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A DEAD HEART

A Love Story.

"I cannot tell. I have heard that she married against her will; and I have heard, too, that she loved some handsome young soldier who was killed in the wars. People do say that she cried on her wedding morning, and begged them to let her go free."

"If that was true, I swore to myself, she should answer for it with his miserable life. If he had forced her, or coerced her, or threatened her, or persecuted her, I would slay him. The good woman was only too delighted to prattle to a willing listener. She went on."

"When she was first married, my lady walked out very often in the park, but always alone. I do not think she was happy, because her eyes were wet with tears. She walks here now, but she has her daughter with her, a pretty child, just able to walk, and my lady adores her. I do not believe in gossip, but I have heard people say Sir Aleck is not kind to his wife."

"Not kind?" I cried. Ah, if it were true—if it were true, I would kill him."

"Sir Aleck is very fond of her. I do know that; he worships the ground she walks on; but the servants say he is always cross and impatient, and because she does not love him enough. They drove through the park to Carnarvon this afternoon, and I expect them back every minute. You would like to see my lady. She has the sweetest face in the world."

"Like to see 'my lady'?" Why, I would go through fire or through seas only to look once more at the face I loved!

"I should like to see her," I replied; and as I spoke the words we heard the sound of carriage wheels. The woman rose quickly.

"I must go," she said. "Stand by the window there, and you will see my lady."

"May heaven help me," I prayed from the depths of an anguished heart. I had seen her last in the garden at Glen; I held her sweet hands; I kissed her sweet mouth; I called her my wife; I pledged my faith to her, and she had left warm kisses and warm tears on my face. Now, trembling and faint, I went to the window and saw her again—yes, saw her again!

There was a faint light in the western sky; there was a group of tall, bare trees; the great iron gates were surmounted with a lion couchant. There was the carriage with a pair of handsome grays, a coachman and a footman—over these my eyes went slowly. There was a tall, handsome man, with a fur coat. My eyes lingered on him and my right hand was clenched; and then slowly, for I was frightened at my own pain—slowly, for I dreaded it, I looked and saw "my lady"—saw a slight figure wrapped in fur, and a sweet, sad face looking drearily out the trees—saw the face I had loved, the lips I had kissed, the eyes that had always looked lovingly on me—saw the dear hands I had held in mine—saw my love as I left her. My heart went out from me, my strength failed me. I drew back with an exceedingly bitter cry. Oh, love, never to be mine again. Oh, love, gone from me for ever more. There were darkness and silence. How long did it last? I remember no more until the woman's voice roused me.

"You fainted, sir," she said. "You are hardly fit to be out of doors."

"Are they gone?" I asked.

"Yes, Sir Aleck stopped to give me a message for my husband, and my lady gave me a sovereign." She opened her hand and showed me a golden coin lying in it. "My lady is always good," she said; "everyone loves her. What did you think of her, sir?"

"She is very beautiful," I said.

"Who knew her beauty, her grace and her loveliness as I did? With hurried thanks I hastened out. I looked round whither should I go? What should I do? Where could I hide my misery—where cry out my anguish—where suffer my intolerable pain? There seemed to be no mercy for me in the clear, sweet heavens, no pity on the bare earth.

I went to the forest and stayed there until Christmas day broke in the skies, and returned once more to look at the sad, sweet face of my lost love. My long illness followed, and then Abel Blithe asked me if I would go to the Hall. So I held my life in my hands. I could go there, with only her, wait upon her, be near her always, and wear out my life in silent anguish; or I could go far away where I should never hear of her or see her again. Which should I do? I thought long and anxiously over it. What

puzzled me most was why she married Sir Aleck. I could not understand it. No one could have compelled her to marry against her will; no one could have forced her. Why, then, had she married him? It must have been almost directly after my death was announced in the papers. If she really loved me as I honestly believed, why did she show such little respect for my memory as to marry immediately? If she were happy, what was the meaning of that far-off look on her face, and that sad expression in her dreamy eyes? Why did she walk "always alone"? I brooded over it morning and night, but the mystery baffled me. Why had she married Sir Aleck? I must find out. Perhaps, when I knew that, I might go away and never see her again—but not yet, not yet!

I went to Abel Blithe when a few days had passed by, and told him my story. I most gratefully accepted his offer, and would be glad to learn all that he could teach me at Atherstone Park.

CHAPTER XI.

The morning came when I walked to Abel Blithe's side to the park. He talked cheerily to me; he shook hands with me when we entered the gardeners' shed.

"It may come a little hard at first," he said, "as you have been a gentleman born, but the man who works hard is an honest man. Adam was the first gentleman to my mind, and he dug and sowed, planted and reaped. You will like the work in time."

"I am sure of it," I answered; "but do not put me today near the house. Let me get used to my position first."

He gave me work in the kitchen-garden, and very soon I was busy tilling the ground of the man I hated. I did not dislike it, and I worked hard, worked until I realized what the words "tiller of the soil" meant. It was a shock, but no surprise to me, when I saw Sir Aleck talking to Abel, and giving him instructions about the ferns. I felt his eyes on me, and I heard him say:

"Who is that great bearded man, Blithe?" But Abel's answer I did not hear. It must have been satisfactory, for presently he strode down to me, smoking his cigar. He nodded as I touched my cap to him.

"If I am kind to see you here, Smith," he said, "you have had a long illness; you must be glad to get out again."

I thanked him by a silent bow. He seemed to have a strange fancy for talking to me.

"You had all attention, I hope? Blithe is a good-hearted man. Her ladyship has taken a kindly interest in you, too."

I am thankful how that I restrained the impulse which bade me knock him down. I murmured that I was grateful, and that her ladyship had been kind.

"Put his hand into his pocket, and I was so terribly afraid that he was going to give me something that I hastened away."

"Shall you like your work?" asked Abel that evening as we walked home side by side.

I told him that it would suit me well; and I begged of him that on the morrow I might begin that which he really wished me to do.

[To be Continued.]

WENT UP WITH A TOY BALLOON

How a Lady Lost Her \$2,500 Diamond Brooch.

Miss Mary Burns, a wealthy young woman of Baltimore, suffered the loss of a handsome diamond brooch at Kinsley, Kansas, in a remarkable manner.

She was traveling in a private car, and at Kinsley, where the train made a considerable halt, found a rabbit coursing in progress. She took a fancy to a little girl in one of the other cars and invited the child and its mother into her car.

At the station she bought a rubber balloon for the child's amusement. A few miles further on the child fully fastened the cord of the balloon to the brooch.

Then the child caught the balloon, and in an instant it had jerked the diamond brooch from the lady's bosom and took flight in the air.

The brooch is valued at \$2,500, and the owner has offered a reward of \$500 for its recovery. Cowboys are scouring the country in the hope of recovering the jewel. —New York Journal.

WAR IN GLASS.

Pittsburg, Dec. 11.—The American Window Glass Company is said to have made a cut of 33 1/2 per cent in the price of window glass, effective last Wednesday, and to have ordered free lighted in all its factories, the purpose being to resume operations about Jan. 1. This move is considered a declaration of war on the independent manufacturers.



No other M. D. has so many cures to his credit. No other M. D. has made so many wonderful cures. So-called "hopeless" cases, chronic cases, "incurable" cases have all been cured, not once or twice, but thousands of times, by the use of that remarkable remedy

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

All grocers sell Tea, but all teas are not the same. Some are good and some are not. We have had a great many years' experience, and after carefully studying the productions of all the countries we recommend the use of

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Make your Tea in an earthen pot, with boiling water, let it draw seven minutes. Buy our 25c or 35c Indian or Ceylon.

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CLOUDY SKIES

(Continued from page 4.)

making use of Reuter's agent for purposes of his own, but they were also unable to explain why Gen. Buller could be deceived, when the heliograph enabled him to communicate directly with Ladysmith. The latest news from Ladysmith by runner was dated Tuesday, when the garrison was reported by the Standard correspondent to be in excellent condition after silencing the heavy guns mounted by the Boers. The war office at midnight settled all controversy by giving out a bulletin which Gen. Buller had received from Gen. White, fully confirming Reuter's dispatch. White had sent a force of 600 men to surprise a gun on the hill, and had destroyed two guns with gun cotton and brought back a Maxim into camp with only one man killed and one runner wounded.

A detachment of the 18th Hussars had circled around Popworth Hill, burning kraals and cutting telegraph lines. It was a gallant and successful sortie, which proved that Gen. Buller's men were full of fight and in admirable condition for co-operating with Gen. Buller. It was a good omen, anyway, for the stirring events during the next few days, with victory as a crowning result.

TOMMY ATKINS.
The London correspondent of the Tribune, reviewing the South African situation, in a dispatch dated Sunday morning, says: England has renewed her faith in Tommy Atkins as her best general, and bears with fortitude and patience the continuous strain of war, with its surges of excitement and endless exaggeration of trivial details. If a campaign entered into without popular enthusiasm and mainly with feelings of political fatalism as a conflict forced upon her by Kruger's ultimatum and extensive military preparations be watched with something like evidences of weariness, it is because there is utter lack of proportion between the minor incidents which fill the columns of the newspapers and the magnitude of the British armaments and efforts.

PIN-PRICKING.
John Bull suffers every day from the pin-pricking process by which skirmishes are enlarged into battles, and momentary interruptions of communications exaggerated into crisis and defeat. I am thankful how that I restrained the impulse which bade me knock him down. I murmured that I was grateful, and that her ladyship had been kind.

BOER MISSION TO EUROPE.
The London correspondent of the New York Sun says: A couple of weeks ago it was announced that Chief Justice Gregorovich and other civil officials of the Transvaal had arrived at Lorenzo Marquez, en route to Cape Province, to see for peace. The war was then young, and the Boers had matters military much their own way, it seemed strange that President Kruger would so soon assume the role of supplicant. It now appears that the mission is not bound for Cape Town, but for Europe. The members will probably be in Paris by the end of the week. They propose to visit every European capital with the object of interesting the powers in the object of the South African Republics, so that when the time comes for peace England will not be permitted to impose terms in this country, and to arouse temper in this country, and to arouse temper in this country, and to arouse temper in this country.

LEND THE BOERS DIPLOMATIC HELP.
and that such mediation would be politely but positively declined. In view of what might happen after that, the British Government has been quietly making a variety of preparations, some of which are known to all the world, but which they could not be concealed, such as the concentration of the Mediterranean and Channel fleet, and the commissioning of a small special service squadron. There are other preparations of which the patriotic newspapers have had a little mention, and which have had no mention, by special request of the government.

BRITISH PREPARATIONS.
It is a fact, for instance, that arrangements have been made for calling out the naval reserve, and coast guard to man every efficient fighting ship in the British navy, and officers of all volunteer regiments have been warned that their men may be called to arms on short notice. Some of the commanders have in turn confidently warned their subordinate officers, and a good many people have gained a knowledge of what is going on. Commanding officers have also been requested to furnish an estimate of the number of men who are likely to volunteer for full military service. The volunteer forces must amount to 200,000 men, in addition to which there are, believed to be fully 250,000 men who have passed through the volunteer ranks, so-called, and who are under 40 years of age. It is estimated that 100,000 active volunteers and 80,000 able-bodied veterans would respond to a call for full military service, and they would furnish force by no means to be despised. The German emperor holds the opinion that three months' training of the same period of active service would equal the German volunteers the equal of any soldiers in the world, and probably most military experts would agree with him. Altogether there is war for the statement that if any European power should attempt to interfere in the struggle in South Africa, England would respond by mobilizing the entire fleet and coast of the volunteer forces, naval and military.

DIFFERENCES IN WOUNDS.
The Lancet's correspondent at Cape Town sends an important report, in which he says of the wounded: A majority of the cases result from Mauser bullets, with a few from Martini-Henri, and the difference is extremely marked. The Mauser does not inflict so severe a wound, and the crushing power is distinctly less. In most cases it is difficult to determine the aperture of entry and exit of the bullet, the appearance of the wound, both apertures in nearly all cases being identical in size. Of course, I am referring to wounds of a fleshy nature, where the bullet traverses the muscular structure, and in the cases of perforation, grooving or tunneling of bones, the aperture of exit is much enlarged. It

is simply surprising to note how quickly and readily these wounds heal. In a great number of cases the ordinary field dressing is quite sufficient to bring about complete healing, and the small-calibre rifle and the consequent size of the bullet tell most favorably. In fact, instead of with the Martini-Henri or Remington bullet, of a wound resulting through which one can thread a large-sized drainage tube, the tissues are so little disturbed that they close immediately after the missile has passed through, and the healing begins at once. There are a few cases of shell wound, and these naturally are more severe, the laceration of muscle and other soft tissues and the splintering of bone being the chief characteristics. The weather keeps rather cool in the morning and after sunset, and the men coming from Natal are up and wandering after a few days in the hospital here. This climate is exceptionally good for wounds. In fact, they heal in such a marvelous manner that unless a man is struck in a vital part, the probabilities are that he will be fit for fighting again in a few weeks—a fact which will be forcibly impressed upon the Boers before we are done with them. I cannot help thinking that if they had any experience with the wounds caused by their new rifles, they would discard them in favor of their old friend, the Martini-Henri.

THE HEALTH HABIT

Just as Easy to Form as Any Other.
We do not deliberately form our pet habits, but they are unconsciously acquired, and grow as we grow, and by the time we learn they are hurting us, we find them too strong to be easily broken.

They then form a good habit, a habit which will counteract the many bad ones; in other words, contract the unfashionable one of being always well.

The best health habit to get into is to have and keep a vigorous stomach, if you have a healthy digestion you can drink your beloved coffee, smoke your favorite brand of tobacco, with little or no harm; the mischievous habits which these things are forced upon the faithful stomach without any assistance.

Form the habit of taking after meals some harmless but efficient digestive which will move the stomach of so much extra work.

Nature furnishes us with such digestives, and when they are combined in such a pleasant preparation as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, they give the overworked stomach just the necessary assistance without any of the harmful effects of cathartics and similar drugs.

The habit of taking Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after meals is as necessary to the weak stomach as food itself, and indeed, to get the benefit from food eaten, nothing better and certainly nothing safer can be used.

Many families consider Stuart's Tablets as essential in the house as knives and forks.

They consist entirely of natural digestive principles without the effect of the characteristic of drugs; they have no cathartic action, but simply go to work on the food eaten and digest it.

Take into account your bad habits and the expense they entail, and then invest 50 cents in a box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and see if your digestion for the next month is not vastly improved.

Ask the clerk in any drug store the name of the most successful remedy for the stomach, and he will say "Stuart's."

"YELLOW" YARNS

Sixty Boers Said to Have Been Slaughtered While Pleading for Mercy.

New York, Dec. 11.—"Private letters received in London confirm the Boer allegation that the Fifth British Lancers massacred sixty burghers at Elandsburg after they had thrown down their arms," says a cable to the world. The official writes in a letter published in the London Times:

"After the enemy were driven out, one of our squadrons pursued and got right in among them in the twilight and most excellent pig sticking ensued for minutes, the bag being about sixty. One of our men stuck his lance through two, killing both at one thrust. Had it not been getting dark, we should have killed many more."

"A dragon corporal told a Chronicle correspondent: 'The Boers fell off their horses and rolled among the rocks, hiding their heads with their arms, calling for mercy, calling to be shot—anything to escape from a stab from those terrible lances through their backs and bowels. But not many escaped. We just gave them a good dig as they lay. Next day most of the lances were bloody.'"

"Another lancer trooper writes of the same incident: 'We got a charge at them. They

THE TEST THAT TELLS
Is the Testimony of London People.
You Can Get All the Corroborating Proof You Want by Reading London Papers.

When the reader wants an article of value he naturally prefers to deal with someone he can depend on.

If mixed up in any law suit, a good responsible London lawyer is generally the first necessity sought.

The test that tells the tale of merit is the test of friends and neighbors.

London people endorse Doan's Kidney Pills. Can you ask better evidence?

Read this case:

Mr. W. F. Johnston, a young man who lives at 714 Queen's avenue, made this statement:

"I was feeling very miserable from kidney complaint and weak back, and was getting worse rather than better all the time."

"I used several prescriptions, thinking that they might help me, but my old enemy still clung to me. Through persuasion of friends I tried Doan's Kidney Pills, and have derived great benefit from them. In fact, I am feeling better now than I have for a number of years, and with pleasure recommend the afflicted to get this remedy without delay."

Doan's Kidney Pills always cure backache, lame or weak back, rheumatism, dropsy, puffiness under the eyes, urinary weakness of children or old people, and female complaints.

They contain no purgatives to weaken the system.

They are a specific for kidney complaints and for them alone. Refuse substitutes or imitations. The Doan Kidney Pill Company, Toronto.

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The catalogue illustrates and describes a thousand and one articles for Holiday gift making. It comes free for asking. You will find in it many timely hints for your holiday needs.

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MONTREAL.

threw up their arms and fell on their knees for mercy, but we were told not to give them any, and I can assure you they got none. We went along sticking our lances through them. It was a terrible thing."

News of this sort reached London some days ago in the form of letters from troopers and was carried to New York and handled in these dispatches. One of the writers at that time explained, as alleged, that the British showed the Boers no mercy because the latter had fired on the Red Cross contingents.

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First cabin, \$50 and upwards. Second cabin \$24. Steerage, \$22.50 and \$25.00. New York to Glasgow, First cabin, \$40 and upwards. Second cabin, \$35. Steerage, \$23.00. Reduction on first and second cabin return tickets.

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Limited to fifteen days on going journey, stopover allowed within that limit. Good to return leaving destination within twenty-one days from date of sale. Tickets will be issued via Chicago or North Bay. Tickets and all information at "Clock" corner, E. De La Hooke, C. P. and T. A., or write Mr. C. Dickson, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, Oct. 16, 1899, the trains leaving Union Station, Toronto (via Grand Trunk Railway) at 9 a.m. and 9:30 p.m., make close connection with Maritime Express and Local Express at Bonaventure Depot, Montreal, as follows:

The Maritime Express will leave Montreal daily except on Saturday, at 7:30 p.m. for Halifax, N. S., St. John, N. B., and points in the Maritime Provinces.

The Maritime Express from Halifax, St. John and other points west, will arrive at Montreal daily, except on Monday, at 10:30 p.m.

The Local Express will leave Montreal daily, except Sunday, at 7:40 a.m., due to arrive at Riviere du Loup at 6:00 p.m.

The Local Express will leave Riviere du Loup daily, except Sunday, at 12 noon, and leave at 4:30 p.m., due to arrive at Montreal at 10:10 p.m.

Through sleeping and dining cars on the Maritime Express. Buffet cars on Local Express.

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Tickets for sale at all offices of the Grand Trunk system, at Union Station, Toronto, and at the office of the General Traveling Agent, William Robinson, General Traveling Agent, 99 York street, Ross House Block, Toronto.

H. A. Price, District Passenger Agent, 156 St. James street, Montreal.

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