

## Her Hidden Destiny

Barbara had given Mr. Sinclair some tea, which he had taken with a bow, but without raising his eyes to hers. He looked quite at his ease in the firelit drawing-room; but there was more reserve in his manner than the other men showed, and a close observer would have noticed that his hand, as he took his cup from Barbara, was not quite steady, and that a sudden flush had risen to his face.

Nor was Barbara herself quite composed. Miss Herrick's careless mention of the resemblance she had noticed had startled her, for it explained something which had often puzzled her. She was vexed with herself for so far losing her self-control; and she had caught a sudden look in Lord Keith's eyes, which showed her that he had noticed her involuntary admission.

A sudden shadow fell upon her as she stood there in the firelight, almost as if she had a presentiment of the misery which was drawing near so swiftly.

"Are you sufficiently restored, Lady Rose, to describe your interview with this gentleman?" said Mrs. Bentley in her sweetest voice, when Lady Rose had slipped her tea and was leaning back languidly on her cushions, allowing Captain Adams to manipulate her fan, which he did with the skill of a Spanish donzella.

"It does not need description," she replied, carelessly. "He is charming, and he is coming to Darley on the 14th, to take all the responsibility of the stage arrangements. Between him and Mr. Sinclair, I feel as if my insupportable difficulties had all melted away."

"And is he to provide you with male performers?" inquired Lady Morris. "Oh, no! But, of course, he will act himself, if necessary; and there will be Lord Keith, and Captain Adams, and Mr. Sinclair, a host in themselves."

There was, in one of the shadowy recesses of the room, a semi-grand piano, on which some one had been playing softly, in a disjointed manner. Little scraps of melody which sounded pleasantly, without interfering with the chatter; now the musician began to sing softly to himself, as if were dreaming, and then to the time and place; and Barbara found herself listening to the words of the song between the pauses of the conversation, and following them absently, while she answered questions put to her, or made some of her own. And the words, simple and touching, and pretty sung in a low, subdued tenor voice, haunted her afterward with cruel persistency.

"Once in the days long past beyond recall,  
When on the world the dreams began to fall,  
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,  
Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet song—  
And in the dusk where fell the fire-light gleam,  
Softly it wove itself into our dream—  
Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,  
And the flicking shadows softly come and go.  
Though the heart be weary, sad the day and long,  
Still to us at twilight comes Love's old sweet song—  
Comes Love's old sweet song."

"So you have not yet decided on a play?" Lady Morris was saying, as the sweet low voice died away at the end of the first verse.

"No; we can't make up our minds. I wanted 'The Lady of Lyons'; but Lord Keith does not like it; he thinks it full of false sentiment, I believe."

"My dear Lady Rose, what a necessity!" said Lord Keith's amused voice. "Did I ever say more than that I did not think a gardener could successfully perform the duties of a pianist?"

"And that Pauline should have never forgiven the deception," added Lady Rose, laughingly.

"Ah, true!" admitted his lordship. She would not have done so in real life.

"You think not?" questioned Sir John Morris, in some surprise. "Women forgive all things."

"Perhaps they do," admitted Lord Keith, shrugging his shoulders. "But a man would not."

"Would not you, for instance?" queried Miss Herrick, looking at him with quick, inquiring glance.

"No, never! I would not forgive anything at such prolonged delay."

Softly the music continued in the dusky recess, sweetly rose the low tones:

"Even today we hear Love's song of yore,  
Deep in our hearts, it dwells for evermore.  
Footsteps may falter, weary grows the way,  
Still we can hear it at the close of day,  
And later on, when Life's dim shadows fall,  
Love shall be found the sweetest song of all—  
Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,  
And the flicking shadows softly come and go.  
Though the heart be weary, sad the day and long,  
Still to us at twilight comes Love's old sweet song—  
Comes Love's old sweet song."

The music died away softly with one or two lingering chords; and there was a mist before Barbara Hatton's eyes, which made the red glow of the fire seem somewhat blurred; round the hearth the laughing low-toned chatter was going on heedlessly.

"Of course he is a gentleman," Lady Rose was saying, "a baronet's second son. I believe there are numbers of well-born men on the stage now; and he is handsome enough to make up for the want of birth if necessary."

"What did you say his name was?" asked Mrs. Bentley, as the dressing-bell pealed out, echoing herself.

"His name," Lady Rose replied, as she took her fan from the young officer and rose—"his name is Walter Bryant and he is Sir Anthony Bryant's second son, at your service."

### CHAPTER XIV.

A few days later the house party at Elsdale Castle broke up, and the guests went their several ways, some to winter abroad, others to pay more visits,

others to return to London. Among those who left Elsdale for town, and who went most reluctantly, was Lord Keith.

Her stately home seemed very quiet to Barbara when she drove home after seeing her fiancé off at the station; but the peace and rest were welcome to her after the excitement and gaiety of the past few weeks. She was glad to have a few quiet days in which to think seriously of the great change in her life which would so soon come, of the love she had won, of the love she had given, of the past she had tried to put so far behind her, of the future which loomed up before her hazily, yet so full of sweetness because full of love.

Her engagement had made her very happy, and her love for Lord Keith was sincere and true. Barbara herself never doubted but that it was the love which comes "once in a lifetime only"; if the doubt had ever come to her, she would have dismissed it.

She had met Lord Keith only in the spring of that year, just before her departure to London, and even before meeting him she had heard him spoken of as proud and cold and fastidious, hard to please and harder still to win. When they had met, she had been quick to see the impression her beauty had made upon him, and how he had tried to resist it; and under the indifference she had always shown him she had concealed a strong determination to conquer him; but in vanquishing she had been vanquished, and in winning his love, had learned to love.

And, when this love had touched her, much that was unworthy of her, much that obscured the real nobility of her nature, had fallen away from her; she had grown gentler, truer to herself, less ashamed of her past, more passionately grateful for the affection which had succeeded her. In the past, more regretful that all intercourse with the guardian of her childhood was forbidden her.

Looking back, with eyes rendered clearer and keener of vision by the experience which travel and culture had given her, she saw more clearly all the nobility and generosity of Mark Robson's life, his devotion, his unselfishness, his sacrifice; she could gauge the measure of his goodness to her more truly, she could feel how few would have done for her what he had done, and she longed with a great and passionate longing to make some return, to bring some sunshine into the life which she could not help seeing was unappreciated and lonely.

After her secret visit to Mark this longing had increased a thousandfold; she thought of him constantly, of the grave, noble face so unexpressively tender in its exceeding wistfulness, of the low, deep voice, so harmonious and full of melody. Her own life, so full of color and brightness, luxury and variety, beauty and love, seemed empty without him; her own ingratitude to him seemed to pierce her soul.

Yet she dared not entreat her uncle to withdraw his prohibition, to allow her at least to correspond with one to whom she owed so much; she could only hope that her husband would be more generous than that, when she was married to Lord Keith, he would allow her, if she could, to brighten the life which to her seemed so lonely. Once or twice, on the rare occasions when they had been alone together, she had essayed to tell Lord Keith of the love and care which she had sheltered her, but a feeling which she could not understand, but which she comprehended afterward, had prevented her. She had some dim, undefined thought that he would not understand her, that he would resent her interest in her former guardian, and the words had become so difficult of utterance that she had held her peace. She would wait, she thought, until after her marriage; he would not misunderstand her then.

A few quiet days drifted by before Barbara left the castle to fulfill her engagement to Lady Rose Darley. Lord Elsdale was lady's own apartments. Barbara, who had done so much for the weather, or allowed, discussed with Mrs. Fairfax and her coquettish French maid the trousseau which was so shortly to be prepared for her, answered Lord Keith's long, earnest, quiet, and brightening the dull days greatly, and looking all the lovelier for the rest and quiet, prepared for her visit to Darley Hall.

It was a clear, frosty day when she started, accompanied by Mr. Sinclair, who was to be Lady Rose's guest also, and attended by her maid, Lord Elsdale had come down to the great hall to put his niece into the carriage, and he thought afterward that he had never seen her looking more beautiful.

Perhaps the remembrance lingered with him the longer because, when he saw her again, she was so changed; but in the pain and anxiety which came to him in the approaching year, her face often rose before him as it looked then, glowing like a rose against its dark, rich settings of sea-skies and furs, and smiling at him from the carriage window as she drove away.

Darley Hall was situated about two miles from Arlington, a prosperous country town about an hour by rail from Stourton, so that there was no tedious railway journey to weary or depress Miss Hatton; and, during the short transit she was both gracious and grateful, and so charming that Mr. Sinclair allowed his reserve to thaw, and, somewhat to Barbara's surprise, talked well and brilliantly, giving evidence not only of much culture, but of poetical feeling that she had never supposed the grave, cold young man to possess. Sitting opposite to her in the railway carriage as they sped swiftly through the wintry landscape of bare, leafless trees and brown fields, he let her eyes dwell admiringly upon her beauty. The young secretary loved her with a love which was his doom.

They had left Elsdale early in the afternoon; but the days were short, and the lamps were gleaming in the station when they reached Arlington, and the lights of the waiting carriage shone in the dusk outside. As they drove through the High street, the busy little town, the shops looked gay and bright with their flaring gaslights, but they soon left them behind for the quaint high-road where the dusk was deepening into night—even as in Barbara's own life the brightness was darkening quickly to give place to a darkness as of night.

Afterward Barbara recalled with a vividness at which she wondered all the slight and trivial incidents of that short drive—the gray gloom of the deserted road, a red fire-glow from a cottage which they passed, the brightly lighted little lodges on either side of the iron gates as they drove into the grounds, the tall trees looming dark and leafless in the avenue, a young moon hanging low in the calm sky, and

then as they turned a curve, the sudden view of the hall itself, its windows and wide-opened hall-door pouring out a ruddy stream of welcome and greeting. Years afterward Barbara could have described all these details as she saw them then, even the quaint Eastern stuff with gold threads in it of Lady Rose's gown as she came out to the hall to greet her guests.

"They are nearly all in the billiard-room, playing pyramids or pool," she said gayly, slipping her hand within Barbara's arm. "Come into my boudoir, and I will give you some tea. Mr. Sinclair shall have anything else he likes if he does not care for tea."

"I do care for tea," Mr. Sinclair returned smiling. "In fact, I am a regular Dr. Johnson in my love for the cup which cheers without inebriating."

"I think it is very inebriating," rejoined Lady Rose, laughing. "It is quite intoxicating, sometimes when it is poured out by certain people."

"And in such a room as this," Mr. Sinclair added as they entered the boudoir to which she led them, which was one of the many rooms opening out of the quaint oak-paneled hall.

"What a delightful little room!" Barbara exclaimed as they passed in under the portiere, and at the words a gentleman who was sitting at a writing table rose and bowed, while a lady in a low chair beside the hearth turned her head slowly, and rising, came forward with outstretched hand.

"I preceded you by an hour," Blanche Herrick said, in a low, sweet tones. "Is it not very cold?"

She was still wearing her traveling-dress, and her golden hair was slightly disordered, Barbara saw, as she came up to the hearth, pulling off her gloves de Suede, and feeling just a little bit dazzled in the bright light of the boudoir, which, with its dainty satin hangings and inlaid furniture and Sevres ornaments, was the only really modern room in Lady Rose's charming old mansion, and was its mistress's favorite sitting-room. There was tea on a little Japanese table by the hearth and a vase filled with violets stood close by.

[To be Continued.]

### CURE IN WHITE CLOTHING

Consumptives Are Advised to Wear Them by Scientist.

London, April 9. — A new and picturesque consumption "cure" is foreshadowed. It is a treatment based upon the color of the clothing worn by sufferers from phthisis.

Dr. Mangat, who has studied the question of clothing to be worn by consumptives, contends that light has a favorable effect on sufferers from phthisis, probably due to the bactericidal action of the rays. Dr. Mangat, therefore, infers that the clothing of consumptives should be of such a nature as to allow the light to reach the body with the least amount of interference.

White materials, he has found, allow the largest number of chemical rays to pass through them, and, therefore, he declares that consumptives should clothe themselves in snowy garments, either of linen, velvet, cotton or cloth, but not white silk. After white, blue and violet are to be recommended, but the colors do not answer the purpose as well as white, as they intercept all the rays of the spectrum save those corresponding to their own tints.

Materials of black, red, yellow, or green, are put absolutely out of court, as they prevent the passage of any bacteriological rays.

### The Worst Kind.

After Piles have existed for a long time and passed through different stages, the sufferer is in intense pain, aching, throbbing tumors form, filled to bursting with black blood.

Symptoms indicating other troubles may appear to a thoroughly Pile-sick person.

This is when Dr. Leonard's Hem-Roid, the only absolute pile cure, brings the results that has made its fame.

It will cure the most stubborn case in existence, and a bonded guarantee to that effect goes with each package.

Hem-Roid is to be had for \$1 at the drug store, or from The Wilson-Fyle Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont.

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## Keeps Up With Times

New Remedy for Stomach Troubles That Will Cure.

In keeping with their custom of always ordering a supply of remedies as soon as their value has been established, our leading druggists, have obtained a supply of MI-O-NA, a remedy for stomach troubles that absolutely cures and restores lost functions of the digestive organs.

Until recently it was thought that pepsin was valuable in the treatment of stomach troubles, but it is now known that while pepsin aids in digesting meats, it has no effect upon starchy foods, such as potatoes, rice, bread, corn meal, etc. As the majority of stomach troubles comes from indigestion of starchy foods, this makes pepsin absolutely useless in most cases.

On the other hand MI-O-NA contains no pepsin, acts directly upon the gastric glands, restores the lost functions of the digestive organs, revives flagging nutrition, aids in assimilation of food, and, in fact, so strengthens the whole digestive system that you can eat anything at any time without fear of indigestion. Weakness, nervousness, sleeplessness, headache, pain and distress after eating, and debility are the result of a weak and faulty digestion. Use MI-O-NA, and all these symptoms will be overcome, and you will have perfect health.

Get a 50-cent box of MI-O-NA tablets today.

If you cannot obtain MI-O-NA of your druggist, it will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price. Write us for advice on your case from a leading stomach specialist, which will be sent free. The R. T. Booth Company, Ithaca, N. Y.

The Gray & Parker Motto—"Always the Best of Everything for the Least Money."

# The REIGN OF WHITE!

Coming Season to be "White Season." Will be Inaugurated by a "White Week" at Gray & Parker's.

Grand Opening Sale Tomorrow to Continue all Week--Great Pre-Easter Bargains. Read the List.

Tomorrow (Tuesday) morning we inaugurate the biggest week's sale in the history of our house. It will be "white week." From one end of the store to the other white decorations will prevail, and the finest display ever made in London of whitewear and white goods will be offered. We want every lady in London to visit us some time in the week, and tomorrow especially. We have no doubt but that we shall have our wish, as the coming-season promises to be a distinctly "white season." White will be the proper thing in all lines of women's wear, but especially those in dress, and we have made extensive purchases to meet the demands that will be made. We want to show these new goods to as many as possible, and for that reason are making special offers in this pre-Easter week. Following are but instances of the many bargain prices that will be in effect tomorrow, the day of our big opening.

### Staple Department.

White-Figured and Spot Swiss Muslins, at a yard ..... 25c, 30c and 35c  
New White Vestings, in stripes, figures and dots, at ..... 12 1-2c, 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c  
New White Muslins, in open work stripes, at ..... 12 1-2c, 15c, 20c and 25c  
New Dotted Muslins, at ..... 8 1-2c, 10c, 12 1-2c, 18c and 20c  
Persian and India Lawns, at ..... 12 1-2c, 15c, 20c, 25c and 35c  
White Mercerized linens, plain and assorted colored figures, yard ..... 50c  
White Linen for Suits and Waists, at ..... 35c, 40c, 50c and 60c  
American Eoliens, with assorted tinted figures, special, yard ..... 35c  
White Mercerized Vestings, with blue and pink stripes, at yard ..... 15c  
White Pique and White Duck Suitings, at ..... 12 1-2c, 15c, 20c and 25c  
White Mercerized Lawn-Embroidered Waist Patterns, at ..... \$1.75 and \$2.50 (Pattern given free with every waist length.)

White Organdie Muslins and Dimities, at ..... 12 1-2c, 15c, 20c, 25c and 35c  
White Honey-Comb Spreads, special ..... 60c, 80c and \$1.15  
White Marseilles Spreads, at ..... \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.25, \$3.00 to \$5.00  
Fancy and Spot Curtainette Muslins, at yard ..... 8 1-2c to 25c  
White Stripe Curtainette Muslins, with frills, at yard ..... 12 1-2c to 20c  
White Bobinette, with lace frillings, at yard ..... 18c, 20c and 25c

### Gowns and Corset Covers.

Ladies' White Cambric Gowns, fancy yolk of Torchon insertion and tucks; neck, sleeves and front nicely trimmed with three-inch lace; all sizes; extra good value; special ..... \$1.00

Another good line, with yolk of hemstitched and Torchon insertion; low neck effects, edged with Torchon lace; special for Tuesday ..... 98c

No. 903 is a "something extra" Gown, and well worth \$2.25; embroidery trimming around neck and yolk, with beading and ribbon inserted; made of very fine cambric; a limited quantity to those who come early, at ..... \$1.98

Corset covers, one dozen only, trimmed with lace and insertion; special sale price 23c

No. 104—A Corset Cover, well made and of extra good cotton, with embroidery trimming and insertion; regular price 35c; sale price ..... 25c

No. 021—A Corset Cover, fitted back and front with a waist cord; also two rows of embroidery, forming a yolk. A few of these, at ..... 49c



### Headquarters for Lace Curtains This Week

Our stock of curtains are all this season's patterns and you will be sure of getting the very newest designs by coming here. In order to show you the advantage you have in buying early we offer the following special prices on a limited quantity of each:

No. 215, width 60 inches, 3 1/2 yards long, regular price 85c, sale price 69c  
No. 216, width 52 inches, 3 1/2 yards long, regular price 90c, sale price 75c  
No. 220, width 60 inches, 3 1/2 yards long, regular price \$1.00, sale price 89c  
No. 221, width 60 inches, 3 1/2 yards long, regular price \$1.25, sale price \$1.12 1/2  
No. 223, width 60 inches, 3 1/2 yards long, regular price \$1.50, sale price \$1.29  
No. 235, width 60 inches 3 1/2 yards long, regular price \$2.25, sale price \$1.79

### WHITE CURTAIN MUSLINS.

Coin spot muslin, good widths, at 12 1-2c, 15c, and 20c.  
White figured curtain muslins, 6 1-2c, 8 1-2c, 10c, 12 1-2c, 15c and 20c.

Double fold scrims, special this week, 6 1-2c, 10c, 12 1-2c and 15c.

Bobinette curtaining, this season's favorite, 30 and 32 inches wide, this week specials, yard, 15c, 18c, 20c, 25c and 30c.

White figured muslins, with polka dot, 32 inches wide, this week, 15c.

Pretty Lace Door Panels at special prices all this week.

150 Dundas and Carling Sts.

GRAY & PARKER

150 Dundas and Carling Sts.

Shop Early White Week.

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