

The Tangle of Fate

Lin looked like a wild man. His blue eyes glared upon Page, and he shouted, hoarsely:

"Why didn't you tell me this before? Come, Rainsford, she is there—his captive in the woodland cot, of whose existence I never heard before. Come, let us fly to her rescue."

And forgetting all about Page, both men rushed from the room, leaped into their saddles, and rode at break-neck speed toward the woods.

"What a dark and gloomy night! Not a star to be seen. Hark to the roll of that low thunder. There is going to be a terrible storm," exclaimed the lawyer, as he galloped forward, leading the way to the old hunting lodge.

As he spoke the darkness was irradiated by vivid successive flashes of fiery lightning, and the rain began to fall with a loud patter upon the grass. The summer storm broke in tremendous fury.

The horses, frightened at the gloom of the woods and the roll of the thunder, dashed madly forward.

Fortunately, both men were practiced riders, and entirely at home in the saddle. With soothing words, and steady hands upon the bridles, they held the frightened animals under control, guiding them on toward the goal they sought.

Lin's blue eyes, fiery with love and impatience, glared beneath the dark brows, striving to pierce the impenetrable darkness.

"Are we almost there?" he demanded.

"It must be less than a mile—Ha!" cried the lawyer, as a blinding flash of light made the dark forest momentarily bright as noonday, and the horses reared and whinnied with terror.

They pressed forward again in the blank darkness, with wildly beating hearts, and in another moment the lightning flashed again brightly. Lin's horse, with ears up, and trembling violently, shied to one side, so suddenly that he almost threw his rider.

"There was something white upon the ground—a woman!" shouted Lin, in wild excitement.

He flung himself from the saddle into the road, and by the fitful flashes of lightning sought for the object that had so frightened his horse.

It was a woman, indeed—a slight young figure, lying prone in the middle of the road, her light garments, her golden curls, drenched through and through with the torrent of rain.

"My God! it is Bonnie herself—Bonnie, and dead, shrieked Mr. Rainsford, who had also dismounted and followed Lin. With mingled groans they lifted the unconscious girl into Lin's saddle, and with his darling close clasped to his anxious heart, he rode back to Lloyd Hill, and gave her thus into her father's arms.

But Bonnie was not dead, although she remained unconscious some time, despite all their efforts to arouse her.

Meanwhile the storm raged. About midnight, and it was feared that the young girl's soul would take its flight on the wings of the wild hurricane, for in undressing her when she put her to bed Mrs. Cornwall discovered a jagged flesh wound on the girl's fair body close to her heart.

And all believed it to be a fatal wound. But the old claspknife had been too dull, or Bonnie's little hand too weak to do the deed at which she had aimed. The steel missed the heart and made but a superficial wound. The old doctor declared that it would heal nicely, although he feared there would always be a slight scar.

They all believed that Miles Westland had tried to murder Bonnie, but next morning she had regained sufficient strength to tell them her story, how she had chosen death rather than Bonnie Westland's love, but on recovering consciousness some time afterward had found him lying dead by her side, while a pistol close to his hand had showed that he was self-slain. Horrified, she had dragged herself from the house, and succeeded in making her way to the road, but weakened by loss of blood and overtaken by the furious storm, she had fallen down unconscious in the road where she had been found.

Soon after Bonnie had told her story she fell again into a heavy slumber, and then Lin and the lawyer set out for the woodland cottage with a coffin and an undertaker, to bring home the corpse of Miles Westland.

To their surprise, when they found him stretched upon the floor as Bonnie had said, they discovered that life still lingered. He breathed faintly, he was conscious—he could even speak.

The undertaker was sent back in haste for a physician.

Then they tried to make the sufferer more comfortable by lifting him gently upon the bed, moistening his parched lips with water and wine, and even finding some food that the old woman had left down stairs, but he swallowed with difficulty and pushed the plate away.

He could talk but little, but he professed to be deeply repentant for his wickedness. When he was told that Bonnie was at Lloyd Hill and likely to recover from the wound, he smiled in joy.

"I am glad she will live and be happy," he said. "I have been a fiend to her, I know, but if I could live I would never trouble her again, for now I understand how much she feared and hated me. Somehow I could never give up the hope of winning her. I thought I might the sick soul and body, but in a new when I saw her attempt to kill herself when I touched her. Then, overcome with rage, remorse, and despair, I attempted to follow her to another world."

When the physician came and examined the wounded man, he broke the news to him gently that his hours were numbered. He could not live until sunset.

Miles asked that a priest be sent for, and then begged Lin to go to Bonnie and beg her to grant him her forgiveness before he died.

"Tell her," he said, in his faint voice, "that I know I do not deserve her pardon, but that I believe I have been half-human and did not realize until too late the enormity of my guilt. I am sorry for it now, and sorry, too, for my cruelty to Imogen. I pray that they both may be happy yet, and I hope that God will forgive me, too, for my wickedness. You must forgive me, Lin, and when I am dead put a stone at my head, with my name and these true words: 'He Was Crossed in Love, and His Mind Went Wrong.'"

CHAPTER XXVI

Lin La Valliere drove fast and far to bring to the dying sinner the forgiveness he craved.

Bonnie gave it freely, and the knowledge made Miles Westland's death-bed easier.

"God bless her!" he murmured, brokenly. "You will marry her some day, I know, Lin, and you must try to make her so happy that she will forget these two bitter years in which I have tortured her with my unwelcome love."

The doctor remained and the priest came promptly. Both did their part by force her to live until last night, hours the light of life went out forever.

When the dark shades of night again wrapped the world, he was carried back to Lloyd Hill in his coffin, and two days later there was a quiet funeral, and the dead man was buried by the side of his child, sweet Baby Lin.

But to the closed and darkened chamber where Imogen was struggling slowly back to life, came no hint of the tragedy that was the talk of the country now, for the whole tragedy has somehow leaked out, and become the nine days' wonder. She was too weak to hear the revelation, and it was quite a month later before she was told the truth.

She bore it very quietly. She had never been particularly fond of Miles, and her severe illness had made her apathetic. When she reflected on all the trouble he would have made Bonnie if he had lived, she thought it was better for all that he was dead.

But she was glad when she heard that he had repented of his sins before he died.

"We were both wicked, and God was very good in giving us time to repent of our sins," she said to Bonnie.

Imogen was truly repentant. She resolved to be a better woman, to try not to envy Bonnie any more, and to crush out of her heart the passionate love for Lin La Valliere that had driven her mad with jealous hate for her innocent young sister.

It was a terrible struggle, but at length she succeeded. Her love was so hopeless that it had nothing to feed on, so it soon burnt itself out in the white heat of intense despair, and she was glad when it died, for she knew that Lin would soon be Bonnie's husband.

The engagement, to which every one was looking forward as a matter of course, had come about in a very simple fashion.

A few days after Miles Westland's funeral, Bonnie was sitting in an easy-chair in the handsome library, looked up and saw Lin at the door.

"Come in," he said, just thinking about you," she said.

Bonnie's mood had been keeping her a close prisoner in her room, and this was the first time she had been out at all. She was pale, but Lin thought her as beautiful as an angel, lying back at ease in the invalid's chair, with her wealth of golden curls falling over her soft, white dress.

Lin drew a chair to her side, and bent close to look into the luring dark eyes.

"I am very glad you were thinking of me, for I am always thinking about you, Bonnie," he replied, quite earnestly.

Her long lashes drooped, and her cheeks began to glow with the red of unfolding rosebuds, but drawing back a little from his too ardent gaze, she exclaimed:

"I didn't call you in here to pay me compliments, sir, but to talk business."

"Business?" he repeated, in a disappointed tone, his eager, laughing blue eyes becoming a little grave.

"Yes, lawyer Rainsford has been here this morning, and we were talking of old times."

"I would rather talk to you about the future, Bonnie," he returned, in a meek tone, but with veiled mischief under his drooping lashes.

"Come now, you must be serious. This is no joke," she said, severely.

"I was never more serious in my life, Bonnie."

"Not another word, sir, until I give you leave to answer me," laughed the girl, although she was getting crimson as a rose under his arch glances.

Having reduced her lover to mutinous silence, Bonnie continued:

"We were talking about old times—Mr. Rainsford and I—the times before I knew Mr. Lloyd, and when you expected to become his heir."

"Oh, I don't mind that—never did," cried Lin, hastily.

"Hush! you were not to answer yet," lifting her little white hand with an admonitory gesture. "Well, Mr. Rainsford told me how it all came about—your disinheritation, you know, Mr. Lloyd kept writing for you—writing and telegraphing—but he never got any answer to his messages because you never got them, you know. You were out of the world, away off in Nicholas."

"Courting you," he murmured, provokingly, but Bonnie pretended not to hear, and continued:

"I've always felt badly about cutting you out of that money ever since I knew all the facts, so I told Mr. Rainsford this morning, and I tell you now, Mr. La Valliere, that I intend to use my conscience and do the fair thing by you by dividing your cousin's estate with you. I can't be magnanimous and give you all, for I like to be rich, but you shall have half."

"Half!" murmured the young man, in an indescribable voice.

"Yes, half. Isn't that satisfactory?" she demanded.

"No," repeated Bonnie, with keen disappointment, and the blue eyes looked gravely into his own.

"May I explain myself?" he asked, very quietly.

"Certainly," said Bonnie in a dignified voice, but her eyelids quivered. She had expected praise instead of this cool manner.

"Very well," said Lin, and his warm hand closed softly over hers as it lay quiescent on the arm of her chair. He continued:

"My cousin often told me that he should leave me his whole fortune, and before he died he acquired another treasure—a lovely adopted daughter. I expected to get all his possessions, and since you talk of restitution, Bonnie, dear, you will let me choose what part of my cousin's wealth shall fall to my share, will you not?"

His clasp tightened on her hand, his face came close to hers, and in his tender eyes she read his meaning.

"Choose you, my dearest!" he cried, and clasped her unresisting form to his heart.

(To be continued.)

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Pletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Pletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 27 N. MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

JOKE OF EUROPE.

BRITISH LIBERAL MOVES TO CURB THE LORDS' POWERS.

Premier Asquith Advises Delay—Would Mean Immediate Appeal to Country—Redmond Ridicules Liberal—Motion Was Rejected.

London, Feb. 23.—In the House of Commons today, Arthur Ponsonby, Liberal member for Stirling Burghs, moved an amendment to the reply to the speech from the throne, declaring the necessity of legislative proposals to restrict the power of the House of Lords.

"I am just thinking about you," she said.

Bonnie's mood had been keeping her a close prisoner in her room, and this was the first time she had been out at all. She was pale, but Lin thought her as beautiful as an angel, lying back at ease in the invalid's chair, with her wealth of golden curls falling over her soft, white dress.

Lin drew a chair to her side, and bent close to look into the luring dark eyes.

"I am very glad you were thinking of me, for I am always thinking about you, Bonnie," he replied, quite earnestly.

Her long lashes drooped, and her cheeks began to glow with the red of unfolding rosebuds, but drawing back a little from his too ardent gaze, she exclaimed:

"I didn't call you in here to pay me compliments, sir, but to talk business."

"Business?" he repeated, in a disappointed tone, his eager, laughing blue eyes becoming a little grave.

"Yes, lawyer Rainsford has been here this morning, and we were talking of old times."

"I would rather talk to you about the future, Bonnie," he returned, in a meek tone, but with veiled mischief under his drooping lashes.

"Come now, you must be serious. This is no joke," she said, severely.

"I was never more serious in my life, Bonnie."

"Not another word, sir, until I give you leave to answer me," laughed the girl, although she was getting crimson as a rose under his arch glances.

Having reduced her lover to mutinous silence, Bonnie continued:

"We were talking about old times—Mr. Rainsford and I—the times before I knew Mr. Lloyd, and when you expected to become his heir."

"Oh, I don't mind that—never did," cried Lin, hastily.

"Hush! you were not to answer yet," lifting her little white hand with an admonitory gesture. "Well, Mr. Rainsford told me how it all came about—your disinheritation, you know, Mr. Lloyd kept writing for you—writing and telegraphing—but he never got any answer to his messages because you never got them, you know. You were out of the world, away off in Nicholas."

"Courting you," he murmured, provokingly, but Bonnie pretended not to hear, and continued:

"I've always felt badly about cutting you out of that money ever since I knew all the facts, so I told Mr. Rainsford this morning, and I tell you now, Mr. La Valliere, that I intend to use my conscience and do the fair thing by you by dividing your cousin's estate with you. I can't be magnanimous and give you all, for I like to be rich, but you shall have half."

"Half!" murmured the young man, in an indescribable voice.

"Yes, half. Isn't that satisfactory?" she demanded.

"No," repeated Bonnie, with keen disappointment, and the blue eyes looked gravely into his own.

"May I explain myself?" he asked, very quietly.

"Certainly," said Bonnie in a dignified voice, but her eyelids quivered. She had expected praise instead of this cool manner.

"Very well," said Lin, and his warm hand closed softly over hers as it lay quiescent on the arm of her chair. He continued:

"My cousin often told me that he should leave me his whole fortune, and before he died he acquired another treasure—a lovely adopted daughter. I expected to get all his possessions, and since you talk of restitution, Bonnie, dear, you will let me choose what part of my cousin's wealth shall fall to my share, will you not?"

His clasp tightened on her hand, his face came close to hers, and in his tender eyes she read his meaning.

"Choose you, my dearest!" he cried, and clasped her unresisting form to his heart.

(To be continued.)

ENDED HIS LIFE.

SON OF GERMAN NOBLEMAN COMMITTED SUICIDE AT FALLS.

Had Lost His Wife and Home—Body Recovered From Rocks at Foot of Cataract—Rescuers' Plucky Act.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Feb. 22.—Disappointed because of the tragic death of his wife, following his being disinherited by his father, who he claimed was a German nobleman, a man giving the name of R. von Banner, a suicide here.

His body was pulled out from between the rocks of the American Falls this afternoon. Von Banner came here Saturday afternoon on foot from Buffalo, and sought assistance from the president of the local Y. M. C. A., John L. Harper.

He had no money, and asked for lodging and meals until he could obtain work. He told Mr. Harper that in Germany he married a girl of lower birth, quarreled with his father, and emigrated with his wife.

In Chicago he secured employment, but on returning from work one night he found the flat in ruins, and his wife's charred remains in the morgue. Then he became a wanderer.

The body was discovered by some tourists, who walked on in front of the American falls on the ice bridge shortly after noon yesterday.

Percy Page, Robert Nickerson and Joseph Truesdale, three employees of the Chas. E. Fraser Co., building the new inclined railway, recovered the body, fastening a rope around his waist.

Page went at the risk of his life into the basin between the rocks, and made the body fast. There was little in the man's pockets that would lead to his identity.

When he returned home to lunch yesterday, Mr. Harper found a letter awaiting him. It was written in German, was postmarked Hamburg, 6 a. m., and reads as follows:

"Honored Mr. J. L. Harper, will you please excuse my writing in German, but I cannot write English correctly. I forgot to tell you that I am crazy, what I seen last night can be nothing but craziness. Many hearty thanks for your kindness. The picture of my dear wife is before my eyes all the time. I have to follow her. Once more, my best thanks for everything. With regards, R. von Banner."

The authorities here are inclined to believe that "von Banner" is not the man's correct name. All his underclothing, including socks and negligee, are embroidered with the initials "E. F. R. C."

The primitive operations employed in China and Japan are in marked contrast with the cleanly machine method of preparing tea in Ceylon. The purity of the tea is maintained by the use of the primitive method.

His delicious flavor will please you.

AN INSANE FARMER.

Cut Throats of Four Children—Stabbed Horses and Cows.

Mondovi, Wis., Feb. 22.—Hans B. Hanson, a farmer living near Strun, cut the throats of his four children, a boy and three girls, whose ages range from five to fifteen years, today with a butcher knife.

He followed this crime by stabbing several horses and cows, firing the barn and house and then cut his own throat.

CANADA AND WEST INDIES.

London Standard Looks for Closer Political Relations.

London, Feb. 22.—The Standard thinks that already the dream of certain statesmen that more intimate political relations may be established between the West Indies and Canada as the result of reciprocal tariff arrangements approaches realization. It will be necessary, therefore, to keep the ultimate possibilities in mind when the terms of the arrangement are published.

Sir Daniel Morris will be the West Indies Commissioner.

Great Boom for the Wireless.

London, Feb. 22.—Winston Churchill, President of the Board of Trade, announced in the House of Commons today that as an outcome of the recent collision off Nantuxet of the steamers Republic and Florida, he was considering the introduction of legislation to require all British-owned ocean steamers to carry an efficient wireless telegraph equipment.

AT R. MCKAY & CO'S. WEDNESDAY, FEB. 24, 1909
HAMILTON'S MOST PROGRESSIVE STORE

Magnificent Display of the New Wash Materials

Have you seen McKay's display of Wash Goods? Is the exclamation on all sides. The makers have certainly excelled themselves in the matter of beautiful style goods and our Wash Goods buyer has certainly displayed great taste and ability in gathering together such a magnificent array of lovely materials. You are invited to-morrow to come and pass your opinion and view the finest display in all Hamilton. Yes, all Canada. Come.

FANCY DRESS MUSLINS—Dainty stripe, pretty designs, in all colors; white ground, good quality, special 19c

HAMBURG MUSLINS—45 inch width, fine sheer quality, special, to match embroidery fronts and flouncings: prices .33, 50, 65 and 75c yard

SHANTUNG VESTINGS in pretty stripes and dots, very stylish for suits and shirt waists, at .35c yard

A SPECIAL LINE OF PLAIDING-HAMS—Very new and stylish colors, pale blue, pink, green, black, also some in two-tone colors, suitable for children's school dresses, special .20c

Wednesday Belt Sensation

Elastic Belts Worth Reg. \$1.25, Sale Price 69c each

10 dozen new Elastic Belts, studded with steel and finished with pretty steel buckles, on sale to-morrow at a price for quick selling, in brown, navy, green, Copenhagen and tan; be on hand early for this event; a big snap.

New Paris Veilings 25c Worth Reg. 35c & 40c

Introducing a special shipment of the New French Style Veilings, with a special sale event; 20 pieces in the lot, including every new and wanted shade. See the display to-morrow and take advantage of the special pricings.

Interesting Staple Values

Table Cloths 98c

Pure Linen Cloths, 2 yards square, bordered all around, slightly imperfect, worth \$1.50, for .98c

Toweling 12½c

24-inch Fortral Crash, the best tea towel, worth 17c, for 12½c

Sheeting 20c

Plain Unbleached Sheet, round, even thread, 2 yards wide, 25c value, for .20c

Lonsdale 13c

Fine soft finish Lonsdale, 36 inches wide, regular life, for .13c

Towels 55c Pair

Pure Linen Huck Towels, hemstitched, extra size, firm, absorbent weave, worth 75c pair, special .55c pair

New Prints

Splendid showing of new Spring Prints, dainty shirt-waist patterns, special at .12½ and 14c

Only Few More Days to Buy Carpets and Rugs at Sacrifice Prices

CARPETS MADE, LAID AND LINED FREE

Tapestry Carpet 69c

Handsome Tapestry Carpets, very heavy, a great bargain, worth 90 and 95c, made, laid and lined for .69c

Brussels Carpet \$1.00

Rich Brussels Carpets, borders to match, heavy grade, extra value, worth \$1.35, made, laid and lined for \$1.00

Wilton Carpet \$1.19

Wilton Carpets, high grade quality, extra fine patterns, worth \$1.75 to \$1.90, made, laid and lined for \$1.19 per yard

Velvet Carpet \$1.05

Velvet Carpets, borders to match, extra choice quality, elegant colorings, worth \$1.45, made, laid and lined, \$1.05

Tapestry Rugs \$9.75

Tapestry Rugs, size 4 x 3 yards, elegant patterns, a great bargain, worth \$12.75, laid and lined for .975

Brussels Rugs \$16.50

Brussels Rugs, size 3½ x 3 yards, A-1 patterns, fine grade, worth \$22.50, laid and lined for \$16.50

Velvet Rugs \$19.75

Velvet Rugs, size 3½ x 3 yards, very best quality, seamless, rich colorings, worth \$25.00, laid and lined for \$19.75

Moravian Rugs \$8.50

Moravian Rugs, Oriental colorings, reversible, size 3½ x 2½ yards, suitable for dining rooms or dens, worth \$12.50, for \$8.50

R. MCKAY & CO.

PRESIDENT PLEASED.