

# The Tangle of Fate

Lin, too, was in a bathing costume, his manly, well-knit figure set off to great advantage by the dark suit that clung closely to him, for he had just come out of the water, and his chestnut curls lay in wet rings upon his white brow.

People who were looking on, and they were many, for so handsome a pair could not fail to attract attention, saw the handsome man and the lovely girl recoil from each other with pale faces and startled eyes at the first moment of meeting, then:

"Bonnie!" came in an agitated gasp from the lips of the man.

She had stopped still, pale as a statue of marble, but at that voice and at that name she gave a violent start, and crimsoned all over like an opening rose, while her beautiful eyes filled with a dew that was like tears.

"Bonnie!" repeated Lin, coming closer to her, his face growing radiant with joy; but all at once the girl's figure straightened up into a haughty pose, the rosy cheeks paled, and the dark eyes grew hard and proud, and a chilly little voice answered:

"Sir—I—you have made a mistake, I do not know you!"

And suddenly a warm hand fell on Lin's wrist, and Imogen said, laughing:

"Isn't it wonderful, Lin, her likeness to Bonnie? Let me see mistaken, as she says. Let me introduce you, Miss Lloyd, Mr. La Valliere."

"Miss Lloyd," the young man muttered, almost stupidly, and Bonnie, having recovered herself, bowed with stately grace.

"When did you come?" continued Imogen, half-afraidly, with a bewitching confidence that made Bonnie smile, bitterly jealous.

"Barely an hour ago, and rushed down to the beach the first thing by a dip. Didn't know any of you were here, Miss with you?"

"No, he could not leave, and I came with Miss Lloyd. She took us all by surprise a week ago."

He looked at the girl, his brain in a whirl of wonder. He knew perfectly well that she was Bonnie. A thousand details would not have deceived him, but why this masquerade?

"Let us sit down on the beach and talk while we wait for the Rainfords to join us," continued Imogen, who was so radiantly happy at seeing Lin that she bubbled over with small talk and smiles. The others assented, but Bonnie was strangely silent.

She dug her taper rosy-white fingers into the clean white sand, bringing up tiny star-fish and shells, with which she played carelessly like a child.

"She looked at the sea, at the people, anywhere but at the grace, deep blue eyes that watched her so intently."

"Here they come," she said, presently, with a sigh of relief. "Now, Imogen, I'm going into the water," and she sprang to meet an advancing wave, Lin watching her with fascinated eyes, saw the golden head disappear beneath a mountainous billow, and jumped up with a cry of alarm.

"Don't be frightened. As you can swim like a duck," said Imogen, anxiously, but he did not seem to hear her words. He had darted forward in pursuit of Bonnie, and in a moment more she saw the two swimming lightly together, the brown head close to the golden one.

A pang of jealousy, cruel and cutting, tore Imogen's heart.

"He is taken with her already! Oh, how I hate her! I wish she would drown before his eyes!" she thought.

CHAPTER XVII.  
Bonnie, swimming with graceful ease through the breakers, heard a musical voice by her side.

"Are you offended at my mistake, Miss Lloyd?"

"She turned her radiant face, as fresh and fair as Hebe's, and saw Lin by her side breathing the waves with joyous abandon.

The wet brown curls clinging in masses to his finely shaped head, his glorious eyes had in them the blue of the sea, and the light of a strange joy. On his lips was a dazzling smile.

Bonnie, poor little Bonnie, loved her lover still in a daze of that day when he had so angrily put her from him, and her heart leaped to meet that rare, sweet smile.

She shook her head, and the wet golden rings of hair that crowned her brow broke into a hundred dazzling spirals, framing the sweetest dark eyes that ever a man looked into—and lost his heart.

"Offended! Oh, no. Mrs. Westland made the same mistake," she answered, brightly, but with a wildly leaping heart.

"Did she? And how about her husband?" he asked, with a touch of hanker in his tone.

Bonnie looked straight into his eyes with an air of innocent unconsciousness. "He, too, was struck by my likeness to his wife's dead sister," she replied, calmly.

Bonnie of those autumn days at the old farm.

"It seems like a dream," he thought, and then it came to him that he had wakened to a horrible reality. Bonnie alive, her husband married to her sister, and the beautiful heiress afraid to confess her identity through fear of the complications that had arisen.

A keen pain tore through his heart as he stood there in the sunshine by Bonnie's side, and his dark-blue eyes grew grave.

"Miss Lloyd, I asked you a question just now, and you did not answer me," he said; "I repeat it: Shall we be friends?"

"A grudge?"

"You were to be your uncle's heir, and I come between you, although innocently, God knows, for Mr. Lloyd never breathed you a name to me. It was from Mrs. Westland that I first learned what cause you had to dislike me," answered Bonnie.

"But I do not dislike you, nor envy you now that I know you, Miss Lloyd. I sincerely desire to be your friend."

Bonnie looked at him with a shadow of thought glooming over that most fair face.

"But I do not believe in friendship. I subscribe to the poet's plaint," she replied, and quoted, vehemently:

"For what is friendship but a name, A charm that lulls to sleep, A shade that follows wealth or fame, But leaves the wretch to weep."

Lin La Vallere's face flushed deeply at the words.

"You think that I am anxious for your friendship, perhaps, because you are young, and beautiful, and rich," he said, proudly!

And a half-sarcastic smile on the red lips answered him without words.

Bonnie was thinking, oh, so bitterly, of that day when she had knelt to him in the preacher's little parlor, and told him she should die if he deserted her; but smarting over the pain of what seemed to him her treachery, he had refused to listen to her denials, he had gone away and left her to despair.

How could she help the spasm of distrust that convulsed her heart?

Reading her heart, as in a book, he said, earnestly:

"Do not distrust my motives, Miss Lloyd. I have no selfish interest in my desire. It is for your own sake I would like to be your trusted friend. You are so young, and in spite of your wealth, you are envied, it seems to me, by perils that you cannot escape."

She started, and gave him a keen, half-suspicious look.

"What do you mean?" she faltered.

"I cannot explain," he answered, "but Miss Lloyd, I read the shadow of a tragedy in those dark eyes, and it seems to me that a heavy sorrow lowers over your head. I would fain guard and protect you, helpless child, when trouble comes. Will you promise to call on me if you ever need help or advice?"

He was thinking of Miss Westland and the terrible claim he had on this girl's life. What if he found out Bonnie and pressed his claim?

He knew Miss Westland's nature well, and he did not believe that he would hesitate between Bonnie and her wealth on the one side and Imogen and his child on the other. Strong passions and selfishness dominated the young man's nature. Bonnie's only safety from his claim lay in his love. If he cared most for Imogen, she would be safe, that was all.

All this crowded into Lin La Vallere's mind, and made him speak to Bonnie with impassioned earnestness; but ere the startled girl could reply a light laugh sounded near them, and Imogen came up to them, attended by the Rainfords and two young men. Instructions followed, and Lin soon saw that both the newcomers adored beautiful Bonnie.

This interruption separated Lin from the young girl, and he had no further meeting with her until that evening when they met in the beautiful ball-room of the Traymore Hotel, where Bonnie and her sister reigned undisputed belles.

Lin did not go to them at first. He leaned in the embrasure of a window and watched Bonnie floating through the water, a fairy in pale-tinted blue on the other. Strong passions and self-interests were at work.

"She looks like a fairy princess!" he thought, and could hardly make up his mind whether Bonnie in her bathing dress all valled in her golden hair and with taper limbs and twinkling sandals, shod feet, or Bonnie in this drapery of soft silver, blue silk, with the golden tresses piled high on her head, were the fairer. He could not decide, but he waited with burning impatience to ask her veted pleasure his strong arm trembled around her dainty waist, he was dizzy with keen delight, and as they moved in unison together, burning words formed themselves on his lips, and died in the music's beat and pulse of divine melody.

"My own love, my lost love, my sweet, my darling!"

He longed to know whether the white breast of the beautiful heiress yet retained the passion he had awakened in her when she was simple little madcap Bonnie, the farmer's daughter. He glanced when it met his seemed to say no, it was so frankly unconscious.

But then he knew that Bonnie, without studying her part, was mistress of all sweet coquettish wiles. They came to her naturally as song to a bird. Perhaps her heart was fickle, too. How soon she had turned from Miles Westland to him. Suddenly he remembered something that Imogen had said to him that day:

"When Miss Lloyd was away at school she spent Christmas with a schoolmate's nobleman's daughter, down in Devonshire, and I believe our pretty heiress has a titled lover, so perhaps Mr. Lloyd's money may buy her a coronet some day."

He looked with burning eyes at the proud golden head leaning so close to his shoulder, and he owned to himself that it was beautiful enough to wear a crown.

But what thoughts were stirring in that white breast he did not dream as she heaved under the diamonds and jacinthe flowers. How could he know that Bonnie, who was called a little coquette, and who seemed so very cold and indifferent, had never loved but once in her sweet young life, and that all her virgin heart's pure wealth was for him alone?

"If he had known that when her proud, fair face Turned from him calm, and slow, Beneath its cold indifference had pined A passionate deep woe.

"If he had known her eyes, so cold and bright, Watching the sunset's red, Field back within their deeps of purple light A storm of tears unshed.

"If she had known that when her calm glance swept Him as she passed him by, His blood was fire, his pulses madly leapt Beneath her careless eye.

"If she had known the longing and the pain, If she had only guessed— One look—one word—and she, perhaps, had lain Silent upon his breast!"

When that divine waltz was over, the little hand clung to his arm as though loth to let him go.

"I am tired of the heat and the dancing. Let us get Imogen, and go out upon the board-walk and watch the sea," she said, and his heart leaped at the thought.

Man-like, he cared little for balls, but he would have lingered in purgatory, man-like, again, to watch that face that charmed him so.

(To be Continued.)

## TIMES PATTERNS.

No. 6943—The natty little Russian suit shown in the illustration is not only very popular, but becoming as well. The long blouse reaches almost to the knees and is confined about the waist by a belt of leather or of the material, passed through straps. A broad sailor collar gives a distinctive style to the mode. The little knickerbockers are of the same material as the blouse, and are shaped by the usual leg seams, and are secured at the knees by an elastic inserted in a casing. Navy blue serge trimmed with soutache braid is represented, but velvet, broadcloth, Holland, duck and galatea are all suitable for reproduction. For a child of 6 years 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material will be required.

Little Boy's Suit, No. 5943. Sizes for 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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It will take several days before you can get patterns.

VALENTINES.

Variations on Old-Fashioned Types Displayed Along With Novel.

On old-time lines, though altogether novel, is a valentine in a big box. So quaint and redolent of bygone days is it that one is willing to fancy the whole thing is done in dainty old lace paper, such as edged at LITTLE GROVE. Used the days of our grandmothers. Only this one appears to be mostly a matter of celluloid. It is astonishing how many sorts of appearance celluloid takes on, though this isn't so remarkable when one considers how well it imitates coral, shell and ivory.

As silk, lace or metal it serves effectively. The big one in mind is a matter of scrolls and butterflies delicately poised. The deep lot of filmy prettiness costs but half a dollar.

Most fetching among the cheap valentines are the new jumping jack sort. They are nearly all funny, and the clumsy Teddy Bear is a perfect dear, costing but a dime. All one has to do is to pull the string gently and he does a unique, funny enough to draw tears to the eyes.

Of the same sort is Happy Hooligan, Buster Brown with Tige and Mother Katzenjammer.

Keats serve as back grounds for all manner of sweet, rhymed and pictured. Pretty girls are pasted on big red hearts—a very pretty one is noted at 65 cents—and verses in all degrees of temperature are printed on the same suitable foundation. Plain red cardboard hearts, by the way, cost from one to eight cents.

Motion valentines are of many kinds. Perhaps the most charming is the piece, costing but four cents, which shows a Dutch boy and girl dancing. They hold hands firmly and appear to be spinning right merrily. They are out of cardboard and bent at the point where their hands clasp. Being printed on both sides they are convincing from whichever way they are viewed.

Only One "BROMO QUININE" that is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 2c.

GAVE HIMSELF UP. Pittsburg, Feb. 11.—Jos. Adams, 26 years old, who claims he is wanted by the authorities of Quebec, Canada, on two charges of false pretences, has surrendered himself to the local police, and is being held pending word from Canada. According to the young man, his father is Mayor of Israel, Canada.

DOCTOR DEAD. Owen Sound, Ont., Feb. 11.—Dr. Chas. E. Barnhart died last night, after a lingering illness of several months. He was one of Owen Sound's early pioneers and was widely known throughout Northern Ontario.

AT R. McKAY & CO'S. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1909

HAMILTON'S MOST PROGRESSIVE STORE

# GRAND SATURDAY SALE BULLETIN

## The Following Special Selling Events Will Crowd This Grand Store Again To-morrow

FEBRUARY is the month for Clearing Sales and to-morrow this store will demonstrate the fact to good advantage by placing before you goods of the right sort at the most reckless sale prices. Shop in the forenoon if you would share in many of the best bargains.

## New Laces at Astonishing Sale Prices

Valenciennes Insertions, Worth Wide Cotton Valenciennes Laces, Fancy Silk Trimming Braids 5c Up to 8c, Saturday Sale Price 3c. Worth Regularly 8c to 15c, Saturday Sale Price 5c Yard. A splendid assortment of Silk Trimming Braids will be cleared to-morrow at the above sale price, a splendid assortment of colors to choose from, it's just your chance.

## New York Linen Stock Collars at 50c and 75c

Just received the new style Linen Stock Collars, marked off and ready for your viewing to-morrow: some embroidered in colors, just the kind to wear with tailored waists, at each . . . . . 50c to 75c

Handkerchiefs 5 for 25c, Worth Regularly 10c Each. 200 dozen Embroidered and hemstitched Handkerchiefs in a great Saturday clearing sale, just the kind for ordinary use, children's school Handkerchiefs, etc.

## New Spring Dress Goods on Sale

Come in to-morrow and get a glimpse of the new spring style Dress Goods and Suitings. You will find displayed and on sale many lines of the new style goods that will interest you.

New Satin Cloth Suitings, Worth Reg. \$1, Sale Price 85c Yard. New Shadow Stripe Goods at 50c Yard. This is a very effective line, has a nice finish and a nice weight for street waists and dresses, guaranteed pure wool, on sale in navy, green, elephant, taupe, reseda, pale blue, navy and black, at per yard . . . . . 50c

Rich New Satin Stripe Dress Goods at \$1.25. New Melrose Suitings at \$1 Per Yard. A beautiful material of self stripes, decidedly new, lovely sheer silk stripe, has a nice weight for afternoon or street gowns, spring suits or serviceable dresses; come in navy, brown, pearl grey, cream and in and see this line; if you champagne, Alice blue, cream and are an early buyer it will interest black, at per yard . . . . . \$1.25 you.

## Saturday Special in Net Waists and Silk Petticoats

\$5 Waists \$2.98. \$5.50 Silk Petticoats \$3.98. 2 dozen only of Fern Net Waists, made over silk slip, trimmed with fillette insertion, long mousetaie sleeve, pointed cut edged with lace; worth regular \$5.00, Saturday's sale price . . . . . \$2.98. Black Chiffon Taffeta Petticoats, made with deep shirred flounce and finished with full percaline dust flounce; worth regular \$3.50, Saturday's sale price . . . . . \$3.98.

## Bargains for the Baby

\$1 Slips for 39c. \$1.25 Bonnets for 69c. Infants' Fine Nainsook Slips, full white Bequette Bonnets, made Dutch skirt, collar and sleeves edged with style, trimmed with silk, silk ties; Valenciennes; worth regular \$1.00, Saturday's sale price . . . . . 39c. Ladies' Black Llama Wool Hose, seamless feet, well fashioned, all sizes, all carefully selected yarns, special value, 3 for . . . . . \$1.00.

## Large Shipment of Shantung Silks

To Go on Sale at 55c, Regular 75c Yard. We have just opened an immense shipment of hand-loom Shantung Silk, to be cleared at this low price. Natural shades, which will be in the greatest demand for the coming season. This Silk is almost a yard wide, and worth 75c yard. Sale price to-morrow only . . . . . 55c.

## Great Reductions in Hosiery and Underwear

Llama Hose 3 Pair for \$1. Ladies' Cashmere Hose 19c. Plain and two and one Ribbed Cashmere Hose, all sizes, regularly 35c, Saturday . . . . . 19c. Ladies' Vests 29c. Special value, Ladies' Undervests, natural color, well shaped, and finished, regularly 40c, Saturday . . . . . 29c. Children's and Maid's Underwear, extra heavy ribbed, broken lots, worth up to 60c, clearing price, 3 for . . . . . \$1.00. Infants' Underwear 19c. Infants' Wool and Union Vests and Drawers, natural color, worth up to 35c, Saturday . . . . . 19c.

## Extra Clearing Prices for Saturday February Sacrifice Sale of Carpets

Buy your Carpets, Rugs or Linoleums now and have them put away until you require them. All Carpets made, laid and lined free during this sale.

Tapestry Carpets 69c. Extra Heavy Tapestry Carpet, new colorings, very serviceable, worth 88 and 95c. Made, laid and lined . . . . . 69c. Brussels Carpet \$1. Fine English Brussels Carpet, rich colorings, worth \$1.35; made, laid and lined . . . . . \$1.00. Wilton Carpets \$1.19. Rich Wilton Carpets, high-grade quality, worth \$1.75 and \$2.00; made, laid and lined . . . . . \$1.19. Axminster Carpets \$2.00. Choice of any of our best Axminster Carpets, worth \$2.25; made, laid and lined for . . . . . \$2.00.

Brussels Rugs \$11. Brussels Rugs, size 6 ft. 9 in. x 9 ft., splendid patterns, heavy make, worth \$15; laid and lined for . . . . . \$11.00. Wilton Rugs \$21.75. Wilton Rugs, size 3 x 3 yards, rich colorings, fine quality, worth \$30; laid and lined for . . . . . \$21.75. Tapestry Rugs \$9.25. Tapestry Rugs; size 3 x 4 yards, very serviceable quality, worth \$12.50; laid and lined for . . . . . \$9.25. Axminster Hearth Rugs \$1.98. Axminster Hearth Rugs, medium and large sizes, worth \$3.00 and \$3.50, sacrifice sale price . . . . . \$1.98.

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Carries the EUROPEAN MAIL and lands passengers and baggage at the side of the steamship at Halifax the following Saturday. Intercolonial Railway uses Bonaventure Union Depot, Montreal, making direct connection with Grand Trunk trains.

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

## STEAMSHIPS DOMINION LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS

From Portland for Liverpool. Haverford . . . . . Feb. 6. Cornishman . . . . . Feb. 12. Mar. 29. Apr. 24. Vancouver . . . . . Feb. 20. Mar. 27. Canada . . . . . Feb. 27. Apr. 3. Southwark . . . . . Mar. 6. Apr. 10. Ottoman . . . . . Mar. 12. Apr. 17. Dominion . . . . . Mar. 12. Apr. 17. No passengers carried. Steamers sail from Portland at 2 p. m. Second-class, \$45.00 and \$40.00, according to steamer.

As no first-class passengers are carried until the 20th February, sailing second-class passengers will have ample of all promenade decks. Third-class in Liverpool, London, London-derry, Belfast, Glasgow, \$7.50. For full information apply to local agent or DOMINION LINE, 17 St. James Street, Montreal.

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## ASKS FOR INVESTIGATION. Cobourg House of Refuge Board Invites the Fullest Enquiry.

Cobourg, Feb. 11.—The Board of Management of the House of Refuge for the United Counties of Northumberland and Durham, Colonel Hughes, chairman, Warden Powers and Reeve Wolfman, met here to-day, and decided to ask the Provincial Secretary to send Dr. Bruce Smith, inspector of prisons, here at an early date as possible, to thoroughly investigate the charges of alleged ill-treatment of John Maynard, while an inmate of the institution.

This course has been adopted because of some expressions of dissatisfaction from the Town of Bowmanville at the way the previous investigation was conducted.

Rev. H. D. Raymond, M. A., until recently curate at All Saints' Church, Toronto, has accepted the appointment of assistant to Rev. Canon Greene, at Orillia.