

TANGLED THREADS

All Helen's own agony was now swallowed up in anxiety for her mother.

She dashed her letter to the floor, and sprang to her assistance. She placed her in a comfortable position, for she had fallen face downward; then, rushing for water, she bathed her head and hands, and worked vigorously to revive her.

She would have sent for a physician, but their servant was out, and she did not dare to leave her dear one alone. "Mamma! Oh, mamma!" she breathed, in a voice that was husky from fear and emotion; "wake up! It breaks my heart to see you lie here so white and still! If I should lose you, too, now, what would I have to live for?"

But the blessed unconsciousness for Margaret Seymour would not last; she soon began to breathe again, and, presently opening her eyes, gazed wonderingly into Helen's pale, anxious face.

"What has happened?" she murmured weakly. Then, as memory began to reassert itself, she gasped: "Oh, that man!"

"Never mind him now, dearest; don't think about him or anything else; just try to wake up and be yourself once more," Helen fondly returned, as she softly kissed the pale cheek nearest her.

Then she went to get her glass of ice-water, which she made her drink, and the girl was encouraged to see that she was refreshed and was coming more and more to her normal condition.

But presently, either from a chill or mental excitement, the woman began to tremble violently, and was shaken from head to foot, and Helen became greatly alarmed again.

"Are you all right, mamma?" she anxiously inquired, and without waiting for a reply, she drew up the soft, bright-hued afghan and tucked it close around her.

But Margaret Seymour was made of too strong a stuff to succumb to either physical or mental weakness.

She lay quiet, with closed eyes, for ten or fifteen minutes, struggling mightily for self-control, until, by degrees, the trembling ceased, her tense muscles relaxed and her strong will reasserted itself.

Finally she sat up, outwardly calm, a resolute expression gleaming in her beautiful eyes.

"Helen," she began, "oh, don't try to talk now, mamma," pleaded the fair girl, "just lie still and rest. If you could get a little nap I am sure you would be much better for it."

"Yes, I must talk—I could not sleep," returned Mrs. Seymour, with a strangely impatient gesture. "I must say what I have to say now, and then I never want the subject referred to again, for," with a spasmodic catch in her breathing, "I cannot bear it. That man—"

"Mr. Lancaster?" queried Helen, as her mother paused, her lips blue from suffering and the terrible tension under which she was laboring.

"Oh!" throwing out her hands, as if the sound of the name had stung her like a lash. "Yes, I refer to him," she resumed more calmly; "but how strange that he should be Robert Eggleston's uncle! I have been very remiss not to have ascertained the fact; but, like you, I imagined that they both bore the same name. I inferred that he was Dr. Eggleston's nephew."

"Well, but what is he—this man—to you, mamma?" Helen inquired.

"Nothing! Great Heaven; he is nothing to me," was the passionate response; "but—"

"Well, but! Go on, please, dear, if it must be told, and have it over," said Helen, with starting tears, for she had never seen her mother in such a state before.

"He ruined my life, my child," returned Mrs. Seymour, her face upturned, "ruined your life!" repeated the girl, amazed. "How could that be possible?"

"Oh, how can I tell her?" she moaned, almost inaudibly. Then, after a moment, she sat erect again, a peculiar expression gleaming in her eyes. "I cannot go into details, Helen."

she went on, with pale lips, "but years ago, in my girlhood, two men professed to love, and sought to win me. One I loved and married—your father; the other still sought my society and persecuted me with his professions, even though I had repeatedly told him that I entertained not one particle of affection for him—that I was loyal to my husband in every breath I drew. I forbade him to seek me, for I could not see that my husband was annoyed to have him around, and I finally refused to see him when he called. I sent him away without seeing him again and again from my home. I learned afterward that, in spite of my ungracious attitude toward him, he had been encouraged to believe I was secretly fond of him, and regretted that I had not chosen him—that I was not happy with my husband, and, one day, through the treachery of one who had long pretended to be my dearest friend and in whom I had the utmost confidence, he was not only admitted to my home, but was conducted up to my private sitting-room—was told, in fact, that I wished to receive him there in secret. He was only too eager to avail himself of the privilege, and, notwithstanding by undisguised astonishment upon seeing him enter my room and my indignant protest against his remaining there, he began to tell out an incoherent and passionate avowal of love, begging me, if I was wretched with my husband, to leave my home and go with him to some distant country, where he would spare no effort to make me happy. Just in the midst of this my husband walked unceremoniously in upon us, and overheard enough of what was passing to make him furious. He was a proud and impulsive man, and a terrible scene followed. Ah!" she interposed, with a shiver of agony, "I cannot bear to think of it even now! I cannot talk about it."

"Did he, my father—believe that you—his wife—were untrue to him?" Helen gravely and wonderingly inquired.

"Yes; his jealousy had been aroused; every circumstance had been most ingeniously distorted to make it appear that I was disloyal, and the cleverly arranged deouement left but one inference to be drawn."

"And who plotted all this?—that false friend?"

"Who was she?" demanded Helen sternly.

"I cannot tell you, dear—I could do you no possible good to know," said Mrs. Seymour, after a moment of hesitation.

"Is she still living?"

"Yes,"

"My father actually accuse you of being untrue to him?"

Her mother bowed a voiceless assent to the question.

"And then?" queried Helen, in a weak voice.

"And then—well I, too, was proud, too proud to argue, beg, or entreat him to forgive an offense of which I had never been guilty. I was wounded to the heart's core, crushed and angry, and I went away without seeing him again that same night."

"You ran away from—you left him?" cried Helen, aghast.

"Yes,"

"And you never made up with him—he never forgave you?"

"He had nothing to forgive, Helen," was the proud response, while the woman drew herself haughtily erect. Then she added, in a hollow voice: "No, we never made up the quarrel. I was too proud to make the first advances, and I had buried myself so effectually that I had never had any suspicion of my hiding-place."

"And—and then he died and you never saw him again! Oh, mamma, how you must have suffered, poor dear! And to think that I never dreamed of anything so dreadful. I have always supposed that my father died before I was born, and you were left to struggle alone," said Helen, sobbing in a heart-broken way over the sad story.

All her life she had yearned for her father, whom she had never seen—she had not even a likeness of him—but who she had fondly believed, until this moment, had been in perfect harmony with her mother, and had passed away in his own home in spite of her loving care and devotion.

"Yes, and then he died—to me," wailed the stricken woman, as she sank back upon the couch, but her words were inaudible to any one save herself, for she had buried her face in the pillows, and Helen thought she was simply sobbing out the grief she could no longer control.

CHAPTER XVI.

Helen wept in sympathy, and for several moments no sound save those heart-broken sobs was heard.

"All this happened before I was born," the young girl repeated again, as if this phase of her mother's sorrow had deeply impressed and saddened her.

"Yes, I, myself, did not even know that I was to become a mother at that time," replied Mrs. Seymour, with a weary sigh.

"How dreadful, mamma!—how desolate and forlorn you must have felt! And you were so poor, too, for you have told me that you had only a few jewels, which you were obliged to sew to support us, while I was a wee, skilful baby. You have had a hard, a sorrowful life, dear—how hard I never dreamed till now." Helen observed, in tones of deepest sympathy.

"We will not go back over all that, my darling," said her mother, more collectedly than she had yet spoken. "The past is past, and until now, I had supposed it too deeply buried ever to be resurrected. I never told you this trouble because I could not bear to have it cast its shadow upon your young life. I wish you need never have known it. You have known something of my struggle with poverty—how I have conquered every obstacle and have carved out for you and an eminently respectable position in life, and accumulated a comfortable little fortune for our future. I am proud to have achieved all this, and I am perhaps a better and a stronger woman today than I should have been had I lived the petted child in a society of luxury and ease. I am proud of you, also, Helen—of your high sense of honor and truth, of your career in school, your talent for art, and I feel that you are a lady worthy to occupy a high place in society."

But—and her usually sweet mouth settled into hard, resolute lines—"after what we have this day learned, I could never give you to Robert Eggleston; I could never let you marry the nephew of Halburton Lancaster, allow you to be associated with him in any way, even if Rob had not proved himself unworthy of you by neglecting you and transferring his allegiance to Marjorie Elsworth. Did you ever tell her anything about him?"

"No," she said, "at least nothing of our relations to each other. She saw his picture in my album one day, and asked me some questions about him. I simply said that he was a school friend, but she was very much taken with his face, and expressed great admiration for him."

Mrs. Seymour sat in deep thought for a few moments. She was impressed that Marjorie was by no means the artless girl that she had appeared to be. Helen had told her about her talent for reading faces, and knowing that Helen could not speak of Rob without revealing something of the tenderness that was in her heart, she surmised that Marjorie must have suspected that there was more than simple friendship between them. Then, as she recalled her various letters, it seemed to her that the girl had been systematically trying to undermine Helen's confidence in her lover, and, if so, no doubt she had been just as careful in winning herself into Rob's confidence.

"Well," she said at last, but with pain-drawn lips, "I am glad we have learned the truth in time. I never could have given you to the nephew of—that man."

Helen regarded her mother gravely for a moment. Then she observed, with a quiet dignity which she had never before manifested when speaking to her, and which betrayed a depth of character that surprised her listener:

"Mamma, whatever sins he—Mr. Lancaster—may have been guilty of in his past, they could never have affected Rob in my estimation. I could never have regarded him as in the least responsible for them. The simple fact that he is the nephew of one who had wronged you could not change my attitude toward him if he himself had been true. I should have loved him just as well—and I think it would have been right for me to be true to him. However, it is evident that something has changed him—that he no longer regards me with the same affection which he has hitherto expressed and manifested. If he has learned to love Marjorie, as I am very sure she loves him, I have no desire to stand in the way of the happiness of either. I shall write to Rob today, release him from all promises that he has made me, and return him his ring," and she resolutely slipped it from her finger as she concluded.

[To Be Continued.]

"Always the Best of Everything for the Least Money."

Lusters Still Lower

More bargains at Gray & Parker's! Just because we want to clear them out while the summer is young. These lusters are 1906 goods—they make excellent material for ladies' bathing suits. Now is the time to make them up, and the time to take advantage of these prices is early tomorrow (Saturday) morning:

25 pieces plain and fancy lusters, a line that we bought at a very low figure, pretty shades of light and dark grays, navy, brown, cardinal, greens and dark grays with a small figure. Worth 50c and 65c per yard, Saturday, per yard... **39c**
 10 pieces very fine lusters, navy blue, brown, green, cardinal, cream and black. Special Saturday, per yard... **25c**
 10 pieces English mohairs, brown, navy, green, cardinal and dark grays. Sold regularly at 85c per yard; Saturday your choice, per yard... **59c**

June Sale of Ladies' Fine Cambric Drawers

LOT No. 1—Choice lot of Ladies' Drawers, made of fine cambric, lace-trimmed, nicely tucked, regular 50c and 65c qualities, all sizes... **39c**
 LOT No. 2—A genuine bargain for you. All sizes and fine quality. Trimmed with valenciennes lace. Saturday... **49c**

LOT No. 3—Ladies' Fine Cambric Drawers, embroidered, trim-trimmed, with eight rows of tucking. A genuine bargain. Saturday for... **59c**

LOT No. 4—One of the best bargains offered this summer. Ladies' Fine Cambric Drawers, trimmed with fine valenciennes and tucked. Regular \$1.00, Saturday... **69c**

Ten Only Pure Linen Table Cloths, Regular Price \$3.00, Saturday \$2.25

44-inch Pure Wool Cream Serge, Saturday 48c.

46-inch Pure Wool Cream Serge, Saturday 59c.

Manufacturers'

Samples

One-Third

Off

Full range of natty skirts. Just the thing for summer wear. Made of Holland pique, white linen, plain and embroidery trimmed. Prices... **\$1.00 to \$3.00**

Ready-to-Wear Wash Suits

30 Shirtwaist Suits—white piques, linen, lawns, ginghams and black lawns. Size 36 only. On sale Saturday morning at manufacturers' prices.

Two only Black Taffeta Silk Shirtwaist Suits. Most up-to-date styles. Perfect fitting. Regular price \$20.00. Saturday only... **\$14.98**

One only Brown and Green Silk Suit. Plaited skirt, waist plaited back and front, deep cuff on sleeve, nicely tucked. Regular price \$18.00. Saturday only... **\$13.50**

Manufacturers'

Samples

One-Third

Off

Beautiful White Lawn Waists. All the latest styles—short and long sleeves. Come Saturday and look them over. Prices from... **98c to \$5.00**

150 Dundas and Carling

GRAY & PARKER

150 Dundas and Carling

THE QUESTION OF PROFITS

Comes Up at Insurance Inquiry Into Canada Life Company.

Toronto, June 7. — Whether in 1905 the Canada Life used \$343,000 of the policyholders' profits to extend the business of the company, was a subject of dispute between I. F. Hellmuth, counsel for the Ontario Government, and Mr. Frank Sanderson, attorney for the company, at the insurance investigation this morning. The companies act provides that policyholders shall receive 90 per cent of the profits and the shareholders 10 per cent. The new business of the company in 1905 cost \$248,000, which amount was taken out of the surplus earnings of the company. The contention of the company was that the directors had the power to say what amount should be set aside as profits, and that of that sum only the policyholders to get 90 per cent.

CANADA LIFE'S BIG GIFTS

Since 1891 Donated Nearly \$50,000 to Various Charities.

Toronto, June 7. — Mr. Wallace Nesbitt, K. C., counsel for the Canada Life, sought the privilege of addressing the commission upon matters brought out in connection with the company. He said that the various subjects taken up during the long examination of Hon. Senator Cox and other members of the Canada Life staff should be reviewed, and he asked permission to put in a statement giving the Canada Life's side of the case. The commissioners had already ruled that addresses of counsel were barred, so the request was refused. Mr. Sanderson, as required by the commission, put in a list of drafts of the Canada Life to various charities. The amounts aggregated \$40,600, dating back to 1891.

MONTREAL CONFERENCE ENDS

Was Largest on Record, Nearly 500 Delegates Being Present.

Smiths Falls, Ont., June 7.—The Montreal Conference closed at noon, the session being one of the largest on record. Owing to the large number of members to the General Conference, the final draft of stations showed no important changes. Melvin Taylor, president of the conference, goes to Sherbrooke Street, Montreal, with T. Anson Halpern as assistant. This will give the president opportunity to push the church extension scheme, of which he is in charge. An invitation from the town council of Gananoque to meet there next year was adopted. There were nearly 500 delegates and visitors this year.

Liege is to have an international exposition of foodstuffs in July and August.

ST. JOHN FOR SHERIFF

Toronto Rumor Says Carscallen Will Become the Speaker.

Toronto, June 7. — It is rumored that Hon. J. W. St. John, Speaker of the Legislature, will be appointed sheriff of York County, in succession to the late Dr. Widdifield, and that Mr. Henry Carscallen, M. P. for East Hamilton, will be appointed speaker. There is no official confirmation of the story.

CANAL BOATS WRECKED

Four Wrecked En Route from St. Croix to Quebec.

Quebec, Que., June 7. — St. Croix and McNaughton's tug Spray left St. Croix yesterday morning with six canal boats, two coal-laden and four light, in tow for this port. After leaving the bay, five of the boats broke away from the tug. The captain of the latter, seeing the danger the crews of the drifting vessels were in, launched a boat, which picked them up. One of the light canal boats broke in two, and three others were driven ashore, and are probably all wrecked.

SPRING DUCK SHOOTING

Canadian and American Sportsmen Will Discuss It at Buffalo.

Toronto, June 7. — The meeting of the League of American Sportsmen, to be held at the Iroquois Hotel, Buffalo, tomorrow, will be attended by a large number of Canadian delegates. Chief Provincial Game Warden Tinsley will read a paper protesting against the practice allowed under the laws of several of the states of shooting wild duck in the spring. It is hoped that a working agreement will be reached between the Ontario Association and the American League.

SOME SMALLPOX.

Toronto, June 7.—Dr. Hodgkiss, secretary of the provincial board of health, has received word of smallpox outbreaks at Seneca, Sydenham and Dunwich, in Haldimand, Grey and Elgin Counties respectively.

At Sydenham there is only one case, at each of the other places several. All are of a mild type. The local authorities are taking all necessary precautions.

A number of people are protesting against the enforcement of quarantine, claiming that the disease is "the Cuban itch," "the Philippine rash," or anything but smallpox. The authorities, however, are carrying out their duties undeterred by these protests.

WORMS CAUSE feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effective. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

What "Bu-Ju" Will Do For Your Kidneys

"Bu-Ju" will soothe irritation and heal inflammation.

"Bu-Ju" will increase the excretion of urine. This flushes the kidneys—

opens up the pores—

clears the system of all the poisonous deposits thrown out by the kidneys—

and makes them well and strong.

"Bu-Ju" will do the kidneys so much good that there will be no more pain in the back and through the hips—

no more weakness and nervousness—no more bladder troubles.

"Bu-Ju" will give you practically a new pair of Kidneys that will do their work in nature's way.

And "Bu-Ju" will do all this—and more—at a cost to you of only 3c. a day.

Buy "Bu-Ju" on our unconditional guarantee that they will cure or money refunded. If your druggist does not handle them, write us direct.

THE CLAFLIN CHEMICAL CO., Limited. • WINDSOR, Ont.

CLOUDBURST AND FLOOD

Immense Damage Done to Towns in Pennsylvania State.

Butler, Pa., June 7. — Continuous thunderstorms and heavy rains last night have resulted in the greatest flood in this section in half a century. Between Boydstown and North Hope, the downpour resembled a cloudburst. Five feet of water is pouring over the sluiceway, and the water at noon was within a few inches of the top of the dam. Kearns Meadow, north of Butler, is covered with nine feet of water. The Kearns bridge is entirely submerged, and the water has stopped the machinery in the pumping station of the Butler Water Company. Work has also been suspended in the Davis lead works, Hamilton bottle works, part of the Standard steel works, and a number of smaller factories. Thousands of dollars worth of lumber have been washed away from the Pueris, Corneliuss and Wm. Wick lumber yards, and farmers in the creek bottoms have suffered great damage to crops. Five feet of water surrounds houses in the

lower portions of Butler, and scores of families were taken from their dwellings. Every railroad entering the city is disabled by the water, and no mail trains have reached Butler today. Long stretches of track are reported to have been washed out.

MONTREAL PROVINCE.

Montreal, Que., June 7. — The possibility of securing legislation for the erection of the Island of Montreal into a separate province is being discussed at the city hall on account of the difficulty experienced, when the city seeks legislation at the hands of the Legislature at Quebec. This it is claimed seriously retards the progress of the city.

THE CRICK IN THE BACK—"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," sings the poet. But what about the touch of rheumatism and lumbago, which is so common now? There is no poetry in that touch, for it renders life miserable. Yet how delightful is the sense of relief when an application of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil drives pain away. There is nothing easier it.

La Belle Otero, the famous continental dancer, takes no chances of an ankle, as through the twisting of an ankle, as each of her feet is insured for \$10,000.

Malta-Vita

"The Perfect Food"

Little Children Like Malta-Vita, but There Is a Better Reason for Letting Them Have It.



Malta-Vita provides the children with all the nourishment their young bodies need, and in such a form that they digest it easily and get all the good out of it. It makes them healthy and robust.

"Thousands of mothers tell of experiences similar to that related here: 'We had almost despaired of finding something our baby could eat without being distressed. He had, since birth, been constantly suffering from constipation and a general derangement of the stomach and bowels. Since we began feeding him Malta-Vita, he has improved wonderfully in health and is entirely cured of constipation. In fact, my husband and I realize a great benefit since using Malta-Vita. We find it gives life and tone to the entire system.'—Mrs. M. J. McCormick, South Bend, Ind."

Being a pure grain product—simply the whole of the best white wheat and a little salt, with pure barley malt extract—Malta-Vita supplies the body with all those food elements which make bone, blood, muscle and brain bring perfect health. The malt extract, added after the wheat has been thoroughly steamed and cooked, burns the starch of the wheat into maltose, or malt sugar. Maltose is highly nutritious and easily assimilated even by very weak stomachs. Physicians recommend maltose for its strength-giving qualities, and Malta-Vita is rich in it. Malta-Vita, every grain of the malted wheat, is baked crisp and brown. "Oats to a turn," delicious beyond compare to any other food today. Eat it with milk, cream or fruit and let the children have all they want.

All Grocers, Now 10 Cents.