

## TANGLED THREADS

But he had made the proposition for the sake of appearing personally disinterested—that Helen might not think when he renewed his suit with her, that he was bringing any pressure of that kind to bear upon her to influence her in his favor.

He knew that gratitude is a powerful incentive. He knew, of course, that Helen would learn of his talk with her mother, and he wished, first of all, to win her gratitude.

The next day would be Sunday, and Hubert determined to strike while the iron was hot, and eager to test his fate, asked Helen to go for a drive in the park with him.

At first she refused, feeling that she would prefer not to leave her mother alone; but Mrs. Seymour—with her woman's intuition—surmising Hubert's intentions, insisted that she was perfectly able to be left alone, that the change would do her a world of good, and made such a point of it that Helen finally yielded a reluctant consent.

The young man called for her about 4 in the afternoon, and a cool breeze having sprung up after an exceedingly sultry day, the weary and heavy-hearted girl found herself only too eager to get away from the dusty streets and heated brick walls into the broad, cool avenues and under the beautiful trees of that lovely breathing spot of the great city.

On their way out Hubert exerted himself to make her forget her weariness and harassing troubles, and he was repaid by seeing her gradually brighten under the influence of his genial manner and cheerful conversation.

He did not once mention the subject that lay nearest his heart during their outward trip—he knew there was no risk in what he intended to do; he wanted her to enjoy and be benefited by her ride, and could not bear the thought of seeing a cloud settle upon her fair face.

But when, after an hour's drive in the most delightful portions of the park, he turned his horse's head again toward the city, he felt that the supreme moment of his life had come.

The realization of this set his heart to beating heavily, drove all the brightness from his face, and he suddenly became grave and thoughtful.

"Of what are you thinking, Hubert?" Helen inquired, after a pause which she found becoming awkward.

She had grown into the way of addressing him by his first name of late, having followed the example of her mother, who had long since dropped the more formal "Mr. Alton."

But she regretted the question the moment after she had put it, for he turned to her with a luminous face and an eagerness of manner which told their own story but too plainly.

"I am wondering, Helen, if you like me any better now than you did six months ago," he said, while he searched her fair face as if hoping to find some encouragement there.

She flushed hotly beneath his look. "Of course," she said, after a moment of hesitation, but turning away from him, slightly, "how could I help it when you have been so good to us during all our trouble? I should be very ungrateful, especially after the very kind offer which you made mamma and me yesterday."

"Never mind that, Helen," he began, but she interrupted him, glad of any way to get away from the other dangerous subject.

"Indeed, I must mind it," she said earnestly. "I have wanted to speak of it, but did not quite know how to broach the topic, and I am sure I do not know how to thank you adequately. Why, you have been as devoted to mamma and me as an own son and brother could have been, and, believe me, I appreciate it all more than I can express."

A cloud had fallen over Hubert's face during these voluble remarks. He was only too anxious to assume the relationship of a son toward Mrs. Seymour, but a brotherly attitude in connection with Helen would by no means be a source of satisfaction to him.

## About Female Ailments

### Not Hard to Cure If Properly and Promptly Treated.

Ask any intelligent physician what causes nine-tenths of all female diseases, even including anaemia, nervousness and consumption, and you will find the answer quick and sharp, "Constituted Bowels."

There is scarcely a single female ailment that has not in its earlier stages symptoms of constipation.

How much better off the system is without the noxious exhalations caused by constipation. How much clearer the complexion, how much fresher one feels when the system is pure and clean.

Think it over yourself. Isn't it apparent that a bowe regulator and liver stimulant like Dr. Hamilton's Pills is sure to do good?

Gay spirits, good looks and happy health have returned to many a sick woman through Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

After getting a few boxes today, pure vegetable, free from injurious ingredients, healthful and appetizing, Dr. Hamilton's Pills will assist you in a new way.

Delay is always dangerous, your duty is to follow the example of Mrs. F. Rowe, who sends the following testimonial:

"I am reading about Dr. Hamilton's Pills I noticed symptoms like mine and I bought six boxes. These pills worked right to work on my sick condition and helped me from the first. My supposed female trouble, which was bladder disease, was cured. My weight increased eight pounds and never before was I as well as today. Dr. Hamilton's Pills did it."

All dealers sell Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25 cents per box or five boxes for \$1.25. By mail from N. C. Folsom & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.; or Kingston, Ont.

"Your mother, Helen, is certainly worthy of all that the fondest son could do for her," he gravely remarked. "I have become very deeply attached to her, and I confess I should be only too glad if she would allow me to devote myself as such to her; but, dear, I could not be satisfied to be merely a brother to you. I love you with all my heart—I want you for my wife, and I will be a kind and faithful husband to you if you will give yourself to me. Oh, my dearest, will you not? I can give you a comfortable, though not at present an elegant home, and I will also care for your mother as tenderly as if she were really my own. Helen, say that you will marry me, that you care for me enough to become my wife, and I shall be the happiest fellow alive."

Helen listened with paling face and downcast eyes to her companion's passionate declaration, and with a heart that grew heavier with his every word. She did not love him—she knew that she never could love him, nor any other man, as she had and still loved Robert Eggleston.

His earnest avowal had recalled Rob so forcibly to her and all the fond words that he had said when he had poured into her willing ears, that she realized more than ever how her life had been blighted—how utterly hopeless and joyless her future must be if spent apart from him, and her whole soul arose in passionate revolt against the thought of marriage with anyone else.

She liked Hubert—a friend, and he had been such a kind, faithful friend to her; he grieved her sorely to be obliged to give him pain by telling him that there was not the remotest possibility of his ever winning her.

She shrank from the task with keen sensitiveness, the more because she felt that if she should offend him and he should forsake them, she and her mother had not a single friend in the city upon whom to rely for aid or sympathy as they had relied upon him.

"Oh, Hubert," she cried, in a pained, almost despairing voice, "I wish that you had not said this to me."

"Why, dear?" he questioned, bending quickly to look into her face, his own growing white with a terrible fear.

"Because I can ever return the affection which you express for me."

"Never?" he repeated tremulously. "That is a hard, a cruel word, Helen; but I do not believe you can realize the depth of my love for you. It is strong enough to meet, undaunted, every obstacle that may arise in my way—it is patient enough never to murmur at any condition which you may impose upon me, if I may but hope to win you at last."

"But I can give you no such hope—I can never marry you, Hubert," Helen replied, with tears in her eyes, for his words had touched her deeply.

He was silent for a moment; then he said, with great earnestness: "My dear girl, I am going to talk to you very plainly. Of course I know just how you are situated at the present time; I know how you are struggling with adverse circumstances; how you are burdened with anxiety for your dear mother; how you yourself are working beyond your strength to remain in school and do the thousand and one things that have to be done in your home, and it just drives me wild to have to stand apart from you and not be able to relieve you of these burdens that are too heavy for you. You have said that you like me, Helen. That liking will develop into a warmer sentiment, if you will only let it—if you will only give me a chance to cultivate it. Become my wife; let me provide for your own and your mother's future, and thus relieve you both of all further anxiety regarding finances. I will send you both into the country for the summer, or as long as you care to remain, to recuperate; meantime I will be preparing a home for you here, and when you come back in the fall, strong and rosy and refreshed, I am sure that life will look brighter for all of us, and we will be very happy together. What do you say, Helen?"

## CHAPTER XX.

Only one sentence in all that he had been saying had alone made any impression upon her; but those words, "I will send you both into the country to recuperate," had made her heart leap within her with sudden hope.

She forgot herself—her sorrow, her repugnance to Hubert's proposal, everything but her mother and the joy of having her well and strong once more.

She had been almost in despair ever since the doctor had ended his verdict; at times she felt as if she would become insane in view of losing her dear one—of having her precious life burn slowly out if she remained in the hot city during the coming summer.

But now a way of escape from what, until this hour, had seemed inevitable, and for the moment, she was impelled to snatch at it eagerly, as a starving man would grasp for bread.

What a blessed boon it would seem to see that wasted, drooping form begin to rally; the color come back to her dear's one's cheeks, the old light to her eyes, the elasticity to her step!

What would life be without her? She shivered as the thought came to her. Ah, she simply could not—she would not live alone.

"Well, Helen?" questioned her companion, who had been trying to possess his soul in patience during her absent-minded mood.

She came back to herself with a violent start.

There were two sides to the question.

Could she marry a man whom she did not love, sell herself to a life of bondage for she knew it would be that to her—even to save her mother?

She asked herself with a sudden revulsion of feeling.

It would be a terrible price to pay, from her own standpoint, to say nothing of the wrong which she would do Hubert by giving him her hand when her whole nature revolted against entering into such an alliance with him.

He seemed to her a man to marry a man for what he could do for her in a financial way, and a sense of "dame" for having entertained the thought, even for a moment, suddenly dyed her face crimson.

And another faint hope was lingering in her heart, though she hardly dared own it to herself. Rob's year was nearly up—possibly, when he returned, they might meet, the misunderstanding between them be explained, and all would be well again.

"What do I say, Hubert?" she inquired, and lifting her troubled eyes

to him, "I say that I could not do it. Oh! how can you wish to marry a woman who does not love you?" she burst forth almost passionately.

"But I will win you—I will teach you to love me. Only give me the opportunity," he pleaded earnestly.

"Do you think that the heart can be taught to love in the way you wish?" Helen questioned, with a faint, sad smile.

"No, my friend," she went on gravely, "affection of that kind must be spontaneous; it cannot be forced—it is not a matter of education, and I should be lending myself to a great wrong if I should take you at your word and encourage you to hope for anything of the kind."

"Helen, do you—it is because you love anyone else?" Hubert suddenly demanded, while he searched her face curiously and determined to probe matters to the bottom.

She did not reply for a moment; then, believing that an honest, straightforward answer would be the best for them both, she candidly responded:

"Yes, Hubert; I do. I may as well tell you the truth first as last, for you have been more than kind to mamma and me. I feel that I owe you my confidence to a certain extent. A long time ago I became interested in—well, I will call no names—but in some one who professed to care a great deal for me. There was no formal engagement, but it was understood that if we were both of the same mind at the end of a year the matter would be settled. But before the year was out he proved to me that his feelings had changed, and I absolved him from all obligations, real or fancied, to me."

Helen was pale to her lips as she made the above confession, for it had opened afresh the old wound, and she suffered over again all the anguish that she had endured at the time that she had broken off her relations with Rob.

"I know to whom you refer, Helen," said Hubert, in a tone of well-assumed sympathy, although his every pulse was throbbing with jealousy and ill-will toward his successful rival for the girl's affections.

"As long ago as we were in school together, I knew that Rob—he cared for you, and—well, then, I was fearfully jealous of him."

"Hubert! can that be possible?" exclaimed Helen, both astonished and shocked that he should have been cherishing his affection for her during all those years.

"Yes, I too loved you, even then, and would have given the world, had I possessed it, to have stood in Eggleston's shoes," said Hubert, with repressed excitement and a moody frown settling on his brow.

"So, you have played, you of the false, has he?" he went on passionately. "Well, I would hardly have believed it of him, for he was an all-round good fellow. I really thought better of him than that, although he was always a little up-headed and high-toned, and it is a damned shame, Helen, that he is so carelessly careless of me."

"I am sure," he concluded, tenderly and shrewdly summing that the surest way to her heart would be to speak well of the man she loved.

"Would you mind telling me when this happened—the break, I mean?" he inquired, after a few moments of silence.

"It is several months since I discontinued my correspondence with him," Helen replied.

"Ah! then I suppose you have not heard from him since?" he asked, not coming home from another day's work, a young man observed, while he searched the girl's face curiously.

"Not," she cried, with a violent start and a terrible heart-sinking, which betrayed to herself at least how much she had been looking forward to and hoping for Rob's return.

"Yes," pursued Hubert, with a sense of secret exultation. "Mr. Rice, our manager, had a letter from Mr. Lancaster yesterday, and in it he wrote that he and Eggleston were about to join a party that proposed to visit Norway and Sweden, after which they would go to Egypt and the Holy Land, then proceed to China and Japan returning by the way of the Pacific Ocean to California, and so home after doing points of interest on the way."

Helen could barely suppress a cry of despair in view of this unexpected delay of Rob's homecoming, while she wondered, with a whirling brain, if Marjorie Ellsworth and her mother were included in the same party.

She realized now, as never before, how strongly she had been building upon the hope that Rob's return would set everything right and their old relations be resumed; now she had secretly trusted that some way would be provided to tide over the coming season until he would seek her and then, when she had seen him, and her troubles would all be ended, and she would be free to do as she pleased.

But this piece of ill news swept away her last straw, and she felt that the future held only the blackness of despair for her.

What, then, remained for her? To sit listlessly down and watch the candle of her mother's life burn slowly out, then find herself utterly alone in the world and in the depths of poverty?

It was true that she had some prospect of obtaining a position as teacher of art when the fall schools opened; but there were several months yet before she could reach such a situation. Meantime, what? Simply starvation and—death.

Oh! how cruel seemed life—or, rather, human existence! What a mystery from the cradle to the grave!

If she had had a single friend to whom she could have felt free to turn in her emergency, she would have smothered her pride and flown to him, but there was not one save the young man beside her, and she felt that she had no moral right to accept financial aid from him and refuse him the only boon he craved in return.

She grew faint and sick at heart as these thoughts whirled through her brain, and she realized how desperate was her condition.

Hubert was quick to perceive the struggle that was going on in her mind and took courage from the state of things, believing that she would eventually be forced to decide in his favor.

"It will be a long trip, but a grand one," he resumed, as she did not reply to what he had told her regarding Mr. Lancaster's plans. "I'd give a great deal to have such a chance to see the world, but I'm not lucky enough to have a millionaire uncle to take me about and foot all the bills and make me his heir when he gets through with his money. Of course I do not know the circumstances which caused you to break with Rob," he went on, with a keen side glance at Helen, as she was still silent, "but I feel sure it was

no fault of yours; if it was from any selfishness, on account of money or position, why, he is not worthy of you. If it was because he has found some other girl whom he fancied he liked better, I would call him to account for his faithlessness mighty quick if he were here."

"Don't—please don't let us talk about it—any more," Helen pleaded, and feeling as if she must go mad to have her disappointed hopes discussed so freely.

"I suppose it is really none of my business, and we'll say no more about it," Hubert returned, with a semblance of humility. "Helen, you see, I know how things are going with you, and I just can't stand it to sit tamely by and see you wearing that despairing look, and Mrs. Seymour losing ground every day of her life. If—if you would marry me," he suddenly interposed, and trying another tack, "and give me the right to take care of you, I vow I will take the reins into my own hands—I will act upon my own responsibilities, and some comfortable boarding-place, and send you both into the country until your mother gets well and strong. Something has got to be done right away."

Helen sat suddenly erect, and the color of wounded pride leaped to her forehead.

"Heavens! have we come to that, my mother and I, that we must be beholden to charity?" she cried out passionately.

"Great Scott! don't put it that way, Helen," returned the young man, almost fiercely, and he did it very well. "What I offer you is not charity. I love you both—however you may regard me—you have opened your home and your hearts to me, a homeless, almost friendless fellow, and I am grateful enough to share my last dollar with you."

"You are certainly very kind and generous, Hubert," Helen murmured, her eyes full of tears, "and I wish I could make you some adequate return—I really do; but that is beyond my power."

"I have fifty dollars here in my pocket—will you take it, Helen, and go away somewhere with your mother this very week?" he queried, and making a motion as if to draw forth his wallet.

"No, I will not," she said sharply, the quick color blazing up again.

"Ah! I have offended you," he cried, with a crestfallen air. "But, believe me, I meant it all right; you will not turn me down altogether, Helen, because I have blundered?"

"Turn you down?" she repeated, in a tone of contrition and laying a trembling hand upon his arm, while her eyes now looked at him with only real friend that we have in all this great city, and we could not possibly spare you, Hubert."

He seized her hand and clasped it closely.

"Ah! I have offended you," he cried, never in your heart, even if I believe me, I meant it all right; you will not turn me down altogether, Helen, because I have blundered?"

"You have gained more than a little corner, my friend," said Helen, deeply moved by what she believed to be genuine feeling in him, "and by your sympathy and the noble generosity which you have manifested today you have won a firmer foothold in my regard than ever before."

"Have I, truly?" he cried, eagerly. "Then, Helen, I believe I could win you wholly if you would only give me leave to try. Ah! if you would but consent to marry me that would set everything right."

Helen chilled again. Why should he persist in going back to that wearisome topic?

"Are you sure," she asked, with a slight ring of contempt in her tones, "are you sure you could be happy, even comfortable, with a woman who does not love you, but who does love some one else?"

Hubert's lips were fiercely compressed for a moment to keep back the words that leaped to them in his jealousy of Robert Eggleston at this outspoken confession.

His patience was well-nigh exhausted—it would perhaps have been entirely spent but for that other prize he had in view, and he was working and he was determined to win if possible.

"Yes," he said at length, "I believe I could even meet and conquer that seemingly impossible barrier. But I [To be Continued.]

## AGAINST UNION LIFE

### Shareholder Sues to Prevent Absorption of the Toronto Life Company.

Toronto, June 12.—Action has been taken to prevent the absorption of the Toronto Life Company, which is being taken over by the Union Life, Wm. Fairbanks, a shareholder, brings suit on behalf of himself and other shareholders, against the Union Life Insurance Company, the National Life Insurance Company, H. P. Evans, a shareholder, and the Toronto Life Company. The plaintiff asks that defendant be restrained from receiving and interfering in the collection, directly or indirectly, of the premiums from any policyholder of the Toronto Life Company, which policies are said to have been reinsured by the defendants, under agreement dated June 2, 1905, purporting to have been made between the Union Life and the Toronto Life, and that the defendants, the Toronto Life, their directors and agents, may be restrained from paying over or allowing to be paid over any such premiums, and for a declaration that said agreement is illegal and absolutely null and void, and was entered into by the defendants, and that the express purpose of wrecking the said Toronto Life and thus obtaining the business of that company.

## THINGS EVERY

### WOMAN SHOULD KNOW

First, that prevention is better than cure.

That acute pain means inflammation and calls for immediate treatment.

That every household should have a remedy like Nerville, which has power to subdue inflammation and destroy bacteria at once.

Just a few drops required for earache, for toothache, one application is sufficient. Neuralgia and rheumatism flee as before fire. Lumbago and Sciatica like other muscular pains are cured by a few rubbings.

No treatment so clean, so strong and so comforting as Nerville's. No pain whatever, and no inconvenience in using it.

When all other corn preparations fail, try Holloway's Corn Cure. No pain whatever, and no inconvenience in using it.

Japan's foreign trade in 1905 broke the record, reaching more than \$400,000,000, against \$345,000,000 in 1904. A million men were drawn by the war from productive industry, yet those at home were able to supply army and navy and still have an increased volume of goods to export.

The sweet girl graduate is all right, but the question is, can she cook?

"Always the Best of Everything for the Least Money"

# The Hosiery You Wear

Is an important detail of your dress. The price you pay for your hosiery is an important detail of your pocket-book. Do you want to get some real good bargains in hosiery? If so, read this list for Thursday morning:

- Black Lace Hose, lisle thread, fast black Hermsdorf dye, fine quality. Per pair, only.....**50c**
- A good quality of Tan Hose, Thursday 2 pairs for.....**25c**
- Fast Black Cotton Hose, 2 pairs for.....**25c**
- Fine Black Hose, lisle finish, maco sole, also natural wool, Hermsdorf dye. Per pair.....**25c**
- Plain Black Lace Hosiery, ladies' size only, fast black, Hermsdorf dye. Per pair.....**35c**
- Black Lace Hose for Children, perfectly fast black, Thursday morning, per pair only.....**25c**
- White Lace Hose, lisle thread; best value we have ever shown; fine quality; all sizes now in stock. Per pair.....**35c**
- Plain White Hose, lisle finish, an excellent quality, all sizes. Thursday, per pair only.....**25c**
- Plain Gray Cotton Hose, fast color, all sizes, 8½, 9, 9½ and 10, per pair.....**25c**
- Ladies' Fancy Embroidered Hosiery, Hermsdorf dye, a good quality at 50c. Thursday morning, if you come early enough, for.....**35c**
- Princess Ribbed Hosiery for the children, all sizes from 5 to 10, price per pair Thursday.....**25c**

## Fancy Wash Belts

Ladies, have you seen our swell fancy wash belts and collars? If not, come Thursday and look them over. Prices.....**25c, 35c, 40c and 50c**

## Summer Corsets

Broken sizes, a clearing sale of them Thursday. Regular 50c, tomorrow only.....**25c**  
Collar and cuff sets from 25c up to.....**\$1.50**

150 Dundas and Carling.

**GRAY & PARKER**

150 Dundas and Carling.



## Absolute Purity in Bread

is essential in order to give proper nourishment to the system. It is, however, dependent upon the purity of the flour. You cannot make pure bread with an impure flour.

"FIVE ROSES" FLOUR is made by a process which insures absolute purity. From the time the wheat enters the mill until the flour reaches the cook it is untouched by human hands. The grain itself is thoroughly cleansed before grinding, whilst the flour is sifted, time after time, through the finest silk cloth in order to remove the smallest impurities.

These processes render "FIVE ROSES" an easy and satisfactory flour to use, and insure better results on Baking Day than can be obtained with any ordinary brands.

Ask your grocer for it.

## Lake of The Woods Milling Co.

MONTREAL, Limited.

Local Office, 72 Bathurst Street, London, Ont.

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## THE CONGO IS LEOPOLD'S

Belgium Has No Rights in the Free State, He Declares.

London, June 12.—The morning papers severely criticize the report of the Congo commission. The commission was called into being for whitewashing purposes, but it was forced to practically admit the truth of many of the most terrible charges made against the government of the Congo Free State. King Leopold now signs recommendations in the report, which include reforms, but not of a very sweeping extent, the bona-fides of which are more than doubtful.

A council of the Congo, consisting of nine members, to consider political questions submitted to it by the sovereign, is instituted, but as King Leopold nominates the nine members, little can be looked for from it. The most notable feature of the report is a letter from King Leopold, which is a frank declaration of "L'Etat C'est Moi." He says: "The position in the Free State is, I admit, de facto and de jure, without precedent, but all the burden, all the responsibility, has been left with me. Belgium, with money in some measure, but the work of constituting the new state devolved upon me alone. The constitution of the Congo Free State has been and cannot be anything but my personal achievement. Now there cannot be a more legitimate right than that of an author over his own work. The powers gave the birth of the new state by blessing, but none of them has been asked to share in my efforts. Therefore none possesses any right of intervention that could be justified. There is no special international law concerning the state. My rights on the Congo are indivisible. They are the result of my toil and the expenditure of my money. It is essential that I should proclaim these rights aloud, for Belgium does not possess any."

Constantinople has six different sources of water supply. Some of these are dangerous, but the fountains constructed by the present Sultan made it possible for even the poorest to get pure water at any time.

WHEN ALL OTHER corn preparations fail, try Holloway's Corn Cure. No pain whatever, and no inconvenience in using it.

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