KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS

J. HARRISON

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

still existed. That would never do, dear.. You know what Uncle Eric

"Oh, you must go by all means -I'm only a foolish woman to say such things," she answered, with a loving look that he returned in kind, for well they understood each other.
"God help poor Harry's mother, and
comfort her to-day. May He, in His mercy, keep me from parting so with any of my children."

Agatha had said no further word. Now, however, when her mether left the room, she ran her knife through the prongs of her fork one by one, in and out, looking at them meditatively "It means a good deal to you— this death," she said, in an earnest tone. "Are you thinking of all it does mean, Hugh?"

"Well, sister?" he asked, quitely. "Harry Lindsay is dead, and Uncle Eric is such a crazy old-no; I don't mean that—he is so erratic rather, You are the next one according to his ideas."

Hugh's upper lip curled a trifle, and his blue eyes flashed. The past came before him very vividly just then, and the picture was not a plea-

"We won't speak of such a terrible contingency," he said, with some bit-"Terrible!" She opened her eyes at him in bonest wonder. "Terrible,

Hugh? The fact remains that Harry Lindsay dead means much to Hugh Lindsay living.

who has prior claim to Uncle Eric," said Hugh. "Which one? Oh, Laurence!" the

corner of Agatha's mouth curled up-wards in a slight smile. "You know that his name is blotted out for ever and ever from the annals of Lindsay Manor.

'Can you say so with certainty? In my opinion, he was the dearly be-—and one cannot forget so If Uncle Eric has been hard towards him, it is because he is struggling against his own betrayed love. At any rate we will waive this quessupposition, probability-anything you care to call it-right here stout, able-bodied, country-bred man accorded more respect in all that of sixty-five years, hale and hearty -and will live to be a hundred, I sinlet such talk rest between me and

He spoke jestingly now, but there tones, which told that he was altogether in earnest. Agatha realized this, but she had not yet learned enough wisdom to drop a subject when the pursuing of it would only antagonize the listener.

"I don't care," she began stubborn-"You know Uncle Eric can't live for ever, and you also know-

Mrs. Lindsay entered just then. She caught the last words, and glancing from one to the other, read the look in Hugh's eyes. She understood at once what they had been talking of. Perhaps, in the fondness of her heart, a similar thought had found place for a moment. Only for a moment however, as quickly gone as it came, for well she knew the obstacles in the way, obstacles almost impossible to surmount.

"Tut, tut," she said, somewhat "Do not let us hanker after testily. dead men's shoes, daughter. Weren't you speaking of Uncle Eric? I thought as much. I can tell by the disgusted expression on Hugh's face that he-'I wasn't disgusted, mother," said

Hugh, cheerfully. "Agatha was just figuring—perhaps in a way that a fond sister may be permitted to fig-Don't do it any more. I ask dear-not even to yourself. Preme a better fate than watching the breath of one old man."

Nothing could exceed the kindness in his voice. Probably, had John Perry not been present Agatha would have smiled and changed the conversationf But under existing circumstances she rose from her chair and went to the window.

'You need not be afraid that shall allude to the subject again," she said, proudly. "John, when you go to town will you see if you can get me the book you spoke of yesterday? By the way, brother, you may care to look at the morning paper. I hope you will find nothing in it to offend your tender sense of honor.'

Hugh's temper was not angelic, but this little fling of Agatha's surprised him too much for a retort. looked at his mother questioningly. She, good woman, put her finger across her lips, and, it must be con-fessed, winked at him—the tiniest wink in the world-still, it was a Hugh understood. He followed her from the room, leaving the Novers together.

CHAPTER II. The Lindsays of Lindsay.

In the great ballroom, which was opened only on the occasion of a not since the war on the occasion of a death-was laid the form of Harold Eric Lindsay, deceased nephew and adopted son of Eric Lindsay, of Lindsay Manor.

There were candles at his head and feet, and the room was shrouded in gloomy black, and the scent of flowers, mingling, overpower-ed one with their heavy breath, spilltheir fragrance upon the shut-in air until exhausted. And, dying, the blossoms were replaced by fresh ones, and, sputtering, the candles were taken out, and new ones put within the sockets of the tall candela-

"That I'll be home for Monday's brother's place, and his brother had been loved indeed. Outside the Lindsay precincts he was hailed as a good comrade and a fine fellow. He might look as if we held—well, as if we felt that the old estrangement we felt that the old estrangement of the still existed. That would never do nothing to do and all his days to do nothing to do and all his days to do nothing to do and all his days to do nothing to do and all his days to do nothing to do and all his days to do nothing to do and all his days to do nothing to do and all his days to do nothing to do and all his days to do nothing to do and all his days to do nothing to do and all his days to do nothing to do and all his days to do. nothing to do, and all his days to do it in. He had been what women called "gay," and what the world called "sporty," but of that Eric Lindsay had known nothing until—now. Alone he died, and alone lay here, in royal state, for the moment when custom and decency manded that he be placed to rest with his fathers. Alone! And, above all things, in all his pleasureloving life, Harold Eric Lindsay

could never bear to be alone! There were strange and curious tales of the "young master's" double life-of his wild doings and reckless escapades, which accorded but ill with the actions of the rather reserved had come in contact. These stories got, God knew but how, to the old man's ears, and he had fallen into a passion like to be the death of him. But he was shrewd, nevertheless, and he could put two and two together, for all his erratic ways, and his two and two did not argue much in the dead man's favor. There were gambling debts and racing debts—and bills and bills—all rushing in one upon the other. The old man's chounger and careless, ler rose to such a pitch that he scarcely respected the presence of the Lindsay had not much self-contain-ment. Through his lawyer he made arrangements to pay all and everything-to clear the dead man's name and keep white the dead man's honor. And though it would cost him "You forgot that there is one other a steep and pretty sum, he remarked, savagely, that it was a cheap rid-

dance of such an heir. Which was a cruel thing to say of a dead man. There were those who thought so-for Uncle Eric had womenfolk about him, and womenfolk are kind at heart-especially towards the dead, whatever faults they find with one while alive. But only one had the courage to look the old man in the face and tell him so. We are coming to her-perhaps I am overanxious to tell you of her-the one I love the best of all.

and none of England's noble race was north, where craft and their some of them saints in very truth. fell away from the old belief. They were a proud race, of a proud strain. Their ancestors had done thus and so-no notable event transpired in the world's history in which England took part, that the Lindsay line could not point haughty finger to some spot where Lindsay blood was spilled or Lindsay blood was honored. It behoved the faithless scion of a great, true race, to be proud of this alsothat he had seen the error of his augmented with cloister spoils indeed, but with the new wealth came unwonted drinking and eating and hunting and playing—and each sueceeding generation became larger and larger, and the estate smaller. That, however, did not prevent some one of the Lindsays coming to the fore when England's honor was concerned. A Lindsay was at Flanders until the peace of Ryswick; a Lindsay was leading the British forces when they captured Port Mahon. In time of peace a Lindsay had his seat in Parliament and was appointed to the highest office by George I. of England. The sons and grandsons followed in his footsteps. In 1753, the then head of the Lindsay line, being somewhat more sen-

timental than the rest, looked about him. He had just been crossed in a love affair, and the shadow of the New World, big upon England's horizon, tempted him. He thought it would be a wonderful thing to remove his own particular root and branch to that land governed principally by England's King, and destined, in his opinion, to yield complete homage to the mother country. England held both the Carolinian States as colonies, for it was many shine. The people had ever in years after 1729, when the King had grants and royal privileges when he he planned for himself such a home wealthy enough to lavish his money for ever building. He acquired ground by grant, concession, or pur-chase, until even he was satisfied. And then he wrote to Lady Kitty Lindsay, his cousin thrice removed, she never dreamed of having. And and asked her to come to him and blueness of blood being above all not say he loved her-for in truth he heart also, to the descendant of the cause I indsay to marry, and the Lindsays in England. had never shirked a duty. Lady Kitty came, and married him, and bore him one son ere she died, and ed to be the last resting place of all long and Rorelessly had loved him.

sincerely. His son lived through the troubleous times of the Revolution. As staunch lovalist he never believed it

because he did not love her even af-

ter she became his wife. But he ne-

ver remarried and he mourned her

seemed eclipsed. During the Ovil War the great estate bad fallen into But the dogged feudal strain still ran in the Lindsay veins. It was a tradition that the eldest-born of the house held his name and reckoning higher than life itself. Every eldest son so far, in the New World as in the Old, clung to the house of his birth with passionate devotion—so much so as to excite the derision of those who profited by bartering land and trading in merchandise in this continent of traffic.

On the whole, the Lindsays got along remarkably well. Estelle Deykmann, despite her great fondness for birth and breeding, or because of it, I should say, made Eric cause of it, I should say and the cause of it, I should say

Old traditions clung like leeches to up into a tall and stately girl. Eric Lindsay of Lindsay Manor, in Lindsay Manor had been her home South Carolina-so that one could from early childhood, and she had scarcely believe him an American, born of American parentage.

He was the oldest of three brothers. They had grown to manhood ers. with the mutterings of war in their ears, for the great conflict was brewthen that parted North and gables, its leaking roof, and its motheaten, mildewed tapestries, its scores pendents, for their father had been as indolent as he was proud, and had made no effort to better himself or to the actions of the rather reserved nephew with whom his Uncle Eric it by inheritance every stick and had come in contact. These stories stone of it—and went out into the and without a shade of dissatisfaction to seek their fortune, leaving the elder with the ruined house, the profitless acres-with one rood of which he refused to part-and all the oldclose to his bosom—the traditions that had been the pride and bane of

The youngest, Gerald, thoughtless and careless, being but twenty-one, did not wander far, but took to himdead in the quiet house—for Eric boring State of Georgia. When war Lindsay had not much self-contain—did break out in earnest, its fever moved him, and leaving his wife and son, Laurence, to his brother, Eric's care, he bravely marched away to stop a Yankee bullet. He never came home again, and his second son, Harold Eric Lindsay, was born after his hero-father's death.

Hugh Lindsay, the second brother, fared farther and more to his own welfare. He took part in the war also-that war which turned brother against brother-but he fought with the North, and came through unscathed. Then he, too, married, and settled down in a comfortable, if not wealthy home—he and his wife Margaret, and, as they came, their four children, of whom the Hugh we ture of the house. It ended one day have met was the eldest.

Eric Lindsay, left alone, cast eyes about him as to how he could better ever, and the old lord of it, cursing Away back in old England, at the time of that "Reformation" which wandering through the Southern now, Agatha, and for good. never reformed anything but good in States, there had strayed a thrifty Aunt Estelle would rather endow a home for indigent canary birds with home for indigent canary birds with her money than let it go to the Cathine and stood high in the annals of the English court, her money than let it go to the Cathine and stood high in the annals of the English court, her money than let it go to the Cathine and stood high in the annals of the English court, her made his way well-oiled machine. He made his way sudden ending, when all was revealed, abounded, but ever and always came great land. The "Reformation" saw back to the South again, and to Carthem at the zenith of their glory. olina-for it had first welcomed him, cerely hope. I pray thee, my dear, They began to die out, at that time, and he liked it. His eyes were bright one by one, some of them martyrs to and his cheeks rosy, and he stood up-Faith, some of them exiles, on his sturdy feet with all the strength of his sturdy peasant blood. was a deeper undercurrent to his But one among the younger branch He throve well in his bartering, for maid, wife, or widow a woman may be, but she has ever a kindly thought for the man who whistles his way through the world. It was this cheery pipe of his that, allied natural economy, laid the to its foundation of Richard Deykmann's fortune. It soon was a small fortune, indeed. He returned to Holland to marry, and he was careful that his comely wife brought him ample dowry as well as good health ways. His possessions increased and and good looks, for he had ever an

eye to the main chance. Explanations are tedious, I have no doubt, to those of my readers who dislike them. Have patience. It would be a sorry thing to tell you that Eric Lindsay, of Lindsay Mandr, was a very rich man, with-

out telling you how he became so. Richard Deykmann had one child, a girl, Estelle. He meant to gave her splendid wealth, as wealth went then. But with the Civil War his great opportunity came. He saw the chance and took it-and the monself-there was so much of it. Honestly earned, too, every penny, for he was an honest man.

After the Repellion his ideas panded just a trifle. He had long coveted some of the Lindsay property, but he might as well have cried for the moon. He could afford a few luxuries, he could loosen up the purse-strings a bit. "It was no tyrant of Ireland, the time when longer necessary." he said, in his even his noble birth could not outquaint and homely phrase-he could now afford one full length."

But there was one thing all the in these parchment volumes. buy-entrance into the society in which his young daughter craved to years after 1729, when the King had membrance the pedler's pack and the bought out the proprietors, and the cheery whistle that had been the Earl of Lindsay was given royal foundation of the Devkmann fortune. And, as is generally the case, those settled. Here, on Carolina's shores, were just the things he desired them to forget. Trying to negotiate for as men do not have nowadays, since the Lindsay acres, a thought struck so bitterly towards his brother they erect only for present uses, not him. What bargain, then, that the Hugh for future generations. He was heir of the Lindsays made with the Aun one-time pedler no one ever knew -

> The girl had no fault to find with proud and stately-such a lover as eyes, she gave her hand, and her stood.

began to blossom like a rose. was buried in the tomb be had erect stately grounds cleared of rubbish, and furiously, were planted. The woods of walnut when the younger brother died- unand chestnut and oak were left un- til now. touched as' far as possible, for Eric Lindsay's heart was in them. What advice of his father-in-law's that he thought good or sensible he took, but when it hinged upon anything ancient

granted to the Lindsay line, and in the old pedler's death, and that of the light of the new America its rtar his good wife, which occurred some years after his marriage, this wealth War the great estate bad fallen into increased enormously. They had no pitiable condition—neglected and mis- one to leave it to but their daughter erable, weed-grown and unprofitable. Estelle, and their niece, Mildred, who But the dogged feudal strain still ran was then but a baby, and who re-

acquired some of its pride from con-stant association. If Estelle Deykmann ever remembered that it was her wealth brought the prosperity to glorious blooming, she looked at the result with deep content. She was the wife of the most respected man South. They looked at the grim old in the county, of the man in whose Mansion, with its falling turrets and veins ran the bluest of blood, who could point back to ancestors that had really lived and moved and had and scores of lazy, shiftless negro de- their being, and whose pictures, hanging in the long gallery, filled her with awe. Especially when she came to her own portrait at the end acquire aught above the necessaries of the line, and gazed at the some-The fire of American rest- what too fresh-faced young woman lessness stirred in their veins, so the who, did she live in England, might two younger men left the manor to be Countess Lindsay. She rolled world beyond the Carolina States in its sound. For Eric Lindsay paid her such honor and respect as she could not have had from one in her own station, and she deferred to him with an awe of his authority time traditions of Lindsay hugged that he certainly would never have received had he married in his station. She had faults, indeed, and much she lacked in many things, but after almost thirty years of married life these little slips of tongue and deportment no longer made her husband wince as in the earlier days.

He had taken Gerard Lindsay's eldest boy, Laurence, as his own, and fully intended making him his heir. He loved him in his way, and gave him full liberty. It was an unwise liberty-the boy was spoiled, encouraged, petted. And when he grew up to manbood his will crossed his Uncle Eric's in many things. tow to flame, and what is the result? Inevitable. There were such bickerings and such quarrelings as made the manor a veritable babel often. There were little murmurings all the time and mighty storms of anger, for Laurence Lindsay was a heedless, merry, graveless scamp, who spent money with fingers wide apart, and his ways threatened ill for the fuas all had predicted it must end. Laurence Lindsay left his home for him, packed bag and baggage after him. And he took young Harold Eric then, who was wiser than Laurence had been in that he kept his sudden ending, when all was revealed and the old man had another bitter

He bethought him then of the widowed Margaret and her children who had never come near him to beg or to borrow, and, acting on sudden impulse, he sent the telegram to There had been estrange-Hugh. ment between old Eric and that dead brother. He had done worse, in his eyes, than faring into the world heedless of old traditions-worse even than fighting against the State that bore him. He had married a Catholic-and the Lindsays, since the time of that wonderful "Reformation." had ever been staunchest Church of England! Nor was that all. His children, his boys—the horror of it! were reared in the Catholic Faith. Nor did his debasement end here. He himself, returned to the Church

of his fathers.

There was the picture of a Lindsay in the gallery who had been a holy Bishop, a man who, if not a saint, been the most reverend of his had There was another picture, too, of a splendid, noble-browed cavalier, and there was a story about him in one of the yellowed parchment volumes, kept as sacred in the Lindsay treasure vault. He was Gerard Lindsay, who had given his life for that priceless gift-his Faith. ey he accumulated surprised even him- Nay, more, he had seen his little children slaughtered-three of them- in order to save the life of one poor hunted Irish priest, who, fleeing, bore within his breast the Body of Christ. That was in the time of Father Persons and Father Campian, the noble Jesuits who came from Rome to say Mass in London, the time of Lord Grey, the cruel Lord-Lieutenant, the of Ireland, the time when weigh the fact that this Lindsay was a Catholic. For it said even more magnitude of his money could not told how this same Gerard Lindsay stood with arms folded across his breast singing the "Te Deum," while the soldiers took aim and fired, and wounded him in many places, trying to see how they could injure before they killed him. And reading such stories as these occasionally, Uncle Eric's hot blood stirred within him, and he did not feel, for the moment,

Aunt Estelle was different. had no such toleration in her veins. upon the place, which became his but he asked the hand of Estelle With pure peasant toughness she held hobby. He built and built, and was Devkmann in marriage. woman and all her pomps and works this match of her parents' making. and followers, as she had been taught Young Eric was handsome and in her rigidly methodist childhood. And once when Hugh Lindsay came home to the manor on a visit, she blueness of blood being above all said some things to him about this found, with him, a new race on the things the one desirability in her Faith which she had never under shores of this New World. He did eves, she gave her hand and her stood. He did not appear the beautiful things to him about this shores of this New World. He did not answer her, beshe was a woman. But he did not-but it was his duty as a Earls of Lindsay, the proudest men spoke to his brother when he found him alone, and he said enough to put Thenceforth the Carolina wilderness him into a passion. And Uncle The Eric, in a passion, was none too stately mansion was revaired, the careful of others. He retorted hot The consequences white overseers and servants secured were that Hugh Lindsay's visit terfuture Lindsays. Some said that she and the whole place put into spick minated abruptly, and that there had and spen condition. Fields of cot- been no further communication beand that she died of a broken heart ton and barley and corn and wheat tween the two families-not even

(To be Continued.)

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more than careless, perhaps, as the circumstances of his death proved—
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