

TANGLED THREADS

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Yes, Mary, I will help you—I will befriend you all that lies within my power. I will do my utmost toward righting the wrong that has been done you," Helen replied, with a heartiness which showed that she was making no light promise.

"How good you are!" cried the grateful girl, her tears streaming afresh. "Oh, I hope your heart will not be broken—your life spoiled—by giving up Hubert to me! Do—do you love him so very much?"

Helen smiled wearily at the question.

If Mary could have known, she thought, what a revelation of feeling had swept over her upon learning her sad story, how glad she was to be released from the unequalled union that had been so nearly consummated, what an escape she regarded it, she would not have imagined that she was making very much of a sacrifice for her.

Nevertheless, if she had loved him with all her heart, her decision would have been the same; she never could have married him, after learning of the wrong of which he had been guilty.

And yet her very last support seemed to have been wrenched from beneath her by this unexpected change in her plans. However, she would not allow herself to dwell upon the matter at that time; she must settle with Hubert first, then face her own future with what courage she could.

"No, Mary," she returned, "my heart will not be broken, nor my life spoiled, and I am going to tell you just the truth about the matter, so that your mind may be set at rest upon that point. My mother has been very ill for a long time, and, besides, during the last year we have lost all the property we had. Through all our trouble, Hubert Allen has been very kind to us—like a devoted son and brother. I do not know just how far he may have been influenced in this by the plot which the letter and telegram have revealed and his love of money. He has professed to want to marry me for a long time, but now I can see that he and Mr. Lancaster had planned it all out before he ever spoke of marriage to me. I imagine he must have been heavily bribed, for the man is said to be very rich, and, of course, I can understand it must have been a great temptation to him; and yet, he has been so good to us—so helpful and faithful, I cannot believe him wholly depraved, in spite of his great and deliberate wrong against you. I do not love—I never have loved—Hubert as a wife should love her husband, and, knowing this, I rejected his proposals until almost our last dollar was gone—until a week ago this morning, when he insisted that something decisive must be done for my mother, who seemed to be failing every hour, and the doctor having said that she would surely die if she remained in the city, we arranged that we would be married today, and go immediately into the country."

"Oh! And you cannot go now?" exclaimed Mary in a tone of dismay; "must you give it up, if—if you do not marry Hubert?"

Helen's face grew very white and sad as she replied:

"I—I do not know; but we will not talk of that now. I believe that God will take care of us in his own way, and we shall have to leave all with him."

She had scarcely uttered the words when a wave of peace and trust seemed to sweep over her troubled heart, and leave behind it "a great calm."

"Now you will understand," she resumed, after a moment, "why my heart will neither be broken nor my life spoiled. I know that I should have consented to marry Hubert, and I believe you were sent to save me from a future of great unhappiness."

"Thank you—oh, thank you, Miss Seymour! You have done more for me than I can tell you," said her companion, breathing a long sigh of relief.

"Now, I am going to ask you to let me keep both this letter and the telegram," Helen said, "and I will send you the papers which she had laid upon the bed; they certainly concern me more than anyone else, and there may come a time when I shall need them to prove that I have been true; for—Mary, a terrible wrong has been done me, also. That man—Mr. Lancaster—

has plotted this to separate me from some one for whom I do care a great deal."

"Oh, Miss Seymour! Is that so?" cried Mary, her face lighting suddenly, for the confession proved to her beyond a doubt that Helen did not love Hubert, and that she really would enter heartily into the plan of trying to influence him to do right by her.

"Yes; but, of course, you understand, I tell you this in confidence. I do not wish you to speak of it to any one—I simply wanted you to know just where I stand."

"I will never betray your confidence, Miss Seymour," said the girl gravely; "and I thank you for it. You shall have the letter and telegram—I am very glad to give them to you," she concluded, as she pushed them toward Helen, who gathered them up, and, crossing the room, locked them within her desk.

"Now, I shall have to ask you to excuse me for a few moments," she observed, as she turned back to her guest; "I want to see if mamma is awake, and, if so, prepare her for the change in our plans."

"Perhaps I had better go now," said Mary, starting to her feet, and searching Helen's pale face with sympathetic eyes.

"No, indeed; I wish you to remain here," Helen gravely returned. "I have a special reason; the baby is still asleep, and comfortable, and, I am sure, you have nothing important to call you away."

"No, except that I have to find cheaper lodgings, for Hubert told me last night that he could not let me have as much money hereafter as he had been giving me," said the girl, a look of anxiety sweeping over her face. She felt ashamed and degraded, in view of the fact that she had even consented to profit by money which rightly belonged to this poor girl and her child. She was profoundly grateful to her for having come to her before it was too late to rectify what would have been a lifelong mistake.

"Well," she said kindly, "you need not look for lodgings today; you shall remain here, and be my guest until Monday, for I want to see if some permanent and more desirable arrangement cannot be made for you."

"How can I ever thank you for being so good to me?" sobbed Mary in a transport of gratitude. "I did not expect you would be so kind—I did not look for anything like this: most young people would have taunted me with—

with my sorrow, and felt that they were polluted by my presence."

"You poor child! Truly, I have only the tenderest sympathy for you," said Helen, laying a gentle hand upon her shoulder. "And I feel that you are not half so guilty of the wrong that has been done this dear little one as the man who has refused to bestow a father's care and protection upon a what a pretty baby she is!" she added, bending over the small sleeper, and caressingly touching the rings of brown hair that encircled his forehead; "what have you named her?"

"Oh, Miss Seymour, I haven't had the heart to give her a name yet; she is simply 'baby' to me until—until I can be sure what her name is to be," the young mother responded, with trembling lips, but with a world of love in her sad eyes that rested upon the pretty pink-and-white face.

"Well, take off your hat, dear; you shall stay with us for a day or two; and now I must go to my mother," Helen hastily observed, as, glancing at the clock, she saw that it was 20 minutes to 12, and knew that Hubert and the clergyman would soon make their appearance.

She hurriedly left the room, and hastened to the parlor, where she found Mrs. Seymour still sleeping.

Going to her side, she laid her hand softly against her cheek.

The woman stirred, and smiled, even before she unclosed her eyes, for she instantly recognized the familiar touch.

"Why, I have been asleep, haven't I?" she exclaimed in surprise. "Have they come? Is it time? Oh, how pretty you look, Helen, in this white serge! It is very becoming to you, and fits you nicely."

She sat erect, and seemed to be greatly refreshed by her nap, while her glasses roved, with fond admiration, over the white-clad, graceful figure by her side, and without suspecting to serve Helen's unusual gravity and the look of high resolve on her pale face.

"No, dearest, they have not come yet; it lacks a quarter of an hour of being twelve," Helen calmly replied, although her heart was beating heavily with dread, in view of what she had to tell her mother. "And, mamma," she went on, kneeling beside her, and slipping her arms around her neck, "could it be such a very great disappointment to you if—if we could not go into the country today?"

"Why, Helen, what do you mean?" exclaimed the woman in a startled tone, and suddenly becoming conscious that something had gone wrong. "How pale you are—how strangely your voice sounds! Has anything happened?"

"Do not be alarmed, mamma, dear," was the fond response; "I have some news for you; but, in spite of the disappointing fact that we shall have to postpone our trip to Yorkville for awhile, I believe it is good news—at least, for me. Now, listen, and please do not interrupt, for I must tell you everything, before Hubert comes."

Then, with her arms still enfolding her, she related, as briefly as possible, Mary Wadleigh's pathetic story, but did not mention either the letter or telegram.

Somehow, she shrank from mentioning Hubert's name before her mother, and from allowing her to know of this additional wrong that had been perpetrated against her and her child by the man who, years ago, had so wronged her.

She merely stated, in a casual way, to account for the girl's presence, that she had found out, in some way, Hubert's intentions, and so had come there to plead her cause.

"Why, why, Helen! I never heard of anything more disgraceful in my life!" exclaimed Mrs. Seymour, in great excitement and indignation, when she concluded. "I can hardly credit the story! Hubert has never seemed like one so devoid of principle! He has been so good to us, so invariably kind, so full of our comfort, and forgetful of his own. Are you sure that this girl has not been imposing upon you?"

"Yes, mamma, I am sure," Helen returned, with quiet positiveness; "she has told me the truth, about Hubert, you know, which proves her story to be true, and which she could have known nothing about if she were an impostor. I

am convinced that she is a dear, sweet, honest little woman, in spite of her one mistake, and you will feel the same, too, after you have seen and talked with her."

"Oh, this is dreadful! I do not know what to say—what to think!" exclaimed Mrs. Seymour, in deep distress, for she had trusted the young man fully, and it was a terrible blow to find that she had been so deceived—her confidence so misplaced.

"Dearest, I am sorry for only one thing—excepting, of course, the fact that he has been guilty of such wrong—and that is, the disappointment to you—the impossibility, apparently, of carrying out our plans," said the heavy-hearted girl, as she pressed her tremulous lips against the thin cheek nearest her. "I have not a single regret, as far as an, personal, concerned; I am, in fact, most thankful that I am once more free, for, of course, I could never marry Hubert after this."

"Of course not," was the indignant protest. "Why, I would rather die a thousand deaths than see you the wife of such a man! You do seem to be glad of the release, Helen," she added, bending a searching look upon the fair, sweet face resting against her shoulder. "Then—you did not love him, after all!"

"No, mamma—"

"And you were going to marry him simply to—to try to save me?" and the woman's voice broke, ending in an uncontrollable sob.

"Mamma, don't! You are all that I have in the world to live for, and I could sacrifice anything—everything—to keep you with me," Helen pleaded in self-defense, as she strained her emaciated form convulsively to her. Then she added in an almost defiant tone: "But I will save you, even yet. Hark! She suddenly interposed, and sitting erect; 'there is the bell—they have come!'"

"Let them come," said Mrs. Seymour, with sternly compressed lips. "I am ready for them, and Hubert will soon learn what I think of him!"

"Mamma," Helen gravely observed, and laying an impressive hand upon her shoulder, "I shall bring the clergyman here, for you to entertain—only please do not say anything to him about this until I return—while I have a talk with Hubert first, I have something very important to say to him, aside from the question of his hypocrisy toward us; you can guess, perhaps, what I intend to make him do, if I can."

"Helen! You are going to make him consent—you mean to—"

begged her mother breathlessly, as she comprehended her intention.

"Yes—yes; but I must go," and, springing to her feet, the girl bounded to the tube in the hall.

"Who is it, please?" she questioned, but with a sense of suffocation from the rapid beating of her heart, for she shrank from the denouement which she knew must come.

"It is I—Hubert," came the reply from below.

"Come up," she returned, pressing the button; then, opened the hall door, and stood awaiting, while, as he cold, the appearance of the ascending visitors, for she had caught the sound of other footsteps besides those of the unsuspecting young man, who was running lightly up the stairs, smiles of hope and triumph wreathing his lips.

Presently Hubert sprang upon the landing, and behind him followed the more sedate figure of the clergyman.

He came eagerly forward, his whole face beaming with joyous anticipation, and put out both hands to Helen; for, in spite of the almost severe simplicity of her attire, she had never looked more lovely to him.

But she drew back, grave and unresponsive, and, though a trifle wounded by her coldness, he innocently attributed her manner to her shyness in the presence of a stranger.

Yet, a second glance at her frozen face and averted eyes smote him with a sudden sense of dread of he knew not what.

But he stepped one side, to allow his companion to enter before him, saying, as he did so:

"Miss Seymour, allow me to present Rev. Mr. Hervey to you."

Helen gave the gentleman her hand with a quiet "Good morning, sir," then added courteously:

"Will you allow me to take you to mamma for a few moments, Mr. Hervey, while I speak with Mr. Allen?"

The clergyman affably signified his willingness to accede to her request, whereupon she led the way to the parlor, presented him to her mother, then excused herself, and returned to Hubert, who had remained standing in the hall, where he was vaguely wondering what Helen could wish to say to him.

He had intended getting there somewhat earlier, but he had been obliged to wait a little for Mr. Hervey, who had been delayed by another couple, who had come to be married, and he had become a trifle nervous and impatient, in view of the delay, and was now very eager to have the ceremony that would make Helen irrevocably his over with as soon as possible.

"Helen," he began eagerly, as she came to his side, "how love—"

"Come in here, please," she interposed, with a shiver of repugnance at the compliment he had half voiced. She laid her hand upon the knob of her chamber door as she spoke, swung it open, and motioned him to enter, which he did, mechanically, with her eyes fastened upon her, and wondering more and more at the strangeness of her manner.

[To be Continued.]

You May Be Sick Tonight

Without a moment's warning pain springs upon us.

At the outset it is instantly cured by Nervine.

Surprising what fifteen drops of this marvelous medicine will cure. Nervine is no less certain than the wonderful effect when taken internally.

Of course, Nervine is powerful, or it couldn't be so penetrating. But not irritating or caustic, because your infant could well and even gratefully take it. There are other pain remedies, but when you use Nervine you see the difference. That difference is this, others relieve, but Nervine does cure sprains, strains, swellings, earache, toothache, neuralgia, lumbago and all other muscular pains. Large bottles for 25c at all dealers.

NOTABLE REUNION;
THE "VAIL PICNIC"

Annual Gathering at the Home of a Much-Esteemed Delaware Family.

Under the most favorable weather conditions, the 29th annual "Vail Picnic," a yearly reunion of the Vail family and invited friends, was held on June 14 on the beautiful grounds of Mr. Lewis Vail, Delaware Township. Early in the afternoon, relatives and friends from far and near gathered at Mr. Vail's home. While the older people spent the time in conversation and in renewing old acquaintances and memories, the younger people indulged in games and other amusements. A game of baseball was played, each team consisting of members of both sexes. The chief features of the game were the good plays made by the Misses Warwick, of London, and Mr. Jack McDonald's star pitching.

Two interesting incidents of the day's doings were the voting contests. The first was to decide who was more popular, a married or a single lady. Mrs. S. Sutherland was chosen to represent the former, and Miss Ida Warwick represented the latter. When the poll was counted the vote stood even, so each received a prize, and the question was left to be settled at a later date.

The second contest was to decide who was most popular among a married or an unmarried gentleman. Mr. S. Sutherland was chosen to represent the married, and Mr. Jack McDonald to represent the bachelors. The voting resulted in an overwhelming majority in favor of the unmarried candidate. Mr. McDonald was then called to the platform and was presented with a necktie of the latest and most approved style.

All agreed it was the most becoming tie he had ever worn and wondered he hadn't taken a fancy to try such a one before. After the presentation the recipient was called upon to make a speech. Being of a retiring disposition Mr. McDonald was unwilling to do so, but finally being prevailed upon, came forward, and in a few well-chosen words thanked the assembled for their hearty expression of their favorable opinion of him.

An incident of interest to both old and young was the guessing contest. The object was to guess the combined ages of four of the oldest of the Vail family present. Mrs. Hannah Vail, of Delaware; Mrs. Ellen Vail, of Delaware; Mrs. N. D. Mr. Geo. Vail, of Marlette, Mich., and Mr. John J. Vail, of Newbury, constituted the four. Their combined ages aggregated 331 years 6 months. The nearest guess was 332 years. A prize was given for the nearest guess. These four had their photos taken in a group. The Chippewa Indian Band was present and all enjoyed the day.

At 5:30 p.m. the guests sat down to a bountiful supper spread on tables under the trees in the orchard. Although the attendance was not as large as it has been on some previous years, all spent the evening in a pleasant and departed to their several homes, to look forward with pleasant anticipations to the next annual gathering.

BAD MEAT FROM U. S.

Refused Entry Into Germany, Attempt Was Made to Smuggle.

Berlin, June 18.—Lieut. von Podbielski, minister of agriculture, was interviewed today on the occasion of the opening of the Agricultural Cattle Exhibition in Berlin with regard to the meat-packing scandal in the United States. He said the Government was fully aware of the state of things in Chicago, but could not make its knowledge public. All it could do was to take measures to protect the population in its charge. The Government knew, for example, that thousands of animals were already dead before they were brought to the slaughter-houses. For the inspection of 10,000 swine daily there were only three veterinarians in Chicago, while in Prussia an inspector was sent to examine more than twenty daily. A large steamer recently arrived at Emden with meat, the whole of which had to be refused entry. The result was an attempt to smuggle it over by way of Denmark.

In the course of his speech in opening the exhibition the minister claimed that a new era of prosperity for German farmers was dawning, now that the recently-made commercial treaties were in operation.

FELLAHEEN RESTLESS

Egyptian Natives May Rise Against British Government.

London, June 17.—No trustworthy report of the attack on British officers at a village near Tantah, Egypt, has yet been received. The explanation at present suggested is that the natives thought that the Englishmen had set fire to a neighboring village which was burned at the time. The affair has created a feeling of great uneasiness.

Though little public reference has been made of the fact, it is well known that there is a feeling of great unrest among the natives of Egypt. When the Tabah-Akhabah dispute between Great Britain and the Sultan of Turkey was acute, reference was made in these dispatches to the activity of Turkish propagandists. Since the beginning of the year they have met with no small measure of success, and though the Sultan as usual was forced to climb down, he has not altogether failed in his attack on British prestige in Egypt.

The latest advices from Egypt state that the uniformed natives believe that the Sultan emerged victorious from the dispute, and they have high hopes that before long they will be freed of all foreign control. In the country villages and districts the attitude of the natives is very noticeable. Obsequious severity has given place to a sullen, unfriendly demeanor. Even servants have been known to say to their masters: "It is your time today, but ours will come tomorrow, perhaps."

"Always the Best of Everything for the Least Money"

The Cream of Cream Goods

This is a cream Dress Goods Sale that we intend putting on tomorrow with prices away down in all lines of this popular shade. There are bargains to be had at this Tuesday sale that you cannot duplicate all season. Cut out this list and prepare to shop early:

CREAM VOILES	One piece Cream Figured Voile, all wool, 44 inches wide. Tuesday only, a yard.....	39c	CREAM VOILES
	Double Cream Voile, all wool, good width, Tuesday, yard.....	50c	
	Plain Cream Voile, 46 inches wide, all wool, very scarce material. Tuesday, yard.....	85c	
CREAM LUSTERS	7 pieces Fancy Cream Luster, small patterns; also check and polka dots, suitable for waists and shirtwaist suits. Regular 50c and 60c, Tuesday, yard.....	42c	CREAM LUSTERS
	6 pieces Cream and White Luster and Siciian, 46 inches wide. Regular 75c and 85c qualities, Tuesday, yard.....	65c	
	Cream Luster, special per yard.....	25c, 30c	

Cream Cashmeres, Roxana, Toille de Laines, Nunn's Veiling all at Reduced Prices Tuesday

4 pieces Fancy English Mohairs, very neat embroidered patterns, also neat checks; a swell material for shirtwaist suits. Regular 75c and 85c material, Tuesday, yard.....	65c
1 piece Cream Bedford Suiting (8 yards only), suit length to clear.....	\$4.00

Our stock of Cream Serges cannot be exhausted. Special prices for Tuesday.....

48c, 59c, 75c, 85c, \$1.00

Silk and Wool Crepe de Chine. See our special at, yard.....

75c

COME EARLY TO

GRAY & PARKER

150 Dundas and Carling.

150 Dundas and Carling.

Gum with a purpose—FREE

Bode's "Menthath Pepsin" Gum is made with a purpose ---to please the palate, to aid digestion and to soothe the voice and vocal cords---hence the flavoring (for the palate), and the pepsin (for the digestion), and the menthath (for pleasant relief). Bode's Menthath "Pepsin" Gum is given away with a purpose---to permit every man, woman and child in London to try it once at least at the makers' expense.

The following coupon appeared in the London daily papers Saturday, and will appear in each for five days more---30,000 coupons every day. Present five of these coupons to any grocer or any druggist or any confectioner or any fruit stand in London and secure a package of

Bode's Menthath "Pepsin" Gum Free

Subscribers of this paper wherever a sample distribution is held can use the coupons from this paper, and present them to any grocer, druggist or cigar stand and obtain a free sample package of Bode's Gum.

Made in Canada Only by the

BODE GUM CO., Limited
Montreal

McEachren and McPherson
Tecumseh House, London

ic. Bode's Gum Coupon ic.

Five coupons like this will be exchanged at any grocer's, druggist's, confectioner's or cigar stand in London for a free package of

ic. Menthath "Pepsin" Gum ic.

Made in Canada only by BODE GUM CO., Limited, Montreal, Que.

Are You Often Bilious?

Read This and Learn How to Prevent Attacks.

Biliousness is merely a term applied to a condition that exists when the body is overloaded with bile.

The complexion turns yellow, eyes look dull, pimples, itching and eczema, break out, headaches are ever present.

Biliousness has two great causes, constipation and defective liver action. When Dr. Hamilton's Pills are taken they not only correct the bowels, but act directly on the liver, regulating its bile secretion.

Unlike ordinary medicines which purge and give temporary relief, Dr. Hamilton's Pills remove the condition which causes biliousness; thus permanent cures are effected.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills do cure biliousness and liver ills under all circumstances.

We prove this by the statement of Mr. Fenwick Luddington, of New Harbord, N. S., who writes: "Three months ago I had no expectation of ever getting free from periodical bilious attacks. They were preceded by dizziness and headache, and if I stooped over my head would swim and a nauseous feeling crept into my stomach."

Dr. Hamilton's Pills fixed up my liver, drove all the bile out of my system, made me feel well in a few months. Today I enjoy a good appetite, excellent digestion, and the best of health. Dr. Hamilton's Pills did it all."

Get Dr. Hamilton's Pills today. Sold by all dealers; 25c per box, or five boxes for \$1.25. By mail from N. C. Foss & Co., Montreal, Conn., U. S. A., and London, Or.

The First Need

of a cook in order to insure good bread and pastry on baking day is a good flour, and one which is uniform. A brand which varies in quality and strength, and requires different methods of using every time, is a source of worry to any cook and the cause of much spoiled bread and pastry.

Five Roses Flour

is made by a process which insures every barrel and bag of flour which leaves the mills being of a uniform strength, quality and color. Therefore, when once a cook learns to use "Five Roses" she will find that the "Five Roses" way of baking will give the same uniform results—the best—every baking day.

Ask your grocer for it.

Lake of The Woods Milling Co.

MONTREAL.

Limited.

Local Office, 72 Bathurst Street, London, Ont.

Coming events cast their shadows before good and plenty when they hire a press agent.

How weak and helpless a man is when a bold and aggressive widow makes up her mind to marry him.

If all tombstone inscriptions were literally true, his satanic majesty would have a lonesome time of it.