

IONE:

A BROKEN LOVE DREAM

BY LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

Author of "A Broken Betrothal," "Parted by Fate," "Parted at the Altar," "Heiress of Cameron Hall," "Miss Middleton's Lover," Etc., Etc.

"I gave up a lover at my father's command," she said, slowly. "And you have led a lonely, desolate enough experience of it; that broken love-dream has wrecked your life."

She bowed her head with a bitter moan.

"It is true, Arthur," she whispered, huskily. "It has spoiled my life; but for my father, I might have been a loved and happy wife. Ah yes, love is best; I cannot count you to break your own heart and this poor girl's. The wealth of the world is nothing without love."

"The strangest part of the affair is, I have never breathed one word of my love to her," he said. "I am sure she loves me, though."

"Few women could help it, my dear," replied his aunt; "you are so good and noble. When shall I see you again, Arthur?" she asked, remembering that his father had forbidden him the house.

He remembered it too. "I will write you, sending you my address," he replied, "and some time you will come and see me, and—"

"I will come and see you—and Ione," she supplemented. "I will love her for your sake. You know I am dependent upon my brother's bounty," Arthur said, sadly. "If I had a dollar of my own you should have it, in this the most trying hour of your life."

"I would not accept it," he answered, proudly. "Never fear for me, aunt. I shall not sink."

"Love is a great buoy up of youthful hopes," she said, sadly. "I pray all may go well with you, my boy."

He kissed her in his warm, impulsive fashion, and turned away, when he reached the door, he returned and kissed her again.

"It is not lucky to turn back like that, Arthur," she said, smiling through her tears. "Good-bye, aunt," he said; "you, at least, will miss me."

And, little dreaming of the grievous disappointment awaiting him—a disappointment which nearly unmanned him—Mr. Rochester hurried away to Ione's humble home.

CHAPTER VI.

For the first time in Arthur Rochester's life, his heart beat strangely as he pulled the bell at the door of Ione's home—a lover's heart is always more or less in a state of doubt, hope and fear.

Mrs. Gregory answered the summons, and her face lighted up when she saw who her visitor was, but she was greatly flustered at such a grand gentleman as Mr. Rochester coming to her plain, humble home. All in a flutter she took his card into the inner room to Ione.

"He looks so kind and so noble," commented Mrs. Gregory, as she helped Ione on with a new frill of lace, and a bit of ribbon about the slender neck. "You ought to have heard how nice he talked to me, to put me at my ease. He isn't much like that other one—the duke who looks around as if there was nothing good enough for him, and makes my blood boil when he dusts off my chairs with his silk handkerchief before he ventures to sit down."

"You are greatly prejudiced against him, poor fellow," said Ione, with a blush, but in a pleasant tone of voice, adding, gently: "I hope you will like Mr. Lyons for my sake, if not for his own. A truer gentleman never lived."

"All that glitters is not gold," insisted Mrs. Gregory. "Having the appearance of a fine gentleman don't make one. I'd give more for Rochester's little finger, as the old story says."

EVERY MOVE CAUSED PAIN

The Intense Suffering of a Perth man Relieved and Cured by Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets.

The terrible pain that catches you in the back—makes stooping over or rising up, or moving about even, unbearable.

In nine cases out of ten it is traceable to disordered kidneys.

The pain in the back is the kidney's signal of distress.

Go to their assistance with Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets.

They will promptly relieve the pain, cure the kidney trouble and restore your health and strength.

Here is a case worth reading: Mr. Alexander Montgomery, Perth, Ont., when interviewed, made this statement: "I was suffering acutely in my back when I began using Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets, procured from F. L. Hall, the druggist. I could lift nothing, every move caused pain. There was neither strength nor energy left in me. The constant aching over my kidneys was most depressing. I started using the Tablets and the lumbago quickly began to let up. I am quite over it now. I have found them most satisfactory and can confidently recommend them for bad backs."

Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets are 50 cents a box at all druggists. The Dr. Zina Pitcher Co., Toronto, Ont.

Chronic Cases of Kidney Disease. Intense Suffering, Great Weakness, Lingering Misery—cures Effected by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Most people are familiar with the symptoms of Kidney disorders—pain in the back, deposits in the urine, loss of flesh, smarting when passing water, indigestion and constipation. Kidney disorders are too painful and too fatal to be neglected. The most prompt and thoroughly effective treatment that was ever offered for kidney disease is Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. That this is true is proven by such evidence as the following:

Mr. Thomas A. Embree, general merchant, Springfield, N. S., writes:—"As the result of a severe cold settling on the kidneys, I contracted kidney disease which lingered for years, causing me much suffering from terrible pains in the back. For some time I was entirely unable to work, and, although I tried several physicians I could only obtain slight temporary relief."

"Having heard of the merits of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in many similar cases, I began to use them, and after taking seven boxes was completely cured. The cure is due entirely to the use of the great medicine which has since cured several persons to whom I recommended them."

Mr. Mortimer Chase, Concession, Ont., states:—"This is to certify that I was troubled with kidney disease so badly that life was a burden to me. I could find no ease either night or day, as the pains in my back were almost unendurable, and to stoop over would almost send me crazy. I lost flesh to such an extent that I was reduced to 115 pounds, my general weight being 140 pounds. I could not sleep or rest, no matter what position I was in."

"For about four years I was in this dreadful condition. My father and brother told me about Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills which had benefited them, and I began using them. After taking part of a box I began to feel somewhat better. I have taken in all seven boxes and am now as sound and well as ever I was, able to do a man's work and with no recurrence of my former kidney complaint."

"Mr. J. J. Ward, J. P. certifies that he knows Mr. Chase to be a man of truthfulness and integrity, and believes this statement of his cure to be perfectly correct."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have by far the greatest sale of any similar preparation. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box. At all dealers. Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

"I do love you too dearly for that. I am going to give myself up to hard work that I may not have time to think and grieve in secret over my great loss. Let me say this to you in parting, Ione," he resumed. "I shall never love another. You are my first love. You will be my only and my last one. If the hour ever comes when you need a good, true friend, remember me—know that I would give my life to serve you. If you called to me, though I were at the other end of the world, I would come at your bidding. Farewell, Ione, my lost love. May you be happy with the man who has won your love. Say one word to comfort me—that I shall remember all my lonely life."

"I—I do not know what to say," she sobbed.

"Say 'Good-bye, Arthur. God bless you,' he said. "Let me hear the name from your lips just once."

"Good-bye, Arthur. May God bless and keep you always," she repeated. The next moment he was gone.

"I had not even learned to love Frank Lyons, I might in time have learned to care for Mr. Rochester," she sobbed. "He is so good, so noble. Ah, why did Heaven let him care for me—to be refused?"

"How her heart ached for him with a strange, dull pain, which she did not quite understand then. "But do I love Mr. Lyons so very much?" she asked herself. "I had not even learned to love Frank Lyons, I might in time have learned to care for Mr. Rochester," she sobbed. "He is so good, so noble. Ah, why did Heaven let him care for me—to be refused?"

"How her heart ached for him with a strange, dull pain, which she did not quite understand then. "But do I love Mr. Lyons so very much?" she asked herself. "I had not even learned to love Frank Lyons, I might in time have learned to care for Mr. Rochester," she sobbed. "He is so good, so noble. Ah, why did Heaven let him care for me—to be refused?"

"How her heart ached for him with a strange, dull pain, which she did not quite understand then. "But do I love Mr. Lyons so very much?" she asked herself. "I had not even learned to love Frank Lyons, I might in time have learned to care for Mr. Rochester," she sobbed. "He is so good, so noble. Ah, why did Heaven let him care for me—to be refused?"

"How her heart ached for him with a strange, dull pain, which she did not quite understand then. "But do I love Mr. Lyons so very much?" she asked herself. "I had not even learned to love Frank Lyons, I might in time have learned to care for Mr. Rochester," she sobbed. "He is so good, so noble. Ah, why did Heaven let him care for me—to be refused?"

"How her heart ached for him with a strange, dull pain, which she did not quite understand then. "But do I love Mr. Lyons so very much?" she asked herself. "I had not even learned to love Frank Lyons, I might in time have learned to care for Mr. Rochester," she sobbed. "He is so good, so noble. Ah, why did Heaven let him care for me—to be refused?"

"How her heart ached for him with a strange, dull pain, which she did not quite understand then. "But do I love Mr. Lyons so very much?" she asked herself. "I had not even learned to love Frank Lyons, I might in time have learned to care for Mr. Rochester," she sobbed. "He is so good, so noble. Ah, why did Heaven let him care for me—to be refused?"

"How her heart ached for him with a strange, dull pain, which she did not quite understand then. "But do I love Mr. Lyons so very much?" she asked herself. "I had not even learned to love Frank Lyons, I might in time have learned to care for Mr. Rochester," she sobbed. "He is so good, so noble. Ah, why did Heaven let him care for me—to be refused?"

"How her heart ached for him with a strange, dull pain, which she did not quite understand then. "But do I love Mr. Lyons so very much?" she asked herself. "I had not even learned to love Frank Lyons, I might in time have learned to care for Mr. Rochester," she sobbed. "He is so good, so noble. Ah, why did Heaven let him care for me—to be refused?"

"How her heart ached for him with a strange, dull pain, which she did not quite understand then. "But do I love Mr. Lyons so very much?" she asked herself. "I had not even learned to love Frank Lyons, I might in time have learned to care for Mr. Rochester," she sobbed. "He is so good, so noble. Ah, why did Heaven let him care for me—to be refused?"

"How her heart ached for him with a strange, dull pain, which she did not quite understand then. "But do I love Mr. Lyons so very much?" she asked herself. "I had not even learned to love Frank Lyons, I might in time have learned to care for Mr. Rochester," she sobbed. "He is so good, so noble. Ah, why did Heaven let him care for me—to be refused?"

"How her heart ached for him with a strange, dull pain, which she did not quite understand then. "But do I love Mr. Lyons so very much?" she asked herself. "I had not even learned to love Frank Lyons, I might in time have learned to care for Mr. Rochester," she sobbed. "He is so good, so noble. Ah, why did Heaven let him care for me—to be refused?"

"How her heart ached for him with a strange, dull pain, which she did not quite understand then. "But do I love Mr. Lyons so very much?" she asked herself. "I had not even learned to love Frank Lyons, I might in time have learned to care for Mr. Rochester," she sobbed. "He is so good, so noble. Ah, why did Heaven let him care for me—to be refused?"

"How her heart ached for him with a strange, dull pain, which she did not quite understand then. "But do I love Mr. Lyons so very much?" she asked herself. "I had not even learned to love Frank Lyons, I might in time have learned to care for Mr. Rochester," she sobbed. "He is so good, so noble. Ah, why did Heaven let him care for me—to be refused?"

"How her heart ached for him with a strange, dull pain, which she did not quite understand then. "But do I love Mr. Lyons so very much?" she asked herself. "I had not even learned to love Frank Lyons, I might in time have learned to care for Mr. Rochester," she sobbed. "He is so good, so noble. Ah, why did Heaven let him care for me—to be refused?"

"How her heart ached for him with a strange, dull pain, which she did not quite understand then. "But do I love Mr. Lyons so very much?" she asked herself. "I had not even learned to love Frank Lyons, I might in time have learned to care for Mr. Rochester," she sobbed. "He is so good, so noble. Ah, why did Heaven let him care for me—to be refused?"

"How her heart ached for him with a strange, dull pain, which she did not quite understand then. "But do I love Mr. Lyons so very much?" she asked herself. "I had not even learned to love Frank Lyons, I might in time have learned to care for Mr. Rochester," she sobbed. "He is so good, so noble. Ah, why did Heaven let him care for me—to be refused?"

"How her heart ached for him with a strange, dull pain, which she did not quite understand then. "But do I love Mr. Lyons so very much?" she asked herself. "I had not even learned to love Frank Lyons, I might in time have learned to care for Mr. Rochester," she sobbed. "He is so good, so noble. Ah, why did Heaven let him care for me—to be refused?"

"How her heart ached for him with a strange, dull pain, which she did not quite understand then. "But do I love Mr. Lyons so very much?" she asked herself. "I had not even learned to love Frank Lyons, I might in time have learned to care for Mr. Rochester," she sobbed. "He is so good, so noble. Ah, why did Heaven let him care for me—to be refused?"

marry Mr. Lyons, who is coming here to-morrow for his answer."

CHAPTER VII.

"Ione! can you mean it? You—you are really to marry Mr. Lyons?" Mrs. Gregory gasped in dismay.

"Yes, I shall marry him," murmured Ione, a swift blush covering her lovely face. "You do not wish me happiness, Mrs. Gregory. Why?"

"Because I fear you will have little enough of it with that man, my dear. I hope you may never rue it—that's all I can say. Why, I'd almost as soon see you lying in your coffin as standing at the altar with Frank Lyons!"

"You grieve me to hear you speak like that," said Ione, turning away with quivering lips. "for I love him."

"More's the pity," commented Mrs. Gregory.

Ione walked into her own room and sat down by the window to think.

In a little while this life of toil would be over; she would be released at last from the grim poverty which she had known all her young life, and what was best of all, she would have a young husband, whom she fairly adored, to love and protect her.

Ah! such rosy, happy, girlish dreams! What a pity it was that they were to be shattered so soon.

How long she sat there she never knew. She shivered from her reverie by Mrs. Gregory coming into the room with a white, terrified face.

"Oh, Miss Ione!" she cried, "would you mind doing a favor for me? My little Jamie is ill, and I have no one to send to the drug store for Dr. Judd, who always attends us—unless you would go. It is so late—after eleven—but—"

"I'll go for you, of course," Mrs. Gregory said, interrupting. "Go back to little Jamie; I hear him calling you. I'll be off in a minute."

"You won't be afraid?" questioned Mrs. Gregory. "You'll have to cut through the park, and the way is lonely so near midnight."

"Afraid!" laughed Ione. "Oh, no!" and throwing on her long cloak, and drawing the hood well over her curly head, she hurried out into the street.

It was lonely, as Mrs. Gregory had said, though the streets of New York, even at night, are never deserted; and many a pedestrian turned to look after the little, dark figure with the beautiful face, hurrying so rapidly away.

Ione executed her errand promptly, and it was on the homeward trip that an event happened that changed the whole current of her life.

Hurrying down the street, she ran almost directly into the arms of a gentleman who, with a companion, was advancing around the corner.

She drew back with a little cry of surprise; for, despite the darkness, she had recognized the face of Frank Lyons at the first instant, and she noticed, too, in dismay too great for words, the fumes of strong wine on his breath.

He drew back with a laugh, crying out impulsively: "Whither away so quickly, pretty one?"

"Come, come, Lyons, none of that," said his companion, impatiently. "Never mind the girl—we are discussing an affair of more importance."

Too shocked and horror-stricken for words, Ione had hurried on—noting, however, that he had not recognized her—and feeling the force of the remark that it was too late and too dangerous for a young girl to be walking the streets alone, Ione signaled a passing street car which would take her at least within a block of her home.

She was the only passenger, and sinking back in the nearest corner and drawing her dark veil closer over her face, she gave herself up to a good cry, all unseemly. Heaven help her! was this the lover she had idolized? A moment later the car stopped again, and to Ione's dismay, Frank Lyons and his companion entered, seating themselves directly opposite.

"Seize little creature, by Jove!" commented Lyons, in an unsteady voice; but, as before, his friend silenced him, and the next instant both seemed to forget the little dark-robed girl, and to be too busy shrinking back among the shadows.

"You say you can pay this debt," said Lyons' companion, energetically. "You've said the same thing often enough before; now I propose to know when and how I've done trifling—I mean business now. Remember, a debt of honor should be the first to be liquidated. When I loaned you that sum, which you lost in the questionable, you promised me it should be paid at once, and now it must be paid, or a grand exposure will follow."

To be Continued.

FAMOUS HOPE DIAMOND.

London, Wednesday, Nov. 13.—The Daily Telegraph says it learns from Lord Francis Hope's solicitor that his Lordship has sold the famous Hope diamond to a dealer named Adolf Weil, and that another dealer, of New York, is also interested in the purchase. The destination of the diamond is America.

STORM AND FLOOD.

Kington, Jamaica, Nov. 12.—The northern and eastern portions of the island are cut off from Kingston by heavy weather. The rivers have overflowed their banks and are doing considerable damage to the railway line to Port Antonio and the north side towns. The extent of the damage is not known, owing to the interruption of telegraphic communication. No loss of life is reported. The American mails which arrived by the steamer Admiral Dewey, remain at Port Antonio.

Thomas Ray, 17 years old, of Penetanguishene, died at St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, of gangrene poisoning, the result of a gunshot wound while hunting in Muskoka a week ago.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher

APPEARS ON EVERY WRAPPER.



GEO. STEPHENS QUINN & DOUGLAS

The Weather is Cold

And Stoves and Stove Furniture will be needed and Geo. Stephens, Quinn & Douglas have the best assortment of this class of goods in Chatham. They are sole agents for the Art Garlands and Souvenir Stoves and they carry an immense assortment of these makes, both in self-feeding, wood cooks and coal ranges.

They thoroughly guarantee every stove they sell so that the purchaser is running no risk. Don't waste time in running from store to store to try to find what you want, but save time and trouble by going direct to Geo. Stephens, Quinn & Douglas.

Geo. Stephens, Quinn & Douglas

H. C. Jordan

Makes a specialty of examination of the eye and the accurate fitting of glasses. To measure our success I need only refer, reader of "The Planet," to the vast number of people in every section of city and vicinity who will testify to the benefit they have received as a result of our services. I make no charge for examination. I sell none but the best goods. If you have no use for good sight or good glasses at a reasonable price, you have no use for me.

A. A. JORDAN At the Sign of The Big Clock