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CHAPTER XI .- Continued.

And Leigh Fenton knew every thought that was passing in her lov-er/s mind. She was not the woman thought her. She was shallow he and vain—but neither was shallow and vain—but neither was she wholly at fault for actions or thoughts or behavior. "One is what one has been taught to be," she had said to him, and such indeed was she. Spoiled and indulged on account of her striking beauty, with every good impulse made subservient to her position in the world, she had developed into a cold, cynical woman instead of the sweet and gentle creature God had intended her for. Nor would she listen to her good impulses, so that they came to her rarely and more rarely.

She had exhausted all the novelties of life, but Hugh's affection rather pleased her. He was so very sincere, and she was not used to sincerity. He was so devoted. She was used to devotion, but not Hugh's kind. He made her feel glad she was a woman, not sorry. And she really thought within herself that when the time came she would give him her promise, freely and willingly. His eyes were honest and true, she told herself. Honesty and truth might become monotonous after , a time. But they would be new to her, and while the new sensation lasted-But other moments came. Leigh Fenton had not played at love all her life without smirching her own fingers. And the love that she had known was different to the simple at-traction Hugh roused in her breast. For a brief season she had experienced woman's highest heritage. She had loved and been beloved. And of-ten, when she looked at Hugh Lindsay, she put that other face-the face that filled her heart of hearts even yet-beside his. The comparison showed her how strongly the other had taken' possession of her. She had disciplined herself well, but now, when she saw the inevitable looming before her-her father, her mother, Eric Lindsay, even Hugh himself, almost forcing her into this marriage Hours of torture. And often when hated him, and treated him accord-Her variable moods peringly. plexed him and tormented him. Did she frown, his agony could not be told.

so desirable. Hugh was a Catholic, true. But Leigh was Protestant, of Protestant stock. In secret the old man of little more than a year

Catholic he was before he died. Oh, my child, bad hours come to every human soul, and much as your mother loves you, there will come bad hours to you that no one but your wife may share. Will her dazzling beauty help you to bow your head to God's decrees? Will her gracious manner, her sweet smile, speak comfort when your heart is breaking? Only perfect trust in God can help a woman to help a man then-only faith and trust and honest religion

"Oh, mother!" whispered Hugh half sobbingly, for over the miles that separated them he seemed to hear her gentle voice in those last words. "Oh, my little mother."

"Unfortunately, now, dear, I must speak of more material chings. You have prided yourself so on your independence. You will have to accept Uncle Eric's bounty if this marriage comes about. She, used to every luxury, will not be content to share your comparatively humble lot, nor could you expect it. Where would your income be with her expensive tastes? Thanks to your kindness in the past, dear boy, your mother has sufficient, France and Phil helping, to get along without further aid from you. But I am thinking of you-your happiness. You cannot be happy if

you are not independent. "Think over these things well, my own darling boy, before finally deciding. Whatever your heart tells you to do, do it then, for I know your honest heart too well to think it will ever lead you astray. No matter how you decide, you have your mother's love and prayers. If you consider this marriage for your happiness, I shall welcome Leigh Fenton as my son's wife, my own daugh-ter. And may my blessing follow you and direct you and be to you a safeguard against all harm. God protect you, for every hair of your head is precious to me."

There were tears in Hugh's eyes when he finished this letter-tears that were no shame to him, and had there been the slightest hesitation on -she passed many sorrowful hours. his part concerning the girl of his Hours of torture. And often when choice, that letter would have decid-Hugh came near her she felt that she ed him against asking her to be his wife. His mother was a woman of few words, and he knew what it cost her to write in this manner. It was with a very sober face indeed that he paced slowly through the Uncle Eric would not have liked to chestnut walk, which has become his tell Hugh one of the chief reasons favorite resort also by this time. that, in his eyes, made this marriage It was here his uncle found him.

"No, no, no-a thousand times, no! I wouldn't sell the soul of one of my children for all South Carolina, let alone Lindsay Manor. My Faith is more to me than you, Uncle Eric, than wealth, than Leigh Fenton herself, dear as she is."

"You needn't be so emphatic," said Uncle Eric, rather dryly. "Let things rest the way they are for the present. Perhaps— When do you intend asking the young lady, if I am

not too inquisitive?" "I don't know. Whenever circum-stances favor me," said Hugh, moré quietly.

"Harry or Laurence would have consented to bring their boys up as Turks," declared Uncle Eric to his wife later. I respect Hugh-at times 1 am almost convinced that there is something I do not quite understand in that religion of his." "Humph!" said Aunt Estelle, her Methodist backbone stiffening. "He should have a little regard for your wishes, at least, Eric. I don't see how you can stand him. Not but what it is more wholesome," she went on hastily, seeing the anger rising in his face. "Perhaps it is better he is that way." Hugh wrote to his mother-as ten-

der a letter as she had written to him. He reminded her of that afternoon when he had first come back from Lindsay and the words she had spoken then-that "love was the only thing in the world." He gave a brief, sharp outline of what Uncle Eric's life had been without it. Tender and loving and reverent words he wrote, so that she wept over . them bitterly, for she knew that her son's heart was lost to her. And, indeed, even as he had written those lines his sweetheart's face rose before him, and he laid down the pen to think of her.

Only last evening he had seen her clad in the simple, flowing draperies she affected, the gracious centre of an absorbed little crowd. And they had spoken of love-love, the all-powerful. And some among them mocked at it, when she, with simple speech, took up arms in its favor. How sweet had been her words, how her voice had thrilled him! And when she finished she raised her starry eyes straight to his, and there was something in their depths that made him tremblc. On, they were created for each other-be and she. In mutual love they would, they must perfect each other. His mother, too, would heln him to bring God's knowledge to that innocent, sleeping soul, those beautiful hands would be raised to heaven in union with her hus-

band's And so he finished the letter in braver spirit.

> CHAPTER XII. Gertrude's Trial.

The old manor was in its very bravest array, alight from top to bottom, for Uncle Eric had issued child, as she brought the glowing invitations for a dance. The rooms flowers to her face. The maid rivalled fairyland in the beauty of watched her leave the room. Gertheir decorations, and so keen had trude was well beloved in Lindsay the master of Lindsay been to make Manor, and more than one had no-

Gertrude

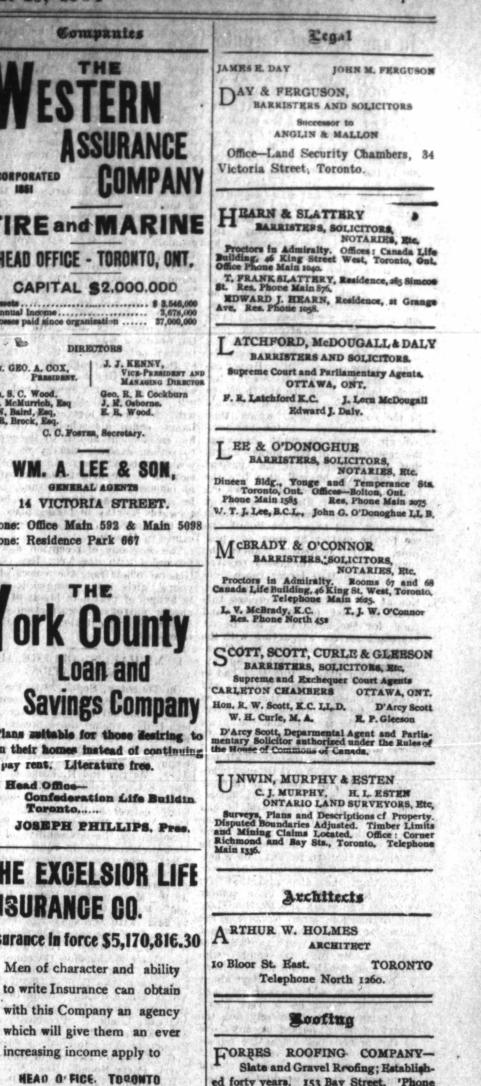
ger in her voice.

maid knocked at Gertrude's door.

in ten minutes? And-Julie?"

"Yes, miss?"





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man had neither favor nor feeling partial to Roman Catholics. Hugh would never change-that he knew, but his children-well, by the compromise of the parents the future heir of Lindsay might be of the right faith

Which shows how far a man's hobby will carry him, ridden to death. The elegant little suppers, the choice entertainments the old man gave now, made Lindsay Manor fam-ous with some of its old-time pres-It was the most sought out tige. place in the State. Its beauty, its extent of grounds, its wonderful art treasures, the riches of its master, his good old name were extolled to the skies.

And Hugh, having made up his mind that he would ask Leigh at the first opportunity to be his wife, turned longingly to the gentle heart that had been his comfort, and his counsellor, his refuge in trouble, and the confidante of all his joys. It was his mother's right to know-even before he spoke to Leigh. He loved that mother too dearly not to con-sult her or at least tell her, when he wished to so completely change his existence. He wrote to her a gentle, tender, loving letter. He told her of Leigh-that she had already seen her-but that his picture failed to do her justice. He spoke of her beauty, her womanliness. He asked his mother to bless him in the step he was about to take, to pray for him. And all through the letter there was no hesitation. The die was cast. The mother knew, as she read those lines with eyes filled with tears, that her boy had made up his mind fully and completely, and that no word of hers, even could she say it now, would ever change it.

Feeling so she dia not delay her

what sweet words-of her beauty and

with a rush of gratitude towards the

of the world, cultured, aristocratic, I you, possessing every advant-But she looks at things with grant different eyes to you and to me. Your marriage will part us as effectually as if the ocean divided us."

sellor, "she lacks that most precious gift of all-our Faith. Oh. Hugh. Hugh. do not let love blind your your

ago! His eyes rested affectionately on his nephew's face.

"I am glad you are here, Hugh, my and the lady of the manor, robed in lad." he said. "There is less danger of an interruption, and I want to tering upon her still graceful figure, talk seriously to you. Have you time for a serious chat?"

"That depends altogether upon the "Inat depends altogether upon the subject," said Hugh, rather abruptly. "I wrote to my mother last week and told her I intended to ask Miss Fen-ton to marry me. I have but just heard from her, and what she writes has given me food for thought."

"So!" said Uncle Erie in a preoccupied fashion. "Your mother approves?"

'Of whatever I decide to do-yes. don't mind telling you, uncle, or perhaps it is needless for me to do so by this time-that I love Leigh Fenton with my whole heart and soul-that I feel that my future happiness lies in her hands. Perhaps I may be mistaken, but I think she she Lenyard. Gertrude? You will see I her in a moment. Mrs. Lenyard favors me a little-yes, I think can say so without self-conceit."

"Che is one woman in a thousand, said Uncle Eric, warmly. "Hugh, it Mildred, send someone for Gertrude is the earnest wish of my heart that immediately. This is not to be tolyou and Leigh Fenton marry." ... "Thank you, uncle. But-

it." "Oh, I know what you would say. It is the money question, eh? You will listen to your old uncle now. my boy, and let me arrange things ache." said Miss Waring. "Will you on a more satisfactory basis. This tell Mrs. Lindsay that I will be down my boy, and let me arrange things is no time to let squeamishness and false pride come between us.' "Just a few seconds, uncle. I love

"I know you're busy: but ask Aunt Miss Fenton, yes. And I am no pau-per. If she loves me she will be a good girl? I want it very strong willing to do without a few unne- and black. Thank you.' cessary luxuries for my sake, and I "You're welcome, Miss Gertrude." am not a bit afraid to ask her to do so. I can give her a good home --perhaps not the frivolity she has been accustomed to--but comfort, "I can come up and rub your head,

Uncle Eric threw back his head,

you crazy?"

him. As well break his head against

moustache reflectively.

this the most talked of anair for ticed the change in her of take. many a year that he had spent more "It's my opinion she's going to be down with a fit of sickness," said down MARSHALL, Secretary. DAVID FASKEN, President. house was filled with the best people, and departed.

At the entrance of the ball-room soft black silk, with diamonds glit-Gertrude stood a moment, and her heart went back to this great looked for once in keeping with her setting. Mildred Powell, beautiful apartment on the day Hugh Lindsay first came to the manor. Ah, how and stately, stood with her at the head of the room. happy she would be if it were only God's will, to be quietly lying where had not yet come Harold Lindsay was to-night! There down, and Mrs. Lindsay was flusterwas happiness and contentment-only ed and impatient. She had spoken there. to Mildred sharply once or twice, the

Hugh Lindsay, with Leigh Fenton at his side, came up to her just then. She looked about her for some way of escape, but found none, and so stood there quietly, watching them approach. She had taught her lips to smile when her heart was aching, and this was but another exercise of Waring? She will be down directly the lesson she had learned. -perhaps she is outside even now.

"Aunt Estelle told me you were Her uncle likes to keep her with him, ill, little cousin," said Hugh, gravely. as you know. Good evening, Miss "A slight headache. It is gone now, thank you."

She saw the roses in Miss Fenton's is well? Ah, indeed, sorry, I'm sure. Yes, thank you, yes-I am very well. hand. They were crimson roses-the exact counterpart of those she held, and looking at them brought Hugh's kindly thought to her mind. She erated another second-I will not bear raised her soft brown eves to his A moment later Mrs. Lindsay's face

"How did you know I liked roses?" she asked. "Red roses? Thank yo for these, Hugh-they are so pretty. "Red roses? Thank you "I'm trying to get rid of a head-Hugh smiled, but Leigh Fenton's eyes kindled, and her fingers tightened a little about her fan. She looked at Gertrude with a very devil of

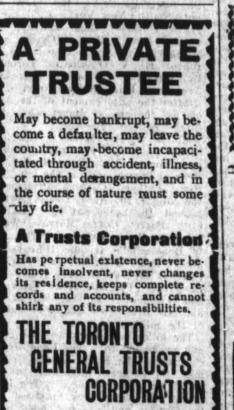
mockery in her violet eyes. "I wasn't aware of the fact that distributed your favors imparvou she said to Hugh. in smoothest tones. Gertrude took the shaft bravely. She turned the most innocent little face in the world on

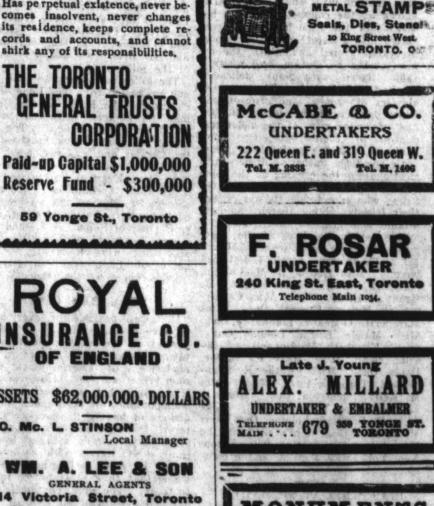
annoys you any, why-Forgive me, Hugh." She smiled, and brought the Hugh." flowers to her lips, threw them carelessly into a chair behind her, and with head high in air, walked away

For one moment a crimson, stain mounted to Leigh Fenton's forehead. She had not counted on such a return, and one of the sticks in her fan snapped violently under the pres-sure of her fingers. But she had been well trained, and her composure after that first involuntary flush, was perfect. No one could deem, seeing her, that she was in a passionate

"What a child she is!" she murmured, softly. 'An untrained child! We must forgive children everything."

ter Gertrude. The passage at arms he scarcely had time to realize what had happened until it was all over Leigh's gentle words made him feel annoved at Gertrude's conduct. thought her speech in very bad taste. Not so annoved or vexed or angry. was he at Gertrude as the girl was at herself, however. She was in a wild rage, for she knew that Leigh Fenton was only trying, on every occasion, to make her angry, jealous, In her heart of hearts she felt that the beauty half guessed her secret





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Every day brings its own blessing



last time with a high note of an-"Never mind, Aunt Estelle," said Mildred, soothingly. "She is proba-bly somewhere about-don't worry-" "But everyone is asking for her-How do you do, Mr. Blane? Miss