

The Tangle of Fate

No, he came up again outside, and with swift and graceful strokes, ventured toward the victim. Brave, yes, he was the bravest of them all, and—humbly—he reached the tossing white form, grasped the skirts, a rope is thrown by strong hands, and then deafening cheers read the air! Rescued! rescued! And not a life lost! The hero, grasping the woman he has saved, is drawn into the lifeboat, and it is swiftly rowed to shore.

Tenderly they lift out the still white form and lay it reverently upon the sands. There seems no sign of life in that pale, but conscious, on her, utters a cry of the cruellest despair: "Dead! oh, Bonnie! Bonnie!" The anguish of a terrible suspicion blends with that bereaved cry. He has remembered her words of last night. Has she then sacrificed herself to her sister?

They beat back the surging, curious crowd, a physician comes and kneels by her side, and close to Lin presses a wild-eyed, pallid-faced woman—Imogen—behind her Mrs. Cornwall and the Rainsfords. They are all sobbing bitterly, but they hold their breath to listen to the doctor's dictum: "There is life; she will recover." Was Imogen glad or sorry—she who only last night had longed to see poor Bonnie lying dead! When the shock of excitement was over, when Bonnie lay dead, Imogen found that Mrs. Cornwall, the maid, had been telling everyone how the two girls had gone into the water together, and how strange it was that Mrs. Westland had come out safe while "Avis" tried to teach me to swim, but I became frightened and left her alone in the water, and— I cannot imagine how it happened, for Avis is such a good swimmer—but directly there arose all that clamor, and— but, oh, I dreamed that it was Avis drowning until—until they laid her down upon the shore!" she sobbed.

Mrs. Cornwall eyed her narrowly, and she knew that there were no tears in the hard black eyes as they watched the pale face on the pillow.

"My lady, I shall watch you after this. I don't quite trust you, for I've seen you gaze on Miss Lloyd with the eyes of a snake!" she muttered to herself, and no one could tempt her from the sick bed.

CHAPTER XIX.
When Bonnie was quietly sleeping, and the strain of anxiety was lessened, Mrs. Rainsford suddenly remembered the telegram from Miles Westland.

"I hope you will forgive me, but I almost forgot it entirely in my anxiety over our dear girl," she said, as she placed it in Imogen's hand.

Imogen frowned and bit her lip over the message that she must come to her sick child.

"I shall not go home till to-morrow, anyhow," she declared. "It would look cruel to desert poor Avis now."

"But I am sure she would excuse you, my dear. She would not wish you to stay away from your sick infant."

"I do not believe that Baby Lin is the least bit sick. He has the kindest nurse in the world. I dare say this is only a clever scheme on the part of my husband to bring me home. He is lonely without me, that is all."

The lawyer's wife looked at her in surprise, but said no more, and Imogen sent Miles a telegram that she would leave for home the next day.

She begged Mrs. Cornwall to let her nurse the sick girl, but the maid grimly declined.

"It is my business to wait upon my mistress, ma'am," she replied, and would suffer no one but Mrs. Rainsford to relieve her at the post of duty.

By noon the next day Bonnie was up and dressed, though very pale and nervous from yesterday's peril.

"Oh, Mrs. Rainsford, I want to see Mr. La Valliere and thank him for saving my life," she said, eagerly.

He came gladly at her bidding, and Mrs. Rainsford, who had a little match-making scheme of her own, kept Imogen out and sent him in alone to the interview with Bonnie.

"If only these two would make a match, and it looks like Heaven itself intended it, everything would come right," she said to her husband, who laughed at her scheme, but secretly applauded it, thinking that Lin would be blessed indeed if he got back his cousin's fortune with so lovely a wife for interest.

Bonnie, sitting near the window in her loose white robe, with the golden curls about her shoulders, blushed a she held out her little white hands to Lin.

"Oh, how can I praise you enough, how can I thank you enough for saving me from death?" she cried, gratefully.

Bending down, he pressed his lips on the little outstretched hands, and looked gravely into the sweet dark eyes.

It was the day after Imogen had received that second telegram from her husband.

Lloyd Hill the blinds were drawn at the windows, and white crape veiled the door.

Within the darkened parlor, upon a great bank of fragrant flowers, lay a little white casket. Imogen's dead child, the white image, Imogen's dead child.

The careless mother had come too late.

Baby Lin had been dead several hours when she returned, accompanied by the Rainsfords, the heiress, and Lin La Valliere.

Miles Westland met his wife with a marble pale face and heavy, reproachful eyes. To her passionate mourning for her child, he answered, coldly:

"Had you taken Lin with you, as every one wished, this might never have happened."

She remembered, with a remorseful pang, that Avis had begged her to take the nurse and child to the sea-shore, and Miles had added his persuasions.

But Imogen had refused to take them. Baby would be better at home, she said.

But never had Imogen realized how dear to her heart was the beautiful infant until she saw it lying dead in the little white casket upon the bank of flowers, the tiny dimpled waxen hands folded so peacefully, the dark eyes, shut forever, and the angelic smile of death on the silent lips.

Agnes, the nurse, told her, between bitter sobs, how the little one had died of croup.

"I did all I could for him, indeed I did, Mrs. Westland, but we could not save the dear child," added the housewife, who had been fond of the baby, although she disliked the mother.

They all left her to herself at last, and she knelt by the dead child, gazing into the lovely face with great sombre dark eyes full of terrible despair.

Her lips moved as last and she whispered, faintly:

"God has taken you away from me, my little darling. Was it in punishment for my sin?"

She stared so long alone that Mrs. Rainsford became alarmed and sent her husband to see what she was doing.

"Perhaps she has fainted," she said, uneasily.

Miles went in, and found her drooping in a chair by the coffin. Her face was wan, white, despairing. He could see that cruel remorse was working at her heart.

"Oh, Miles!" she uttered, in a hollow voice, and there was more love in her heart toward him at that moment than she had ever felt before. This was their common sorrow. It seemed to draw them nearer together in her thoughts.

But her glance, when it met her upturned eyes was cold, distrust, and bending over her chair, he said:

"Do not grieve so bitterly, Imogen. It is better that little Lin died in his babyhood."

"Better, oh, no, no, do not preach that cruel platitudes to me!" she sobbed, wildly.

"Imogen, I have something very painful to tell you," said Miles Westland.

He drew a chair to her side, and hushing her sobs, she looked up with startled eyes.

"What, then, what else can I tell me?" she half-whispered, and he laid his hand solemnly on the little white casket.

"Imogen, if our little one had lived, he would some day have reproached us for his being. He had no right in the world," he whispered back, and she reeled in her chair with a smothered cry.

"Hush, you must be so quiet," said Miles Westland, and it seemed to her there was a veiled exultation in his voice.

As she stared up at him with horrified eyes, he continued:

AS A SLAVE.

REMARKABLE ADVERTISEMENT BRINGS MANY OFFERS OF HELP

Willing to Sell Himself—Able to Do Many Things, But Was Not Able to Procure Any Employment.

Baltimore, Md., Feb. 14.—The appeal of Thomas E. Swann, the young college graduate from Seattle, Wash., for any kind of work, which was made through an advertisement in the want columns of a newspaper, in which the young man offered to sell himself into temporary slavery rather than starve, has not fallen on deaf ears.

The advertisement, reciting in brief the "White man, twenty-seven years old, will sell himself into slavery to highest bidder for any period not exceeding five years; graduate of High School and military academy; can use typewriter and assist at bookkeeping or other clerical work; and proficient in nursing and perform minor surgical operations; competent to care for invalid or mildly insane case; am total abstainer; want work of any kind; purchaser must provide lodging and clothing."

Swann has been looking for work for six weeks. He says he has been obliged to sell much of his clothing in order to get a little money with which to buy food, and that Wednesday night he had to sell his last extra pair of shoes.

He stated that he had been working for a while in Chicago. He then went to Norfolk, Va., where he was employed in the navy yard as a timekeeper until discharged on account of lack of work. Then he came to Baltimore.

To-day's mail brought generous responses and offers to provide work for Swann in some cases and food and shelter in others. One tender-hearted lady was touched by the young man's plight, and even though she explained that she herself was in poor circumstances, she offered to take care of him until he could secure something to do to even partial service.

Next Harbormaster Joseph L. Farnam offered Swann work on a farm. Harry Hechheimer, an attorney, made a similar offer, and A. S. Pettit, of the United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company, called in person to interview the young man. A representative of the big department store of Joel Gutman & Co. sent Swann an offer of work. Mr. Gutman himself took an interest in the young man, providing him with a complete outfit of clothing and agreeing to put him to work Monday morning at a good salary.

WEDS BOTH.

Daughter Shoots Him When He Gets Mad Over Comic Valentine.

St. Joseph, Mo., Feb. 14.—In the probably fatal shooting of William Smith, a carpenter, over a comic valentine, came to light a strange domestic entanglement.

Mrs. Cora Smith, who fired the shot at Smith, told the police that she married Smith, knowing that her mother was already his wife. The three have lived together for years, the man posing as the husband of both mother and daughter. The daughter, who is 22 years of age, sent Smith a comic valentine in person. Smith became angry on receiving it, packed up his clothes and started to leave the house. Thinking he was going to desert her, the daughter-wife shot him.

The mother-wife says she was married to Smith secretly in 1902 and took her 13-year-old daughter to a former husband to live with her and Smith. A year after her marriage, she says, her daughter and Smith fell in love with each other, and the mother made her husband marry her daughter.

LUMBERMEN LOST.

Two Left Camp Near Nepigon Over a Week Ago.

Port Arthur, Feb. 14.—Over a week ago two lumbermen named John King and E. Cardinal left Smith's camp, near Nepigon, to make their way to the railway and thence to this city. A fierce storm raged shortly after their departure, and as nothing had since been heard of them it is feared they have been lost. The trail through the bush has been carefully searched, but in vain. Two Finlanders who left camp at the same time have arrived, but as they do not know of the latter's fate.

A SMASH UP.

Left Sleigh on Crossing But Omitted to Flag Train.

North Bay, Ont., Feb. 14.—The C. P. R. "Sea" express westbound struck a sleigh load of logs near Verner to-day, demolishing the vehicle, and smashing the pilot of the engine. The engineer applied the emergency brakes and jumped, but the engine kept the rails, and no serious damage resulted.

A farmer driving across with the logs became stalled on the crossing and unhitched his horses, trying them to a fence, but neglected to make any attempt to flag the train.

COASTED INTO A CAR.

Two Boys at Kingston Injured—One Probably Fatally.

Kingston, Feb. 14.—As a result of sleigh riding down hill yesterday morning, a 14-year-old boy, Thomas Hunter, may lose his life. His arm was so badly crushed that it had to be amputated. His 11-year-old brother Henry was also injured.

CASTORIA.

The Good You Have Always Bought

DIED OF STARVATION.

End of a Russian Terrorist Leader at St. Petersburg.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 30.—Mlle Tatiana Kotova, formerly a prominent leader in terrorist circles, and one of the organizers of the attempt on the life of Premier Stolypin at his island villa and of the great customs robbery in St. Petersburg in 1906, has died of starvation and exposure at a hospital here. She had recently been leading a surreptitious existence in St. Petersburg, living without a passport and in constant fear of arrest until the strain ultimately affected her mind.

Recently she applied at the house of a relative for shelter, and was refused, and after wandering about the fields in the outskirts of the city without food for several days, was picked up and taken to the hospital in a dying condition.

Miss Jamieson Married.

Toronto, Feb. 15.—The wedding is announced of Miss Elizabeth Marshall Jamieson, daughter of Philip Jamieson, to Mr. Clifford Walker, of Belleville. The marriage was solemnized in Baltimore.

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AT R. MCKAY & CO'S. TUESDAY, FEB. 16, 1909
HAMILTON'S MOST PROGRESSIVE STORE

Now is the Time to Commence Your Spring Buying

Start to-morrow, especially when you can save so much on the following Tuesday buying chances. The new Wash Goods are here, and we will make a grand display to-morrow. Some lines will be specially priced. It's just your opportunity to save. Keep your eye on this space for the remainder of the month of February.

New Spring Venetian Cloth Suitings, Worth Reg. \$1, Sale Price Tues. 85c

A splendid cloth of good weight for spring style suits. Come in navy, brown, red, green, elephant, taupe and black. Just the kind of material for nobly suits. See the cloth on sale to-morrow at per yard. See

New Waistings on Sale, Worth Reg. 50c, Sale Price 29c Yd.

Comprising Delaines, French Flon Nets, Albatross, etc., in very neat effects, purchased by our buyer at his own kind of prices, and will be passed out to you to-morrow at the above special sale price.

The New Style Wash Material

WHITE HAMBURG MUSLIN, 45-inch width, beautiful sheer quality, even weave, good finish, to match embroidered fronts and flouncing, at prices ranging from .25 to 75c yard

FANCY SWISS APPLIQUE MUSLINS, shades pale blue, pink, tan, navy, and Wedgewood, with borders in floral design and diamond pattern, very stylish. \$4.72 per costume

SPECIAL IN CHAMBRAY—Yard wide Chambray, colors pale blue, pink, champagne, green and grey-blue, good weight, even thread, no dressing, special at 29c yard

Special Staple Values

Bleached Sheetting 22c
10 pieces Bleached Twill Sheetting, 2 yards wide, firm, even weave, regular. 27c, for 22c

Fancy Linens 1-3 Off
Small lot of Hand Drawn and Hand Embroidered Centres, Tray Cloths, Doilies, etc., some slightly soiled, on sale one-third less than regular price.

Nainsook 15c
40-inch Underwear Nainsook, fine, soft finish, worth 18c yard, for .15c

Flannelette 8 1/2c
Plain and Striped Flannelette, wide width, soft finish, worth 10 and 12c special 8 1/2c

Three Splendid Housefurnishing Snaps

50c to 75c Lace Trimmed Shades 29c Each
45 only odd lines, with lace or insertion, all complete with spring rollers, brackets, etc., regular size, mostly cream, while they last. ... 29c each

\$1.75 and \$1.95 Lace Curtains Reduced to \$1.18 Pair
All are strong double thread Curtains, in handsome well woven designs, all are 24 yards long by 50 to 54 inches wide, very durable, will wash and wear well, 100 pairs only to be sold Tuesday.

A TREMENDOUS BLANKET LANDSLIDE
75 pairs, odd lines, White Wool Blankets, sold regularly at \$6.50, \$6.00 and \$4.50 pair, all full double bolt size, best quality white fleeces wool, at good weight, choice any pair Tuesday at \$2.98 pair

Men's Department

Positively the Greatest Bargains Ever Offered

Men's Fancy Vests, 500 to be sold this week for 75c; have a look at them in window; the regular price worth up to \$3.50.

Men's Heavy Wool Socks, heather make, very fine quality; these are worth up to 35 and 40c, Tuesday at 18c pair

Men's Soft Front Shirts, all sizes, English make; these Shirts are worth up to \$1.50, Tuesday will clear at 95c

Men's Scotch Wool Gloves, all shades, regular 50 and 75c, Tuesday your choice 30c

Don't forget we make Shirts to order; 100 samples to choose from. We also make ladies' Shirt Waists, made from the finest of French cambrics, and as regards to fit satisfaction guaranteed.

R. MCKAY & Co.

87, 89, 91, 93, 95 Ashley St.
PHONES: Office 351
Factory 1660

The Quality of Mother's Bread seems to have improved greatly. With the more general use of machinery, greater uniformity in the product is noticeable.

RAILWAYS

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

TORONTO AND RETURN \$1.15 FROM HAMILTON

With 50 cents added for admission to Automobile, Motor Boat and Sportsman's Show, Good going Feb. 18, 20, 22 and 23rd. Return limit February 26th, 1909.

Cobalt and Gowganda

The established route to these Silver Fields is via Grand Trunk and T. & N. Ry. For full information apply to Chas. E. Moran, City Agent, or W. G. Webster, depot agent.

The Canadian Way to the Canadian West

Daily service of express trains by the most direct and interesting route. The only through-car line. See W. J. GRANT, Agent, Corner King and James Streets.

T., H. & B. Railway

NEW YORK \$9.40

Via New York Central Railway. (Except Empire State Express.) The ONLY RAILROAD LEADING PASSENGERS IN THE HEART OF THE CITY (and Street Station). Dining cars, buffet and through sleeping car. F. F. Backus, G. P. A. Phone 1099.

ROYAL MAIL TRAINS

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

Maritime Express

Famed for excellence of Sleeping and Dining Car Service. Leaves Montreal 12 noon daily, except Saturday for QUEBEC, ST. JOHN, N.B., HALIFAX.

Friday's Maritime Express

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, 81 King Street East, or GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT, Moncton, N.B.

STEAMSHIPS

DOMINION LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS
From Portland for Liverpool.
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Southwest Mar. 12

Canada, first class, \$70.00; second, \$40.00; other steamers in moderate rate service called second class. Only one class cabin passengers, \$42.00 to \$45.00, according to steamer. Third class to Liverpool, London, Londonery, Belfast, Glasgow, \$27.50.

St. Lawrence, season 1909. White Star-Dominion Line, Royal Mail Steamships.
Laurentic, 15,249 triple screw; Megantic, 12,300; largest and finest steamers calling Montreal, also excellent one class cabin service, called second class. Apply to local agents, or White Star-Dominion Line, 113 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

INSURANCE

F. W. GATES & BRO.

Royal Insurance Co.

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FOR SALE CHEAP

Plasterers' Salamanders, Garbage Tanks, Metal Hods for mortar and brick, Slatting, Tiling, All kinds of Roofing, Valleys and Flashings.

JOHN E. RIDDELL
Phone 687. 257 King Street East

Cat Upset the Lamp.
Petrolia, Feb. 14.—Last night about 10 o'clock fire broke out in the upper part of the Webster building, occupied by James Fisher and family, the occupants losing all. The lower part was rented by William Gillespie as a grocery store. It is reported that a cat upstairs upset the lamp on a table.
Sixty-seven lives were lost in the wreck of the steamer Penguin off Cape Terawhiti, New Zealand.
Russian police have issued a warrant for Maxim Gorky, the novelist.