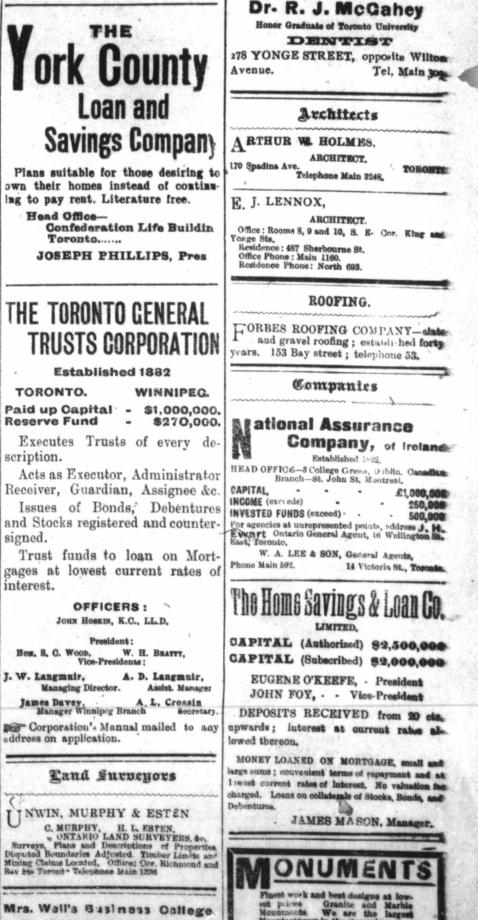
"Oh! of course, that is inevitable. ing too fat. But don't worry. He's familiar figure limping around with mind with such a preposterous sus- But I'll come home often, mother not going. Have you looked at his his stick, and his cure was so speedy and complete that it is little wonder And kissing her again, he went away. ""Yes; they are very interesting. people are looking on Dodd's Kidney

It was a lovely morning. The sky And some of the groups done when Pills as something to swear by. "I had an attack of Typhoid Fey-

right hip so tad that I had to use a a wife is! I declare it's enough to She grew white as death. "That is in delight, and as the young man And he began to turn over the leaves stick to walk and I had no comfort in sleeping. I could no more than

"Don't mind now, dear," Margaret dress myself for nearly two months,

"A brother of mine advised me to try Dodd's Fidney Pills and after tak-



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