≡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.

ion, Miss Ione.

furnished

mute.

than language.

I saved your -life?"

ply for that one fact?"

gether for that."

"No," she answered:

young face.

ing goes, than for Mr. Frank Lyons whole body. I can't help my opin-

With a glance full of reproachful

apartment, which Mrs.

gravity, Ione quitted the room, walking slowly into the meagerly

Gregory designated as her parlor.

with extended hands to meet her.

Arthur Rochester rose quickly, his

fair face flushing, and came forward

Tears came into Ione's eyes. For

"I was trying to find words elo-

a moment sobs choked her utterance.

quent enough to thank you for what

you have done for me, Mr. Rochester," she said, "and they fail me. I

owe my life to you, and while that life lasts I shall be grateful to

He raised the little white hands to

his lips and kissed them, his whole

His heart seemed full. He found

it difficult to give his thoughts the

power of expression in words. When

he was by himself words had risen in

a torrent to his lips. He had thought of a thousand things that

fallen upon him was more eloquent

He recovered himself, and looked

"Tell me one thing, Ione - Miss

earnestly down into the lovely

Lawrence," he said, huskily. "Do I

owe all your favor to the fact that

The little hands trembled in his

and the sweet face flushed under his

searching gaze. She did not answer.

"You must tell me," he went on.
"I must know. Do you like me sim-

"Take care, Ione," he said, "that

you make no mistake. Your words are life or death to me."

She drew back with startled pal-

understand-Ione?" he said, in a low,

husky voice, "Have you not seen

from the very first that I love you?

Some men might tell their love in

the beautiful language of the poets;

but the truest hearts do not always

like this. I cannot-my heart is too

but heartfelt words, Ione-I love you, with all the strength of my heart,

and I want you for my wife. Some

men have had many loves." he went

No other face has been imaged on

my heart. I have never said to any

woman before-I love you. Now,

lone, what have you to say to me?'

he asked, huskily, bending over her so near that his fair, clustering hair

lay in soft love-locks on her white

forehead-so near that the perfume

of the two pale pink blossoms she

She was silent from sheer excess of

amazement; she almost believed

strange trick. Mr. Rochester-loved

she honored him - her gratitude to

him was boundless; but this was not

She drew her little hand away

dark, childish eyes, running over

"Oh, believe me, I would have saved you this. Mr. Rochester," she

sobbed, "if I had but known-if I

had but dreamed-for oh! it breaks

my heart to give you pain-you, who

have been so good to me-to whom I owe my very life."

He looked at her in horrible fear-

his face. His heart beat; he would

have faced death in any other form

more willingly than from the lips of

this girl whom he loved so well-for it was death if she did not love him

death to his hopes, his happiness

She raised her head, her eyes heavy

with tears, her lips quivering pit

eously.
"I must answer you truthfully,"
she said. "I do love another, and

He stood quite still before her. No word, no moan, no sigh escaped his lips to show how deeply the iron had entered his soul. This was an

emergency he had not foreseen, and had not prepared himself for it.

He bowed his head, saying, huskily:

"If it is decreed that I should not have her love, bitterly hard though it is, I will bow to Heaven's will,

as deeply-as-as-you-love me.

and his future peace.

brown, curly head.

fear which drove the color from

with tears, to his pale face,

him and raised those lovely,

-her! And she-ah! she revered him

were playing her some

touched the dark, curly rings

wore reached him.

"I have had none save yourself.

I can only tell you in plain

find eloquent language in a momen

"Do you not know-can you

"not alto

wished to say to her. But now that he was in her presence he was

Yet this silence that had

soul in a tumult of gladness

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

She bowed her head with a bitter

"It is true, Arthur," she whisperhuskily. "It has spoiled my dife; but for my father, I might have been a loved and happy wife. Ah yes, love is best! I cannot counsel 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, re-membering 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 she supplemented-"I will love her for your sake. You know I am dependent upon my brother's bounty, Arthur," she said, sadly. should have it, in this the most trying hour of your life."
"I would not accept it," he an-

swered, proudly; "never fear for me, sunt. I shall not sink." "Love ' is a great buoyer up of youthful hopes," she said, sadly. "I

pray all may go well with you, my He kissed her in his warm, impulwrive 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-Arthur 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.

rv answered mons, and her face lighted up when she saw who their visitor was, but she was greatly flustered at such a grand gentleman as Mr. Rochester coming to their 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 chelped Ione on with a new frill of lace, and 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 dude who looks around as if there was nothing good enough for him, and makes 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 pained tone of voice, adding, gently: "I hope you will like Mr. Lyons for my sake, if not for his own. A truer gentleman nev-

"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 Rochactar's little finger, as the old save

EVERY MOVE

The Intense Suffering of a Ferth 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, un-

In nine cases out of ten it is trace-

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, Peter
street, Perth, Ont., when interviewed, made this statement: "I was suf-

street, 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 quate over it now. I have found them most satisfactory and can confidently recommend them for bad hacks."

Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tabts are 50 cents a box at all drug-sts. The Dr. Zina Pitcher Co., TorChronic Cases of Kidney Disease.

Intense Suffering, Great Weakness, Lingering Misery -cures Effected by

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

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, Springhill. 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 medi-cine which has since cured several persons to whom I recommended them."

Mr. Mortimer Chase, Consecon, 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 benefitted them. and I began using them. After taking part of a box I began to feel second what hatter I have taken in 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 '2.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

have by far the greatest sale of any similar preparation. One pill a dose, Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. loved-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 my great loss 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 itself 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

"I-I do not know what to say," "Say Good-bye, Arthur. God bless ou," he said. "Let me hear the you,' name from your lips just once. "Good-bye, Arthur. May God bless and keep you always," she repeated.

remember all my lonely life."

man who has won your love. Say one word to comfort me—that I shall

The next moment he was gone. "If I had not met and learned to love Frank Lyons, I might in time have learned to care for Mr. Ro-chester," she sobbed. "He is so good, so noble. Ah, why did Heaven let him care for me—to be refused!" murmured. "It was a thousand How her heart ached for pities." him with a strange, dull pain, which she did not quite understand then, "But do I love Mr. Lyons "But do so very much?" she asked herself, in girlish doubt. "Sometimes I think so, and again I-I am not quite sure

"Let me know the truth at once, of my own heart." Only that afternoon, when he had Ione," he said. "Suspense is killing me. Is my great, worshipful love in called, Frank Lyons had asked her to marry him. "I do not ask you for your answer

vain? Do you not care for me?" "Not in the way you-you would have me. Mr. Rochester," she falternow." he had said, carelessly. next time you see me will do quite "Oh, I would love you if I as well, Ione.' How strangely formal and forced "I know it is sudden," he answernow that she came to look at it, that proposal of marriage seemed to ed, his fair, handsome face flushing and paling, "and the idea has start-

led you; but will you give me the She went straight to Mrs. Gregory hope that I may win you in time if I and laid her head down on her try?"
Her head drooped, and she shrank

"The door was open when you back from his outstretched hand. passed the parlor," she said, in Again a great wave of fear swept over him. He came nearer to her, "Did you hear-what what-Mr. Rochester was saying?" laying his white hand on the dark The good woman drew back in high "Tell me one thing, Ione," he said; "I have no rival in attempting to win you, have I? "You do not love

"Do you think I'd be so mean as to spy on you, Miss Ione?" she said 'Do you imagine I'd do such a des picable thing as to listen?" "Mr. Rochester asked me to be his said Ione, in a low, husky,

A cry of delight broke from Mrs. Gregory's lips. child, I can hardly believe it!" she gasped. "I always thought, though, that there was something great in store for you-that you was meant to be a great lady, and live

in your mansion, and have servants and horses and carriages, and—"
"I refused Mr. Rochester," Ione
said in a low voice. have her love, bitterly hard though it is, I will bow to Heaven's will, Ione, I will say good-bye to you," he went on, "for I am going away," I am only human, and I cannot make such a martyr of myself as to remain and see you happy with another. I will not forget you. I have 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 lyin' 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.

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 releas-ed at last from the grim poverty which she had known all her young life, and, what was best of all, sh 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 neve knew. She was startled from her reverie by Mrs. Gregory coming into the room with a white, terrified

Miss Ione!" she cried *Oh. "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," she interrupted. "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 the streets of said, though York, even at night, are never de serted; 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. Hur, ing 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 noticed, too, in dismay too great for words, the fumes of strong wine on his breath.

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

come, Lyons, that," said his companion, impat-"Never mind the girl - we are discussing an affair of more importance."

Too shocked and horror-stricker 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 siga 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 good cry, all unseen. 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 di-

rectly opposite. "Same little creature, by Jove!" commented Lyons, in an unsteady voice; but, as before, his friend sienced him, and the next instant -both seemed to forget the little dark-robed dark-veiled figure 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 triffing-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 at the gaming-table, you promised me it should be paid at once, and now it must be paid, or a grand expose 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 diamond to a dealer named Adolf Weil, and that another dealer, of New York, is also interested in the pur-chase. The destination of the diamond

STORM AND FLOOD.

Kingston, Jamaica, Nov. 12.-The northern and eastern portions of the island are cut off from Kingston by heavy weather. The rivers have over-flowed their banks and are doing considerable damage to the railway line to Port Antonio and the north side was. 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 steamen Admiral Dewey, remain at Port An-

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

What is

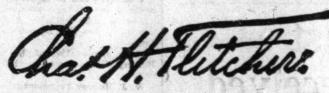
Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmiess substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays 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 that I recommend it as superior to any preof its good effect upon their children." DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Loviell, Mass.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children scription known to me." H. A. ARCHEP, M. D. Brooklyn, N. F

THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF



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

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