# The Tangle of Fate

A thrill ran through every one, and there were tears in Lin's eyes at the touching scene. Only Miles Westland scowled in demoniac triumph.

"She owns that she is Bonnie, my wife," he cried, significantly. "My wife, no matter how I won her, and she shall be mine—she and all her wealth!"

He flashed a look of triumph at Lin La Valliere, but Farmer Dale, holding his darling daughter to his heart, looked over the top of her pretty golden head, and said, angrily:

"You villain, you will never get Bonnie. Why, a lawyer told me that such a marriage as that could be very easily broken, and I will get my child a lawyer to-morrow, and she shall be free directly, and marry anybody else she wonts to," with a glance of broad friendliness toward Lin.

"We shall see about that. I can get a lawyer, too," sputtered Miles Westland, furiously, and he rushed from the room, and went immediately to lay his case before Mr. Rainsford.

The lawyer heard him through gravely, and then said:

"I cannot undertake the case, Mr. Westland, as I shall of course be engaged on the side of Mr. Lloyd's heiress, and all my sympathies go with her. Pardon my frankness, but you have acted like a villain, and my advice to you is to keep quiet and let your first wife secure a divorce, so that you can remarry Imogen."

"I do not want Imogen. I never cared much for her, and I have been tired of her for a long time. I will have no more to do with her. I want Bonnie and her fortune," was the brutally frank reply.

"Perhaps it's the fortune more than the girl," said Lawyer Rainsford, significantly.

"No, I swear it's not. I'd take her without a penny! Mr. Rainsford, I love her to madness. Why, I didn't use to be half-bad, but the love of that girl's black eyes made me a devil. Oh, heaven, if she would only have loved me it might have made a good man out of me!" and suddenly giving away to his despair, the young fellow dropped his head on Mr. Rainsford's table and sobbed aloud.

The lawyer's face expressed his surprise, and after a moment he said, gently:

"Well, you went the wrong way to win her. To be forced to marry you in that brutal fashion was enough to make any woman hate you. Give it up, Miles, and try to love the other one."

"Never! I hate her! I hope she will die—there!" exclaimed the young man, malevolently.

Lifting his head, with a haggard look on his white face, he continued:

"I'll go anl see another lawyer, and perhaps he can help me in spite of you! I'll never give her up while there's life in my body to defend my claim!"

"You talk rashly. A man can't always have the woman he sets his heart on. Probably many another young fellow has sighed for this lovely girl, and found it like crying for the moon," replied the lawyer, coolly, and added:

"Don't go to another lawyer to-night, Miles. Wait, for decency's sake, until you see how long Imogen's illness turns out. You owe her some little respect. Go home and sleep on the matter, and let us talk it over more calmly to-morrow."

Miles caught up his hat, with an oath, and rushed out of the office without the civility of a good-night.

He went immediately to the house of another lawyer, but he was out of town attending court at another county seat. He must perforce wait until to-morrow, but he swore to himself a bitter oath that he would possess beautiful Bonnie if the whole world stood between them.

CHAPTER XXII.

When Miles Westland left the room Bonnie drew a long, sobbing breath of relief, and looked up with wet, dark eyes into her father's face.

"Oh, papa, dearest, will you ever forgive me for my wickedness? Indeed, it was for Imogen's sake that I would not own my identity! Think, think, how dreadfully it turns out for her, poor thing*" she sobbed.

"I am not angry with you, my pet. I knew it could be no one else but you, but in a minute I understood your reasons. You were always good to Imogen, darling, and you wanted to save and spare her, I know."

"Yes, indeed, that was it, papa," she said, earnestly, and as his trembling old hand tenderly stroked the golden head she looked shyly into the eyes of Lin.

"And you?" she faltered.

"I knew you from the first moment. That was why I wished so earnestly to be your friend. I foresaw this dreadful hour, when Miles Westland would try to claim you," he replied, then holding out his hand half-hesitatingly, "Bonnie, I am almost afraid to ask your forgiveness for my cruelty that day."

"You have earned it by your goodness to me since," she answered, sweetly, and she gave him her little hand.

"Maybe I ought to be asking forgiveness, too," said the old farmer, bashfully, "Lin, I cut up too rough on you and Bonnie that day. Maybe Imogen didn't tell things exactly square, she was so mad. I've mistrusted that often since I was left to myself, and she cared so little for me that she never wrote a word back to her lonely old dad. Will you both overlook it?"

"Willingly," said Lin.

"Gladly!" sobbed Bonnie, and the old man's heart throbbed with a happiness he had not known since that autumn day now almost two years gone when Imogen had walked across the fields to turn his heart against his favorite, swee turn his heart against his favorite, sweet little Bonnie. Poor Imogen, dearly was she paying for her folly now, lying there ill unto death, moaning and whispering pitifully to herself, unconscious of their presence.

But perhaps the sound of excited voices in some way disturbed her, for she began to grow more restless, turning her head from side to side, gesticulating with her hands, and muttering loudly and incoherently.

"It might be better for you all to retire," observed Mrs. Baldwin.

"Come with me to my boudoir, papa. I have so much to say to you that I feel as if I could talk all night," whispered Bonnie, linking her arm in her father's as they left the room.

As they parted in the hall, Bonnie threw Lin a sweet, bewildering good-night smile that made his pulse throb with dizzy rapture.

"Little darling, she may yet be mine," he thought, happily, as the dear little golden head vanished from sight beyond the broad shoulder of her father.

The young girl ushered her father into her exquisite boudoir, and seating him in the most luxurious chair it contained, placed herself on a low ottoman at his feet, leaned her head on his knee, and smiled up at him with confiding love.

"Oh, papa, dear, how good it is to see you again. You must never leave me alone any more. You'll stay with me, dear, won't you? I am so rich, I can make you have such a happy time. And to-morrow we will have my lawyer, Mr. Rainsford, here to talk about—that—you know. And you really think, papa, dear, you can get me free from that wretch?"

"Not a doubt of it, my dear, and then you'll be wanting to marry Mr. La Valliere, I s'pose."

"If he wants me, papa," returned Bonnie, blushingly.

"No doubt about that, I guess, pet. Poor Imogen. I hope she don't care much for Miles, for I shall take her back home with me, if she gets well."

Bonnie remained gravely silent for a while, then her fair face brightened, and she said:

"Tell me all about them at home—the girls and the boys. Who are married, and who are dead?"

"Old Jerry Jones is dead, honey. He was night onto a hundred, you know, and old Miss——"

"But Mollie Miller, papa, and Ella Deane, and the rest?"

"There's a young editor chap, name of Argabrite, from up in Greenbrier County, courting Mollie Miller, and folks do say it is sure to be a match."

"Hurrah for Mollie. I mean to be at the wedding and give the bride a lovely present,' exclaimed Bonnie, with girlish delight.

"And Ella Deane was married on Christmas to the new schoolmaster, and Art Vaughn is engaged to be married. And Mrs. Thorne has two more children since you left—twins—and but indeed they are all well and doing well, Bonnie; so please tell me all about yourself since you left us,' said Farmer Dale, who was more interested in his daughter than his neighbors.

"Well, I will, papa," returned the young girl. She got up, placed herself on his knee, and hugged the old gray head with her white arms. "Oh, how good it is to have you back again. I have missed you so, my darling papa. I have wept for you so many nights," she murmured, lovingly, as she kissed his face.

"God bless you, my dear little girl, you haven't changed a bit. You're just the same little loving-hearted child!" exclaimed the old man, huskily, while he hugged the little figure with his fond arms and stroked the golden curly head.

It was almost midnight when she let him go to his room, they both had so much to hear and tell, and then Bonnie stole to the door of Imogen's room a moment, and saw for herself that her sister was resting more easily.

Then tired with her late vigil, but very, very happy over the coming of her beloved old father, Bonnie sought her dainty couch and soon fell into a deep sleep.

The summer morning dawned with sunshine, flowers and bird-songs, and Bonnie rose quite early, much to the surprise of Mistress Cornwall, the maid.

But sweet Bonnie knew that her farmer father was always astir with the dawn, and she did not want him to feel lonely.

So in her pretty white morning dress, with her golden hair in a shining veil over her shoulders, and her cheeks glowing like roses, the young girl joined her father, and they went together to Imogen's room to see how she fared.

Mrs. Baldwin told them frankly that Imogen was worse, and her burning cheeks, glassy stare and delirious ravings bore out the assertion.

"She will not live the week out," she declared, and Bonnie shuddered at the thought of Imogen having to die while she was yet so young and beautiful—Imogen, who loved life and its pleasures so dearly.

She bowed her golden head in reverent awe and silently prayed heaven to let Imogen live—live to repent of her sins and become a good woman.

For Bonnie knew that the stain of a dark and unrepented sin lay upon her sister's soul, and she must not die until she had won the forgiveness of heaven.

So she prayed silently, but earnestly, for Imogen's life:

"Oh, heaven, let her live, let her repent, let her become a good woman!"

She went out with her father into the beautiful sunshine, but beneath the blue sky, and among the roses and dew-drops, her thoughts remained in the sick room with the delirious invalid, and the silent prayer for her sister's life hovered always on her lips.

Early after breakfast Lawyer Rainsford made his appearance. He knew that Bonnie would want him, and did not wait for a formal summons.

Bonnie and Lin, Farmer Dale and the lawyer all talked together in the library over the exciting subject of Miles Westland's claim on Bonnie. For the first time she told them the story of her fatal marriage to the enamored schoolmaster. Her beautiful rosy cheeks grew pale, her tears flowed freely, and Lin La Valliere bitterly envied the old farmer, who had the right to draw the golden head down upon his arm and wipe the tears away.

"Honey, you ought to have told me all about it that night as soon as you got home," said the old man.

"I was afraid, papa. He was in the pool, you know, and I thought I might be accused of his murder."

"Poor little one, how she must have suffered keeping that terrible secret locked in her breast, and trying to appear like her own bright, happy self all the while!" thought Lin, with a thrill of remorseful love, and his eyes told Bonnie his adoring thoughts so plainly that she blushed and dropped the white lids bashfully against her cheeks.

They loved each other so dearly, but Miles Westland stood like a hideous spectre between their hearts.

"You shall be free, my darling, so do not fret about it any more," said Farmer Dale, lovingly.

"Yes, you shall be free," Lawyer Rainsford added, reassuringly, but though her heart leaped at that assurance, Bonnie thought of all the publicity and scandal that must attend the suit for a divorce, and her soul sank in dismay.

She cried out piteously:

"Oh, why did I ever come back to America? It was an evil fate, indeed, that brought me back! I shall be disgraced forever. My name will be in all the papers."

Lawyer Rainsford smiled as he replied to the simple little beauty that it was no disgrace to get into the papers, and that many ambitious women paid large sums to editors and reporters for little paragraphs about themselves in the great dailies.

(To be Continued.)


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## TIMES PATTERNS.

LADIES' SHIRTWAIST.

No. 8366.—The plain tailored shirtwaist is by no means the severe garment of former days. It is now seen richly embroidered or banded with contrasting material. The pictured model has yoke pieces over the fronts, and a high collar that like the cuffs and front plait is of contrasting material. The sleeve shows tucks above the elbow. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

**Address, "Pattern Department," Times Office, Hamilton.**

**It will take several days before you can get patterns.**

## USE ELECTRICITY.

### Steel Trust to Erect Furnaces For New Process.

New York, Feb. 17.—The Iron Age will say to-morrow: The United States Steel Corporation has decided to introduce the Heroult electric furnace and steel process, after its engineers had made a close study of the mineral subject, extending over two years, and have made a number of visits to the localities abroad where electric furnaces and methods are in operation.

The outcome of these investigations is that it has been decided to put up one 15-ton Heroult furnace at the South Chicago works of the Illinois Steel Co., and one 15-ton furnace at the Washburn and Moen plant at Worcester, of the American Steel & Wire Co.

Plans for the two plants are now being drawn, and construction will be pushed vigorously, so that both installations will be in operation before the early summer.

## PULITZER'S CASE.

### Proprietor of the New York World is Indicted.

Washington, Feb. 17.—Bench warrants were issued to-day for the arrest and transportation to Washington of Joseph Pulitzer, editor of the New York World; Caleb M. Van Hamm and Robert K. Lyman, of the World, and Delavan Smith and Charles R. Williams, of the Indianapolis News, by Chief Justice Clabaugh, in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

The warrants follow swiftly the return of indictments for criminal libel against the men named by the Federal Grand Jury. This action was based on the publication in the two newspapers of alleged libelous articles concerning the purchase of the Panama Canal rights by the United States.

The fertile island of Ceylon has every requisite for growing tea of the finest quality. The excellent value, absolute cleanliness and delicious flavor of "Salada" Tea produce a beverage that is the delight of thousands.

## BRITISH POOR.

### Proposal to Abolish Workhouse and Guardians.

### Separate Treatment For Aged and the Able Bodied Loafer.

London, Feb. 7.—The most important British sociological report in many years has just been issued. For more than three years a Royal Commission, comprising experts in poor law administration and social economics, have been investigating the British poor laws, and the industrial and social conditions which led to unemployment and the production of men and women who cannot be employed. The report fills 1,238 large folio pages, while the records of evidence and the reports of special investigators will, when printed, make more than 40 volumes. The report, or rather reports, for there are majority and minority reports, contain 250 recommendations. Some of the most striking of these, in which both the majority and the minority agree, are the abolition of general workhouses and boards of poor law guardians, the establishment of separate treatment for the aged, weak, able-bodied unemployed persons and loafers, the compulsory detention of persistent idlers for periods varying from six months to three years, the institution of labor exchanges and the discouragement or prevention of child labor. Throughout the reports an appeal is made to the prosperous to cooperate by personal service in the relief of the poor, especially to set the poor a good example. The increasing extravagance in dress, the craving for amusement and the subordination of the serious side of life to frivolity are declared to be habits that are responsible for much pauperism and distress. If reforms in these directions are to be effective the example, says the report, must come from above. The evidence given showed that city-bred populations degenerate. A great majority of the unemployed are city-bred. It is impossible to give in cable limits more than the merest outline of the proposals, which are drastically revolutionary, and which will, if adopted, completely alter social conditions in some directions. It is noteworthy that the commission is the first great Rayol Commission having women members.

The House of Commons to-night was the scene of a fierce debate on the subject of unemployment. A motion to condemn the Government for the inadequacy of its proposals was defeated, 205 to 101, after John Burns and Winston Churchill, speaking for the Government, had referred to their plans for afforestation, a labor exchange bureau, and, probably, State insurance against unemployment.

The Princess of Wales, who is to visit the hospital at Islington on Monday, has asked the Borough Council to cancel the arrangements for street decorations, and hopes that "having regard for the existing distress no expense will be incurred."

## UP IN THE AIR.

### Suffragette in a Balloon Attempted to Distribute Literature.

London, Feb. 17.—The militant woman suffragists yesterday as their latest and most ambitious exploit attempted propaganda by airship. A balloon manned by an aeronaut and Miss Muriel Matters, one of the heroines of the grill incident in the House of Commons, went up at Hendon. It was Miss Matters' intention to pass over Westminster and throw suffragist literature down on the crowds about St. Stephen's. The motor was too feeble, however, to cope with the winds and the airship came down at Croydon.

### ARMY OF THE EMPIRE.

#### People of Australia Showing Great Interest in the Scheme.

Melbourne, Feb. 17.—The Federal Government is satisfied with Mr. Haldane's proposals for the creation of an imperial staff. The public are showing great interest in the scheme of an army of the empire, but are awaiting particulars. It is understood that the proposals fully comply with the ministerial promises made at the Imperial Conference.

London, Feb. 17.—The Standard demands direct representation of overseas states on the committee on imperial defence, as a condition prior to any rational organization of imperial naval and military forces.

The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has dismissed the appeal of the Grand Trunk Railway against the order of the Railway Commission instructing it to sell third-class fare tickets at two cents a mile, between Toronto and Montreal.


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**Special Friday Notice to Ladies**

We've marked our White Wool Blankets and all our real feather down Comforters below cost to clear them swiftly. If you can possibly use one or the other come on Friday. We cannot itemize them here, as we lose money on them already. All best, new goods. Come in!

**New Spring Venetian Cloth Suiting**

Worth regularly $1.00, sale price Friday, 85c yard. A splendid cloth, of good weight for spring style suits, colors in navy, brown, red, green, elephant, Copenhagen and black, just the kind of material for a nobby spring suit. See the cloth, on sale to-morrow at, per yard ... ... 85c

**Special Friday Values**

From the great February sale at the staple section.

**Toweling 7½c**

10 pieces 18-inch Bordered Crash Toweling, 9c values, for ..... 7½c

**Sheeting 20c**

Plain, Unbleached Sheeting, 2 yards wide, fine even weave, regular 25c yd., for ... ... ... ... ... ... ..... 20c

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42 and 44-inch plain Pillow Cotton, round even thread, 20c value, for ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 17c

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Pure Linen Table Cloths, border all around, slightly imperfect, worth $1.50, for .. .. .. .. .. ..... 98c

**Flannelette 8½c**

Wide width Flannelette, soft warm finish, in stripes and plain colors, 10, 12½c, for .. .. .. .. ..... 8½c

**Bath Towels 25c**

Striped Bath Towels, extra size, heavy absorbent weave, 35c value for ... ... ... ... ... ... ..... 25c

**Middle-of-the-Month Sale of Suits and Coats**

**Tailor Made Suits $4.98**

Very special in light and dark colors, semi and tight-fitting styles, coats nicely tailored and lined, skirts gored and pleated models, regular $15, clearing price .. .. .. .. .. ..... ... .. ... ... ... .. .....$4.98

**Walking Skirts $1.98**

Colored and Black Tailor-made Skirts, a good assortment of styles and lengths, regular $4.50, sale price .. .... ... ... ... ... ..... $1.98

**Winter Coats $1.98**

A good assortment of light and dark colors, box and semi-fitting, nicely lined, regular $8.50 value, sale at ... ... ... ... ... ... ..... $1.98

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## THOSE SHOCKS.

### Dozen Houses Collapse 30 Miles North of Smyrna.

### Shake in Hungary Upset Furniture and Rang Bells.

Smyrna, Feb. 17.—A strong earthquake was registered here at 5 o'clock this morning, but there was no local damage. Reports from Phocea and Menemen, small towns lying between 25 and 30 miles north of Smyrna, say that a dozen houses collapsed. There was not, however, any loss of life. There was an earthquake at Smyrna, Phocea and Menemen on January 19 last, which resulted in the destruction of about 600 houses at Phocea, and the loss of eight lives. The shocks continued for several days, and the people of Phocea and Menemen sought refuge in the mountains. An official of the Turkish Ministry of the Interior was sent to render assistance to the sufferers. While the shock of Jan. 19 was felt at Smyrna, it did no damage there.

SET BELLS A-RINGING.

New York, Feb. 17.—A cable despatch to the Herald from Vienna says: Despatches from Sophia report that symptoms of an earthquake in the eastern half of the country have caused great alarm. At Yamboli the walls of a number of houses were cracked and the chimney of a factory collapsed. At the Kermenli Railway station a number of houses were seriously damaged, and at Slivno a shock set the bells of the churches ringing.

At an early hour this morning at the town of Keeskeme, Hungary, three severe shocks of earthquake lasting ten seconds were felt. The panic-stricken inhabitants fled in their night dresses into the streets. The third shock was the most severe of all, upsetting the furniture in many houses. Similar disturbances are reported from many other places in Hungary.

### Normal Conditions at Niagara.

Niagara Falls, Feb. 17.—A change of wind and warmer weather has increased the stream in the American channel to treble yesterday's proportions, and the falls are gradually resuming their normal flow. When the water began to come down the river in greater quantities the power plants on this side experienced less difficulty in generating energy. Blasting is being continued in the intakes of the power houses, which are rapidly being cleared of ice.

Good deeds speak for themselves, but we don't always hear them.

## BETTER STAY AWAY

### Twenty Fines Imposed on a Montreal Chinese.

Montreal, Feb. 17.—Lee Chu, who was formerly a Chinese constable, and one of the most prominent members of the Chinese colony of this city, is said to be speeding on his way to Vancouver.

When his case was called by Judge Bazin this morning he was missing, and twenty charges that still remained against him of selling cocaine without a license were proceeded with in his absence. After the defence had given evidence, Judge Bazin found Lee Chu guilty and fined him $50 and costs on eighteen charges and $25 and costs on the remaining two charges, or an option of three months in jail on each charge. The fines total $950 and the costs about a hundred more.

## TO BEARD PREMIER.

### Suffragettes Decide to Descend on the Liberal Leader.

London, Feb. 17.—At a meeting to-night the Suffragettes decided to beard Premier Asquith in his Downing Street den to-morrow at all hazards to get the reasons for the omission of any reference to votes for women in the King's speech opening the session of Parliament. The arrangements made at to-night's meeting foreshadow a raid on a large scale, and a lively time is promised for the police. The exact tactics intended to be followed are unknown, but apparently they will be pretty gruesome, for the president of the meeting, Mrs. Greig, called for "danger duty volunteers," and addressing about 60 who responded, said: "I tell you frankly that every one of you is undertaking a dangerous duty."

## WELLAND BOY BITTEN.

Buffalo, Feb. 18.—Allan Carter, nine years old, of Welland, Ont., was bitten in the left cheek yesterday afternoon by a dog owned by Owen Keefe, of 144 Fulton street. The boy is visiting his grandmother, Mrs. Jeremiah McMahon, of 138 Fulton street, and was playing in front of her home. The dog was taken to the dog pound and will be examined by the health authorities.

The public accounts presented to the Legislature of Prince Edward Island show a small deficit on the year's operations.

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