

# The Tangle of Fate

## CHAPTER XV.

Imogen advanced directly into the centre of the room and confronted Bonnie, who arose to meet her sister.

It was a striking tableau. Imogen, tall, dark, queenly, was habited in a summer dress of pale green India silk, profusely decorated with frills of delicate white chiffon and fluttering pale green ribbons. The half-open neck of her dress gave a glimpse of a gold chain with a diamond pendant, and bracelets of the same style encircled her wrists. While diamonds shone in her ears and on her fingers. Her silky dark hair was arranged in front in an elaborate curly bang, and at the back in a thick braid adorned with a spray of white microphylla roses with their small glossy green leaves. The costume was pretty, although elaborate enough for a party, and Imogen looked very handsome in it.

Before her stood Bonnie, lovely golden-haired Bonnie, her beautiful building figure simply draped in a loose dressing-gown of creamy China silk, with ruffles of filmy Valenciennes. Her splendid golden hair, tumbled and disordered, fell in a shining veil around her, and her large, dark eyes gleamed like stars in her beautiful face.

So they stood gazing at each other in the sunset glow—the two beautiful sisters whose life paths had crossed each other in so terrible a fashion.

It was dramatic, too, this meeting; for Imogen, until this moment, had believed her young sister dead, and so believing, had tried to cherish kindly feelings for her memory. Although she hated her living, she felt that it was unnatural to cherish animosity against the dead.

Bonnie was better prepared for the meeting, although she had not expected to see her sister. She had been told that she had fled from it if she could, for at the first sight of her elder sister, all resentment died from the young girl's heart, and she longed to throw herself on Imogen's neck and sob out all her joy at meeting her again.

But it must not be. To own her identity would be to cover Imogen with shame and disgrace.

So she stole her young heart to beat its burden, and threw into her expressive face a look as if she were meeting a mere stranger.

Not so Imogen, who, taken by surprise, stared with dilated eyes and paling cheeks, and at last gasped, in a horrified voice.

"Bonnie!"

"My name is Avis," answered a sweet, fluttering voice. "And you, madame, must be Mrs. Westland, of whom Lawyer Rainford wrote me. I shall call you cousin, may I? How beautiful you are! I should like to kiss you," and two white arms suddenly went around Imogen's neck, and warm, red lips pressed her own.

Imogen started back, crying, excitedly.

"It is Bonnie! It must be Bonnie! Oh, what will Miles say?"

"Who is Miles?" asked the sweet, wondering voice.

"My—my husband," faltered Imogen.

"Oh, Mr. Westland," nodded Bonnie. "So you think he will be surprised at my coming home, do you? Ha, ha! I stole a march on every one, didn't I? But do sit down, cousin, please."

She pushed forward an easy chair, and Imogen sank helplessly into it, crying out:

"You are deceiving me. You are Bonnie. And we thought you were dead! Your little red cap was found by the river, and we thought you had drowned yourself. Oh, Bonnie, how did you get away? Why did you not write to us? It is horrible, horrible! You have let me marry your husband! Oh, what am I now, and my baby, my poor little baby, what is he?"

Bonnie shuddered. So there was a child! Ah, never, never, would she speak now!

The most superb actress could not have put on a more unconscious face.

"Dear Mrs. Westland, calm yourself. I do not understand your attitude. I who am Bonnie, of whom you rave so wildly!"

"Oh, you know, for you are Bonnie, my sister, who was Miles' first wife. And we thought you were dead, and then he married me. And now you have returned to take him from me and cover me with disgrace. This is your revenge for my cruelty to you," and Imogen wrung her hands, and bitter tears started out upon her cheeks, not for the loss of Miles, for whom she cared very little, but for the disgrace to herself and her child.

A soft little hand pressed hers, and Bonnie's earnest dark eyes looked up into her face.

"Lady, you are dreaming," she said. "Perhaps I resemble your dead sister very much, but I am not Bonnie, as you call me. My mother was a dear friend of Mr. Lloyd, and he adopted me. Some day I will tell you all my story, and you will know then how mistaken you are!"

To herself she was saying wildly: "Heaven pardon me for the falsehood. But it is for Imogen's sake, she loves her husband, and he is more hers than mine in the sight of heaven!"

So she continued to reassure the frightened woman, and presently Imogen allowed herself to entertain a faint glimmer of doubt.

"Perhaps I was mistaken; but, oh, you cannot imagine how much you look like Bonnie, only perhaps a shade more beautiful," she cried. "When Miles sees you he will take you for a ghost. I had better go and prepare his mind before you come down to the parlor."

"Yes, pray do so," cried Bonnie, eager for the painful interview to end.

Imogen hastened out, only too glad to believe that she was mistaken, and seeking Miles, she said, with pretended carelessness:

"Well, I have had a chat with the heiress, and I like her very much. She is very pretty, indeed, with dark eyes and golden hair, and quite reminded me of our Bonnie."

Meanwhile Mrs. Cornwall hastened in to dress Bonnie for the evening.

"I will wear that lavender crape with the white chiffon ruffles, and those white jessamine flowers," said the girl.

"And Mrs. Cornwall, I want to look different somehow from my usual style. You may put up my curls this once. It will make me look more dignified to have my hair put up."

She did not want Miles Westland to be struck with her likeness to her dead wife as Imogen had been, and when she was dressed she noted the effect with anxious eyes.

But if there was any change it was only that she looked more beautiful with that wealth of golden locks wound into Psyche knot and fastened with a dagger of carved gold. The beautiful

white neck that held her head up so proudly was thus fully revealed in all its beauty. The string of rich pearls that encircled it was not whiter, to you," the maid observed, critically. "You are simply peerless, my lady—beg pardon; but I lived with the nobility so long that I can't help it. It's a pity there is no one here to admire you but a married man, unless you should have some callers this evening."

"I do not care for admiration," Bonnie answered, as she took up her great white plumed fan and went downstairs, exhaling as she moved the fragrance of white jessamine from the long sprays fastened at her waist.

"The jessamine flower in her fair young breast."

(Oh, the faint, sweet smell of that jessamine flower!)

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet. "How she shrank from meeting Miles Westland! How Heaven knew! But it had to be, and she served herself to a calm and proud, to hear herself like a stranger under the fire of his piercing dark eyes."

She swept along the grand hall toward the parlor, and as she did so a memory came to her of the night when she had first come to Lloyd Hill, a wretched fugitive, friendless and forlorn, and John Lloyd had taken her to his heart and saved her from despair and death. A sob rose in her throat and a tear to her eye.

"God bless him, my noble benefactor," she thought, gratefully.

Miles Westland and his wife were waiting for her in the parlor. Imogen rose, gracefully, and presented the two to each other.

"Miss Lloyd, my husband."

They bowed to each other, Miles murmuring some indistinct words of welcome; she gave him the tips of her icy cold fingers, then, somehow, she was sitting down looking with outward indifference into his face, yet remembering that Halloween night when last they had met with creeping chills of horror.

"Oh, Heaven, what if he should find me out?" she thought, wildly. "But no, no, he does not wish to. It is Imogen that he loves now."

But the somber dark eyes she remembered so well looked into hers with burning admiration, and he said, abruptly:

"Miss Lloyd you are the living image of Bonnie, my wife's sister."

"Yes, Mrs. Westland has told me about her dead sister," smilingly.

To her horror, he replied:

"We call her dead, and yet we are not quite certain. We believe she drowned herself, but her body was never found, and it may be that she only ran away and is still living."

Imogen turned on a startled, indignant look, but he did not notice; he was watching Bonnie so earnestly, for a wild suspicion had come to him. It was Bonnie herself, it must be, and like a flash all his old love returned. Imogen was forgotten.

But Bonnie quickly turned the conversation.

"I have made up my mind to join Mr. and Mrs. Rainford at Atlantic City to-morrow," she said, brightly.

"So soon? Oh, do not leave us yet!" exclaimed Imogen, affectedly. She knew that it was good policy to conciliate the heiress.

"I shall come back," answered Bonnie, smiling. She went across to the window, and breathed the fresh air eagerly. She seemed to be stifling.

"Oh, why did I come back to this fatal spot?" she thought. "I am afraid of the man's eyes. How passionately they shone on me! He suspects me, and perhaps his love for Imogen is not very strong. What if his heart turns back to me? I dare not risk it. I must go away."

She heard Imogen say, longingly:

"Oh, Miles, I wish I could go to Atlantic City with Miss Lloyd."

"It is quite impossible that I should go, Imogen. I cannot neglect my business."

"Yes, I know, but I might go, Miles. You could do without me for a little while," cooingly.

He did not answer. Bonnie, stealing a glance at him, saw that his brow had grown dark and moody.

"Oh, Mrs. Westland, you promised to show me your baby, didn't you? I do love babies," cried the heiress, eager to get out of the presence of the man she feared and hated.

"Come with me," answered Imogen, and led her sister to a pretty airy nursery, where a rosy babe of four months lay asleep in a dainty bassinet, watched by a neat-nerved mulatto woman.

"You may go, Aggie. We will stay with the baby and chat a while," said her mistress.

The woman withdrew and Bonnie bent over the rosy little sleeper with eager eyes.

"Oh, what a pretty baby!" she cried, stroking the dark little head with jeweled fingers, while a pang of sorrow for Imogen thrilled her heart. "What is the sweet darling's name?"

Imogen looked at her with a cunning gleam in her eyes as she answered:

"He is called Lin, for a dear friend of mine."

She thought that this would be a supreme test. Surely if this proud, beautiful girl were really Bonnie, she would start and betray herself at the sound of that beloved name.

Did Bonnie start, indeed? If she did it was ever so slightly, and Imogen did not perceive it, but she thought with a throb of jealous pain:

"Yes, I am sure it is not Bonnie herself, she is so much like her that Lin will be sure to fall in love with her the first time he sees her. And he will marry her, marry the beautiful heiress."

Then full of sharp resentment, she said:

"How strange!" cried Imogen. "Yes, Lin was his cousin, and so was Miles, although a more distant one. But he cut them both off with ten thousand dollars apiece, and gave his fortune to you, who were no relative at all," explained Imogen.

The fair face of the heiress drooped thoughtfully, and she murmured, almost plaintively:

"And of course they both hate me for my unconscious fault."

"Naturally, they both felt bitter," returned Imogen, in an apologetic tone. "You see it was not quite fair in Mr. Lloyd, and at first there was some talk of breaking the will, but then Mr. La Valliere declared that he would not war against a helpless young girl, and we all decided to be your friend."

"Thank you," said Bonnie, with a faint tone of irony in her low voice. Bending over the sleeping babe, she asked, carelessly:

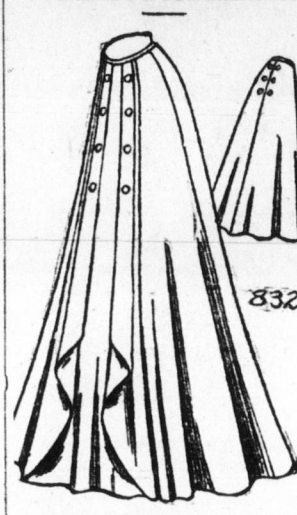
"This Mr. La Valliere, where is he now?"

"He is travelling—buying up coal and iron lands in Virginia. He and Miles are partners in a real estate business in the town of Lloyd. Miles stays at the office here mostly, and Lin is the travelling partner."

Bonnie could not answer, for sheer astonishment. Miles and Lin of all men in the world, partners in business! Imogen went on:

(To be Continued.)

## TIMES PATTERNS.



No. 8328.—This design will prove most acceptable, combining a close-fitting model with drapery effect in front that may be omitted. The skirt is shown with habit back in the illustration, but may be made with inverted fulness as the pattern is cut accordingly. The design will develop well in plain or self-striped panama, herring-bone chevion, English woolsens, taffeta, satin or tailor cloth. As illustrated, grey woolen was used; green, tulle, and white equally effective, and a trimming of buttons on the front and back will give the skirt individuality. The pattern is cut in sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist 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.

## WISE PARENTS

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The health of the growing boy or girl should be carefully guarded. During the growing time there is a danger of the blood becoming poisoned and the health seriously impaired. The blood should be kept pure and the child will grow strong, healthy and active. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an ideal tonic for the young. They never fail to bring color to the pale cheeks and strength to the growing body. To a reporter of L'Avantur Nord, Mr. Jos. Provost, of St. Camille, Quebec, tells how his son saved his daughter Marie from a life of misery. He says: "A year ago my daughter, a girl of thirteen, was very weak. She was so ill that I feared she was going into consumption. Though I tried remedy after remedy she remained in this weak state for several months, and I began to think she never would get better. I read of the good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for her. Soon she began to improve; her appetite returned; she grew strong; color came into her cheeks, and today she is as healthy as any young girl could be. I firmly believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved her life."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are equally as successful in bringing those of mature age back to health as they are in building up the young. They make pure blood—that is why they banish anemia, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, heart palpitation, indigestion and the secret ills of girlhood and womanhood. But you must get the genuine bearing the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. All other so-called Pink Pills are imitations. If your medicine dealer does not keep the genuine pills they will be sent at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**HORSE PLUNGED.**

Peculiar Accident to a Nova Scotian Sleighing Party.

Halifax, Feb. 8.—A bad accident occurred on Sunday near Bay Verte, when two young daughters of Wilbert Turner were thrown from a sleigh to the ice, receiving serious injuries. Four children were driving to Sunday school; just at the foot of a hill near their home is a small bridge crossing a deep stream, and as the horse stepped upon the bridge while going at a comparatively fast clip his toe-catch caught in the planking of the bridge and the horse plunged.

The children were precipitated to the ice twelve feet below. One of the girls, eighteen years of age, had her skull fractured and her spine injured. The other girl, ten years old, had her skull fractured and was rendered unconscious. The youngest boy escaped with a bad shaking up, while the older boy, who was on the back part of the sleigh, jumped, saving himself.

**FOUR SMOTHERED.**

Pottsville, Pa., Feb. 9.—Four men were smothered to-day by a rush of culm at St. Nicholas washery of the Philadelphia & Reading Coal & Iron Co. They were digging at the bottom of the bank when the rush occurred.

**Headaches and Neuritis From Colds.**

LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine, the world wide Cold and Grip remedy removes cause. Call for full name. Look for signature E. W. Grove, Inc.

## ROYAL BANQUET.

King and Emperor Together Pledge Their Friendship.

Brilliant State Banquet at Imperial Palace.

Berlin, Feb. 9.—King Edward and Queen Alexandra arrived in Berlin this morning in fulfillment of a promise made last summer, and His Majesty was warmly welcomed by Emperor William and the people of Berlin.

The utterances of both monarchs at the gala banquet at the imperial palace this evening were of the most cordial nature, each emphasizing the peaceful sentiments of the close relationship of the two nations.

The Emperor, speaking in German, said: "Your majesty may be assured with me that my capital and the whole German empire see in your presence a token of friendly feelings and sentiments which induced your majesty to pay this visit. The German people greet the ruler of the mighty British world empire with the respect due him, and perceive in his visit a new pledge of future peaceful and friendly development in the relations between our two countries."

"I know how much our wishes for the preservation and the strengthening of peace are in accordance, and can offer no better welcome than an expression of the firm conviction that your majesty's visit will contribute to the realization of these wishes. In giving voice to the hope that the vast empire over which your majesty rules may continue to prosper and flourish, I pledge this glass to the health of your majesty and the Queen."

King Edward replied in German, saying in part: "With regard to the aim and desired result of my visit, your majesty has given eloquent expression to my feelings, and I can, therefore, only repeat that our coming is for the purpose not only of recalling before the world the close ties of relationship between our two houses, but also aims at strengthening the friendly relations between our countries, and thus the preservation of the general peace towards which all my efforts are directed."

The dinner was a brilliant spectacle. King Edward sat between the Emperor and Empress, with Queen Alexandra at the Emperor's left. All the imperial princes were present. Prince Von Bismarck, the Imperial Chancellor, was seated opposite their majesties, surrounded by the British suite and the German Ministers. The table was strewn with red, white and blue flowers, and the dinner service was of gold. The Emperor wore the uniform of the British Royal Guards, while the King was attired as a Prussian general. The Emperor appeared in white and the Queen in black.

After the dinner their majesties held a reception, and the Emperor bestowed decorations on the members of the King's suite and the British embassy.

## OPIUM SMOKERS.

Total Number in China Well Over Thirteen Million.

Shanghai, Feb. 9.—Good progress is being made by the International Opium Commission. The delegates of seven nations have presented their reports and China has presented her memorandum. The Chinese delegate, Tong Kaisan, in his introductory statement, admitted that the information furnished regarding the area under poppy cultivation and the extent to which the Chinese were addicted to opium were, in the absence of proper means for collecting statistics, largely guesswork. The report itself makes a total production of native opium in 1908 at 34,800 tons, and endeavors to establish that in 1908 the output was reduced to 21,800 tons. It places the total number of opium smokers at 13,456,000. The report alleges with reference to the enormous increase recently in the clandestine importation of morphia that Japan is the main source of supply. The statement is made that, according to the customs returns, only 96 ounces of morphia were imported in the whole of China during 1907, yet it was known that individual stocks of 1,000 ounces or more of morphia were kept.

**JAPAN IS TOO POOR**

Couldn't Fight United States, Says Dr. Jordan.

Santa Barbara, Cal., Feb. 9.—President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, in an interview to-day, says that there is no danger of war with Japan owing to the legislation at Sacramento.

"Japan is too poor," he declared, and added that the only way to exclude Japanese was by an agreement with Japan. He said the leaders favoring legislation against Japanese were playing to the gallery, and were misinformed. He thought Representative Drew sincere, however, in his advocacy of an anti-alien land law. The action of the agitators he characterized as making California ridiculous in the eyes of the country.

**"WIRELESS" BILL.**

Proposal to Include the Great Lakes Voted Down.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 9.—The bill to require ocean-going vessels to be equipped with wireless telegraphy was today reported out of the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries. An attempt to amend it to include the great lakes within its provisions was voted down. Members of the committee say they will try to amend the bill on the floor of the House.

**MESS CASES.**

London Military Men Will Pay Their Fine and Drop It.

London, Ont., Feb. 9.—The promoters of the non-commissioned officers' mess have decided not to appeal against the recent ruling of Police Magistrate Love, when the members were convicted and a fine imposed for selling liquor without a license. The new organization, which is composed of the sergeants of the Sixth Field Battery, the First Hussars, the Army Medical Corps and the Army Service Corps, asked the non-commissioned officers of the Seventh Regiment who have a similar mess in the barracks, to join them in fighting the decision. This the latter did not wish to do, so the smaller organization, not wishing to press the appeal alone, will pay their fine and the matter will be dropped.

License Inspector Galpin does not intend at present to take any steps against the officers and sergeants messes at the barracks. He expects that an investigation of the matter will be made by the Government, and that "messes" will have to pay a license fee, the same as clubs do now.

Jonas and Anson Gilroy, brothers, Elizabethtown, were saving a tree when it fell unexpectedly. Jonas was struck on the shoulder and pinned so hard to the ground that his nose was laid out on one side of his face and several teeth loosened.

Three hundred employees of the Colonial Bleaching Works at St. Henri have received notice of dismissal. It is said the plant will be moved to Magog.

AT R. McKay & Co's. THURSDAY, FEB. 11, 1909  
HAMILTON'S MOST PROGRESSIVE STORE

## FEBRUARY SACRIFICE SALE OF CARPETS, RUGS, LINOLEUMS

Carpets Made, Laid and Lined Free of Charge During this Sale

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**Tapestry Carpets 69c** Heavy English Tapestry Carpet, a great bargain, worth 90 and 95c, made, heavy quality, splendid colorings, laid and lined for 90c and 95c sale price 69c

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**Wilton Carpets \$1.19** Fine Wilton Carpets, borders to match, limited quantity, rich colorings, a rare bargain, worth \$1.75 and \$2.00, made, laid and lined for \$1.19 sacrifice sale price \$1.19

**Velvet Carpets \$1.09** Fine English Velvet Carpets, borders to match, rich colorings, best quality, an extra choice bargain, worth \$1.35 and \$1.40, made, laid and lined for \$1.09 sacrifice sale price \$1.09

**Inlaid Linoleums 75c Sq. Yard** Heavy Scotch Inlaid Linoleum, tile and floral patterns, worth 90c, no gain, lining free, worth \$12.50, sacrifice sale price 75c square yard

**Tapestry Stair Carpet 35c** Heavy Scotch Tapestry Stair Carpet, half yard very heavy, worth \$14.00, lining free, wide, worth 50c, sacrifice sale price 35c

**Velvet Room Rugs \$8.50** Velvet Room Rugs, size 4x3 yards, best quality, seamless, rich colorings, carpet lining free, worth \$24 for 99c and \$26.00, sacrifice sale price \$8.50

**Brussels Room Rugs \$15.00** Brussels Room Rugs, size 3x4x3 yards, extraordinary bargain, carpet lining free, worth \$20.00 and \$21.50, sacrifice sale price \$15.00

**Wilton Room Rugs \$20.50** Wilton Room Rugs, size 3x4x3 yards, high grade quality, elegant colorings, carpet lining free, worth \$30.00, sacrifice sale price \$20.50

**Moravian Room Rugs \$8.50** Moravian Room Rugs, size 3x4x3 yards, reversible, Oriental, choice bar and floral patterns, worth 90c, no gain, lining free, worth \$12.50, sacrifice sale price 85c

**All Wool Room Rugs \$9.50** All Wool Room Rugs, size 4x3 yards, very heavy, worth \$14.00, lining free, wide, worth 50c, sacrifice sale price 35c

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**Specials for Thursday in Sweaters and Wrappers—Third Floor**

\$1.25 Wrappers for 59c  
3 dozen only Wrapperette Wrappers, in sizes 34 and 36, made with full skirt, deep flounce; worth regular \$1.25, Thursday's sale price 59c

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Ladies' Gowns, made of heavy English flannel, cut generously full, with deep flounce, to clear 98c

**65c Drawers 39c**  
Ladies' Heavy Flannel Drawers in stripes, also plain flannel, with deep full, nicely trimmed; Thursday's sale price 39c

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## RAILWAYS

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