### KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS

I. HARRISON

Kind Hearts are more than Coronets, And simple faith than Norman Blood.

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often?

CHAPTER X.

Gertrude in a New Role.

She was standing under the chandelier when Hugh first saw her. He had reached Lindsay rather late, as usual, and almost all the guests had arrived before he came down. He looked uncommonly well in his dresssuit, and felt the conscious superiority fine clothes give a man. Ger-trude saw him first and came towards him-not in the old, impulsive fashion, but with a sweet, new, womanly dignity, that sat well on her despite her youth. Hugh held her hand in his, looking gravely in-to the little face that flushed under his earnest, searching, penetrating

"I can hardly believe that this is my little Gertrude," he began, adoptthe gentie tone he had always used to her-as if he were addressing a child. She smiled, and drew her hand away, and he realized that his words were more true than he had intended them to be, for indeed she was not the same. Something had changed her very much, and he stared after her, wondering. Raising his eyes then, he saw Leigh Fenton.

Many men were around her, old and young, standing beside her, listening to her, paying her attention. Hugh tried to judge her as if he were looking at a stranger, in spite of the sudden warmth he felt stealing through his veins. She was of medium height, almost thin, but there was something seductive about her. Her gown was white-not a touch of color to relieve it, until one looked at the glowing eyes and the flaming ips and knew she needed none. Her golden hair was twisted in a ceaseless knot from her fair, low brow. She looked every inch of what she was-a queen among women. looked a tall, white lily, and her hair was its yellow heart.

A reverent shyness took possession

of the man standing watching 'her with his soul in his earnest gaze. What other woman in God's world had ever been like this-so sweet, so perfect, so noble-

Mrs. Fenton herself interrupted his reflections. She came up to him, resplendent in silk and diamonds, Uncle Eric escorting her across the great waxed floor.

"This is Mr. Lindsay-I recognized you immediately," she said, smiling and holding out her hand. He bent over it with a gallant courtesy. She remony, and he was ceremonious enough to suit even her. The next moment, it seemed to him, he was standing before his goddess.

She, too, held out her slim, delicate fingers, giving him at the same time such a dazzling smile, such an almost tender smile, that his heart leaped. But he did not have time to say more than the few words conventionality demanded, before Uncle Eric took him away to introduce him to the other guests. Everything seemed indistinct to him after that. He seemed to be moving in a dream. Conscious of nothing but that she was here—and that she had smiled on him. He earned a reputation for staidness and stupidity that night that he did not deserve, for his one aim was to get back to her side quickly, and to do this he was as brief and perfunctory as possible in his intercourse with the others. As soon as he could do so with propriety, he And now he found another joy awaiting him-he was to take her in to dinner. At table the partner on her left was a deaf old man, who persisted in engaging her in conversation, so that Hugh's bliss He was not altogether unalloyed. could notice, however, with what him, and strove to make herself understood. By and by he became interested in the good things that were being served him, for the manor was famous. Leigh, with a sigh of relief, turned to Hugh, met sympathetic glance, and then both laughed, with quiet understanding of what was passing in each oth-

'It is so long since we met," she said, keeping her lovely eyes upon him. "I am surprised that you remembered me.

'Are you?" he asked, quite coolly "I don't think you believe that assertion.

She looked a little astonished, for really this sounded positively rude. She bent over her plate then and vouchsafed him no further speech. Hugh wished he had not been so

"I did not hear Vertucchi," he ventured after a while. "No?" indifferently. have heard better.

"Is that so? Well, then, I did not miss so much after all."

Her eyes kindled. "I said I heard better-you proba-

"I think we are quarrelling," said

"I know we are," she answered and then they laughed again, and after that there was cordiality between

"You must not care much for the Manor when you can stay away from it a whole year—you see, I have been listening to your uncle," she said, smilingly. "He often tells father

that he cannot understand your 'in-difference to the fine old place." But I love every inch of it,"
id, warmly. "It has been said, warmly. home of my people for many genera-

"I know-I suppose that does pre

possess you in its favor."
"You speak as if you could not un derstand my liking. Don't you think the manor wonderful?"

"No." she answered, frankly. "The life here is too circumscribed, narrow. I should die in a month." 'You need not lead a narrow life in it unless vou cared to do so," said Hugh, pleasantly. "Different natures

make different surroundings."

"True. Have you travelled much?"

"Not at all. I have my travelling still do do —even my wander-year.

Some day, I hope—"

"The addition of the same of the

not care much for Lindsay, or for Kenthoro. I am seldom home more doesn't really matter what opinion his future wealth? From that vulthan a few months at a time-I you have. Will you tell me of your cannot stand sameness. I have mother and of-of Agatha?' been in Rome, the wonderful city. I think Rome is my Mecca-I intend

going again next year."
"You love Rome?" His eyes kindled. "It is one of the shrines I cle Eric's letter, and after seeing it about her? Leigh Fenton, are you look forward to visiting. Rome, the the old man told her of his wishes crazy?"

"You, the incarnation of youth!" he said. He brought his wineglass Eric, dictatorially. to his lips. "To you," he murmured, Hugh looked at

smiling. She smiled also. "And you have seen the churches and the Catacombs? And the Holy Father? You surely had one audience with him since you have been so

"I am not religious," she made an- dearly. swer. "I did not care to see him at all, though people do go so absurdly wild over him. It isn't the religious Rome I care about- I have not seen you for a whole riage. rather the ruins of the heathen city. year," she said, in a piteous little I'd like to have lived in Rome before Christianity spoiled its ceremon- I was tired-I am tired. But tired trouble is I can't get my heart set ies and rites, and

said, abruptly. "Let us change the He smiled in conversation. Did you know I was he was satisfied. a Catholic?"

"Are you? Really? How funny! I thought Mr. Lindsay was a staunch have a box of remembrances up-Protestant like myself." stairs for you from France and Phil "He is-I am of the Catholic side of the family."

"And you are in earnest? ' I scarcely believe it. You a Catholie! And you thought I was one, proba-

"You seemed so perfect in my eyes I could scarcely believe you anything burden of entertainment so long else," he returned, without hesita- alone. I must ask you to excuse me,

smile he remembered so well parting her lips. "Very brave. But you hood Then she looked about the must remember that one is what one room, at the guests. Mildred was at who will get you everything you want. has been taught to be, and let it the piano playing. A tall young and a mother who slaves herself to rest at that. Do not let us become man, like to take life as it comes—pleas-antly, easily, gently. There is so much misery in the world," she said looking at him with her glori said, looking at him with her glori- turned towards him, and her smile in- word of it. She looked steadily out ous eyes, and they were the eyes vited him. He was at her side alof the window, her thoughts far now of a beautiful child. "I could most instantly, bending over her away. By-and-bye, the lids drooped have none of it. For my heart face only when he sees before him the would ache so over the good I could not accomplish! Pouf! what would have recomplish! Pouf! what would have recomplished by the country of the look that comes to a man's of the violet eyes, and in a lew minutes her deep, regular breathing showed that she had fallen asleep. old maid and men flee at my ap- You do? That is nice.'

proach." Her naivete was charming. would not give himself to think of blankly, for the tired look had disher sentiments. She was so beautiful and so very sweet, and when line smiled so joyously how face were bright and shining.

ber line smiled so joyously how face were bright and shining. her lips smiled so joyously how face were bright and shining. could he help agreeing with her! And poor Hugh. room he made his way to her eagerly and she gave him first place. He you if you reallywas becoming almost blindly wrapped up in her. She was so very lovely, with now a touch of the hauteur which, carried to excess, made Mildred repellant, and again a glimpse of the childishness that had made him almost love Gertrude.

She was among the first to leave, and after she was gone Hugh looked about him, wondering, as lovers have fastened on her charming, blushing, sult was that Colonel Fenton and ever done, and as lovers ever will do, dimpled face. what made that seemingly brilliant room so empty and so dull. He for speech was impossible. thought then of Gertrude-he had not seen her for such a while, and after then pinched himself; then turned his and non-committal as ever-so much charming patience she listened to that glimpse of her when he first entered had totally forgotten her ex- him. istence. He bit his lip in annoyance dreaming. There was one of the of despair. No hints, no inuendoes, at himself and looked for her. She white roses on the floor that had not even direct asking, could win was standing in the deep recess of one of the windows alone. As he came towards her, smiling into her face, he noticed how pale she was once more after the little child he and how tired. He wondered what had known a year ago. new trouble was pressing on her to bring that weary droop to the little mouth

"What is it, cousin?" he asked, tenderly. "Are you worried, dear? Uncle Eric-Aunt Estelle--'

She shook her head "No nothing like that any more. Aunt Estelle is very kind to me. And Uncle Eric! Well, I cannot say how much we are to each other now

"I am glad to hear that. You look so tired, child." "I am tired. What an endless evening it has been!"

"Endless? . Endless? Why, it seems to me it has only just begun. "Instead of being nearly finished! But then you had such a pleasant companion, Cousin Hugh." She spoke

apathetically. "Do you know Miss Fenton?" he asked, eagerly. "Do you meet her often

She turned away from that glowing, expertant face, for she could not look at it unmoved.

"I do not meet her often. Leigh Fenton and I have little in common.

Besides that, she is much older than I am, and she regards me as a child."

("Poor little Gertrude!" laughing daughter on the way home. "He scarcely left your side."

"Do you like her, Hugh?" voice sounded muffled "Very much, little cousin." he an-"She is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen-and the most

"She is just like Mildred Powelland you never thought Mildred very beautiful," a little pettishly.
"Like Mildred Powell!" He stared at her in amazement. "Great hea-

interesting.'

vems, what a comparison!"
"Well, look at them some time.
You'll find that their eyes are exactly the same color—they have lips shaped exactly the same. Their

surdity! One is all animation, spirit, the other is cold, inanimate-

"ihat's it exactly," said the girl, still in that indifferent tone. Mildred Lowell is saving her smiles and witcheries for one man; her husband will find her heart-whole. 'Leigh Fenton wastes hers on every man she meets. She is quite an accomplished always enraged her. actress.

"Oh, Gertrude!" He spoke in such a little

"That sounds like a woman's jealousy of doesn't it?" she asked, with a married life overtakes you. coldness that reminded him of Mildred. "Well, let it go at that-it

She stumbled a little over the last word-it hurt her to pronounce it. Agatha had been right, for she herself had seen that postscript to Unincomparable, the glorious. It has for Hugh, the heir of Lindsay. The had its effect on you, I see." Fentons were a splendid family—not love to be mistaken, and I was "Everything is so solemn and so old," she said. "I love mysticism and all things ancient."

The young woman would bring wealth and beauty, and money me from the bottom of her heart. I weds best with money, said Uncle can stand that if I take the man she

and the expression of his face was a mother's lips curved in a smile strange one.

recognize in you the girl my mother solutely nothing for him, and he is parted with, and whom she loves so all the world to her. Perhaps I shall Tears welled slowly up to her eyes

-tears he did not observe. "Don't speak so harshly to me when voice that softened him. "I told you "We are not in sympathy now," he aid, abruptly. "Let us change the He smiled in the old boyish way—

> "She is well, very well, dear, and sends her love to her little girl. I stairs for you from France and Phil do not take the notion to go to Paris -and Agatha also. Agatha is quite to-morrow. Perhaps, even if I stay a housewife now.

"I suppose so." She stood silent for a long time; at last she roused herself with a sigh. feel strange at being left to bear the turally selfish disposition. Hugh.

"You are very brave to say such a She put her hands to her hair, patthing to me," she answered, the slow ting it with those indescribable, you love money just the same, and serious-for serious I will not be. I lounging carelessly, it seemed, against propriety, etc., etc. not alleviate it all-therefore I will with the look that comes to a man's over the violet eyes, and in a few

be the result? I would grow ancient Mr. Cameron? This is Bayard Camand faded and weary. A few old eron-one of our neighbors. You met people would look after me, praising the day poor Harold was buried me, but women would pity the forlorn but perhaps neither of you remember.

Hugh felt a strong inclination to Hugh rub his eyes. He stared at Gertrude threw open Lindsay Manor and showwould not give himself to think of blankly, for the tired look had dis- ed it forth in all its beauty and

"I want you to take me after that all was easy sailing to Mildred," she said, in a winning man-All during dinner-and ner. "My cousin is too dreamy a come the predominant wish of the old afterwards. When the gentlemen re- companion for me to-night. Good- man's heart, and, as usual with him joined the ladies in the drawing- bye, Hugh, I'll see you again-pardon when he conceived an idea, he was Now, Mr. Cameron, I must ask us.

> hand, moved away, and Hugh heard could say. He even went so far as no more. Looking stupidly after them, he realized that Gertrude War- terview with Colonel Fenton, and during was a child no longer. Something like anger stirred within him ing countenance so close to her bronze-brown hair, his dark eyes "Well!" he said, and that was all,

> He looked at the opposite wall, eyes to where she had stood beside of an iceberg as to cause them not a fallen from her belt. He took it up from her a single admission of what gingerly in his fingers, looked at it, she meant to do or of what her inthrew it down again. Then gazed tentions were.

> had known a year ago. had petted and advised and comforted faults, honest and unprejudiced, that had the sceptre of power in her hand she did not make the perfect misnow, and waved it royally. Bayard tress of such a house as the fair, Cameron was not alone in his attendance. There were two others beside in line with hers in the great galof them. Hugh had met them.

> disappear. Yes; Gertrude was awake with vengeance, he thought, swinging around into the window recess. Then, as he turned from the lights and the music and the gay company, Leigh's face came up before him. From un-der queenly brows those tender vio-man to whom she brought it, and let eyes met his, and in those, eyes who paid her every mark of respect. he read a gentle woman's soul. How She appreciated his quiet regard for beautiful she was, how serene, how her. She felt, in her heart, that she calm, how tender and how sweet! came first with him, always. The What a way she had of poising her fact that she had no children had beautiful body, of swaying as she worried her for many years, and perwalked! How cultured and how wellbred her tones, how refined her every movements. Leigh! Leigh Fenton, Leigh Fenton! It was the sweetest name in God's bright world.

> "How striking Hugh Lindsay was in his attentions this evening, my could be desired in Hugh's wife. But dear," said Mrs. Fenton to her she had no reverence for her elders;

"He is very original," she said, water shower. Shocking, but re-freshing." "I like him very much," said

mother, cautiously. "I would take "Yes?" The answer was exasperating. Mrs.

Fenton tried to see the girl's face in the dusk of the carriage, but could while you might, too, is young, well-born, rich. Is there any

"Sometimes, dear mother, love comes like a ray of light—a flash of lightning in a summer sky, At other times it steals softly, gently, the heart. Perhaps the quietly into the heart. Perhaps latter will be the case with me." Mrs. Fenton actually snorted. When

"Don't pose before your mother, Leigh-I am not Hugh Lindsay. Your a hurt, shocked tone that she winced father selected your sister's husband -she is a happy, contented woman. Be wise. All this foolishness will a more fortunate sister, wear away, once the seriousness of

the girl adopted this mocking tone it

"Why do you wish me to have him? From whom does he derive gar, impossible aunt of his? Only for his prospects he's as poor as a church mouse. Besides, Gertrude Waring is in love with him.

"Gertrude Waring? When everyone knows Bayard Cameron is just mad

"I have seen too many girls in Eric, dictatorially.

Hugh looked at Gertrude Waring good joke." She laughed, and her satisfaction-a smile that the next "Are you sure you care to hear of words dispelled. "But why whould my mother?" he asked. "I do not I marry Hugh Lindsay? I care abbe magnanimous for once in my life." "Quixotic notions sit ill on you,"

said the mother sharply. "Your fa-ther has set his heart on the mar-"Oh, has he? He has often set his heart on other men-you, too. The on them. When I did care, the two of you combined to make me very miserable. You succeeded. I told you then I should lead you a merry dance and I mean to keep my word. No; I'll do exactly as I please. Perhaps I'll marry Hugh Lindsay-if I

I won't marry him. "But your father-It was Mrs. Fenton's misfortune to be a nag, and this nagging had help-"I must wake up-poor Mildred will ed to spoil the girl's untrained, na-

"It is very well for you to turn up your nose at young men the way you do." she stormed now. "You can quote poetry and be fantastic but dark and handsome, stood death going here and there to play Insurance in force \$5,170,816.30

CHAPTER XI. "The Only Thing in the World." And now Uncle Eric came forward, playing an important part in the little world that surrounded him. He The marriage of the heir of Lindsay to Colonel Fenton's daughter had tedoing all in his power to further it. Hugh's evident fascination for the She flirted her fan in her gloved girl pleased him more than words to drive to Kentboro for a private ining that interview he told him, in almost direct speech, what his intenas he saw Bayard Cameron's smil- tions were in regard to his nephew -so that parental influence night be thrown into the balance. The re-

his wife also saw a great future before their imperious, self-willed Leigh at last. Meanwhile the young lady was calm Perhaps he-no; he wasn't little trepidation and many moments

Aunt Estelle was not quite so pleased with the prospect. She admitted She had developed. The girl he to herself, for she was, with all her her, good-looking Southerners, both lery upstairs. She was primitive in He her ideas, perhaps, or she would not watched Gertrude. Watched her dim-ples come and go, her white teeth looked up to her husband with oldfashioned reverence. Another woman would have been forever throwing up her wealth as the source and

beginning of the Lindsay power and prosperity. Aunt Estelle knew that the money invested in this place, her haps this was why she had a sneaking jealousy of Gertrude. The very thought of Leigh Fenton queening it at Lindsay rather annoyed the good ladv. True, she was beautiful and wealthy and patrician-all that she had no reverence for her elders; she snubbed her mother, and laughed at her father. Quietly, unobtrusively, but still this conduct, in Aunt Estelle's eyes, was a heinous "He positively tells the crime, for she was not used to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing wavs of society. In her own manner but the truth. He is like a cold Leich Fenton imagined that she was wind enough to Mrs. Eric Lindsay. But Mrs. Eric Lindsay felt that she was too hard to understand, and when she looked at her with uncomhim to be a young man any girl prehending eyes, the young beauty might fancy." ignorance, gazing down upon her from a lofty height. This nettled

And how was it with Hugh? This love had come to him like revelation. His future seemed bright only when he saw hers entwined with it. His future seemed desolate more one could ask?"

"No more. There is no telling with it. His future seemed desolate what folly I am canable of. I may when he thought that, perhaps, she "The world is my field," with a son than—well, I fail to find a simile. "You can if you try." would not love him in return. He son than—well, I fail to find a simile. "You can if you try." bad not known how one woman could not love him in return. He son than—well, I fail to find a simile. "You can if you try." The girl laughed. The girl laughed.

Aunt Estelle beyond words. No; she

not think she cared for Leigh

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bless it or mar it by her simple presence. The days passed for him like balls of crystal on a golden chainone by one they dropped into the past, radiant, because they had been by the sweet smile. Thinkdays to come in which he would not see her, he shrank from them, so barren they appeared. He gave free rein to his love-the first love of his honest soul. She perfect in his eyes, gracious with all woman's most gracious virtues. He exalted her, and looking up at then, asked himself how she could ever condescend to humble herself to his level.

(To be Continued.)

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