

The Tangle of Fate

"I would pay half my fortune to keep it all out of the papers," repeated Bonnie, with the same piteous, tearful face. "I am afraid that would be quite impossible," replied Lawyer Rainsford, gravely. "You see, we could not possibly manage it without the co-operation of Mr. Westland, and he is in such a furious mood over it that he will give it all the publicity possible. He will fight the divorce to the last gasp, and determined is he to possess you for his wife."

"I hate him! I would die first," cried poor Bonnie, angrily. "Then she looked hopefully at the lawyer. "Maybe we could bribe him to go away and not make any fuss, so that we could get the divorce quietly. You could give him as much of my money as you thought right. I would lose every penny rather than be his wife!" she exclaimed, earnestly.

"I do not believe that he could be bribed to give you up—I am certain that he is madly in love with you, and would be willing to take you without a penny, but will see him, I will tell him what you say," replied Lawyer Rainsford, and then they all remembered that Miles Westland had not been seen that day.

"Perhaps he spent the night at his office. I will call there on my way home and see," said the lawyer, and hastened away.

He walked down the main street, and called at the small inn where Miles usually spent his mornings, but the young clerk in charge told him that neither of the partners, Mr. Westland nor Mr. La Valliere, had been in the office that morning.

"Come for a lawyer," thought Mr. Rainsford.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Several anxious days passed away, and still there came no tidings of the absent Miles Westland. Where was he? what was he doing? No one believed that he had thrown up the game so readily. Lawyer Rainsford suspected that Miles was plotting villainy, and advised Bonnie to keep indoors as closely as possible.

Imogen's strong constitution continued to make a grand fight against the fever that had stricken her down, but no one believed that she could possibly recover. The skillful physician came several times daily; he spent hours by her bedside, but as the demon fever continued to rage with unrelenting violence, his hopes of her grew less and less. It was even doubtful, he confided to the nurse, if she would ever recover consciousness.

When the violent stage of the disease abated she would moan like a child, and the deep stupor that precedes death, and so pass away.

"Every one had great pity and sympathy for Imogen. All believed that the shock and sorrow of her child's death had caused her illness, no one knew of the cruel words Miles Westland had spoken to her over the little one's coffin that had driven her mad."

So with hearts full of grief and pity for her cruel straits, they hovered over the sick-bed, and always in Bonnie's heart was that silent prayer that God would spare Imogen's life long enough for her to repent of her terrible sin and make her peace with heaven.

The secret of what had happened in the sick-room the night of Farmer Dale's arrival had not yet transpired among the servants or in the neighborhood, and much surprise was expressed over the strange absence of Miles Westland from the sick-bed of his beautiful young wife, but the family accounted for it as plausibly as possible on the plea of important business that had called him away, and so the matter dropped.

One summer evening Bonnie left the sick-room and retired to her own with a very sad heart.

She had been watching by Imogen for many hours, and Mrs. Baldwin had insisted that she should go and lie down or she would be ill herself. The truth was that Mrs. Baldwin believed that the crisis in Imogen's case was approaching, and she felt so sure that it would have a fatal termination that she did not wish the relatives to be present.

So she persuaded Farmer Dale and Bonnie to retire to their rooms, promising to call them if they were needed.

When Bonnie entered her chamber the white bed was turned ready for her occupancy, her snowy lace-trimmed night-robe lay over a chair, and her maid in a seat at the window was waiting to help her undress.

"I shall not go to bed; I will put on a loose peignoir and rest; I will put on Imogen is so very, very ill that I may be called at any moment," said Bonnie.

Mrs. Cornwall brought her a dainty pink peignoir, and helped to arrange the young one in the soft chair. While she put the bedroom slippers on the dimpled little feet, she said:

"Isn't it strange that Mr. Westland remains away so long from his sick wife? It almost seems as if he were doing it in retaliation for the heartlessness she showed in staying away from her dying baby."

"Do not say such dreadful things!" cried Bonnie, hastily. "Tears sprang to her eyes at the thought of her little baby Lin, and she tried to excuse her sister. "Mrs. Westland would have come home sooner if she had believed that the baby was really so ill, but she thought her husband was senselessly frightened," she remarked.

"Humph!" murmured Mrs. Cornwall, under her breath, and she put away Bonnie's things, and went over to the window again.

"Do you know, Miss Lloyd, if Mr. La Valliere is expected back to-night or to-morrow?" she asked suddenly.

Lin had received a telegram that morning calling him to a Virginia town, where he had some business interests. He had gone most reluctantly, promising Mr. Dale to return at the earliest possible moment.

When Mrs. Cornwall asked the question Bonnie blushed rosily, as she always did at mention of her lover, and replied that Mr. La Valliere could not possibly return until to-morrow.

"While I was sitting at the window waiting for you I saw the figure of a man moving about among the shrubbery, and I thought it might be Mr. La Valliere, but since you say he can't come till to-morrow, it must be Mr. Westland that I saw, for it was a young man stepping light and quick," said the maid.

Bonnie's heart gave a throbbing fear at the bare idea of her tormentor's return, and she exclaimed, uneasily:

"Don't leave me yet, Mrs. Cornwall. I feel nervous, and my head aches."

"Lie down on the sofa and let me

bathe it with eau de Cologne," replied the maid.

Bonnie lay with shut eyes as the moaner flew by thinking, thinking, until her brain seemed to reel.

Had Miles Westland really returned, and if so, why? In her heart she feared this dark-browed man whose love had brought her such much-sought-for and had him in the same breath. Oh, to be free of him, rid of him, ran her anguished thoughts, but she lay so still that the maid thought she had dozed off to sleep. She leaned back in her own chair and fell asleep, too.

A little past midnight there came a light knocking at the door. Bonnie started up in alarm as Mrs. Baldwin entered softly.

"The crisis is passed. She is quiet and in her right mind. She is asking for you."

Bonnie rose and slipped her hand in Mrs. Baldwin's arm. "She was so nervous she could hardly stand alone."

The maid slept on heavily, undisturbed by the murmur of her low voices.

"Poor soul, she tried to watch me sleeping, and let her sleep on," she whispered, and passed out with Mrs. Baldwin.

In the hall she glanced about her nervously.

Mr. Westland!—he has returned, has he not?" she asked, faintly.

"I do not know, ma'am. He has not been near the sick room, anyhow," was the answer, and Bonnie said no more. She hoped Mrs. Cornwall had been mistaken. She tried to dismiss him from her mind and think only of God's goodness in restoring Imogen to her right mind again so that she might make her peace with offended heaven.

"Do you think that my sister will get well?" she faltered, as they walked with slow footsteps through the long hall looking dim and eerie in the darkened light of the swinging lamps.

"I haven't much hope of her, she's gone through such a time with the fever, and she's so weak now, but still there is no telling what may happen. The Lord He only knows!"

She pushed open the door as she spoke, and Bonnie gazed in, thinking how almost strange it seemed not to be greeted by those delirious wails and cries that for weary days and nights had filled the now strangely silent room.

Imogen lay still and pale among the pillows, her wasted white hands lying outside the counterpane, as if they were too tired even to move again, and her long black lashes drooping heavily against her thin cheeks. Her breath was so faint that when Bonnie stood and looked down upon her she uttered a low, frightened moan.

"My sister is dead!"

But at those words Imogen's breast heaved suddenly, and she opened her eyes—dim, weary eyes, no longer bright with the fever-glare.

"Bonnie," she murmured, and the girl stooped and kissed her with a rush of tears.

"Her voice is quite strong, considering how low she has been," remarked the nurse.

Imogen looked at her, and said faintly, but clearly:

"Leave me alone with my sister."

"I must give you a little of this cordial first to keep up your strength," replied Mrs. Baldwin.

Imogen readily swallowed a few spoonfuls, and then the woman withdrew, leaving the sisters alone together.

"Oh, Imogen, you are better. I hope you will get well," whispered the younger, tenderly.

Imogen's wasted white hand was grasping for her sister's. Bonnie took it and held it tenderly.

"I don't deserve your love. You ought to hate me!" moaned a feeble voice.

Bonnie only pressed the cold, thin hand more closely, and in the dim light she saw tears start from her sister's eyes and glitter brightly on her wasted cheek.

"She repents," she thought, gladly.

"There was such a big lump in my throat that she could not speak a word—she could only kneel in silence, pressing Imogen's hand to give her courage."

"You have always envied you, Bonnie, because you were more lovable than I, and because every one liked you best—but I came—I never hated you until—until Lin—but! You stole his love from me. It was not your fault, really, only because you were so charming—but I could have killed you, I hated you so."

"Oh, Imogen, I—I did not mean to wrong you," sighed Bonnie.

"I know, dear, you were not to blame. It was my jealous, wicked nature that made me want to punish you, because Lin loved you best."

"But you are sorry now," murmured Bonnie's sweet, loving voice, as she stroked Imogen's hair.

"Sorry?" echoed the faint voice, then piteously: "Bonnie, I am going to die presently, am I not? They have told you so, haven't they?"

"Oh, Imogen, they cannot tell. You have been so near to death's door. But I have prayed and prayed heaven to spare your life."

"And the prayers of a good little thing like you ought to be answered, but all the same I feel as if I am going to die, and—little sister—I mustn't die without your forgiveness."

A choking sob from Bonnie, and the weak voice continued, falteringly:

"I turned papa's heart against you, I told willful lies to him about you and Lin."

"I forgive you," came sobbingly from the younger sister.

"But that is not all, dear; I hated you when you came back, beautiful and rich, and I knew that your return stamped me with disgrace. I did not half believe your denials of your identity."

"Oh, Imogen, it was all for your sake. I thought you loved Miles, and as for me, I hated him. I thought it no great sin to deny myself to you and let you keep your happiness."

"You are an angel," faltered Imogen's weak voice. "And I—oh, I was a fiend! I hated you before I saw you as Avis Lloyd. I hated you worse when I found you were my sister. I—I—wished—you—dead!"

"I forgive you, dear," murmured the low, sweet, tender voice.

"But that is not the worst, Bonnie, I

—oh, how cruel it is to confess it now! Will God ever forgive my sin?"

The weak voice failed utterly for a moment. She lay gasping.

Bonnie bent closer to her, and whispered, tenderly:

"I think I know what you mean, sister. It was—that day—out in the sea, you know. "You were wild, crazed," for a moment. The devil tempted you, and—and—you pretended to be frightened—no one was noticing particularly—so you clutched me by my throat, and dragged me down until I lost consciousness and floated away with the terrible undertow. Just at that moment you wanted me—dead."

Her sweet voice broke, her tears fell like rain. Imogen's great eyes dilated in amazement.

(To be Continued.)

TIMES PATTERNS.

3382

A charming dress model for the little miss to wear at home or at school. The long revers and Gibson plaits on this design are especially attractive and pleasing. Checkered woolen in blue and white was combined with plain blue material; soutache braid was used for trimming. The back is arranged in box plaits, the sleeves in cut-in bishop style, with straight cuffs. The skirt is straight and gathered. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.



CHARMING DRESS MODEL.

No. 8382—A charming dress model for the little miss to wear at home or at school. The long revers and Gibson plaits on this design are especially attractive and pleasing. Checkered woolen in blue and white was combined with plain blue material; soutache braid was used for trimming. The back is arranged in box plaits, the sleeves in cut-in bishop style, with straight cuffs. The skirt is straight and gathered. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.

It will take several days before you can get patterns.

MUST DISGORGE.

Ottawa Civil Service Association to Prosecute Usurers.

Ottawa, Feb. 18.—Some of the money-lenders who figured in the recent trials for usury in Ottawa are to be made defendants in new prosecutions in the civil courts unless they refund the money collected in illegal interest. The Civil Service Association has been active in securing evidence to convict those who practised usury. In some instances, it is said, considerable amounts ought to be recovered from the loan sharks.

The evidence given in the police court trials revealed that the lenders exacted interest ranging around 60 per cent. Anything paid over 12 per cent. is repayable under a clause of the money lenders' act.

Only One "BROMO QUININE".

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. See the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day.

A SNUG FORTUNE.

Estate of \$42,300 Savings of Twenty Years at Wash Tub.

New York, Feb. 18.—A despatch to the Tribune from North Adams, Mass., says: "What economy will do was illustrated here to-day, when the inventory of the estate left by Mrs. Ann Collins, a wash-tub woman, was filed in the Probate Court. It is valued at \$42,300. Mrs. Collins was left a widow and penniless, with six children, twenty years ago. She supported the family by saving her competence from her earnings at the wash-tub."

DROPPED DEAD.

Capt. Porte Walking at London When Call Came.

London, Ont., Feb. 18.—Capt. A. W. Porte, of Oakville, former managing director of the Toronto Biscuit Company, owner of King and Bathurst streets, dropped dead in front of the residence of his sister, Mrs. George Breckenlen, Queen's avenue, at 6 o'clock this evening. Mr. Porte was walking with a young lady, and was apologizing for walking slowly. "My heart is bad, and it is dangerous for me to walk rapidly," he said. With these words he pitched forward, dead.

Capt. Porte, who was attending the Scottish Rite reunion in this city, was one of the best known residents of London before his removal to Toronto twelve years ago. He was manager of the McCormick Biscuit Company and ex-president of the Western Fair Board. He was about 60 years of age.

30 ft. Bowels—

Biggest organ of the body—the bowels—and the most important—It's got to be looked after—neglect means suffering and years of misery. CASCARETS help nature keep every part of your bowels clean and strong—then they act right—means health to your whole body.

CASCARETS are a box for a week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world—Million boxes a month.

At R. McKay & Co. Saturday, February 20, 1909

Saturday AT McKay's

All Carpets Made, Laid and Lined During This Sale

Tapestry Carpets 57c
Good quality Tapestry Carpets, new patterns; worth 65 and 70c, made, laid and lined 57c

Brussels Carpet \$1.20
Choice patterns Brussels Carpets, good quality; worth \$1.35 and \$1.40, made, laid and lined \$1.20

Velvet Carpet \$1.05
Rich Velvet Carpets, extra quality; choice patterns; worth \$1.25 and \$1.35, made, laid and lined \$1.05

Inlaid Linoleum 95c
Scotch Inlaid Linoleums, heavy quality; worth \$1.10, sale price only . . . 95c

Velvet Room Rugs \$1.75
Velvet Room Rugs, size 4x3 yards, rich colorings, English make; worth \$2.00, laid and lined \$1.75

Tapestry Room Rugs \$10.50
Tapestry Room Rugs, size 4x5 1/2 yards, fine quality; worth \$15.00, laid and lined \$10.50

Brussels Room Rugs \$15.00
Brussels Room Rugs, size 3x3 yards, handsome patterns; worth \$18.50, laid and lined \$15.00

Floor Oilcloth 22 1/2c
Floor Oilcloth, English make, 2 yards wide; worth 30c, sale price only 22 1/2c sq. yard

This store is out for big business to-morrow, and with this object in view have prepared a great bargain list at unheard-of prices. Many of the special lines are taken from our 1909 Spring importations.

Remember there is not space here to mention half the bargains that prevail throughout the store to-morrow. Once more we urge upon you the necessity of shopping early in the day.

Most Important Purchase and Sale of Fur-Lined Coats, Persian Lamb and Near Seal Coats

At Exactly Half Price—Best Values Ever Offered in Hamilton

\$50 Fur-Lined Coats at \$25
Black and Colored Hamper and Lock Squirrel lining, sable and Japanese mink collars, handsome coats, nicely strapped and tailored, on sale Saturday at Half Price.

\$50.00 Near Seal Coats at \$25.00
\$150.00 Persian Lamb Coats at \$75.00
\$250.00 Persian Lamb Coats at \$125.00
\$75.00 Fur-lined Coats at \$37.50

ALL WINTER CLOTH COATS AT HALF PRICE ON SATURDAY
Cloth Coats \$1.98

25 only to clear in light and dark colors, box, semi and tight fitting, all nicely tailored, regular \$5 to \$10 values, while they last, on Saturday at \$1.98

A Special Sale of New Spring Dress Goods for Saturday

EXTRA SPECIAL—Satin cloth, regular 75c, for yard 59c
New Stripe Satin finished Cloth, in all the 1909 spring shades, just the thing for moby suits and dresses, the colors are navy, brown, green, red, Copenhagen and black.

Regular price 75c, on sale Saturday, per yard 59c

Priestley's Black Voiles
A special sale of high class Priestley's Black French Voiles, guaranteed the best fast black in the market at special prices for Saturday. \$1.00 and \$1.25

Delaine Waistings
A great variety of fancy Delaine Waistings, in polka dots, and stripes, etc., to be cleared Saturday at a great reduction, regular 50c, Saturday for 29c

Marvellous Sale of Blouse and Silk Underskirts THIRD FLOOR

\$1.25 Wrapperette Waists for 75c
Wrapperette Waists, made of superior quality Persian patterns, all sizes, worth regularly \$1.25, Saturday's sale price 75c

\$5.00 Silk Underskirts for \$3.49
5 dozen only Black Chiffon Taffeta Silk Underskirts, made with deep accordion-pleated flounce, finished with frill, percaline dust flounce, worth regularly \$5.00, Saturday's sale price \$3.49

\$4.50 Waists for \$2.49
Dainty Persian Lawn Waists, made with Swiss all-over embroidery, front, long tucked muscadine sleeves, pointed cuff, edged with lace, Directoire collar, worth regularly \$4.50, Saturday's sale price \$2.49

Embroidery Sale Saturday

A great sale of Embroideries for Saturday. Be sure and visit this counter and see the many great bargains that are to be had here to-morrow. We have just space for three specials.

Corset Cover Embroidery, in pretty open eyelet designs, in fine nainsook, worth 25c, on sale 17c
Blouse Frontings in dainty filet, eyelet and also heavy embroidered patterns, worth 65c a front, for 30c front
Corset Cover Embroidery, in pretty eyelet designs, full 18 inches wide, regular 35 and 40c yard, on sale 29c yard

Lowest Prices in Housefurnishing's History

People who know the ways of big stores are aware that now is the time for bargains. This is because we don't want to carry winter goods in stock for a whole year. The reductions advertised below are genuine and would be impossible at any other time in the year.

Two Blanket Bargains
25 pairs White Wool Fleece Blankets, medium size, soft, warm and dainty. Regular \$4.50 and \$5.00. Note the price \$2.98 pair

15 pairs, largest size, 8 and 9 1/2 weights, best all wool, splendid warm, heavy Blankets. Regular \$7.50, on sale Saturday \$4.98 pair

Rock Bottom in Down Quilts
Note the following grand reductions on real Feather Down Comforters, in good colorings and regular sizes. Best quality, some are satin. Don't miss this!

4 only, regular \$6.50, marked at \$2.00 each
6 only, regular \$7.50, marked at \$3.75 each
7 only, regular \$10, marked at \$5.00 each

A Grand Snap in Lace Curtains
Just to stir things up for Saturday. Double tiered, handsome designs, good wearing and laundering, very strong. Regular \$1.75 each, on sale Saturday \$1.05 pair

Snap in Flannelette Blankets
Best 11 1/4 Blankets, best velvet quality, double bed size. A beautiful Blanket. Regular \$1.40 pair, Saturday \$1.18 pair

R. McKay & Co.

A "FRAME UP."

GIRL'S CURIOUS SCHEME TO INJURE HER ENEMY.

Was Found Gagged, Drugged and Bound in Hotel Bathroom in Chicago—"Port-wine Blood" in the Room.

Chicago, Feb. 18.—No theatrical producer ever set a stage with greater care than Ella Gingles arranged for the sensation created when, unconscious, bound and gagged, she was found in a general bathroom at the Wellington Hotel yesterday. This is the opinion of Chief of Detectives O'Brien, who, dropping into the vernacular of the police, declared to-day that the whole thing was a "frame-up." The blood in the tub and in the wash basin, it is now asserted, was composed largely of port wine and water. Meanwhile Miss Gingle is reported by the hospital authorities as little the worse for her experience.

Miss Gingles pretended that she was the victim of a conspiracy, and told the police that she had been assaulted by a man and woman near her rooming place on Lassie avenue. One of them struck her, she said, and the other threw pepper in her eyes. She was then bundled into a cab and knew no more until she regained consciousness in the bathroom of the Wellington Hotel. She recognized the woman who had attacked her, she said, as Miss Agnes Barrett, the owner of a lace shop in the Wellington Hotel.

Miss Barrett had caused the arrest of Miss Gingles a few weeks ago on a charge of stealing \$50 worth of lace from her store, where the girl was employed, and the police believe the whole thing is a trick on Miss Gingles' part to get even with her enemy.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Holtz*

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For timetables and other information apply to **TORONTO TICKET OFFICE**, 51 King Street East, or **GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT**, Moncton, N.B.

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