

## FATED TO LOVE HER

Then James began to ponder those fancies. And, as he pondered, he felt that, however much he might dislike Lady Louise, he disliked Charlie Godfrey more. In fact, that he hated Charlie Godfrey; that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to hear that the very name was blotted from the face of the earth.

He galloped faster and faster; and on; regardless of heat, of dust, of passers-by. Far away from Farnley, far beyond Lorton; until, as he neared the moors, the ever-steering ground compelled him to slacken his pace. He then saw, for the first time, that his horse was thoroughly exhausted. The poor creature's sides were steaming, his lungs heaving, every inch of spirit gone from him. James, full of compunction, dismounted, and led him some paces onward, to a small inn which stood by the wayside. The bench at the door was occupied by a party of navies, whom the landlord's little daughter was in the act of supplying with pipes and mugs of beer. As James approached, she paused, and every eye was turned in the direction of the horse.

"Steeve, Bill! He's loke to drop," exclaimed one of the men.

"He is indeed," said James; "just call the hostler, will you? I must get him to the stable."

"Poor Yarrow—poor old fellow," he murmured, bending over the horse's neck; "do you wonder what possessed your master? I'm sure he wonders the same."

"Eh, but he is blown! Has he been a boltin' w' p' a sin?" inquired the hostler, to whom James was a stranger.

"No," said James, shortly; "he is knocked up, though, as you perceive. I must leave him here, and a servant will call for him to-morrow."

"It's a sin and a shame," muttered the hostler, as he led Yarrow away. "A sin and a shame, to rouse a poor beast to death, at this hour. He wouldn't fancy it, hissen, O reckon!"

A quarter of an hour later, however, James appeared in the stable, carefully inspected the accommodations, anxiously examined the horse, gave minute orders for his comfort, and tipped the hostler. That worthy person then softened, and subsequently informed the navies, that 'loss had been a boltin', and 't master wor too high to own it. And who could blame him?

Meanwhile, James had started upon his long, homeward walk. The sun was setting when he reached Farnley; dinner was nearly over. He looked into the dining-room, gave some brief explanation, ran upstairs, three steps at a time, dressed hurriedly, and ran down again. His social duties should not suffer for the turmoil of his mind. He made himself agreeable to his future brother-in-law, and to Mr. Morris, who was also present; submitted to a long catechism from Chay, concerning Gabrielle, (Charlie Godfrey and Lorton) advised with Olivia upon some doubtful point in the family arrangements, asked Marian to sing, and listened with apparent interest while she did so; finally, after the ladies had retired, smoked a cigar upon the terrace.

But right thankful was he when the admiral retired also, and when all was still for the night. He allowed Wilcox to fasten the bolts and bars, and to follow the rest of the world to bed. Then he went into the chapel, and let himself out again, through the door which opened upon the park. And he would not, he was resolved, return until he had faced the worst; until he had penetrated the recesses of that mystery, his own heart; and had formed his resolutions for the future.

Among a clump of Scotch firs stood an old-fashioned sundial, surrounded by three mossy steps. Here, toward midnight, James sat, prepared for the battle.

Long had that battle been waged off, long had he shrank from any shadow of parting with the sweet visions which might—may, would—be shattered in the fray. But shrinking was over now. The time was come. He must lay his self-deceptions by, forever and forever.

First, then, a rigid self-analysis, into the thick of which he boldly plunged.

Why—this was a leading question—why did the bare mention of one unimportant name arouse in his breast passions so stormy, so painful? Why did he hate Charlie Godfrey?

Not easily was this aspiring young philosopher brought to confess a weakness which he had hitherto imagined to have no part in his nature; or to be, at any rate, completely under his control. But he had undertaken the task of searching out the truth, and he would carry it through. He was jealous of Charlie Godfrey.

And why? Could that simple youth in any way bear comparison with himself? Could that boy so much as pretend to rival the author of the "Four Essays" in ambition, in intellect, in genius? No—it was nothing of this. All that excited this bitter, such burning envy, was the place which Charlie Godfrey occupied—or might in the future occupy—in the insignificant affections of an insignificant girl. That was all. Nothing grander. Nothing more worthy to set a philosopher's heart on fire.

And why did James thus value Gabrielle's favor? He paused, looking up into the sky. All there was calm, still, pure. Myriads of stars shined on him, their passionless eyes, fixured, so it seemed, his agitation. He turned to earth again, and his gaze encountered the trees; the grand trees which generations long dead had seen, which he saw them now. Stately, self-contained, firm, they also reproached him. "Shall all nature be so serene, and I so moved?" he thought—"and I swayed by a breath?"

Had he not, years ago, resolved that no inferior aims should actuate his mind; that he would pitch his standard on the mountain top, on the highest height of all; that matters, which to other men were life or death, he would despise—soaring beyond? Why, then—to repeat his question—did he thus value the favor of a girl?

Because he loved her.

Because a place in his soul, a place of which he himself had been ignorant, she had found and filled.

Because glory, and honor, and power, and knowledge, and philosophy, and life, and death, were to him all as nothing in comparison with her, in comparison with her love.

zest; which had placed his peace of mind at the mercy of a smile or a frown; which had led him to rest satisfied with present enjoyment, instead of aiming at future greatness—which had, in fact, transformed his whole nature.

This that he had scorned. This that turned men into idolaters, and women into fools. That, since the creation of the world, had been bound up with almost everything bad, or contemptible, ruined souls and bodies—had blinded judgments—had broken hearts; had in short, worked mischief irreparable. This it was that had taken possession of him, Even Love.

Yes, Even Love. But how—determined as he had been against it? What had ensnared him, contrary to his will? Not beauty. Deep as was his humiliation, he raised his head proudly, and he thought, that, at any rate, one the most common, degradation, was spared him! Gabrielle had a sweet face, a taking face; but she had none of that dangerous, irresistible loveliness.

Was it intellect? No—her abilities were above the average, but that was not her charm in his eyes. He might admire, he could never love, a woman for her intellect. It was something indescribable, something unfathomable. He had known hundreds of girls in his day—brilliant girls, graceful girls, perfect girls. Their society had refreshed him; he had felt, gratefully flattered by the consciousness that almost any one of them he might win, did he care to win her for his own.

But he never had so cared—never till he knew Gabrielle.

What it was, he was useless to probe further into causes and motives. The mischief was done. How could it be repaired? How indeed? James had imagined himself to be cool by nature; he now discovered his mistake. He felt at this moment give up happiness forever. But, after all, was happiness necessary? Was there not something grander, more divine, than happiness—something which still might lie within his reach, though Gabrielle were far removed? It was, he told himself, already better, to be great than to be happy.

Yet his weaker nature recoiled. Before him rose a vision of life with Gabrielle; of what it would be to have her always with him, to have her for his own, to know that she loved him, as he loved her. But where, in such a life would ambition be? where, the purposes of former days? Flow, in a home so radiant, so Edenlike, could he do otherwise than rest, as other men rested, the calm, domestic circle huddled him in the wide range shut out.

Then James remembered a sentence which he had read long ago, and which said that, to be great in thought and in action, a man must suffer greatly. Should he shrink from suffering if such were its results? Should he not rather meet it and be strong, as others had been before him?

He left his seat on the old mossy steps and roved further into the park. He walked to and fro, like a restless spirit, battling with himself. This was a conflict so it seemed to him, between his higher and his lower nature. This night, so he believed, would determine the relative position of each.

Three hours that conflict raged; at last it wore itself out. James returned to the sundial and sat down, as before, upon the steps. By this time he was thoroughly tired, his head ached; his bodily strength seemed almost spent. But, although he had made up his mind, he had still to form certain definite resolutions. He set verily to work once more.

First, he would avoid Gabrielle. He would terminate those dangerous organ lessons; he would no longer invite her to twilight walks, to tete-a-tete rides or drives. All that, and with it all the sweetness of his life, must come to an end.

Secondly, lest his firmness, unaided, should give way beneath the storms of ungovernable feeling, he would make a duty to forget her; he would marry some one else, some on whom he should not be tempted to love too well, the charms of whose society would not blind him, or entangle him, in the blinding web of fascination; yet to whom, irrevocably bound, he should be compelled, by very highest principle, to cleave—forsaking all other, so long as they should love him; and to sin—in so positive, so gross—he was surely in no danger of stooping. To mere weakness, alas! he had already stooped, and might stoop so again.

Once, three months before, at the May school feast, as he sat on the village green with Gabrielle and watched the children play, the possibility of that love—had occurred to his mind. He had not known why it thus occurred; but this it had been, and then, as now, he had determined that his best defense would be to raise an impassable barrier between himself and the enemy, in the form of marriage—marriage, not with the person whom he loved, but with a person whom he did not love. He had even pondered the advisability of taking this measure beforehand, of anticipating the attack by marrying while yet, as he believed, his heart was free. And he had thought of Theodosia Featherstone as, in such a case, a suitable wife.

She was not romantic, she would not expect from him any too romantic devotion; she would not fret, much less break her heart if he were cool or careless, and these he could bestow. She would look well at the head of his table; she would entertain his visitors; she would be a shrewd and practical mistress of his household. And he saw that she was quite at his disposal. For a time, indeed, he had suspected an obstacle in the person of Lord Joseph of the Post-throat. But he had recently met both Lord Joseph and The in London, and he now felt convinced that his suspicions on this score had been groundless.

So again, as on that May afternoon, he thought of Theodosia Featherstone. She was expected to arrive at Farnley the following day. He would at once begin to pay her particular attention. As soon as possible he would engage himself. Then, pledged in honor, he should feel safe. But now he had fallen from his former height, since external bonds like these were requisite to enforce the once all potent bonds of his own will!

And Gabrielle? What would she think of all this? For one moment he faltered.

But only for one moment! She could not love him yet, he would not pause to examine this assertion; Charles Godfrey was doing his best to win her heart, and soon, doubtless, he would succeed. Perhaps, indeed, he had succeeded already. He should come to Farnley; he should have every opportunity. Yes—down, wild demon! he should. Not one finger would James stir to hinder it.

His resolutions were complete; to be carried out, the usually tears pushed into fools. That, since the creation of the world, had been bound up with almost everything bad, or contemptible, ruined souls and bodies—had blinded judgments—had broken hearts; had in short, worked mischief irreparable. This it was that had taken possession of him, Even Love.

Yes, Even Love. But how—determined as he had been against it? What had ensnared him, contrary to his will? Not beauty. Deep as was his humiliation, he raised his head proudly, and he thought, that, at any rate, one the most common, degradation, was spared him! Gabrielle had a sweet face, a taking face; but she had none of that dangerous, irresistible loveliness.

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AT R. McKAY & CO'S, THURSDAY, APRIL 16th, 1908  
HAMILTON'S MOST PROGRESSIVE STORE



## Extraordinary Easter Sales

### In the Very Newest of Women's Wearing Apparel

To-morrow this bright and progressive store places on sale many of the late novelties at extraordinary Easter sale prices that will command the attention of shrewd buyers. In fact, this store is the supply source of particular dressers, the mecca for those who would extract full buying power from every dollar they spend. Come to-morrow and investigate. The sale tickets all over the store will tell you of wonderful saving in just the things you want for Easter.

### Buster Brown Kid Gloves 75c Pair

A full range of Children's, Boys' and Misses' Buster Brown Kid Gloves, in nice shades of tans and browns, 1 dome fastener, come early and have them fitted at the counter. 75c pr.

### A Special Bargain for Thursday Morning

12-Button Kid Gloves for \$1.79 Pair  
A few dozen of 12 button length, fine French, Glace Kid Gloves, in tan, mode, pearl grey, champagne, sizes 5 1/2, 6 1/2, 7 1/2, 8 1/2, 9 1/2, 10 1/2, 11 1/2, 12 1/2, regular \$2.50, for \$1.79.

A Special Bargain in French Suede Gloves 98c Pair  
Best quality of fine French Suede Kid Gloves, in nice shades of tans, browns, greys, also blacks, all sizes, guaranteed quality, regular \$1.35 pr. for 98c pr.

12-16-Button Glace Kid Gloves \$2.49 and \$2.79 Pair  
Best French Glace Kid Gloves in tan, grey, navy, myrtle, Copenhagen blue, purple, reseda, champagne, pearl grey, sky, pink, every pair fitted and guaranteed, regular \$3 and \$3.50, for \$2.49 and \$2.79.

2-Dome Kid Gloves \$1 and \$1.25 Pair  
Made especially for us, a fine real, French Glace Kid, in all the leading shades, including Copenhagen blue, navy, myrtle, every pair fitted and guaranteed, sizes 5 1/2, 6 1/2, 7 1/2, 8 1/2, 9 1/2, 10 1/2, 11 1/2, 12 1/2, regular \$1.25 and \$1.50 values for \$1 and \$1.25 pr.

### Special Easter Offering of Women's Tailored Suits

\$25.00, Worth \$35.00, WITH THE STYLE OF A CUSTOM TAILOR. Made of English serge and plain and two-tone stripes. Several distinct styles, including the new cutaway. Skirt and tight fitting models. Skirt pleated or circular, with deep fold. In Addition We Offer Tailored Suits at \$13.50. All new up-to-date models in finest quality mixed and stripes. Coats are beautifully tailored; silk and satin lining. Skirt and tight fitting models. Skirt pleated or circular, with deep fold. POSITIVELY WORTH \$25.00, SPECIAL PRICE FOR EASTER WEEK. \$13.50.

### Immense Thursday Sale of Broadcloths

Our Regular \$1.50 Quality Goes on Sale To-morrow at Per Yard \$1.19  
Lovers of a good, silk length should not, in justice to themselves, overlook this very special sale. Coming as it does just at the wanted time when one requires this scarce and proper material for stylish Spring suits, on sale in browns, navys, red, Copenhagen and black, worth regularly \$1.50, on sale Thursday for \$1.19 per yard.

Black Voile on Sale, Regular 85c Value for 59c Yard  
This is one of the best regular selling Voiles, just the wanted and popular material for stylish and viewable spring and summer dresses; has a nice hard finish, and will not catch the dust. Worth regular 85c, sale price 59c yard.

Covert Coating, Worth Regularly \$2.25, Sale Price \$1.89  
On sale in one of the very best shades of light fawn. Nothing better and newer for stylish spring coats. Guaranteed to wear well, and as a special from our great suiting section we offer this splendid quality coating for \$1.89 per yard.

### Specials in New Easter Blouses and Underskirts

THIRD FLOOR  
\$3.50 Blouses for \$2.49  
New Sheer Persian Lawn Waists in dainty styles, eyelet, allover embroidery fronts, baby lace, embroidery collar and cuffs, worth regular \$3.50, Easter sale price \$2.49.

\$7.50 Net Blouses for \$5.50  
Erm Net Blouse, made with voile, silk slip, and trimmed with Valenciennes lace, trimmed sleeve, lace collar and cuffs, worth regular \$7.50, Easter sale price \$5.50.

Heatherloom Underskirts \$2.75 to \$3.49  
Heatherloom Underskirts in tan, brown, navy and black, rustle like silk, with deep accordion pleated flounce. \$2.75 to \$3.49.

White Wear Specials  
\$1.50 White Skirts 79c  
Fine White Cambric Skirts, with deep flounce, trimmed with tucks and embroidery, regular \$1.50, Thursday 79c.

75c Aprons 49c  
Ladies' Large Colored Aprons of good print, nicely trimmed with washing braid, regular 75c, Thursday 49c.

Special Values in Easter Linens  
Pillow Cases 40c Pair  
Hemstitched Pillow Cases, made of firm, close cotton, 42, 44 and 46 inch, special 40c pair.

Odd Napkins 15c  
50 dozen Odd Napkins, slightly imperfect, 5/8 and 3/4 size, worth regular \$2.50 and \$3.00, special 15c each.

Bleached Damasks  
Snow White Satin Damask, 72 inch wide, choice designs, 75c quality 85c, \$1.35 quality \$1.10.

Bath Towels 25c  
10 dozen Extra Size Bath Towels, heavy, absorbent, weave, white and brown in the lot, 3/4 value, for 25c.

Tea Toweling 12 1/2c  
23-inch Bordered Cheek Tea Toweling, firm, absorbent weave, worth 15c, for 12 1/2c.

Hamilton Steamboat Co.  
Leave Hamilton 9:00 a.m. for Beach Piers, 9:30 a.m.; arrive Toronto, 11:45 a.m.; leave Toronto, 4:30 p.m.; arrive Beach Piers, 5:00 p.m. Active Hamilton, 7:15 p.m. "Weather permitting."

A NEW ENGLAND BRIDE  
Won by Lieutenant in Queen's Own Rifles.

Boston, April 14.—The wedding of Lieut. John Allan Murray, of the Queen's Own Regiment, Toronto, and Miss Margaret H. Hennessey, a charming society woman of Lynn, will take place Monday, April 27.

The Shue City is greatly interested in the pupils of the beautiful Massachusetts girl and her soldier lover.

Boy Shot and Killed.  
Brookville, April 14.—The 18-year-old son of John Jones, who resides at Richville, was shot and instantly killed by the accidental discharge of his gun. The boy was hunting muskrats with several companions when the tragedy occurred.

R. McKAY & CO.

## TRAVELERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Niagara Falls, New York—2:30 a.m., \$4.75 a.m., 10:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 7:00 p.m., \$4.00 p.m., 10:00 p.m., \$4.00 p.m., 11:00 p.m., \$4.00 p.m., 11:30 p.m., \$4.00 p.m., 12:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 12:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 1:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 1:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 2:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 2:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 3:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 3:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 4:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 4:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 5:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 5:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 6:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 6:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 7:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 7:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 8:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 8:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 9:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 9:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 10:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 10:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 11:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 11:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 12:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 12:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 1:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 1:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 2:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 2:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 3:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 3:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 4:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 4:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 5:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 5:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 6:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 6:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 7:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 7:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 8:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 8:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 9:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 9:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 10:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 10:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 11:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 11:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 12:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 12:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 1:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 1:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 2:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 2:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 3:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 3:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 4:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 4:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 5:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 5:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 6:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 6:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 7:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 7:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 8:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 8:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 9:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 9:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 10:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 10:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 11:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 11:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 12:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 12:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 1:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 1:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 2:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 2:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 3:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 3:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 4:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 4:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 5:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 5:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 6:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 6:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 7:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 7:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 8:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 8:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 9:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 9:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 10:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 10:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 11:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 11:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 12:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 12:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 1:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 1:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 2:00 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 2:30 a.m., \$4.00 p.m., 3:00 a.m