

## LOVE FINDS A WAY.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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"No; it's only Tom Broxton, 'Mother' Spillman. I've stopped by to ask after your eyes. Miss Malvina tells me you have had a dreadful time with them this winter, and, as if that wasn't enough to keep both of you in work, you had to go and sprain an ankle."

All of which was shouted so immediately into the old lady's ears at the top of Tom's vigorous young lungs that she recoiled in physical pain. But she held his hands with answering warmth and smiled a glad welcome up at the great stalwart fellow.

"My dear boy, my good lad, to think of your taking the time to stop and call on an old woman like me! But it was like you—like the Broxtons, I mean. They never forgot other people's feelings. Sit down, Tom, close to me, laddie, where I can touch your shining brown hair if I want to. But don't yell so, Tom. They try to make out that I can neither hear nor see, but the old woman is not quite useless yet—no, not yet—not too helpless to be a good friend to the last of the Broxtons, Tom. Eh?"

"Indeed, no, ma'am," said Tom cheerfully. "I don't know of anybody I would turn to quicker if I needed help than to you or Miss Malvina."

He was thinking of derelict buttons and falling sock heels. She was thinking of much weightier matters. She gave a chuckle of unmistakable triumph.

"Say that again, my boy; say it again. It does one good after being snubbed and laid on the shelf for years. You mean it, don't you, Tom?"

"Of course I do, every word of it," said Tom kindly. "But you must not talk of being laid on the shelf yet for a great many years to come, 'Mother' Spillman. You have got plenty work to do in the world yet."

"Oh, I'm not getting younger, and I'm not getting brighter. I'm willing to go when my time comes. But, Tom, I've been wanting to talk with you, lad. You're right. I've got work to do. I've been wanting to say some things to you that no one else could say as well nor as safely, things nobody else would dare to say. Sit here on this hassock, close by my feet, boy, and try to use the trumpet when you answer me. Then you won't have to paw at what they can hear you all over the county."

"So far as I can see," said Tom, experimenting gently with the trumpet, "there's no one to hear us unless it is Miss Malvina's canary bird or that old red rooster yonder scratching up the flower beds. Shall I drive him away?"

She laid a heavy hand on his shoulder. "No; sit still. Malvina will be coming back presently, and she'd be in the way." She leaned forward until her thin lips almost touched his healthy pink ear.

"Thomas, where is all of your mother's and your Aunt Lucetta's fine jewelry?"

"Jewelry? I don't know, 'Mother' Spillman. I didn't know they had any."

"They had thousands of dollars' worth, boy. They had diamonds and pearls and Etruscan gold sets and cameos and the dear knows what besides. Many a time when I, as a minister's wife, ought to have been frowning down such frivolities have I sat gazing over their beautiful gems, real works of art, that were kept in one great lacquerware box when your dear mother and aunt were alive. They were a fortune in themselves. Oh, they were dressers, those two dear women! Not that they ever overdid it, though. Where is that box now, Thomas?"

Tom laughed carelessly. "I have not the slightest idea, 'Mother' Spillman. I never heard of the existence of all that splendor before. I suppose my father would have put such things in bank

somewhere. I am glad to know so many pretty things are in waiting for my future wife."

"Your future wife?"

"Why, yes. Of course I am going to have one some of these days, 'Mother' Spillman. You would not have me go without?"

"No. Oh, no! But, Tom, about those jewels." She was leaning toward him, twisting her knotty fingers nervously about each other. "I remember one especially beautiful pearl necklace of your Aunt Lucetta's. Your father brought it to her from Paris. I don't suppose there was another one like it in the whole country—15 large pearls caught into a rosette, with a big opal in the center and strings of pearls on either side."

"It must have been very pretty, but I never saw it," said Tom absently. The necklace that had encircled Olive's round white neck the night before had made no separate impression upon him. He had seen nothing but a pair of lovely, laughing eyes, rippling yellow hair and sweet smiles. He was thinking of them now. This accurate description of his aunt's wonderful necklace suggested nothing to him. "Mother" Spillman shook her head impatiently. She did not want to shock him if she could avoid it. She just wanted to open his eyes gradually.

"And, Thomas, the silver! My, what a lot of it you do own! There are few young fellows who could start house-keeping as grandly as you could. Your dear mother was proud of her family plate—silver tureens and great massive pitchers and trays."

Tom laughed gleefully. "Why, this is getting to be quite interesting. I feel like Cinderella in trousers, with all my pumpkins turned into jewels and silver plate."

"Eh, Tom? Where is it all?"

"I did not know of its existence, 'Mother' Spillman. Of course after mother and Aunt Lu died father and I lived very simply. I was only 6 when he and I were left alone, and I have been off at school since I was 11. I suppose all those things are in bank somewhere. I don't know much about my affairs as yet."

"But you are getting to be a man now, Thomas, and you ought to be looking after your own affairs. You ought to know what belongs to you. There were inventories of the jewels, even—describing the most valuable ones, and of the silver. I know what I am talking about, Thomas. I ought to, I helped your dear mother make out those inventories. You ought to know all this, Thomas."

The closing admonition of his father's unfinished letter flashed into his memory.

"I suppose when the proper time comes I will, 'Mother' Spillman. I have been too busy with my books up to date. But Mr. Matthews—"

Here he received a violent surprise. The old woman laid her two hands on the coat lapel nearest her and shook it very much after the fashion of a terrier pouncing on a rat.

"Don't trust everything to him, boy; don't, I say."

"My father trusted him," said Tom right loyally (he flung the words at her angrily with help from the trumpet, "trusted him utterly and always. They were like brothers. From my earliest childhood I have had Mr. Matthews held up to me as an exemplar, a man of probity and good judgment. You must not slander my guardian in my presence, 'Mother' Spillman. I can't allow it. Excuse me if I seem rude."

"I see, I see! He has bewitched you as he bewitched your father before you and his sister before him. If one should come back from the dead to warn you, it would do no good, no good, Thomas."

Tom recoiled with a nervous laugh, a poor assumption of ease. The flowers wrapped about his father's letter, the marked passage in his father's Bible, the dimly described figure bending over his father's desk, all rushed into his mind clamoring for recognition as celestial messengers whom he had treated with scant courtesy. He took refuge in levity.

"Oh, come now, 'Mother' Spillman! I have great respect for spooks and am sure I should never dare to treat one with disrespect. But a mere mortal is quite another thing. It would not be an easy task for any one in the town to convince me that my guardian was other than the high-toned gentleman and clear-headed business man my father's selection of him as a friend and my guardian proves him. I think I can safely intrust my affairs to him until I am ready to take the helm myself."

At which the old woman's wrath flamed out fiercely. Tom had risen from the hassock while speaking. It was time for him to go on to the Matthews'. 'Mother' Spillman rose, too, confronting him majestically. She stretched out one palsied hand imperiously.

"Don't speak of Horace Matthews and Rufus Broxton in the same breath, at least not in my presence. Don't couple thoughts of them in your young soul. It is desecration. I am wasting my breath. My words are falling on deaf ears. But the time may come when you will ask in bitterness of spirit why no one warned you against Horace Matthews. It shall not be on my conscience that I was too

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great a coward to do it. I tell you, Thomas Broxton—"

"Mother!"

Miss Malvina stood in the doorway regarding her mother angrily. The loud tones of the quavering old voice had carried beyond the front gate. The implication that was ready to be hurled at the lawyer's head sunk into a plaintive whine.

"They are all against me. Everybody's for him. Even my own child is ready to revile me for Horace Matthews."

Tom stood looking from one to the other of his two old friends with pity.

The house-keeper's sturdy child, who was the family remedy for scrofula, boils, and all the skin diseases, was the best remedy for indigestion in every form. It can be used either internally or externally.

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She stretched out one palsied hand imperiously. Rumor had informed him that "Mother" Spillman was "getting queer," but he had no idea that the wreck of her mind had progressed so far.

Miss Malvina touched her own forehead significantly. Tom nodded his comprehension. He took up his hat. Malvina followed to the gate.

"Tom, dear, of course you will forget every word she said against Mr. Matthews. I didn't hear her, but I know her mania. It's nothing but a mania, Tom. I can't fancy what ever has given her poor, feeble brain such a twist in that direction. She's gone stark—"

"I can't deny it—poor dear! Everybody knows Mr. Matthews is just a love suspicion of any sort, Tom."

Tom said "Of course," with a twinge of self reproach for having even listened to anything to the contrary, and made away with his big heart as full of commiseration for the mother and daughter as it was empty of the suspicion the old woman had tried to pour into it.

CHAPTER VIII. AN ACCIDENT.

Fixing a coldly rebuking eye upon the moody young face opposite him, Mr. Matthews tapped the library table impatiently with a paper cutter.

"I am afraid, Thomas, you are not giving me your undivided attention." And Tom, blushing guiltily, said he was afraid he was not. He tried to make amends by staring stolidly at the map of Europe which lay spread out on the table between him and his guardian. The ivory paper cutter once more resumed its peregrinations.

He could command his eyes and his ears even if his heart had gone astray. By planting his elbows on the table and firmly clamping his jaws between both hands he secured the attention of those useful organs and put them entirely at his guardian's service. But his heart and brains were another matter. Both played truant and absolutely refused to be drawn into consideration of this proposed tour of foreign parts. His day was proving distinctly disappointing, but he need not advertise that fact to all the world. With dull ears he heard his guardian's voice.

"Now, when your dear father and I projected this identical tour our intention was to go directly to Paris—the paper cutter halted directly over the black spot standing for that fascinating metropolis—"and from there—"

With rebellion in his heart Tom was summing up his grievances. Olivia had not emerged promptly on his arrival. Her long delay had the effect of making him feel cruelly premature and not eagerly welcome. All the sparkle had been blown off the day by her tarrying. Her father excused her on the score of a headache, superinduced by loss of rest. When she did appear, however, cool and fresh in her crisp, pretty house gown, with shining eyes and red ripe lips, it was impossible to accept that fiction of a headache.

"We planned to remain in Paris six weeks on our first visit, confining ourselves principally to the art galleries and the places of historic interest. You

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Colds etc.

see that was or would have been just after the days of the commune."

Tom's ears reported his guardian's words, and when Olivia did come his heart complained. He had gone forward eagerly to meet her, almost ardently. She must have read all his adoring thoughts in his burning eyes and flushing cheeks. His telltale cheeks had gone flaming hot at sight of her. She had smiled at him as indulgently as if he had been a young spaniel frisking at her heels, and for the brief space of time lapsing between his coming and the summons to dinner she had patronized him so openly that she had successfully imposed upon him an uncomfortable sense of extreme juvenility. He gnawed his budding mustache in impotent rage.

"Poor, dear Rufus!" his guardian droned. "He had the making of a fine artist in him. Doubtless that six weeks in Paris would have been most profitably spent by us. From Paris we meant to go by easy stages"—here the paper cutter ambled erratically over the map, descriptive of the easy stages—"until we reached Florence—Florence, the home of classic art, the scene of immortal Savonarola's unappreciated efforts and martyrdom."

What a finished young lady the pretty little thing had blossomed into on the strength of a debut! He had tried to talk to her of the future, giving it a tinge of common interest—hers, his, theirs. She had persisted in questioning him, with a matronly air of superior age, about his studies and his wardrobe and his physical condition. He had alluded to his guardian's wish

Continued on 6th page.

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Newcastle, N. B., Oct. 25th, 1900.

Newcastle's leading barber, Mr. James Collins, whose shop is near the Post Office, Pleasant St., writes:—"I use Kumfort Headache Powders and find they always cure, and I also find them pleasant and safe to use."

H. S. Miller, of Miller Bros., butchers, whose place of business is opposite the Waverly Hotel, writes:—"I can safely recommend Kumfort Headache Powders. They are a good thing for my headache."

Negua, January 6th, 1900.

"The most satisfactory and perfect cure for headache I find are the Kumfort Headache Powders."

A. V. SAVOY, Merchant.

Thomson Station, N. S., Feb. 25, 1899.

3rd Witness. E. Mattinson & Son write under this date: "Please send us 6 dozen Kumfort Headache Powders, they are the best selling medicines we have in the shop." Sales talk.

4th Witness. W. C. Balcom, the well-known travelling jeweller of Hantsport, N. S., writes: "I used Kumfort Headache Powders recently and found them a marvelous cure for headache."

5th Witness. E. C. Fulton of Truro, well known to the employees of the I. C. R., being in the Superintendent's office at Truro, writes: "Undoubtedly the best cure for headache. I cannot praise Kumfort Headache Powders too highly."

Burnt Church, N. B., May 12th, 1899.

6th Witness. "I have used Kumfort Headache Powders and my experience is that they will cure a headache in a few minutes.—It is nervous headache in my case."

MRS. J. P. DAVIDSON.

Harcourt, N. B., May 19th, 1899.

7th Witness. Miss Jennie Goodwin of Harcourt writes: "The best Headache Powders I have ever used are the Kumfort Headache Powders."

8th Witness. Rogersville's Leading Merchant, Mr. John D. Buckley, writes May 20th, 1899: "The best remedy for Headache that I ever used are the Kumfort Headache Powders—They cure in a few minutes—Create no habit from continued use and I find them safe and harmless."

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