

Sweet Norine

CHAPTER IV.

When Clifford Carlisle left the blacksmith shop he rode along in utter silence for some little distance, then falling into an old habit, he gave vent to his thoughts in low, muttered words, quite forgetful of Sambo, who trudged angrily on behind.

"By Jove! she was indeed a magnificent little Amazon," mused Carlisle. "If I should tell the boys at the club in New York of today's amusing adventure, they would scarcely credit it; and there's not one of them who would not have fallen desperately in love with the glorious Norine on the spot, and I half imagine that I am somewhat in that condition myself. If I had plenty of money, I could afford to marry that girl. By George, wouldn't she create a stunning sensation in New York if she were dressed like other young women. Well, I rather guess yes."

Then suddenly his thoughts drifted into another channel; his dark brows contracted into a deep and ugly frown as he exclaimed fiercely:

"I wonder how much longer the old woman will last. These invalids whose death you are looking forward to, to come into a fortune, seem to last forever; they have a dozen lives. Now the question is, will she part with any more money on that gold mine scheme or not? If she takes the money into her head to write to that Arizona address to inquire into it, my cake would be all dough when she learned that the brilliant gold mine was only a myth."

"She's put up more liberally than I thought she would, so far. How gullible these women are!"

"But pshaw. She might as well spend her money on me as on anybody else. I don't know of anybody who could use it up for her more sumptuously," and then he threw back his head with a cynical laugh.

"She says in her last letter that she has picked out a wife for me, and that she hopes it will be a case of mutual love at first sight, ending with the terrifying announcement that it had not been for me she would have made this girl her heiress. That alarming sentence was the cause of bringing me on here posthaste, to put a veto on anything of that sort."

"I'll flatter the young woman right up to the queen's taste; I've the reputation of being a veritable Don Juan at that sport. I cannot show my hand just yet, and must seem to fall in with any scheme the old lady may choose to propose. One thing is eminently certain—I must have her money, and have it soon, by fair means or foul."

His ruminations were suddenly cut short by Sambo, who called lustily to him from behind, and in an excited voice: "You're passin by the place, I'm pretty high shu', Marise Carlisle. See dem windows all lighted. They're 'specin' somebody, fer sartin'."

"Likely enough," returned Carlisle, impatiently. "Most every one expects his friends on Christmas Eve. The storm is so terrific, we may as well stop here and inquire the way, taking time to warm up a little."

Sambo was thankful enough to hear this order, for the mile he had travelled on foot had told wonderfully upon his strength. Even Ladybird seemed pleased to be turned toward a place of shelter.

"I guess you are quite right, Sambo," Carlisle said, briefly, as he reined his horse close up to the porch. "This is the place described. We are at our journey's end."

The words were scarcely uttered ere the door was thrown quickly open and an old servant appeared upon the threshold, holding a flaming lamp above his head, as though to view the coming guest better.

"I welcome you in Mistress Barrison's name, Master Carlisle," he said, with a low, obsequious bow. Then his eyes fell upon Sambo, at whom he gazed with speechless amazement. Mr. Clifford Carlisle had been expected to arrive alone.

"You are old Ned, I presume," said Carlisle, flinging him the reins, adding: "I have brought along my valet—my servant."

"Please walk right in, sir," responded old Ned, but he looked helplessly at Sambo, as if in a quandary as to how he was to dispose of him. But, nothing daunted, Sambo followed his master in to the warm hall.

Clifford Carlisle had scarcely divested himself of his short coat, hat and gloves, ere his quick eye caught the sound of the swish of silken skirts from the staircase toward the right.

"It's either the old lady or the girl I'm expected to fall in love with at first sight," was his mental comment, as he wheeled suddenly about, to behold a tall, slim, young woman, in deep, lustrous black—almost black, in color, the roses tucked in at her belt, which matched perfectly in color the yellow hair waved back from a flawless face in a way which suggested a very thorough knowledge of up-to-date styles.

All this Clifford Carlisle took in at a single, rapid glance, as he stood hesitatingly facing this beautiful apparition. "I echo old Ned's words to you, Mr. Carlisle, I welcome you in Mrs. Barrison's name; she is fairly beside herself with impatience to see you, and bade me to ask you to come to her at once."

He stopped short, murmuring inquiringly: "And you are—"

"Mrs. Barrison's companion—Miss Austin," she replied.

"She heard him mutter something under his breath, but just what it was she could not tell. She said to herself: 'I shall know at once whether the handsome heir admires me or not.'"

There was certainly admiration in the keen gaze of the brilliant black eyes fixed upon her so piercingly; there was something else in that glance, viz., that what it was she could not quite fathom.

Miss Austin led the way up the broad staircase, and by the time they reached the end of the corridor of the door above they were chatting away as though they were the oldest and best of friends, instead of total strangers but a few minutes before.

Miss Austin pointed to the open door. "She is in there," she said, turning away and gliding swiftly back in the direction from whence they had come, to hurry up the dinner.

Clifford Carlisle had prepared himself to make a conquest of the heart of Mrs. Barrison, to whom he owed so much, and from whom he had such high expectations.

He had rehearsed to himself what he should do at this meeting scores of times or more, so now it came easy enough to him to spring over the threshold, laughing and crying, apparently, in one and

the same breath, seize the figure of the woman whose hands were held out to him, and cover her face and hands and hair with most passionate kisses, kneeling at her feet and murmuring incoherently that she was the good angel of his life, the sunshine of his existence, the lodestar—aye, the alpha, and omega of his future; all that he was, or ever would be, he owed to her, and much more in the same strain. He did not pause an instant in his well-trained lesson to observe her. Indeed, it mattered little enough to him what she looked like; he would have the same performance to go through that he had marked out for himself.

No wonder Mrs. Barrison was charmed by him. He always exerted that influence upon every woman with whom he came in contact, and by the time he had talked with her half an hour, there was little hope for any one else who might have striven to come between him and her fortune.

"By the way, my dear Clifford," she said, "how do you like Miss Austin?"

"She is a most adorable girl," he murmured, adding, curiously: "Where in the world did you ever find her, Aunt Frances?" and he listened intently as she informed him that it had come about through an advertisement, which she had caused to be inserted in a San Francisco paper.

"Do you know, it struck me when I first looked at her that I had seen that face before in New York, but of course I was mistaken."

"You were, indeed," she replied. "Florence was a farmer's daughter, and lost both parents within a few days of each other, and came directly from the farm to me. She is, as you therefore see, a simple, guileless child of nature, unused to the world's wiles and its arts."

Carlisle looked down at its boot heel thoughtfully. Miss Austin did not appear to him like such an unsophisticated girl. Indeed, she struck him as being exceedingly clever, not to say shrewd, young woman, not at all abashed at meeting a strange young man, and holding her own in conversation, which certainly betokened anything but a novice. The very notion of her being a farmer's daughter somewhat amused him. By degrees he got around the question nearest his heart. "Who was the little Amazon in the blacksmith shop at the other end of the village?"

He saw at once that he had made some kind of a mistake by the sudden change that came over Mrs. Barrison's face. The small greenish blue eyes shot a lurid fire, the thin, straight lips contracted slightly together, and her face bore an unmistakable expression of the most intense hatred.

"We will not discuss this girl, who, I am told, goes into the blacksmith shop and shoes a horse equal to her father in his time—ay, and the old grandfather before him. I laugh! My blood runs cold with horror at the bare mention of it," she cried, hoarsely, and with bitter sarcasm. "Clifford," she added, bending forward breathlessly, "never cross that young person's path again, if you value my good opinion and my wishes—ay, my counsel!"

She could not have taken a more unwise course than to command this self-willed young man not to see the lovely maid again. This very opposition which she threw in his way caused him to make his mind that he would see the bright, vivacious little Norine again, in spite of anything and everything on earth.

Mrs. Barrison was on the point of telling him who the girl was, when she considered the matter. No, she would keep from him the knowledge that she had any living relative so long now that she might as well keep it a secret to the very end. Besides, he might refuse to accept her fortune if he knew of a granddaughter's existence, and she told herself she would rather burn her money than leave one penny of it to Norine, the daughter—ay, and the granddaughter of the village blacksmith.

CHAPTER V.

The chances were, if Miss Florence Austin had not been thrown so deliberately at his head, as it were, he might have fallen desperately in love with her. She was the sort of person to captivate a man like Clifford Carlisle.

He was not what might be termed exactly fancy free. Norine's lovely, plump face haunted him, do what he would, and he resolved, let the price be what it may, to see her again—ay, and as often as he could while he remained in Hadley.

He took the first occasion to put this resolve into practice by riding over to the blacksmith shop again.

But in the presence of the beautiful Norine he encountered the grimy old smith standing in the doorway.

"Good afternoon to you," said Carlisle, springing lightly from the saddle and leading Ladybird into the shop. "I thought I'd stop and have you look at the mare's other feet, and tighten up the shoes on her a bit."

"Excuse me, sir," said old Daniel Gordon, gravely, "but are you the young days ago by my Nor—by my little granddaughter?"

"I am so fortunate as to be the man," returned Clifford Carlisle, with a very low and ceremonious bow, adding, eagerly, "and it was the finest sight I ever witnessed, being—well, a decided novelty, you see."

"I have something for you sir," returned the old blacksmith, quite ignoring the last portion of his visitors' enthusiastic remark. "You would have hunted you up before, but I didn't know where you might be stopping, and the roads were too bad to start out to look."

As he spoke he took a small package from his breast pocket, which was carefully done up in a bit of tissue paper, unwinding it slowly. The brand-new crisp fifty-dollar bill which he had handed Norine was soon disclosed to Carlisle's curious eyes.

"You must take it back, sir," said the old blacksmith, handing it to his surprised visitor. "I wouldn't let my little girl keep it. Honest pay for honest work is my motto, and no man has a right to accept more; nor has woman or child, for that matter. Here is your fifty-dollar note. I'll take for Norine's work a dollar and a half, please."

"As you like, of course," returned Carlisle, nonchalantly, as he pocketed the bill and handed out the lesser sum named. "But let me say that every man is entitled to his own opinion as to what anything is worth to him, and should have the right to pay accordingly. Your granddaughter was welcome to the money; it was not too high a price to witness such a novel sight."

"My gal, Norine, oughtn't to hev done

The Daily Fashion Hint.



Smart useful little gown of tapestry blue pongee. The jacket is fastened with silk braid ornament matching the material in color.

DEAD HORSEMAN.

APOPLEXY NOT CAUSE OF J. G. WARNOCK'S DEATH.

Result of Post-Mortem on Dead Horseman—Inquest Adjourned Until Provincial Analyst Has Made a Report.

Brookville, Feb. 26.—Apoplexy was not the cause of the death of James G. Warnock, the former Ottawa merchant and horseman, who died in Brookville under circumstances which have led the Crown authorities to order an inquest and autopsy.

This fact has been established as the result of the autopsy performed by Doctors R. N. Horton and W. E. Harding, of Brookville. In consequence of this discovery, and the allegations of Miss Alice Warnock, the stomach and organs of deceased have been sent to the Provincial Analyst at Toronto, for examination and analysis. Had death by apoplexy been revealed by the autopsy it was the order of the Attorney-General that the inquest should not be proceeded with. With the fact to find death by apoplexy, the inquest will now proceed, and a most searching inquiry into the death will be made. The inquest, which was adjourned until to-morrow night, before Coroner Jackson, of Brookville, will now be further adjourned until the Provincial Analyst's report is ready.

A Certificate of Legal Marriage. Ottawa, Feb. 26.—Mr. John S. Warnock, of Arnprior, cousin of the late James G. Warnock, whose will is being contested, said that when the bakery and confectionery business was transferred to the late Mr. Warnock by his father thirteen years ago, his father refused to make over the business until he had seen a certificate that his son was legally united to Mrs. Agnes Warnock. Further, he said that, when the eldest child, Marie, was christened, the same document was shown to the god-parents, who will be able to verify the statement.

LEOPOLD WARNED.

PLAIN SPEAKING IN THE BRITISH COMMONS.

Congo Misrule Must Cease—Unless Belgian Government Assumes Control Then Great Britain Will Proceed to Take Action.

London, Feb. 26.—In the course of debate in the House of Commons on the Congo question, Sir Edward Grey, Foreign Secretary, delivered a more emphatic warning to Leopold than did Lord Fitzmaurice in the House of Lords yesterday. Sir Edward said the only satisfactory solution of the question was the transference of authority to some other country. Great Britain had done her utmost to encourage a genuine transfer to Belgium. The Government now proposed to wait the end.

If it were then seen that the Belgian Government and Parliament were going to take over the country on satisfactory terms, Great Britain would discuss with Belgium the questions arising from British treaty rights in the Congo. It was thought the case will be dropped.

Read This!

It Contains a Message

This is a nerve-racking age—not a man in an office or behind the counter, striving hard to get on in the world, that does not feel the strain.

If nerves are in order, a man is strong, alert and sleeps well. Unstrung nerves means weakness, worry, sleeplessness and a general decay of bodily strength, inability to do good work or to do it long.

Most men are careless of their health, trust to luck and that kind of thing, instead of taking Ferrozone for a few weeks when they feel dull in the morning, sleep poorly or lose appetite.

Ferrozone quickly brightens up the mind. It creates an appetite and improves digestion. Ferrozone makes blood, quiets the nerves, makes muscles like steel and induces refreshing sleep.

Ferrozone is a body builder, thousands have proved it. If you are sick or only out of sorts, use Ferrozone and enjoy the splendid reward it affords.

Permanent in its results, the greatest health-giver in the world is Ferrozone. Because nourishing and perfectly harmless, all can use it, even children. Get Ferrozone today, 50c per box, at all dealers.

AGAIN NOT GUILTY.

Mayor of Glace Bay Acquitted on Second Count.

Halifax, N. S., Feb. 26.—Mayor Burdell, of Glace Bay, was today declared not guilty of the charge of theft preferred at the instance of the Dominion Coal Co. This is the second of eighteen counts, and it is thought the case will be dropped.

AT R. McKAY & CO'S, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28th, 1908

Only Two Days More

Just think of it: only two days more to take advantage of these special sale prices, and we intend making the remaining days, Friday and Saturday, whirl with the greatest of bargains, and don't forget many lines of our new spring importations are taking part in this sale, such as NEW DRESS GOODS, NEW SILKS, NEW LACES AND TRIMMINGS, EMBROIDERIES, etc., and by all means don't miss this splendid sale of Carpets. It's just your opportunity to save nearly one-half. COME.

Special Announcement

Our half-yearly Silk Sale starts on Saturday, and we are pleased to tell you that our foreign buyer picked up many lines of beautiful high grade Silks for spring and summer dresses at his own prices. These lovely Silks will go on sale Saturday morning at almost one-half regular.

New Veilings 25c Yard

Another shipment of the latest Veilings, in plain or fancy Fish Nets, also with small pin dots and large chenille spots, come in browns, navies, blacks, whites, greys and greens, regularly 45 and 50c yard, on sale 25c yd.

New Chiffon Veilings 35c Yard

20 pieces of new Silk Chiffon Veilings, in tans, browns, navies, greys, blacks, whites, some with borders, regularly 50c, on sale 35c yard

Fancy Elastic Belts 50c and 75c

The latest novelties in plain and fancy Elastic, come in green, navy, brown, tan, white, with fancy gilt buckles, also cameo buckles, very special 50c and 75c

Leather Belts 50c and 75c

Latest novelties in Leather Belts, come in tan, brown, black, white, pink, sky, finished with dainty gilt and pearl buckles, regularly 75c, 50c, on sale 50c and 75c

New Dress Goods at Special Prices

85c Black French Voiles at 59c

6 pieces of fine French Voiles go on sale to-morrow at a splendid reduction for you just at the wanted time; nice crisp finish and 48 inches wide; be sure and see this line to-morrow; worth 85c yard, on sale to-morrow for 59c

\$1.35 French Venetians \$1.15

Our stock of French Venetians are now complete, and to start the season we will sell this line for to-morrow only at the above special price; new shades of navies, browns, greens, Copenhagen, rose, tans, cream and black, regular value \$1.35, on sale to-morrow for \$1.15

Exceptional Values in House Furnishings For Friday

87 pair of Curtains, in fine English Lace and Cable Nets, dainty Point de Esprit, Empire and Renaissance designs, figured and plain centres, must be sold Friday. This is a great clearing of odd pairs and every pair is marked less than half price.

Regular values \$3.00 and \$3.50, while they last \$1.68

POLISHED OAK POLES, 4 feet long, complete with brackets, rings, and ends, regular 35c, Friday 25c

Window Shades Complete 29c

Our special sale of Window Shades for Friday includes light, medium and dark shades of green, light and dark shades of cream, also white and drab. This is a serviceable shade, mounted on durable rollers, regular value 45c, Friday special 29c

Brass Extension Poles for 26c

125 Brass Extension Poles, which are large enough for regular size windows and strong enough to hold long, heavy curtains, highly polished rod, with large fancy ends, complete with brackets, regular 50c, Friday special 26c

GREAT CLEARING SALE OF BLANKETS AT COST PRICE AT R. McKAY & CO'S.

February Carpet Sale Nearly Over

Money-Saving Prices for Next Two Days

Brussels Carpet 98c
Heavy English Brussels Carpet. A 1 patterns, rich colorings, worth \$1.40 for 98c

Velvet Carpet 98c
Fine English Velvet Carpet, handsome colorings, borders to match, worth \$1.35, for 98c

Brussels Rugs \$10
Brussels Rugs, size 3x24 yards, fine quality, worth \$14.50, for \$10

All-Wool Rugs \$8.50
All Wool Rugs, sizes 34x53 yards, heavy, 2 ply quality, worth \$12.50, for 8.50

Larger sizes at \$9.75, \$11.25, \$12.25, \$14.50.

R. McKAY & Co.

the present conduct of affairs in the Congo, which was a violation of all civilized government, continued, the British Government must be ready to deal with the questions arising from treaty rights in its own way. Great Britain had originally consented to import duties on condition that the proceeds be expended for the benefit of the natives.

If Belgium did not take over the Congo the Government might raise the question whether its consent had been obtained by false pretences and whether it is still binding. The Congo Independent State, as it existed to-day, had morally forfeited the right of international recognition. The Government shared the country's strong feeling on the subject, and would do its utmost to secure reform.

Sir Edward accepted on behalf of the Government a resolution moved by L. S. Jones, urging the Government to secure a transfer of authority, or, failing that, to take measures to compel the carrying out of the provisions of the Berlin Act dealing with the Congo Independent State. The resolution was carried without a single dissentient.

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Mount Clemens is famous throughout America as all year round health resort, and thousands of people bear testimony to the benefits derived from its mineral waters in cases of rheumatism and kindred diseases. For bilious and liver troubles, nervous disorders, general debility, etc., the efficacy of its waters is wonderful; seventy-five per cent. of rheumatics are cured and ninety per cent. benefited. Write J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, Grand Trunk Railway System, Toronto, for handsome descriptive booklet, telling you all about it.

AFRIDS HAVE YIELDED.
Series of Smart Blows by British Expedition Ends Revolt.

London, Feb. 27.—The British expedition against the Zakkak tribe of Afridis to punish them for their numerous raids on the Indian frontier is likely to be short-lived. A series of smart blows delivered by the expedition and the non-support of the neighboring tribes have discouraged the Zakkak tribe, and a truce has been arranged through the headmen of other Afridis tribes.

Judgment for \$16,000,000 damages and ouster from the State of Texas has been given against the Waters-Pierce Oil Co. Winnipeg banks have decided to advance a loan of two million dollars to the city.

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Return Limit Feb. 29

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