

MARGUERITE'S SECRET

But I will be truer to my friend than Peter to his master," replied Cornelia. Marguerite drew the girl's face down closer to her own, gazed wistfully, not into, but upon those brilliant, superficial brown eyes, that because they had no depth repelled her confidence, and then with a deep groan and a mournful shake of the head, she released Nellie, and turned her own face to the wall. Did she deem Miss Compton's friendship less profound than pretensions? I do not know; but from that time Miss De Lencie maintained, upon one subject at least, a stern reserve. Cornelia, and, at last, directly, though most kindly, and respectfully, questioned as to the origin of her agitation and swoon in the ball-room, she declared it to have been a symptom of approaching illness, and discouraged further interrogation. Slowly Marguerite De Lencie regained her strength. It was the middle of March before she left her bed, and the first of April before she went out of the house. One day about this time, as the two friends were sitting together in Marguerite's chamber, Cornelia said: "There is a circumstance that I think I ought to have told you before now, Marguerite. But we read of it only a few days after you were taken ill, and when you were not in a condition to be told of it." "Well, what circumstance was that?" asked Miss De Lencie, indifferent. "It was a fatal accident that happened to one of our friends. No, now! don't get alarmed—it was no particular friend," said Cornelia, interrupting herself upon seeing Marguerite's very lips grow white. "Well! what was it?" questioned the latter. "Why, then, you must know that the venture, in which Lord William Daw sailed, was wrecked off the coast of Cornwall, and Lord William and Mr. Murray were among the lost. We read the whole account of it, copied from an English paper into the Richmond Standard. Lord William's body was washed ashore, the same night of the wreck." "Poor young man, he deserved a better fate," said Marguerite. "Miss De Lencie went no more into society that season; indeed, the season was well over before she was able to go out. She announced her intention, as soon as the state of her health would permit her to travel, to terminate her visit to Richmond, and go down to her plantation on the banks of the Potomac. Cornelia would gladly have attended her friend, and only waited permission to do so; but the waited invitation was not extended, and Marguerite prepared to set out alone. "We shall meet you at Berkeley or at Saratoga, this summer," said Cornelia. "Perhaps—I do not know—my plans for the summer are not arranged," said Marguerite. "But you will write as soon as you reach home!" "Yes—certainly," pressing her parting kiss upon the lips of her friend. The promised letter, announcing Marguerite's safe arrival at Plover's Point, was received; but it was the last that came thence; for though Cornelia promptly replied to it, she received no second one. And though Cornelia wrote again and again, her letters remained unanswered. Weeks passed into months and brought mid-summer. Colonel Compton with his family went to Saratoga, but without meeting Miss De Lencie. About the middle of August they came to Berkeley; but failed to see or to hear any tidings of their friend. "Indeed, I am very much afraid that Marguerite may be lying ill at Plover's Point, surrounded only by ignorant servants who cannot write to inform us," said Cornelia, advancing a probability so striking and so alarming, that Colonel Compton, immediately after taking his family back to Richmond, set out for Plover's Point to ascertain the state of the case in question. But when he arrived at the plantation, great was his surprise to learn that Miss De Lencie had left home for New York, as early as the middle of April, and had not since been heard from. And this was the last of September. With this information, Colonel Compton returned to Richmond. Extreme was the astonishment of his family upon hearing this; and when the month after month passed, and no tidings of the missing one arrived, and no clue to her retreat, or to her fate was gained, the grief and dismay of her friends could only be equalled by the wonder and conjecture of society at large, upon the strange subject of Marguerite De Lencie's disappearance. CHAPTER III. Christmas approached, and the gay belles of Richmond were preparing for the festivities of that season. A few chosen friends went down to Compton Lodge to spend the holidays in country hospitalities, hunting, etc. The party had been there but a few days, when, one Christmas morning, while the family and their guests were assembled in the old, oak-paneled, front parlour before breakfast, and Colonel Compton was standing at a side table, presiding over an immense old family punch bowl, from which he ladled out goblets of frothy eggnog to the company, the door was quietly opened, and without announcement Marguerite De Lencie entered, saying, "A merry Christmas, friends!" "Marguerite! Marguerite!" exclaimed—first Cornelia, and then all the young ladies that were present, pressing forward to meet her, while the matrons and the gentlemen of the party, with less vehemence but equal cordiality, waited to welcome her. "My lost sweetheart, by all that's amazing!" cried Colonel Compton, who in his engrossment, was the very last to discover the arrival. "Why, where upon the face of the earth did you come from?" inquired Cornelia, scarcely restrained by the presence of others from laughing and covering her friend with kisses. "From Loudoun street," answered Miss De Lencie, gaily, as she shook hands right and left. "From Loudoun street? that will do! How long have you been in Loudoun street, sweetheart? You were not there when we passed through the town in coming hither," said Colonel Compton. "I arrived only the day before yesterday, rested a day, and hearing that you were at the Lodge, came hither, this morning, to breakfast with you." "Enchanted to see you, my dear! truly

so! But—you arrived the day before yesterday, when?" "I may be mistaken, yet it seems to me that Colonel Compton's asking questions," said Marguerite, with good-humored sarcasm. "Oh! ah! I beg pardon, ten thousand pardons, as the French say," replied Colonel Compton, bowing with deep depression, and then raising a bumper of eggnog. "To our reconciliation, Miss De Lencie," he continued, offering her the first, and filling for himself a second goblet. "And you, a vous," said Marguerite, pledging him. "And now to breakfast—sortez, sortez!" exclaimed the colonel, leading the way to the dining-room. Cornelia was, to use her own expression, "dying" to be alone with Marguerite, to hear the history of the last seven months' absence. Never before was she more impatient over the progress of a meal, never before seemed the epicureanism of old folks so tedious, or the appetites of young people so unbecomingly; notwithstanding which, the coffee, tea and chocolate, the waffles, rolls and corn pone, the fresh venison, ham, and partridges were enjoyed by the company with equal gusto and deliberation. "At last!" exclaimed Cornelia, as rising from the table, she took Marguerite's hand and drew her stealthily away through the crowd, and up the back stairs to her own little bedchamber, where a cheerful fire was burning. "Now, then, tell me all about it, Marguerite," she said, putting her friend into her easy-chair of state behind the fire, and seating herself on a stool at her feet. "Where have you been?" "Gypsying," answered Miss De Lencie. "Gypsying? oh, nonsense, that is no answer. What have you been about?" "Gypsying," repeated Marguerite. "Gypsying!" exclaimed Cornelia, now in wonder. "Ay! Did you never—or have you too little life or too little spirit to spread your wings and fly away, away from all human ken—to feel the perfect liberty of loneliness, as only an irresponsible stranger in a strange place can feel it?" "No! no! I never did," said Cornelia, amazed, "but tell me then, where did you go from Plover's Point?" "To Terra del Fuego, or the Land of Fire," said Marguerite, with a deep flush. "Fidesticks! Where did you come from last to Winchester?" "From Iceland," said Marguerite, with a shiver. "Oh, phaw! you are making fun of me, Marguerite!" "My dear, if I felt obliged to give an account of my wanderings, their wild liberty would not seem half so sweet. Even my property agent shall not at any way know where to find me; it is enough that I know where to find him when he is wanted," said Miss De Lencie, with such a dash of hauteur that Cornelia dropped the subject. And then Marguerite, to compensate for her passing severity, tenderly embraced Nellie. The Christmas party at Compton Lodge lasted until after New Year, and then the family and their friends returned to Richmond. Miss De Lencie, yielding to a pressing invitation, accompanied them. And in town, Marguerite had again to run the gauntlet of questions from her acquaintances, such as: "Where have you been so long, Marguerite? To what place would you answer?" "To Obdorskoi on the sea of Obou," or some such absurdity, until at last all inquiry ceased. Miss De Lencie resumed her high position in society, and was once more the bright, particular star of every saloon. Those who envied or disliked her, thought the dazzling Marguerite somewhat changed; that the fine, oval face was thinned and sharpened; the brilliant and changeable complexion fixed and deepened with a flush that looked like fever, and the ever-carrying graceful, glowing vivacity rather fitful and eccentric. However, envious criticism did not prevent the most derisive parties in the city becoming suitors for the hand of the belle, muse and heiress, as she was still called. But Marguerite, in her old spirit of sarcasm, laughed all these overtures to scorn, and remained faithful to her sole attachment, her inexplicable love for Cornelia. "I am twenty-four, I shall never marry, Nellie. I wish I were sure that you would live long enough to do so; that we might be sisters for life, and that when your dear parents are gathered to their fathers, you might come and live with me, and we might be all in all to each other, forever," said Marguerite, one day, to her friend. "Marguerite, if that will make you happy, I will promise you faithfully never to marry, but to be your own dear, little Nellie forever and ever; for indeed you should I not. I love no one in the world but my parents and you." "Will it be credited, even although we know that such promises are sometimes made and always broken, that these two girls entered into a solemn engagement never to marry; but to live for each other only?" "From the day of this singular treaty Marguerite De Lencie grew fonder than ever of her friend, lavished endowments upon her, calling Cornelia her Cousin, her Hope, her Star, and many other pet or poetic names besides. Nevertheless when the fashionable season was over, Miss De Lencie left town without taking her "Consolation" with her. And again for a few months Marguerite was missing. She was not one to disappear with impunity or without inquiry. Where was she? Not at either of her own seats, nor at either of the water places, not so far as her most intimate friends and acquaintances knew, at New York, Philadelphia or Richmond, would have been chronicled by some one interested. Where was she, then? No one could answer; even her bosom friend, Cornelia Compton, could only reply, "Gone gypsying, I suppose." Again seven months rolled by, while the brightest star of fashion remained in eclipse. Again a Christmas party was assembled at Compton Lodge, when the news of Miss De Lencie's arrival at her house on Loudoun street reached them. Colonel and Mrs. Compton waited some days for her call, and then not having received it, they found Marguerite

ite, as ever, gay, witty, sarcastic. She told them in answer to their friendly inquiries that she had been at "Seringapatam," and gave them no further satisfaction. She accepted the invitation to join the Christmas party at Compton Lodge, went thither the same day, and as always before, distinguished herself as the most brilliant conversationalist, the most accomplished musician, the most graceful dancer, and the most fearless rider of the set. At the breaking up of the company, however, though invited and pressed to return with the Comptons to Richmond, she steadily declined doing so, alleging the necessity of visiting her plantation. Therefore the Comptons returned to Richmond without their usual guest, and Cornelia, for the first time in many years, spent the whole winter in town without Marguerite. But if Cornelia was bereaved of her friend, she was also freed from her mistress and entered with much more levity into all the gayeties of the season than she ever had done in the restraining companionship of Marguerite De Lencie. (To be continued.)

THROUGH TICKETS.

Important Decision Rendered by the Railway Commission.

(Special Despatch to the Times.) Ottawa, Ont., June 1.—The Board of Railway Commissioners has given judgment on application of Canada Northern Railway for an order requiring the C. N. R. and G. T. R. to admit the C. N. R. to the existing joint agreement between the two old companies with respect to issuing of through tickets to Muskoka district. The board has refused the application in so far as it effects the issuing of through tickets via C. P. and G. T. R. lines to Toronto, or other points, when a C. N. R. connection is made, and hence to the Muskoka district. Through tickets need only be issued by C. P. and G. T. R. in cases where C. P. R. points are not also reached by the first two companies.

To cure a cold in one night—use Vapo-Creoline. It has been used extensively more than twenty-four years. All druggists.

30,000 MEN.

William Gives King and Queen of Sweden Big Military Show.

Berlin, June 1.—Emperor William gave King Gustave and Queen Victoria of Sweden, a magnificent military show to-day, the occasion being the annual spring parade of the garrisons of Berlin and neighboring posts. Thirty thousand men of all arms of the service, about 8,000 of that number cavalry, manoeuvred on the two square miles of the Templehof parade field. The Emperor and the King of Sweden reviewed the troops on horseback. The Empress (and the Queen of Sweden in a six horse equipage, were on the left of the reviewing stand, where drawn up in four lines were the carriage of the diplomatic corps and many distinguished guests. In consequence of the extreme heat many of the soldiers were overcome, notwithstanding the severe training, consisting of daily marches of 15 to 25 miles.

The Only Household Surgical Dressing. The only Household Surgical Dressing. DR. PORTER'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL. For Burns, Old Sores and all Ulcers, whether "dry" or "soaked." Druggists refund money if it fails to heal.

GONE TO POOR HOUSE.

Detroit, Mich., June 1.—Peter Boyd, aged 80 years, the oldest driver on the chain of lakes, and a man who ran many hazards in his dangerous vocation, earning money on a large scale and spending it freely, has gone to the poor farm at Eloise. His wife, with whom he had lived seventy years, died about a year ago. Since then he had aged rapidly.

RAISE DREDGE.

Amherstburg, Ont., June 1.—The contract for raising the steam dredge Sturke, No. 9, sunk at Bar Point, has been awarded to the Great Lakes Wrecking Company. It is thought the dredge can be raised in about eight days.

The Cost of Food.

Less-Food, at a cost of one cent per day, will cure indigestion, constipation, and prevent inflammation and appendicitis. Sold by leading grocers and druggists, or A. W. Maguire & Co.

DIED SUDDENLY.

Gorrie, Ont., June 1.—Major John Kane, of Riveries Farm, died suddenly this morning after a few hours' illness. The cause of death was pneumonia. Major Kane was in his 61st year.

TURNED BACK.

Port Dalhousie, Ont., June 1.—The steamer Garden City has been turned back to Port Dalhousie this morning when about half a mile out in the lake, her machinery broke down. She was towed in the harbor by the tug Armstrong. She has a full complement of passengers on board. It is expected to be fixed in a few days.

Vitality at Low Ebb

The usual spring condition until Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food is used. Vigor comes from good, red blood. Almost everybody's blood is thin and watery in the spring. Hence the tired, languid feelings, the loss of energy and ambition, and the general weakness of the bodily organs. The appetite fails, digestion is imperfect, the filtering and excretory organs are irregular, and, in short, life is a burden instead of being the joy it should be. You can feel yourself getting stronger and vigor when Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food is used. The blood is made rich and pure, the appetite is sharpened, digestion improves and every organ in the body feels the benefit of the rich, red blood such as is formed by the use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food. See at all dealers or Edmunds, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont. Portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, M. D., the famous Receipt Book author, on every box.

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A Brief, But Important Sale Bulletin

Many Bargains Not Advertised for Wednesday's Selling Will be Here to Greet You. Come Early in the Day.

Hurry-Out Sale of Embroidered Handkerchiefs 2 for 25c

Dainty Swiss Handkerchiefs, beautifully embroidered in floral designs, in the scalloped edge and hemstitched, perfect sample lot, regularly 25c each, Hurry-out 2 for 25c. 25c

Hurry-Out Sale of Belts 49c Each

Fine Leather Belts, in tan, brown, grey, green, navy, red, pink, white and sky, nicely finished with gilt and pearl buckles, also fancy Silk Belts, in all colors, straight band and girly style, worth up to \$1.25. Hurry-out Sale 49c.

Another Shipment of Those Wide Embroideries 5c Yard

Fine Cambric Embroideries, 3 to 9 inches wide, in good open patterns, also insertions to match, regularly 12 1/2 to 20c yard, Hurry-out Sale 5c yd.

Fine Corset Cover Embroideries 19c Yard

18-inch Cambric Embroideries, for corset covers, nicely embroidered in eyelet and shadow designs, 4 to 6 inches deep, with inserted heading, worth up to 35c yard, on sale 19c yard.

Dress Trimmings 20% Off

Most exclusive designs in Silk and Chiffon Appliques, and Combination Insertions, and Colonial Lace Insertions, ranging from 25c to \$5.00 yard. Hurry-out Sale 20% per cent, off.

Muslin and Lawn Semi-Made Robes \$3.98

Semi-made we will clear the balance of our special purchase of summer semi-made Dresses, muslin and lawn and all made very full, robes worth up to \$12.50, Hurry-out Sale Price to-morrow \$3.98.

Hurry-Out Sale of Women's Summer Vests Ladies' Vests 39c

Special line of Ladies' Vests, spring needle-knit, shaped to figure, long or short sleeves, buttoned fronts, regular 75c value, Wednesday sale 39c.

Ladies' Vests 15c, 2 for 25c

30 dozen Ladies' Summer Vests, short or no sleeves, plain or lace trimmed, regular 25c, for Wednesday sale 15c, 2 for 25c.

Infants' Vests 5c

Clearing sale of Infants' Summer Cotton Vests, short or no sleeves, with draw string neck, regular 15c, to clear at 5c each.

Hurry-Out Prices Dependable Goods at Rock Bottom Prices

Bath Towels

10 dozen Brown Linen Bath Towels, large size, heavy, close weave, our regular 30c Towel, Hurry-out price 25c.

Sheeting Specials

Bleached Sheetings, round, 2 1/2 yds. length, 22c, worth 27c.

Imperfect Cloths

Hundreds of them, in 2 1/2, 3 and 3 1/2 yard sizes, imperfections very slight, marked for this sale at 1c price.

Oxfords 17c

Fancy Stripe Oxfords, for children's suits, gents' shirts, etc., fast colors, our regular 22c line, Hurry-out price 17c.

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Fun for Times Readers

Terms of a Dilemma. "Life," said the suburbanite, "has its problems for a mild man."

Be there on pay day, rain or shine. With other workers get in line. And draw your modest little bit. Perhaps you may find use for it. By coming you'll impress the clerk. That you take interest in your work.

Let no attractions far or near. With your attendance interfere. Don't let a hell game or a play. Keep you on their account away. But be there, Johnny on the spot. And draw your pay while it is hot. Don't say, "Although it may be due, I'll let it go a week or two." Be game, though it may disarrange Your schedule or your programme change.

With just a little extra care. You can remember to be there. It may perhaps an effort take. Engagements you make have to break. But try to be there if you can. If not, be sure to send a man. So tie a string around your thumb. Quite frequently these pay days come. They're quite a bother. Still, you know. One can't have everything just so. So try to be on hand until. The boss says, "Nothing doing, Bill."

What She Is. "Mrs. Tetrazzini is a mezzo-soprano, is she not?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle. "No," replied her hostess, pushing a solid silver cuspidor back from the edge of the \$2,000 rug. "I think I heard Josiah say 'she was an Ectoplasm.'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

An Unhappy Outlook. Prospective Tenant—I should want the studio for sculpture. Caretaker—Yes, sir; some of these is rented for that. There's a sculptor mauling next door, sir.—Harper's Weekly.

Her Excuse. A tiny four-year-old was spending a night away from home. At bedtime she knelt at the knee of her hostess to say her prayers, expecting the usual prompting. Finding Mrs. R. unable to help her out, she concluded thus: "Please God, excuse me, I can't remember my prayers, and I'm staying with a lady who don't know any."—Home Herald.

Did you do much fighting during the war?—I did not. —Did you make the enemy run?—You're right, I did. —Did they catch you?—The total rainfall for May in Toronto was 4.36 inches, the greatest in fourteen years.

HINDUS ATTEMPT MURDER. They Try to Throw Foreman on Circular Saw. Vancouver, June 1.—A visitor from Golden reports a ferment caused there by the attempt of Hindu employees of the Columbia River Lumber Company to murder the white foreman by throwing him on a circular saw. Four Hindus, he says, disobeyed instructions regarding lumber being shipped. The foreman, a Frenchman, hot-tempered, reprimanded them severely and threatened to discharge them. Seizing him, they were carrying him to the big saw. A young white man came on the scene, picked up a slab, laid out three Hindus and the other turned and fled.

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Steamers Lake Erie and Lake Champlain carry only second cabin and steerage passengers. The Montreal will sail from Montreal May 24th direct for London; rate \$40; second cabin only. Write to S. S. Sharp, W. P. A., Toronto, or nearest ticket agent.

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