

# The Tangle of Fate

Lincoln La Valliere had taken a letter from the envelope and showed it to Bonnie, who gently pushed it away. "I do not want to read it," she said, in the sweet, clear voice that came distinctly to the window, and then would Imogen ever forget it till her dying day?—Lin La Valliere put his hand gently on Bonnie's golden head and kissed the girl's fair face and scarlet lips.

"Heaven!" moaned Imogen. She sank back in her chair, rigid and motionless, but not fainting, pale with bitter wrath. "How dare he kiss her!—but perhaps he thinks she is only a child," came the quick thought in Imogen's mind.

She would find out the contents of that letter. He had offered to show it to Bonnie; she had the same right.

CHAPTER VII.

Imogen waited a few minutes to steady her shaken nerves and went down stairs.

Bonnie and the young man had come into the parlor. She sat on the music-stool, he stood by her side.

"Did you get that letter from your sweetheart?" Imogen asked him, carelessly.

"Yes," he replied, with gay a smile at Bonnie.

"I saw you showing it to Bonnie at the gate. I suppose you will permit me to read it too," demanded Imogen, making her uneasiness under an appearance of archness.

He started, and grew suddenly pale and serious.

"I—beg your pardon, Miss Dale, I would—but—the fact is—I—was—having torn it up. But really it was—nothing," stammered the young fellow, in real confusion, comprehending at once that she had seen him kiss his beautiful sweetheart at the gate, and that he was, to use his own slangy thought, "in for a row."

Before Imogen could reply an interruption occurred.

"Creedy," "this help," rushed in with the startling information that the stove had toppled over and set the kitchen on fire.

Lin La Valliere ran out into the hall, and, finding it filled with stifling smoke, threw off his coat and rushed in the direction of the fire, with eagerness, and instead of following Bonnie to the kitchen she caught up the coat and ran back into the parlor. With trembling white hands she rifled the pockets of the letters they contained and thrusting them into her breast, went out into the smoking kitchen where the other three were engaged in fighting the flames with buckets of water.

The stove had indeed fallen over, and the red-hot coals were scattered about the floor, from which the flames leaped wildly. Imogen, with a strange laugh, flung the elegant coat into the hottest blue.

"There, that will smother out the fire," she exclaimed, and as the cloth shriveled into cinders, she said to herself exultantly that now Mr. La Valliere would never know that she had stolen the letters.

Presently they smothered out the fire with water, and then Imogen stole away by herself to read the letters.

There were several letters, and all but one were addressed to Lincoln La Valliere. That one was inclosed in another envelope, and bore on its back the name and address.

"Arthur J. Preston, Esq.,  
General Post-Office,  
Washington, D. C."

Imogen Dale stared at that name with dazed eyes and parted lips. It was the name of the lover she had rejected—it was the letter she had written to him. It bore duly the Cross Lanes, Nicholas County, postmark and the Washington, D. C., postmark. Who had sent it to Lincoln La Valliere, and why?

The truth came to her with blinding swiftness as it had done to her sister days ago.

Lincoln La Valliere and Arthur J. Preston were one and the same person. Having seen her, he had repented his troth and taken that shameless method of breaking it.

And she had fallen into the trap with such ready stupidity. Ah, heavens, how she despised herself as she knelt there sobbing by the bed. She had lost him, lost her rich, handsome lover forever.

The words of Bonnie's song seemed walking through the room:

"Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, thou hast me forsaken!"

The memory of his looks at blushing Bonnie and that ardent kiss at the gate came to her with a startling intensity. She sprang to her feet with a jealous cry.

"Wicked girl, she has stolen my lover from me! It is for her sake he has deserted me! They plotted it together. She told him what I said that night, and they carried out their wicked plans. May Heaven punish her for her treachery to her own sister!"

The much-flurried Creedy retreated with her pots and pans to the summer kitchen to continue the preparations of the early dinner, and Bonnie and her lover returned to the parlor.

They were both rather pleased to find Imogen out of the way. The young man ran up to his room and put on another coat, then returned for a cozy chat with his darling.

"I shall speak to your father when he comes in at noon, my dearest," he said.

"So soon," she cried, with a blush.

"It is none too soon, for I think Mr. Dale already begins to wonder at my prolonged stay. No doubt he suspects that I'm in love with one of his daughters, and it is time I should confess the truth and ask him for this dear little hand. What do you say, dear Bonnie? Will your papa be willing?"

He drew her to him in a fond embrace, and pressed his lips passionately to her own.

At that moment the door opened softly.

Before the startled lovers could spring apart, Imogen entered the room.

"For shame, Bonnie!" exclaimed her sister, in a tone of cutting rebuke and contempt.

Bonnie's golden head drooped bashfully, but her lover held her fast when she tried to escape from his side.

"Turning his frank, handsome face and dark blue eyes upon Imogen, he said, indignantly:

"Please do not scold Bonnie, Miss Dale. She has promised to be my wife, and she may surely receive a kiss from her promised husband, may she not?"

you over my knee with a switch!" stormed the irate old man. Jerking open the door so suddenly that Imogen was discovered listening at the keyhole, he pushed Bonnie across the threshold. "Go up to your room and stay there," he commanded. "Go along with her, Imogen, and lock the door on the outside! I'm going to keep her locked up on bread and water till this jackanapes leaves the kentry! You, sir!" wheeling round on Lincoln La Valliere, who was following Bonnie's departure with dazed eyes, "go up stairs and get your duds together as quick as possible. We don't care about having the pleasure of your company for dinner."

(To be continued.)

## TIMES PATTERNS.



BOY'S DRESS WITH KNICKER-BOCKERS.

No. 185.—A natty little suit. Cut in sizes 3, 4, 5, 6 years. The 4-year size will require 3 yards of 36-inch material. Blue linen was used in the development of this jaunty little suit, but galatea, pique and serge may all be used in the making. Little knickerbockers are included in the pattern. They are shaped by the usual inside and outside seams, the fullness at the knee held in place by an elastic. A belt of leather or of the same material may be worn around the waist.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Address, "Pattern Department," Times Office, Hamilton.

It will take several days before you can get patterns.

## TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. See

## STUDENT ASSAULTED

Jap Set On on Campus of University of California.

Berkeley, Cal., Jan. 30.—Kenji Kaneko, a Japanese student of the University of California, and a graduate of the Imperial University of Tokio, was set upon today on the college campus by a crowd of white students. He was knocked to the ground and driven from the campus with students in chase. He managed to reach his home safely, and is being protected by the police. Kenji Kaneko declared that the Japanese colony here would avenge the attack made upon him. The matter will be taken before the Japanese Consul-General at San Francisco. It is asserted that the assault was unprovoked; that Kenji Kaneko was attacked while walking quietly past a group of students.

## WHERE IS HE?

Peter Robertson, of Interior Department, Ottawa, Missing.

Ottawa, Jan. 31.—Peter Robinson, accountant of the Interior Department, has been missing since Wednesday last, and search has failed to disclose any trace of him. He was sixty years old, and had been in the service since 1877. Entering messenger, he advanced steadily until he gained the position of first-class clerk, and was assigned to a post of considerable financial responsibility. His books have been examined, and show that he has been in poor health for some time, but no cause can be discovered for disappearance.

## SCIATIC PAINS QUICKLY CURED

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## LORD CECIL A MISSIONARY.

Will Go to China to Improve Education Methods.

London, Jan. 31.—To Westernize the east by means of a Christian university in China, which will teach the Chinese the principles of good government and a knowledge of the gospel, is the ambitious object of the Rev. Lord William Cecil's visit to China next month.

The reverend gentleman who holds his noble title through courtesy, is the son of the late Lord Salisbury, former Prime Minister of England. He is now the rector of Hatfield, the historic seat of the Cecils.

## A Soft, Velvety Skin

Is produced by using Jersey Balm. Thousands of bottles have been sold in Hamilton, and no toilet preparation has given such universal satisfaction. It softens and whitens the skin, prevents tan, freckles and pimples, and is a perfect cure for chapped hands, roughness of the skin, etc. Sold only at Gerrie's drug store, 32 James street north. Price 25 cents.

At R. McKay & Co's, Tuesday, Feb. 2, 1909

A SPLENDID

# Clearing Sales

Now Going on Throughout the Store

After stock-taking bring to light many broken lines; these we propose to clear regardless of cost prices; just the kind of goods you want for present and future use. Visit this store to-morrow, and every day this week, and secure your share of the great bargains.

## The Dress Goods Section Offers Great Tuesday Special Buying Chances

Odd Lines, All Good Shades, Worth up to 85c, Clearing Tuesday at Per Yard 39c

1,500 yards of odd lines of Dress Materials in a tremendous Tuesday reduction sale. In the lot you will find Voiles, Crepe de Chines, Cashmeres, Serges, Panamas, Suitings, etc., embracing navys, browns, greens, light grays, pinks, champagne, pale blue, cream and black, useful materials for street, house or evening dresses; take advantage of this great great special sale to-morrow and come in the morning for first choosing, for you will find in the lot some really excellent materials and pretty shades; all one price . . . . . 39c yard

## Clearing Out the Fancy China

This week will see the last of the pretty Decorated China, and if you want bargains it's just your opportunity; beautiful, rich, hand painted and decorated imported China, at half price sale. Come to-morrow and investigate.

## Two Grand Snaps Comforters and Blankets

\$5.50 and \$6.00 Blankets at \$3.98 Pair

Genuine first class White All-wool Blankets in extra full double-bed size. Splendid warm, cosy blankets, well made, carded and scoured. Buy Tuesday and secure the greatest blanket bargain of the winter. Only 50 pairs on sale.

\$4.00 Comforters at \$2.68

This is less than cost, and is certainly less than you can make them for, using sateen covering and best white batting. Then, too, they are the largest size made, and in splendid colorings. Thoroughly quilted and finished throughout. All on sale Tuesday, regular \$4.00, price \$2.68 each. Also several single-bed size, regular \$3.50, price \$2.98 each

## Are Offering Special Bargains in Our Carpets for the Month of February

75c Tapestry Carpets 65c

5 patterns choice Tapestry Carpet, well assorted colorings and designs, worth 75c, special sale price made and laid, lined, only . . . . . 65c

\$1.35 Velvet Carpets 95c

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Made, laid, lined.

35c Floor Oilcloth 29c

Floor Oilcloth, heavy quality, all widths, worth 38c, special sale price only . . . . . 29c square yard

# R. MCKAY & CO.

FROM COSMICAL DUST. WILL RUN OPEN SHOP.

Astronomer Tells How Solar System Originated.

San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 30.—Declaring that, after continuous study and investigation extending over a quarter of a century, he had at length completely solved the problem of the origin of the solar system, Prof. T. J. See, the officer in charge of the observatory at Maie Island, gave to-night to the Astronomical Society of the Pacific, the first public announcement of a new nebular hypothesis, which, he believes, is destined to permanently supplant that of Laplace, promulgated at Paris in 1796.

As to the formation of the solar system, he denies that the planets were ever detached from the sun. Originally, he claims, the system was a spiral nebula of much larger dimensions than at present, formed by the automatic cooling up under mutual gravitation of two or more streams of cosmol dust, which met in such a way as to produce a whirling motion about a central vortex. As the nebula cooled up under its own mutual gravitation, the spirals were gradually drawn nearer and nearer together, and the nuclei formed in these coils revolved in elliptical paths of large eccentricity.

These organel nuclei in the cooling of the streams were the beginning of the planets, which became larger by gathering up more cosmol dust, while at the same time their orbits were reduced in size and rounded up under the secular action of the resisting medium against which these bodies revolved. The resisting medium is the true secret of the roundness of the orbits of the planets and satellites.

The nearly perfect circularity of these orbits has always excited the wonder of the greatest mathematicians. Prof. See feels confident that there still exist many planets of considerable size about Neptune, some of which may yet be discovered.

NEW NIAGARA BRIDGE.

Company Seeking Incorporation to Build Below G. T. R. Bridge.

Welland, Jan. 31.—Assemblyman Draper's bill aims to incorporate the Lower Bridge Company, to build a bridge across the Niagara River below the Falls, provides for the maintenance and construction of a bridge from a point on the American side nearly opposite De Veaux College, which is a short distance below the Grand Trunk bridge now in use. The Canadian commission across the Niagara River, M. P. J. James Bamfield, John Bamfield and C. S. Warner, and the American commissioners Messrs. Harry Nichols, John L. Nice, M. J. Maloney and Lewis Hinkley.

A kindness done to the good is never lost.—Plautus.

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For timetables and other information apply to

TORONTO TICKET OFFICE, 51 King Street East.

GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT, Moncton, N.B.

# THE EARTHQUAKE.

Some Idea of the Dimensions of the Catastrophe.

(Toronto Saturday Night.)

In attempting to grasp the dimensions of the catastrophe caused by the earthquake in Calabria and Sicily, one is led to some extent by the later details appearing in the English press. We are told, for instance, that a train, crowded with passengers and running at full speed along the seashore, was engulfed by the tidal wave and disappeared in an instant, and that two trains, full of passengers, ready to start from the station at Reggio, were swallowed in the same way and that nobody escaped. There are many stories of the fate of individuals, showing how petty are human passions and pursuits in the presence of so huge a disaster. The Duke of Avila, in walking over the ruins of Palma, came upon the body of a dead man, clutching in both his cold hands silver and bank notes. As the world collapsed he seized his money, but it was of no use to him. In clearing away wreckage in Messina the searchers found the bodies of two policemen, and between them the remains of a prisoner with handcuffs on his wrists—here the outlaw and the agents of justice met like sentences. Two priests, who arrived in Messina, declared that they were the only survivors of the five thousand inhabitants of Savilla, and explained their escape by the fact that they happened to have been in the vault of a church when the shock came.

Stories are told, too, of great sacrifices and acts of heroism. A Russian sailor, on learning that a number of women and children were imprisoned in the third story of a wrecked house, climbed the wall with great daring, and rescued the people. No sooner were they in the street than the wall collapsed, burying rescued and rescuer in one grave. In another case a company of soldiers were working desperately to release some unfortunate who were pinned down under heavy timbers, when an adjoining brick wall collapsed, killing all the soldiers and ending the agonies of those whom they were trying to rescue. Of two regiments, stationed at Messina, only ten men survive. Of another nature was the experience of the Marquis of Sannicola, who was buried alive in the ruins, but in response to shouts replied: "Save others! Don't think of me! I am in a bar and have all I want to eat and drink."

William Maxwell, the English war correspondent, declares that the Chinese city of Port Arthur, after bombardment by sea and land, was not half so ruined as Messina six months ago, commensurate by all the artillery in the world," he says, "would not produce the results of ten seconds of Nature's riot." We are told that the spectacle, when witness d by the commander of the British steamer, Elbo, was so horrifying that his hair turned white in a moment under the great shock that he sustained.

The dimensions of the disaster may be realized from the following table giving the destroyed cities and towns with their populations and the numbers slain:

Reggio	160,000	100,000
Messina	60,000	55,000
Monteleone	10,000	1,800
Pizzo	9,000	De-destroyed
Palma	14,000	Obliterated
Bagnara	10,000	1,000
Gazzi	3,000	1,000
Sant' Eufemia	5,700	Handful of Survivors

The following Calabrian towns were also devastated: Villa San Giovanni, San Roberti, Marone, Sella, Santo Stefano, Seminara, Cametello, Caposano, Boylo, Catone, Pitaro, Gila, Taurro, Gallio, Motte, Mileto, Villa San Guiseppe, Saline, Misitano, Geser, Mont-bello, Nicotera, Gallina, Archireggio, Sinopoli, Campo Calabro, Ionio.

The Sicilian towns of Noto, San Gregorio, and Risopto were severely damaged.

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Southwark	Mar. 6 Apr. 19
Ormonde	Mar. 13 Apr. 17
Dominion	Mar. 20 Apr. 24

\*No passengers carried.

Steamers sail from Portland at 7 p.m. Second class, \$42.50 and \$45.00, according to steamer.

No first-class passengers are carried until the 25th February, sailing second-class passengers will have use of all promenade decks.

Third-class to Liverpool, London, London-Gerry Belfast, Glasgow, \$27.50.

For full information apply to local agent at 11 St. Saracenet Street, Montreal.

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