A Tangled Web

BY MRS. ALEXANDER

Autho of "Beaton's Bargain," "His Perfect Trust," "By Another Name," "Her Heart's Idol," "Half a Truth." "H's Rival."

Mrs. Ruthven was unusually particu- Mrs. Ruthven, leading the way; and, lar in ordering luncheon, though at no time was she indifferent as to what she eat and drank, and as to what she put on. A very becoming costume of dark blue plush and cashmere, made her fairly content with herself, while her thick, shining, auburn-gold hair was crowned by a dainty little lace cap, with pale blue ribbons.

Marsden was delightfully punctual. and, in his admirably cut frock-coat, with a delicate button-hole bouquet, his high-bred face and beautiful soft. sleepy blue eyes, looked so handsome and distinguished that Mrs. Ruthven thought a woman might be excused for making a fool of herself about him.

"And how are you, dear Mrs. Ruthven, after these long days? What sin did I commit that you forbid me your presence?" exclaimed Marsden, holding her hand tenderly, a moment longer than was quite conventional, and looking into her eyes.

"Forbid you my presence?" she re-peated, laughing. "Once when you called I was really out, and once—I "Do you mean that is the beggarly

account of all my attempts to see you? Why, I was here four, five, six times, at least—"
"Then they omitted to tell me!
Do not let us quarrel about the exact number, Mr. Marsden! tell me some Evesleigh news. How are your charming relatives at Brookdale?" "I really do not know. I have

never heard of them since we left my ill-fated house. Do you know, I can not bear the idea of going there, and I had intended to hunt Blankshire this winter." "You must not allow yourself to

grow morbid; I shall regret the loss of my pretty rubies more than ever! Come, luncheon is ready in the next. While the servants were in the room they talked of ordinary sub-

jects, but Mrs. Ruthven soon managed to get rid of them, and resisting the temptation of listening to Marsden's charming voice and flattering speeches, she took the direction of conversation into her own

"You must not be long away," she said. "I shall want a tolerably large sum of money soon," and proceeded to tell of the opportunity which offered of purchasing the desirable villa at Twickenham; after enlarging on its merits, she con-

"I always wished for a place of that sort. It is so nice for fetes and pretty recherche parties. Be-sides, I may as well lay out some of that money which is lying idle in the Three-per-Cents., so you must come back in time to pay it." She looked up suddenly with a smile and a keen glance, and Marsden met it with his usual lazy, good-

humored expression.
"Very well," he said, "the cash shall be ready when and where you will. What are you going to give for this new toy?" 'Thirty-three thousand five

"That is a long price, my dear "Not too long, I think; there are some fields attached which insure privacy at present, and are worth a good deal as building land. Then there is a good deal of handsome oldfashioned furniture in the house."
"Oh! if your solicitors are satisfied, I have nothing to say against it. My business faculties are of the lowest order. I fear, however, that I can not return before Saturday-week.
You will be sorry to hear that my friend De Meudon has been dangerously ill. I will try to return by Paris, and have a look at him."

"Yes, I am sorry," said Mrs. "Then, I may only get on the track of your jewels, and have to go further a-field to discover them. By the way, have you any note of their size and weight?"

"Only of some-a few. But I wish you would not go off on such a wild-goose chase. As for me, I am weary of the subject, and inclined to let them go! The whole affair has depressed and exhausted me. I feel pursued by an evil fate—as if everything was insecure-I never feel

"Merely morbid feeling, such as you accused me of indulging, and proves that you ought never to be left alone! Why do you think of going to so heathenish a place as Folkestone? My sister will only be too delighted, if you will go to Chedworth, Dorrington's place in H-shire. They will be there in about a fortnight, and get some pleasant people to meet you."
"You are very kind! But at present I want to be quiet-and-

"Captain Shirley," announced a waiter. Marsden elevated his eyebrows interrogatively, and Mrs. Ruthven replied with a smile. "I beg a thousand pardons," said Shirley, a sullen look of annoyance clouding his face. "I thought you

"I assure you I am very glad to see you," cried Mrs. Ruthven, gay-ly. "I have been trying to feed my inexorable trustee, here, into goodhumor, to get his consent to my new purchase. Come and help me; and pray take some luncheon 'I have already lunched, thank

"A glass of Burgundy, then? This, I assure you, is not to be despised."
Shirley condescended to take a glass-and began to thaw.

nestling into the corner of a large sofa, she proceeded to coquette with

"Mr. Marsden is going all the way

to Amsterdam, on the chance of find-

both her visitors.

ing my poor rubies," she remarked, after a little discursive chatter. "Is it not good of him?" "We would all go further than Amsterdam, if we thought we could find them," said Shirley, gallantly. "If? Yes, that is just it. But it is too far for a mere chance. By the way, how far is Amsterdam from Ostend?" asked Mrs. Ruthven, in a

curious mocking tone.
"I really do not know," returned Shirley, gravely, and looking very straight at her, his face darkening. "Why do you ask?" Mrs. Ruthven was saved the difficulty of answering, as her courier came in before she could reply, and handing a card to his mistress, ask-

"Will you receive the gentleman, madame?' "Oh, yes, show him up." Then, with a little confidential nod to Shirley, she added:

"This is my engineer!" "He has lost no time," he return-"I shall not let him stay long. I will tell you all about him afterward''-to Marsden Shirley looked sharply at the door; but Marsden seemed too much occupied with his own thoughts to heed

what was going on.
In a few minutes a middle-aged of average height, with ironmoustaches and whiskers, his right arm in a sling, came into the room, and made a deferential, though clumsy, bow. "Good-morning, Mr. Colville Mrs. Ruthven, who had risen, and was standing beside a table near one

of the windows. "You have lost no time in answering my note. "I was anxious to thank you for your kindness in writing," turned, in a low, hoarse voice. "And how is your little girl?" continued Mrs. Ruthven. "Let me see, she must be nearly eight?" "No. ma'am, she is nearly seven, and looks less. She is a delicate,

weakly little creature, that's why I am anxious to keep her away in the country. "Very naturally. I am sorry 1 can not attend to you to-day, Mr. Colville," graciously, "you see I am engaged with this gentleman, and Captain Shirley," bending her head in the direction of the latter. "But if you will call to-morrow, I

give you half an hour; do not later than twelve." "I shall be punctual, and I thank 'Wait for a moment," said Mrs. Ruthven. "I have a little gift here for my goddaughter." She went to her writing-table, and took from a drawer a small packet tied with ribbon, which she placed in his

'You are very good, madame." he said, as with another clumsy bow and a look at each gentleman, he left the room.

"Do you not remember him at all?" asked Mrs. Ruthven.
"No," returned Shirley. "I never saw him before, and I can not say he looks the sort of man I should be inclined to trust.' "You are too suspicious. The poor fellow has been unlucky, his arm was broken in some machinery, and he is out of work."

unlucky," said Marsden, rousing him-self. "I've not had much good luck "Why you seem to me a remarkably lucky man," said Shirley.
"By the way, Captain Shirley," began Mrs. Ruthven, in a languid tone. "I hope you will excuse me for breaking my engagement; but my head is quite too bad to drive down to Twickenham. It would not be to Twickenham. It would not be worth while going in a closed car-riage, and with my neuralgia an op-en one is not to be thought of." "Pray do not dream of incom-

moding yourself on my account," said Shirley, turning white. "But as you do not need me, I have business to attend to in the city, and will bid you good-morning." He bowed to Marsden and went away quickly. "How cross he is," said Mrs. Ruthven, as the door closed to him. "Yes, poor devil," returned Mars-den, carelessly, "you treat him rath-

"Why does he court bad treat-nent? I do not want him to come "There is a strong dash of cruelty in you, charming though you are."
"Do you think so?" looking down, and speaking softly. "Yes, I am capable of taking my revenge, believe me." her lips quivered as she spoke. 'I am quite sure these pretty velvety little hands could strike unflinchingly; but they could caress ten-

'Clifford!" she exclaimed, with sudden emotion, then, correcting herself-"I mean Mr. Marsden." "No, no," he said, smiling on her, "you have broken the ice, and I will not have the colder appel-"Not yet," she said softly, withdrawing her hand which he had taken. "I may call you Clifford one

day-but not now. Tell me, when do you go on this rather wild-goose chase to Amsterdam?" "To-night. I cross to Calais, and shall get to Amsterdam some time to-morrow. I shall not write, as I hope to see you soon again. I trust you will go and amuse yourself somewhere. I can't bear to think

of your moping in an hotel at Folke- as seinsn and trouplesome as he was stone; do go to my sister." Well, perhaps I may, but I am anxious to settle about this place."
"We must also arrange about a ities too heavy. "Oh! We can see all about 'that

when you come back." "Good-bye, then, my deal ars. Ruthven. Wish me success.' He pressed her hand, and was gone Mrs. Ruthven grew very pale, as she stood for a moment in thought, and pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, then she looked in the glass,

smiling at her own image. "I should never be alone," she murmured. "Does he mean to be my constant companion? I am to select another trustee. Ah! Marsden, if you but loved me, I could forgive anything. Sometimes I almost believe you do. Be that as it may, you are bound to me—for love or for re-venge—I will never let you go."

CHAPTER VIII.

The result of Miss L'Estrange's self-commune was very perceptible, at least, to herself. The careful watch she established over her own words and manner, however, was too delicately exercised to be in any way remarkable. She was bright and frank as ever, but she slid easily away from any approach to sentimental subjects, though talking readily on other topics. The chief change was an increase of animation and a tendency to mock at what used to touch her. Mrs. L'Estrange only noticed that Nora was in remarkably good

Winton sometimes looked a little surprised, and bestowed more of his conversation on his older acquaintance than he used. The quiet weeks went by swiftly, their monotony broken by occasional dinners at the houses of the cathedral dignitaries at Oldbridge, where Nora's songs and lively talk,

and Mrs. L'Estrange's gentle tact and sympathetic "listening," made both welcome guests. October was more than half over, and hunting had begun—a congenial amusement which interfered a good deal with Winton's frequent visits to Brookdale. The rapid falling of the leaves, and a succession of stormy nights, made Mrs. L'Estrange think seriously of spending November and

December in town-a proposition which Nora originally urged. Mrs. Ruthven wrote at length, very She was detained in town by business, she said. She was in treaty for a pretty villa on the Thames. and would be delighted to have Miss L'Estrange's counsel and assistance when she set about furnishing. Mr. Marsden had been so good in trying to find her jewels, and had

gone to Amsterdam in search of them, but all in valu. Was he at Evesleigh? for no one seemed to know what had become of him. "Do you know I think it would be very nice to help Mrs. Ruthven in choosing her furniture? Shall I tell her we are thinking of going up to town? Perhaps she would take rooms for us," said Nora, when she

had read this letter aloud at break-"My dear Nora! she would not care for the trouble; and what a price she would agree to give for rooms! We must be very prudent; my little sav-ings during the latter part of our stay in Germany will not go far." "Oh, yes! I forgot. You are really a wonderful woman, Helen; I shall never be such an aconomist; but as to not caring for the trouble, I do not think you quiet do Mrs. Ruthven justice; you and Mr. Winton are always of the same opinion, and

I think you have caught his prejudice against her." "I am not as much fascinated as you are, and I must say, I am a good deal influenced by Mark Winton; when I look back"—she stopped abruptly. Nora, who longed to hear her reminiscences, gazed earnathly at hen and Mrs. I'Extrange estly at her, and Mrs. L'Estrange, raising her eyes suddenly, encountered those of her step-daughter fixed upon her, and colored through her "I have a fellow-feeling with the delicate pale skin, to Nora's great surprise. "Some day," said Mrs. L'Estrange, quickly, and with some confusion, "I must tell you my little history; every one has some touch of romance in their lives, even

so prosaic a person as I am." "Do, dear; tell it to me now."
"Now? Oh, no, I must interview
cook, and plan the dinner; the romance of the past must give way to the needs of the present, vulgar though they be: some evening, by the fire-light, I will prose about days gone by. It is fine and calm to-day; let us give Bea a holiday, and walk across the park. The meet is at Crowland Gate, and we will see the hounds throw off."

"By all means, I feel as if wanted to be in the open air."

Mrs. L'Estrange went away to her household duties. Nora sauntered into the drawing-room and sat down at the piano, but she did not begin to play for some moments. Was it possible that her quiet, unselfish step-mother had had thrilling experiences? She was so reasonable, so wise in a simple way, that Nora could never imagine the irregularities and redundance which constitute romance gathering round her. How good she had always been! even from her first entrance into the family. How she had stood between every one and her husband's hasty irritation; how much Nora herself owed to her justice and generosity. What a good influence she had been, how much she had endured from her selunsympathetic husband, who looked upon her as a slave whom he had bought, and who had no rights, no title to consideration, whom he had married to be an upper servant. What a life of suppression, of careful conscientious sick-nursing she had had, without the reward of gratitude or recognition! From how much she had saved Nora herself! How strong and patient she had

"If I can reward her I will," thought Nora. "I do hope Bea will be a good, loving child; she is like my father, but no woman would be

perhaps his had health made him worse. I must take care I do not. grow hard and selfish myself. I wish were busier! my life is too easy: it second trustee; I feel my responsibil- leaves me too much time to think: I must not think."

And she applied herself diligently to a piece of Chopin's, bristling with accidentals and crabbed passages. till Bea, with a radiant face, came The walk through Evesleigh Woods and across the park was delightful. It was a soft autumnal morning, slightly leaden in coloring, like one of Wouverman's landscapes, as if nature gently mourned her departed youth, the pines and larches gave out their aromatic odors, the ground was thickly strewn with red, withered leaves from the beech trees, for which Evesleigh was famous, and when the trio reached Crowland Gate, which opened on a wide com-mon, where the woods ended and an undergrowth of brushwood and furze afforded abundant cover, a tolerable field had assembled, but not many spectators. The rector's daughter on horseback, the curate's little chil-

her smart carriage, with a couple of visitors from London. Every one knew every one else, and greetings were exchanged. Winton, who rode a powerful chestnut, with the temper that color is usually supposed to entail, managed to keep the fiery creature still for a moment beside Mrs. L'Estrange. "Very glad to have caught a glimpse of you. I am going off to-morrow to Devonshire, an old Indian chum of mine has asked me to share his hunting quarters in a splendid country. I hope I shall find you in town next month. You'll let

dren, with their governess, on foot, the banker's wife from Oldbridge, in

me know your movements?"
"Yes; certainly. We shall miss you very much."

"I hope you will, unlikely though it seems. We must do some plays when we meet. Good-bye, Miss L'-Estrange!" He stretched out his hand to Nora, who had taken a vantage post on a stile, pressing his horse with heel and knee to make is approach, but the animal kicked and resisted, glancing round with wild, wicked eyes. "Consider yourself shaken hands

TO BE CONTINUED.

with," said Nora, laughing and

shrinking, "I am afraid of

Well Again The many friends of John Blount vill be pleased to learn that he has enirely recover d from his attack of ed it. in the town (Mono, Ind) had failed to pain which this limment affords is alone wirth many times its cost. For sale

by A. McG McDonald Wedding Bells

BLAKE-CAMPBELL At the Manse, Vancouver at 3 0'clock Tuesday aftern on 8th by the Rev. R. G. McBeath, pastor of the first Presbyterian church, James Blake in emplo e in the McNair shingle company to Janet McKenzie Camp-Restigouche N. B. The happy couple left on the train for a short wedding too much as they are had for the diirry returning they will reside in the gestion. city.-Vancouver World.

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teens" are permanently cured of the peculiar disease of the blood which shows itself in paleness, weakness and nervous-

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you require a good blood medicine get

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DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS,

Grand River

Weather is still very cold and now is still as deep as ever, the does not seem to be a particle warn

Mr. Alexander Maloney, general neighbors told me how this remedy had merchant passed through here for cured her little boy and I began giving Pabos last week. in Breche-a-Manon last week. Miss M. B. Sheehan wishes to con- be convinced as I was ?' For sale by tradict the statement that was put on A McG McDonald.

dreamed of having a concert. Miss Maggie Flynn was the guest of Miss B. Sheehan last week. Driving seemed very good here last

Siturday, as many of the folks enjoy-Miss Edith and Ropie Tapp with ther matism. Chanderiain's Pain Miss Edith and Ropie Tapp with Ballicured him after the best doctors their brothers and their friends the Messrs Rail's and Misses Rail's passed give relief. The prompt relief from through here last week for Pabos, they had it rather stormy

Mr. Zavier Caron of Perce was the guest of Mrs George Beaudin and Mrs. P. Sheehan last week. Mr. J. A. Chabot Inspector of Schools is on his yearly visit to the county schools. Mr. Thomas Flynn of Breche-a Manon was the guest of his friend Mr. Joseph Walter Sheehan Sunday last. Messrs Fred Flynn and Edmund Becke were the guests of their uncle

Mr. H. Flynn last week. Some of the folks are longing for bell. Both bride and groon, hail from Easter to come that they may eat

> How's This. We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can-

not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F J.Cheney & Co, Toledo, O,
We, the undersigned, have known
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in all business transactions, and finan cially able to carry out any obligations

Feed pale girls on Scott's made by his firm.

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Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O Halls Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and monials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle Sold by all druggist.

Peninsula Gaspe.

The weather has been very rough THE FAMOUS and changeable for the past few days Albert Ascah is absent from home. on a trip to New Carlisle with R. Pack wood of Cape des Rosier. This will enable him to try his new horse purchased recently from Allan Mahan of Port Daniel.

a concert held in the R. C. Convent | FINISH at Donglastown on the evening of St STYLE Young women in their Patrick's and report spending a very WEAR enjoyable evening.

It is announced that a concert and

tea will be held in the hall at Grand We won't charge you anything Greve, sometime during Easter week | to look at them. A pleasant time is anticipated. A very sad death is that of Mr. Abram Bouraize which occurred at Cape ness, by regular treatment Ozo to-day. After eating a hearty breakfast he was about to go to his work, when suddenly he became paralized and immediately lost consciousness expiring at 4 o'clock p. m. A family of seven orphan children are

pathy of the community at large. The remains of the deceased will be interrred in the Methodist burial grounds on Thursday 24th inst, at 2 o'clock m. A party of men from Gaspe Basin are out to day surveying out a spot on Sandy Beach Bar for the Block mentioned in last weeks Events

Glenlevit.

We are pleased to see our popular For sale by A. McG. McDonald friend John Poliock with us again. Rumor has it he is about to join the noble army of benedicts. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs.

Allan Pratt congratulate them on the arrival of a bouncing boy. We are pleased to hear that Mrs. John Murray who has lately undergone a severe operation for cancer is recov-

Robert Nichol and Miss Pearl Fairservice paid us a flying visit last week. We were pleased to see Mr. John Dawson pass through here a few days ago looking hale and hearty.

Ouite a number of teams are return; ng from the woods. Most of our young men have also arrived home. Wedding bells are heard in the near future,

Read it Through

TWOULD SPOIL THIS STORY TO TELL IT IN THE HEADLINES To use an eighteenth century phrase Messrs W. Hurley and Arthur Ste this is an"O'er true tale." Having Croix called to Mrs. Peter Sheehan's happened in a small Virginia town in one day last week from thence they shortly left for the home of Mr. Hurley much of the present. Up to a short Lagrip where Mr. and Miss Ste Croix were time ago Mrs. John E. Harmon, of his guests for a couple of days then returning to their Uncle's Mr. Peter Sheehan's where they spent the relies of Chamberlin's Cough Remody. mainder of the week and returned "Last January," My baby took a breadhome on Monday after a pleasant voy- ful cold and at one time I feared she would have pneumonia, but one of my it to my baby at once and it soon Mr. Joseph James Flynn was the cured her. I heartily than the manufact welcome guest of some of his friends urers of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for placing so great a cure within my Some of the people in our place al- reach, I cannot recommend it too though seemingly very busy, still have highly or say too much in its favor. time to pry into the affairs of others. I hope all who read this will try it and

Colds Are Dangerous

How often you hear it remarked: As it is a long time since I have seen "It's only a cold," and a few days later my notes from our little village. I con- learn that the man is on his back with cluded that our former correspondent pneumonia. This is such common must be laid up with an attack of the occurrence that a cold, however slight lagrippe so I decided to try my hand.
We are having beautiful spring-like berlain's Cough Remedy counteracts weather at present, the change is much any tendency toward pneumonia. It appreciated after the severe winter. always cures and is pleasant to take.

Newport Village.

Mrs J. Phelen of Port Daniel West was in town on Saturday en route for

Mr. John Allan of Port Daniel accompanied by his daughter Miss Annie were among the guests at Langton's Hotel on Saturday. Miss N. McKinney spent Saturday

and Sunday in Port Dapiel. Miss Agnes Fahev is visiting friends P. Cain of Perce drove through here on Sunday.
Tom Gorman of Perce called on friends here this week.

Miss Vergina Duguay of Gascons is in town for a few weeks. John Scott of Pashebiac drove hrough here this week. Messrs. X. Kennedy M. P. and P.

Mark were at Langlois Hotel on W. O. Hurley, Mayor of Pabos was in town one day last week.

Fred Kennedy of Douglastown was

in town on Friday enroute to New Lagrippe is the only thing we hear of those days.

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lead to trouble—it is time to Beecham's

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left to moura his loss, having lost their mother a few years back. The bereaved ones have the heartfelt symbol between the heartfelt symbol.

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