

# A Tangled Web

BY MRS. ALEXANDER

Author of "Beaton's Bargain," "His Perfect Tru,"  
"By Another Name," "Her Hea's Idol,"  
"Half a Truth," "H's Rival"

More than this he would not promise. Lady Dorrington was therefore forced to be content. "I hear Mrs. L'Estrange and Nora are in town? What in the world are they doing here? Wasting their money?" "I suppose they got bored and nervous at Brookdale. Why should they not be comfortable and happy? It can cost next to nothing, living as they do."

"Oh! you think people are strictly economical when they don't drive four-in-hand and sit down to trifles, pheasants and pate de foie gras every day. However, they have a right to please themselves. I wish Winton would make haste to marry Nora. It is time she were settled."

"Are you sure he intends to marry Nora?" "He is behaving very badly if he does not. Why, he almost lived in her house all the summer, they tell me."

"Is it not just possible he may marry Mrs. L'Estrange, who was his flame long ago? It looks to me very like a case of returning to his first love."

"Ah!" cried Lady Dorrington. "Is it possible? That never struck me. I don't see why it might not. Turn out very well, and then Nora need not make any provision for her little sister, besides, I have often thought, what a nice match she would be for Dorrington's nephew, Charlie Wyson. You know Charlie? A very good fellow, and getting on very well indeed at the bar. He would be the very thing for Nora. If Mrs. L'Estrange goes to India, we must marry Nora to some one, she can not live alone."

"Certainly not, we must marry her to some one," agreed Marsden, with cheerful alacrity. "I will ask them all down to Chedworth for Christmas. It would be quite exciting if the triple event came off at my house!"

"It would, indeed. Now," added Marsden, filling and swallowing a large glass of sherry. "I must leave you, I have one or two people to see before I retire to rest; so good-night, sister mine, try and believe your brother is in the moon!"

"My dear Clifford, how can you say such things? Be sure that you do not lose money at cards or anything of that kind. Let me see you to-morrow, and remember, you have promised to come down next week to Chedworth."

The morning after Lady Dorrington and her brother had dined together. Mrs. Ruthven received a second visit from Waite. He was got up in a style of the severest respectability, and might from his appearance have been the secretary of a benevolent institution. He passed in the middle of the room, and made a low bow. Mrs. Ruthven looked at him steadily before speaking, then a smile crept round her lips.

"I think we have successfully alarmed any suspicious or fears Captain Shirley may have. You know, I have one or two people to see before I retire to rest; so good-night, sister mine, try and believe your brother is in the moon!"

"I have been a difficult business," she said, looking down. "I have been a difficult business," she said, looking down. "I have been a difficult business," she said, looking down.

"Why not an old important one?" "Because at this moment there is scarce one to be had. The Peerage gives valuable information."

"And because the fascinating master of Evesleigh happens to please your fancy?" "What is it to you if he does?" she cried, with sudden fierceness.

"It is a great deal to me. I hate the idea," returned Shirley, bitterly. "You don't really mean to say you still care who or what I like?" she exclaimed with a slight, not unfriendly, smile.

"A strict alliance for our mutual benefit is wise and reasonable, but I think we have exhausted sentiment. The fact is you like Marsden. I can see your enemy curling round the corners of your mouth, and gleaming through the glasses you can not veil. How can I trust you to tell me what goes on, without exaggeration or prejudice? You may have nothing to report. Marsden may ask me to marry him during this visit. I fancy Lady Dorrington expects it. So I am not going to let that girl interfere with my plans, cost what it may to cut her out!" She spoke with strong emphasis.

"I understand," said Shirley, who had listened sulkily to this long speech. "If you have set your mind on Marsden or Evesleigh, everything must give way. I am not going to let that girl interfere with my plans, cost what it may to cut her out!" She spoke with strong emphasis.

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was rather surprised to find she was ready with the money for her new purchase. "What?" cried Mrs. Ruthven. "You insist Clifford Marsden would be faithful to his trust? What a base suspicion!"

"I see nothing to elevate him above it," said Shirley with a sneer. "However, I will endeavor to carry out your wishes, as I have always done, but not for nothing."

Mrs. Ruthven looked at him—a curious searching look. "You shall have your pay," she said, "in any way you like except one. You need not have mentioned the exception, I am well aware of it."

There was a pause. Then Mrs. Ruthven said in an altered tone: "Lady Dorrington goes down to Chedworth to-day and I follow to-morrow."

"Ten days, possibly a fortnight. Now, my dear Shirley, I am going to be rather busy, and must bid you good-morning."

"I understand," he said, "and obey."

Lady Dorrington had written a few lines to her god-daughter, excusing herself for not having called on or sent for her. "Time was too short," she said. "It was of the utmost importance to get poor dear Mrs. Ruthven away to a totally new scene, and among fresh faces."

Mrs. L'Estrange smiled as she read the note. "I fancy Clifford Marsden will be her best comfort," she said.

"Do you know," returned Nora in a voice full of gloom, "I begin to doubt if Clifford cares as much for her as I thought he did."

"Do you?" said Mrs. L'Estrange. "I never quite shared your opinion on that subject, though I think it likely enough they will marry. Mark Winton was saying yesterday that there was an idea at one time among her late husband's brother officers that Mrs. L'Estrange would marry Captain Shirley. It is curious that he should still be so much with her."

"When a lady is rejected, communications are generally broken off."

"It was more gossip, probably—the report, I mean. Why should not men and women be dear friends and nothing more?"

"I am sure I do not know; but you don't often see it."

"As education and common sense increase, friendship between men and women will, I suppose, be more frequent."

"Perhaps so," said Mrs. L'Estrange doubtfully. "Marsden was talking of returning to India yesterday. His leave of absence has not expired yet, but he seems anxious to get back to his work. He says he feels he is wasting his time here, and that, for a man of his disposition, the only charm his possession is work."

"That is rather a dreary doctrine, is it not?" "I told him so. He was very nice and pleasant yesterday, but I fancied there was an under-tone of depression in all he said."

"Why, Mr. Winton is the last man I should suspect of sentimental melancholy," cried Mrs. L'Estrange. "I don't think you do Mark Winton justice. Nora, I have known him since he was a lad, and he is, I believe, one of the best fellows in the county."

"If you say so, I am quite willing to believe it," then, breaking off suddenly, she exclaimed: "Listen to this, Helen. Drury Lane has in preparation one of the most brilliant pantomimes ever presented to a London audience. The scenic effects will be of an original and extraordinary character, and the ballet, one of the most gorgeous ever seen in this country."

"It will be such fun going with her! What raptures she will be in! By the way, Helen, don't you think she can take in Fraulein Schrader at Christmas time? She is not happy at the school, and all the girls given notice she is going to leave. They will be cross and disagreeable."

"Yes, I have no doubt she can manage it. She is going to leave us early in December."

And the conversation turned on domestic matters. Mrs. L'Estrange, who was far from strong, had taken cold, and was easily persuaded to keep indoors. The day being dry and crisp, Nora took her maid, Watson, an elderly, stout personage, who had been in Mrs. L'Estrange's service ever since she was married, to hear her company, and walked across the park to inquire for Mrs. Ruthven and bid her good-bye.

CHAPTER X. When they reached the hotel, Mrs. Ruthven was out, and Nora prolonged her walk to Harvey and Nichols, where she and her attendant spent a delightful hour, and several pounds.

By the time she reached her temporary home, Nora felt refreshed and invigorated by air and exercise. The shades of evening had begun to gather, and she planned to herself that she would read aloud to Helen after dinner, to atone for her long absence.

The gas had not been lit, and going upstairs in semi-darkness, she ran against some one on the first landing. "I beg your pardon," said Winton, whose voice she instantly recognized. "He is a dear old fellow."

"Yes, the evenings draw in so soon now," she replied, with some confusion. "I am glad to have an opportunity of wishing you good-night. I am going out to town to-morrow for a few weeks; by the time I come back, I shall have made up my mind whether I shall return to India at once or stay to the full extent of my leave."

"Has the old country so little attraction for you, Mr. Winton, that you are ready to go?" "Plenty of attraction; but I need not trouble you with my reasons. Good-bye for the present. I hope to see you again before long, either here or at Brookdale."

## Grand Greve.

A Concert and Tea Meeting was held on Thursday last in the Church Hall, proceeds being in aid of St. Peter's Church, Little Gave. Quite a crowd attended amongst whom were Mr. and Mrs. Brien, Mr. Kavanagh, Miss Veit, Mrs. Annett, Miss and Mr. Asch of Gave, and many others from the surrounding villages.

## PROGRAMME.

Chorus, Lion Hearts of England—The Choir. Recitation, Welcome—The Children. Dialogue, Down East—Misses Hyman, Laws and Roberts, Messrs Jones and Lem-saver. Song, Hawatha—Mr. A. Jones. Dialogue, Mr. Flatter—Misses Price, Messrs. Dwy, Fries and Bartlett. Song, Waiting for Papa—Miss Irene Bartlett.

Dialogue, Playing School—Misses Ada and Mary Bartlett, Master Geo. Gavey. Song, Little footprints in the snow—Mr. Chas. P. Bartlett. Recitation, The Fugitive Slave—Miss Maud Bartlett.

Song, Star of the East—Misses R. Price and E. Roberts. Photograph Selections—Mr. Brien.

Chorus, Our kin across the sea—Choir. Dialogue, The Wrangling Pair—Mrs. Joseph Gavey, Mr. A. Jones. Song, My Dad's the Engineer—Misses Ada and Mary Bartlett.

Dialogue, Rose and Thorn—Mrs. J. Gavey, Misses Ennott and Price, Mr. Allen Derry. Song, Beneath the Orange Tree—Mr. Alf Jones. Recitation, Left alone—Master Geo. Gavey. Song, The Slough Drive—The Children. Tableau, Minnie and the King.

Our friend Mr. Frances LeHuguet has resumed his duties once more as the Lighthouse at Cape Gaspé is in operation since Monday last. Mr. Elias Briard we hear is to be the assistant again this year.

Several of the young men have returned from the lumber camps. How to ward off an attack of Rheumatism.

"For years when spring time came on and I went into gardening, I was sure to have an attack of rheumatism and every attack was more severe than the preceding one," says Josie McDonald, of Men. Logan County, West Va. "I tried everything with no relief whatever, until I procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and the first application gave me ease, and before the first bottle was used I felt like a new person. Now I feel that I am cured, but I always keep a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm in the house and when I feel any symptoms of a return I soon drive it away with one or two applications of this liniment. For sale by A. McG. McDonald."

## Acquet River.

Miss Amanda Doyle is visiting her sister, Sister Carroll of the Hotel Dieu Convent at Chatham. We regret to learn that Rev. Sister Carroll is in poor health.

Quite a number of our young men have left for the Drive. We wish them all good luck and a safe return. In the Rev. Father's funeral, presided at by his mother, spent Wednesday last in Bathurst.

The first regular meeting of the new organization, St. Gabriel's Catholic Total Abstinence Society took place on the 17th inst. Thomas Hayes, Esq., presiding. Regular business meetings will be held monthly and there will be a "Social Meeting" three nights of each week. A committee composed of Messrs. Matthew McDonald, A. J. Melanson, Thomas LaPointe, and Charles Levesque have charge of the furnishing of the Society Hall. This work is expected to be done by Saturday when the first Social Meeting will take place. The Society at its last meeting was addressed at length by its Director, Father Purcell, and also by the President, Mr. Hayes. Both addresses were filled with good sound and practical advice and were well appreciated by the members.

The membership continues to increase. Success to the Society, Father Purcell is leaving, nothing more to protect our boys, and to make things pleasant for them as well. In this new move in the interests of Religion and good citizenship he is applauded by all classes and creeds.

Our roads are beginning to break up and in many places there are bad patches. Is there no officer in our Parish whose duty it is to look after our roads? If there be such a man and he finds he does not do his duty, is there then no other officer who can be made to look after him?

We believe that Durham Parish takes the cake for neglected roads in winter and spring time. It is to the interest of all that we should have good roads at all seasons of the year, and why then do not some of our ratepayers, some of our prominent men—professional men for example—look into this matter and try and find a remedy for this present miserable condition of affairs? Last week here the roads were beyond all dispute in a most dangerous condition. It is time we had a change for the better.

The bay down in this direction at least is quite clear of ice. Several marriages are reported to take place in the near future in our locality.

Mr. S. J. McLanahan, Insurance Agent at Bathurst, was here on business last week.

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## (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Dawsonville Notes.

(Too late for last issue.)

The roads of this place are breaking up fast, some places are almost impassable, and also the ice. Farmers are beginning already to make preparations for the summer.

Mrs. Mrs. Anderson of Campbellton was the guest of Mrs. Wm. Copeland a few days last week.

It is reported that John Myles who has been seriously ill is now recovering, his daughter, Mrs. John Farrer and children, returned home to Campbellton Monday night.

Mrs. Jas. McDonald of C'ton, passed through here in aid of the Baptist Sewing Circle.

Geo. Sanson passed through here Friday to cook for Richard's driving men.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Copeland, accompanied by Mrs. Jas. Anderson paid a flying visit Wednesday to James Anderson's camp, but got a poor reception as brother Young took his departure for C'ton the night before and all that was to greet them were a cold stove, dirty dishes and the beds strewn with Bibles and Gospel Tracts. I am sure brother Young must have taken seriously ill, or I am certain he would not have left the camp in such a condition, as there were a large crowd of drivers that evening and nothing to eat, but before they were there very long Mr. Anderson and Guy Farrer of C'ton came to the rescue, Mrs. Anderson returning with the said party to Mr. Copeland's where they spent the evening, returning to town the next day.

Mrs. George Dawson who has been very ill is now slowly recovering.

A great many of our young men are preparing for the drive. Mrs. Isaac Farrer and children are in town visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Copeland spent Tuesday in C'ton visiting Mrs. James Anderson.

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## Tide Head

The many friends of Mrs. Thos. Barclay are sorry to hear of her illness here last week. Miss Annie and Mr. Alex. Craig of Charlott and Messrs. Claude Brown, Harry Montgomery, Jas. Wallace of Dalhousie and James Reid and J. G. Ross of Charlott attended the social held here last week, also Thos. Woodman of Moncton.

Misses Bertha and Lou Gillis of Matapedia visited their cousin Miss Moffat for a few days.

Miss Aida Mair spent a few days with friends in Charlott. Miss Minnie M. Beath visited friends here last week. Misses Annie and Mr. Alex. Craig of Charlott and Messrs. Claude Brown, Harry Montgomery, Jas. Wallace of Dalhousie and James Reid and J. G. Ross of Charlott attended the social held here last week, also Thos. Woodman of Moncton.

Rev. A. F. Carr held Divine Service in the Church here on Sunday.

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