KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS

J. HARRISON

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

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CHAPTER VII. Three Letters.

the chief, all hail to the chief! What is the next? Quick, quick, somelet me tell you what lesson your big so be content to have one bachelor in body!" shouted Phil, as he burst into the dining-room, with his books to the wide, wide world—meaning Lindsay."

let me tell you what lesson your big so be content to have one stated t siung across aus snoulder. "is you, brother Hugh, future master of Linusay Manor, pride of our uncle's neart, possessor of wealth untold! I have the honor to salute you, most his words were sharp and crisp, as noble, most high and most mighty became a man who talked business of an ignominious scuffle.

to move to South Carolina?"

dow crossed his forehead, and he slid until they, too, in silent rapture, down on the sofa and let Phil get up. walked with him in fancy, and saw

no right to speak of things that in no way concerned you! A nice position you've placed me in if you've had been laid out so from time why, sis, she has nothing but horses gone babbling nonsense all over the immemorial. Here that dead man lay in silent pomp of death—alone. What do you mean?" he fin-lay in silent pomp of death—alone. He told them of his uncle, straight and strong and proud, and imperious tend to. And the other two—"

her soft, low voice.

"He wrote to mother?" asked Hugh standing not her husband, underin astonishment. "He never said a stood not of him-ever alone. single word to me."

said Mrs. Lindsay.

all sorry to see me go-even ing so much his eye-brows are drawn like. He spoke of her passionate He has eyes like father temper, her wilfulness, her forgiving when he smiles, which is very sel- little ways. His mother's eyes fill-

'What is Aunt Estelle like?" asked Agatha, curiously.

"In the gallery there is a ough out of other people's concerns. her. and pretty''-Agatha smiled in a self-satisfied, conscious way-"and so en us."

pear from the pretty mouth. "But don't you yourself think it haps I can enlighten you a little, France, after a minute, from her fa-vorite position on the floor at his happened?" knee, gazing up at him with quiet wisdom gathered from her elders.

or" meant that the speech to come him than his happiness." was sacred to the family circle and "He is the most unhappy man was on no condition to be repeated ever met," said Hugh, slowly. outside the home precincts. wonder if "On my honor," said Phil, and mother?"

"On my honor," France nodded assent. and thought to command me and lord

the Governor of South Carolina since there was very little left for her-

cried France, looking at small income.' him in admiration. 'Humph! Don't see any difference! At any rate, he brought her back to

forts. "You girls," he looked about him and at them. "You girls are the happiest I have ever met, and I all-I scorn it!" he said. "But look "All hail to the chief-all hail to wouldn't exchange this one little at the size of that youngster to be

six months of the vear, and was home His peroration was interrupted by the laughing elder brother, who grasped him up in strong arms and bore him, struggling and kicking, to the sofa, where he put him down and promptly sat on him.

"Will you be good, you reckless young scamp?" he cried, as the boy squirmed like an eel in vain endeavors to get away from him.

"And don't poke any more fun at a poor, did horses. And then the house itdon't poke any more fun at a poor, luckless, unfortunate fellow, who—" self, with its age-mellowed furniture, "What's that?" asked Phil, lying quiet suddenly. "Aren't we going walls, its marvels of statuary, its rare collection of wonderful paint-"We are not!" answered Hugh, emphatically. "Keep right ahead with your building plans, young man. No South Carolina for yours or mine either. My visit to the land of the myrtle and magnolia hasn't made a bit of difference event..."

Tare collection of wonderful paintings—treasures of art a city would have been proud to possess. He described the rooms they had given him —his rooms, they were to be called the mother's eyes kindled. He talked until he had them his of difference event..."

'What is it?" asked the mother, things as he unfolded them in all a little anxiously, looking up from their beauty, one by one. They did the mending spread out on her lap. not ask a single question—they had "Oh, nothing, mother," he an-swered, giving her a meaning glance, these Lindsays. and she knew his confidences were kept for some future period.

"Gee! All the fellows asked me to and soul, he described his entrance let 'em come down and see me once in a while," said Phil, disconsolately "And I promised them I would too. And Jim Hawkins he traded his big dles at his head and at his feet, the four-blader for my old fishing-pole candles that in our Catholic Faith cause he was going to be the first speak so vividly of our belief in future resurrection-but which here

cle Eric let you go without saying yet, but nearing the grave at that, anything to you?" put in Agatha, in walking through his beautiful palace "He wrote mo- wrapping up in things material alone. ther the very nicest letter, and he His aunt, with her thin veneer of praised you so and said so much in breeding, her great respect for birth, your favor that we scarcely expected her overweening sense of the proprieto see you home again for a long ties, her ignorance of all that constituted life's true sweetness, under-

Then his voice falling to a minor 'I'll get the letter for you after- key, he described Mildred-and his "Talk knowledge of her woeful secret made to us about the place, dear. Is it him tender. He told them how she shunned visitors, how cold she was, Wonderful, mother. I told Uncle how proud, how silent, and yet how Eric I should not know how to be- beautiful. He told them of Gertrude. gin-and I don't. I think they were the little child, the spoiled child, the Aunt cynical woman who laughted and I rather like Uncle Eric, wept in a breath, and lived a butmother-he isn't like father much, as terfly existence, doing her poor little remember him. He is stouter and puny best, according to her lights, bald at the temples, and from scowl- to make things loveable and home-

His moustache and hair are ed with tears. France put her head down on his knee with a sob. And when he ceased finally, their silence spoke more loudly than words

picture of father when he was a boy very, very sad!" she looked at him, like Phil here. I am sure you'll love then at her mother, and her hand tea and put it on the table. to see it, mother. I got in one day by myself and made a sketch of it. It's in my bag—I'll get it for you. You can see Phil's very nose in it— ishness that sometimes made the mother's tender that came while you were away—one that came while you were away—one that came while you left, and the last one this morning," said Mrs. Lindat least, if you can keep it long en- Mrs. Lindsay leaned over and kissed

exactly like grandmother, so quaint swered. "Thank God for love, dear are all alike.)

speaking to his mother, but watch- the other unseen-"That Uncle Eric ing, with a twinkle in his eye, the cares for Gertrude-more perhaps smile suddenly disap- than he would like to show. "I should imagine so, Hugh. Per-

funny Uncle Eric let you go without saying something definite?" said with her mother." "With Gertrude's mother? What

"Ambition stepped in. comparatively poor. Estelle 'Deyk-"Now, children, I'm going to put mann held the money-bags and Uncle you on your honor. Is it all right?" Eric decided in her favor. Your fath-He looked down at her and then at er often told me of it. It seems the Phil, inquiringly, for "on their hon- honor of the Lindsays was dearer to

wonder if that is why-who was her

"Her name was Constance Drew. Well, then, I hadn't been there She was a very sweet girl-perhaps one day when Uncle Eric and I came her daughter is like her. She marto an understanding. He placed me ried many years after she and Eric on a level with his other nephews, parted, and she had but one child, Gertrude. Her husband was wealhe found out that there was a slight but be lived the life of a gentleman, and never cared when they were first wed, most with a sob. "It is true, then, and never cared when they were first wed, most with a sob. "It is true, then, and never cared when they were first wed, most with a sob." and never cared where money went "Hurrah!" shouted Phil. "Hurrah or what became of it. Some sort of won't have it and that's all there is for my brother Hugh!" He took epidemic carried both off-within a "Treat those fingers gently," ad- the child-she was only about two and Mosheim? vised Hugh, rubbing them with mock years old-and sent her away for a "They've been shaken by short time to be educated. I neard life before. Lawyers-well!"

She herself believes that she has a "Oh, does she? Perhaps she has.

a few weeks. She is wild to meet "Willingly, indeed," assented 'he nother. "Poor little child! I love

her already, Hugh. When-" "Oh, not yet-not yet. Let me enoy my vacation, and get the taste of Lindsay Manor out of my mouth," said Hugh, making a wry "I've had enough of stranger people for a while."

"She isn't the girl, then?" said Phil. "I thought she was the girl from the way he talked, didn't you, mother?" Hugh threw back his head and

laughed until the tears rolled down

his cheeks. "It's not at the imputation, not at

"I often wonder what sort of a girl you will marry," said Agatha, smil-ing, as Phil threw himself bodily on Hugh, and there seemed to be danger

When I can find one like mother," he answered, holding Phil down with one hand and looking laughingly into his mother's tender face. "There isn't any such girl in the world as

mother. "Oh, Gee!" said Phil. "Just trying to get on mom's right side. Hey, you're twisting my ear off!" "That sounds delightful," said Aga-

"But wait until she comes Such things generally go by contraries. The girl you marry will probably be mother's direct oppos-"Now, God forbid!" ejaculated

Hugh, so fervently that they all

laughed. "I think so," said Agatha, still smiling. "You see, I had made up my mind to marry someone-well, "You see, I had made up someone rough and ready like yourmyrtle and magnolia hasn't made a bit of difference, except—"

He looked about the room from one side of it to the other. A shadow crossed his forehead, and he slid down on the sofa and let Phil get up.

He talked until he had them in his power, filled with the glory of their ancestral home, thrilling with the thoughts it brought to them until they, too, in silent rapture, a gentleman!" She lifted her lashes at him with a sly twinkle of their cores that the glory of their ancestral home, thrilling with the thoughts it brought to them until they, too, in silent rapture, walked with him in fancy, and saw

eyes that spoke not a little for their sense of humor. "That's getting back at me for my 'prim and precise and correct' of a few minutes ago, isn't it, sis?" asked Hugh. "Well, you can have the floor just now. But Gertrude, mother-no, you stay just where you are, Phil, until we finish this momentous question-you're altogether too

far in advance of the times. "She'll find this an awfully poky place after the manor," said Agatha, with a little worried face. "We do not care, of course-but it would be 'Indeed!" said Hugh. "You had meant nothing-a relic from Catholic horrid, just horrid to have her come "We'll just make her one of our- Hugh.

> "Our house in the woods! Well, I Our house in the woods! Do you

think we fellows-"Oh, not when the fellows are there, you booby. You'll show her the place, won't you? And be polite to Jim Hawkins will, if I ask him to-

"Will he? Well, he won't see ? Jim Hawkins-"Oh, Phil, just think of a girl who hasn't got any brothers or sisters or

no one at all to care for her !' "Well, I don't care-I've got to see her first," said Phil, cautiously. "Will you be home when she comes Hugh?" asked Agatha.

"No; I won't. You are evidently thinking with Phil, that I am interested in this little girl. Why, she's only a child just like France here. But you love me better than you do her?" remonstrated France. "Such a silly question deserves no

"A pale, fair-haired woman, alcould have done. Agatha leaned back answer," said Hugh, trying to be ways tired," answered Hugh, grain her chair with a long breath. "How sad!" she murmured. "How away her mending and Sue, opening the door, brought in the afternoon

the nose you all make fun of. Ne- ther think her girl was only pretend- sav. "Your arrival has put everyver mind, Phil, that's going to be a ing to be grown up. "Love is the thing else out of my head, sonny nose like father's one of these days— only thing in the world." (I know it sounds ridiculous to

have a mother say that to her big, And Agatha, your picture is there, "Love is the only thing in the six-foot tall offspring, but they do only you are dressed in the world, indeed-I am glad to hear my say it, if he were eight foot and bald style of eighty years ago. She is worldly daughter say that," she an- as an egg into the bargain. Mothers "I've got another in my pocket,"

cried Phil, jumping up. Excuse me altogether prim and precise and correct, you know," added this very real older brother in a mincing tone, tried to wipe her tears away with be from Lindsay!" "Lindsay!" said Hugh. "You're razy. Why sure enough! That's "You're Hugh."

Uncle Eric's hand-writing. The tea was forgotten, and once more they scrambled about him and around him as he tore open the envelope and read the few short, busi-

nesslike lines. "Now, what do you— How ridi-alous! I told him— Mother, lisculous! ten to this: "I have placed 5,000 dollars to

your account with Banks and Belding. Please use this for present needs, and trust to me, for the fu-Also write to Mr. Banks per-I sonally. He has some arrangements "I to make with you." Great Scott, mother, what do you think of that?'

He sat down heavily on the sofa, his face a little pale, and the letter slipped from his trembling fingers immediately restored to them by the eager France, though she and Phil nearly bumped heads in getting it. "Oh, Hugh!" said the mother, al-

'But, mother - Oh, pshaw! about it! I told him distinctly week of each other. Uncle Eric took What are these other letters? Aarons they? Never heard of them in my He drew his breath hard. A con-

temptuous smile curved the corner of his mouth. "'As we were able to do the late Harold Lindsav quite a number of

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"Never mind, boy. Here's another. Of all the confounded- I'm running in luck, I am. Skied, I suppose. I'll bet the chumps never saw it, let alone What?" . He turned pale in earnest this time, and his eyes glued themselves to the written sheet. His mother, alarmed at the pallor of his face, bent over his shoulder to read:

"Your little sketch, 'The Trysting Place, has been awarded first prize in the landscape exhibition at the Academy. Mr. John Duncan, the well-known connoisseur, whom doubtless have heard of, authorizes us to make you an offer of eight hundred dollars for this picture. Will you be good enough to let us hear from you as soon as possible?"

"I'm going out for a walk," said selves," said France, gaily. "We'll chap in one day. I'll have to get take her to our house in the woods my wits together. Eight hundred dollars! Why, mother- Well, there's five hundred of it for you, never! Mother, did you hear that? dear, right away, so plan what you are going to do with it, quick! Eight hundred dollars! And for that sketch! It isn't worth fifty.

> He made a rush for the door, banged it open, seized his hat, and out with him. He had scarcely reached the gate ere Phil jumped up and ran after him. By that time Hugh was half way up the narrow street. "Hugh! Hugh!" he shouted at the top of h s lungs. "Hugh!" Then. as the young man paused and turned, he made a trumpet of his two hands. "Is the Governor of South Carolina

on my honor?" "No; but don't string it!" shouted Hugh, and away he went. Phil came back with a blissful expression on his face.

"I'd bust if I couldn't tell Jim Hawkins Hugh shook hands with him," he said to France.

"What a big boy he is!" laughed Agatha, picking up the scattered letters and laying them on the table. 'Mother, I think Hugh is a wonderful fellow

"Do you, dear?" asked the mother, quietly. "I have known it for twenty-eight years.'

"He never said a word about the five thousand—only the eight hundred he earned himself," said Phil. "I hope, when I grow up, I'll be like

"I hope so, too, dear. Money earned like this last windfall of Hugh's is very precious," she went "I, for my part, am glad-" "Glad?"

"Glad he sees it the way he does. Thank God, the love of money will never eaf out his heart. The curse of the Lindsays has not fallen on my

"And now let's have some tea, mom? I'm half starved.'

CHAPTER VIII.

Passing the Boundary Line.

Hugh enjoyed the rest of his vacation thoroughly. He wrote to Mr. John Duncan and accepted his offer. He wrote to Uncle Eric and refused his-but in such gentle, almost lov-ing terms, that the old man could not be offended. He wrote to Banks and Belding, and in return received all the information that Mr. Earks had of Laurence Lindsay, and he sent their communication as he got it to Mildred Powell. He wrote to Gertrude, a rollicking, joyful, teasing letter, that the girl laughed over and cried over and carried in her pocket for a month before she laid it carefully away. Conscious, then, of to the woods, bringing Phil with him, all those long May afternoons. And die he did.) so his vacation passed.

It was wearing on to autumn. Phil's eyes that summer had been 'a glorious success. His snug little house had been the coveted spot sought oy "the fellows." There were attack by moonlight and by day- and many a silvery perch found its light. Once a dangerous outlaw hid way to the frying-pan those bright himsel within, and when the sheriff, with his trusty aides, rode up and surrout ed the cabin and threatened to burn the bold brigand alive if he disturbance it searches out the bi "Humph! Don't see any difference! At any rate, he brought her back to Ain't any smaller, nor no prettier," as aid Phil.

"I hone von weren't too abrupt towards Uncle Eric?" asked Mrs. Lindwards Uncle Eric?" asked Mrs. Lindwards Uncle Eric?" asked Mrs. Lindwards Uncle Eric? so that is Uncle Eric's romance!" "So that is Uncle Eric's romance!" "Thus is greatness thrust uron really mean it." "Mother!" Hugh looked at her in some surprise. "Don't let the serbent bite von, too. No money for the total times and the properties of the Law of the manor before the good nuns had much chance to teach her anything. I am not surprised that she is undissiplined." "Money-lenders! Money-lenders! Money-lenders! Money-lenders! Money-lenders! Money-lenders! Money-lenders! Money-lenders! Money-lenders! Money-lenders! The scoundrels!" "Thus is greatness thrust uron you." said Agatha, with a meaning smile.

"Thus is greatness thrust uron you." said Agatha, with a meaning smile.

"What does that mean?" asked it wasn't right for him to have a gleam of poetry in his hitter pent bite von, too. No money for me that isn't earned by my own ef-wish you'd ask her here, mother, for Hugh?"

"Humph! Don't see any difference! At any rate, he brought her back to the manor before the good nuns had much chance to teach her anything. I am not surprised that she is undissurrence, he short life the cabin and threatened to bur the bold brigand alive if the bold brigand in the surrow is the bold brigand in the surrow is the bold brigand in the surrow is the bold brigand in the bold brigand in the

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doing his duty. But Phil, who was fully away. Conscious, then, of the outlaw-and who, incidentally, duty well performed, he went out in owned three-fourths of the cabinsaid he must die at that time, and

As for the cabin itself, following Hugh's advice to carry out his boast of "fishing while dressing." turned the thing around, and "dress-ed while fishing," for he carried his clothes with him to the river bank, summer mornings

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