

The Tangle of Fate

"She never loved you at all, and I wonder how you ever induced her to marry you," cut in Mollie Miller, sharply.

He gave her a resentful glance, but went on without pausing:

"So I crept into my room here, put on dry clothes, destroyed my wet ones, and before the end of twenty-four hours was far away from Cross Lanes, leaving my fate a mystery to all, for I judged lightly that Bonnie would be afraid to tell the secret of that night, lest she should be accused of murder. I stayed away, working in a western city, trying to curb my impatience to return to Bonnie, and about a week ago I saw a personal in a newspaper advertising for me, and stating that a rich relation of mine had died and left me a handsome legacy. My first thought was of Bonnie, and that I was rich and I hastened down into Virginia, claiming the legacy of my Cousin John, and came straight to Nicholas County to claim my bride."

"Poor Bonnie!" sighed some one, and there was a sound of weeping in the room where Bonnie's schoolmates were listening to her vindication from Miles Westland's lips.

"I always said that she was innocent. But no one would listen to me," sobbed Mollie Miller, and the scene of wretchedness was changed into one of sorrow for her basely judgment of poor dead Bonnie.

"Oh, if she could have heard them weeping for her, poor child, how much happier she would have felt in her exile, and the words of her favorite poem would have had a new, sweet meaning to her heart:

"A few simple hearts are waiting,
Longing, yearning, for me,
Far away where tears are falling,
Where I fain would be!"

"I know how things fell out, I have heard all since I came back. She is dead, my poor Bonnie, so let no one blame her," said Miles Westland, chokingly.

"She believed that I was dead when she was going to marry another man, so she was innocent. It was all my fault, and my heart is broken!" and she went out from among them to indulge his grief and remorse alone.

Imogen Dale waited wearily, but in vain for an answer to the letter she had sent Lin La Valliere. "He will never forgive me," she said at last, and her chagrin was most bitter.

She had pleaded herself to write to him, to plead to him, and he scorned her. It was cruel, and Imogen writhed under the stings of wounded love and pride.

To the outside world she seemed cold and indifferent, but inwardly she raved with a fierce unrest.

"Oh, of I could only get away from this dull place and from my stupid old father into the bright, gay world, where my beauty would be admired by all!" she would cry, passionately, to herself, and if she had only a little money the proud creature would have forsaken her unloved home and sick father, and fled away to more congenial scenes.

Upon this feverish mood of hers broke the startling news of Miles Westland's return, his newly acquired wealth, and her sister's vindication. A selfish regret for poor dead Bonnie began to stir in her forward heart.

"If she had lived she would now be the wife of the rich Miles Westland. He would take her away to live in some beautiful city, and I should go to visit her, and then I should make a rich marriage, too. Oh, how glorious it would be to marry rich, and then to meet Lin La Valliere, my Lin, who had married a rich man, and then to see her visions floating through her mind of herself robed in beautiful garments, and glittering with jewels, smiling in haughty scorn upon her old lover, who should repent too late the perfidy by which he had lost her forever."

She repeated, aloud, as she paced haughtily before her little mirror some verses from a book of poems Lin had given her when he first came:

"Scorned by a man that is weaker than I,
Down at my feet in the dust he shall lie,
Down at my feet in the dust he shall pray
For the love that he values so lightly to-day.

"And then he shall learn when he asks for a bride
That a true woman's love is outweighed by her pride;
And when pale with anguish he kneels at my feet,
He shall read in my eyes that revenge is most sweet.

"I will teach him to play with a rattle-snake's tongue,
I will teach him the tiger to rob of his young;
I will teach him 'twere better a man were unborn
If the love of a proud-hearted woman he scorn."

When Miles Westland came, timid and hesitating, to call upon the Duke, Imogen was so cordial that it surprised him. He had always been secretly afraid of Bonnie's proud, quiet sister, but he said to himself that he had perhaps never understood her until now, or probably she had been Bonnie's husband, and there was now a sacred tie between them. He was her brother-in-law.

She was most kind, most cordial, and she found himself looking into her face with keen pleasure. There had been considerable likeness between the two sisters, although one had dark braids and the other golden curls. In Imogen's dark eyes there was a look of Bonnie that thrilled Miles Westland's heart with pain and pleasure.

But Farmer Dale was not so cordial to Miles Westland as he had been to Bonnie. His answers were brief and cold, and he soon left the room and sought solitude in which to brood over his troubles.

"Do not mind poor papa. He means well, but he acts strangely. He has never seemed like himself since the specter of Bonnie's death came out about my poor sister," said Imogen.

"My poor injured darling, do you really believe that she is dead?" the young man asked, sorrowfully.

"Yes, I feel sure of it," was the answer, and then Imogen could no longer resist one little stab, so she added: "Of course, it is dreadful her committing suicide, but after all it may be best for you that she is dead, for she did not show any respect to your memory, and

was about to marry another man in less than a month."

It was a cruel stab. The handsome young fellow started and quivered, but Imogen went on:

"If she were living now I do not believe she would be willing to live with you as your wife. But forgive me if I seem harsh. Perhaps, they have told you how Bonnie stole my lover from me, although I have forgiven her, now that she is dead."

Bitter tears came into the dark eyes, and he pitied Imogen sincerely. On the impulse of the moment he took from his pocket a little box containing a pretty diamond ring that he had bought to bring to Bonnie before he knew that she was dead.

He told Imogen the story of the ring, and begged her to wear it for her sister's sake. She accepted it gladly, and a sparkle of pleasure dried the tears in her dark eyes.

Imogen was very proud of her ring, and made no secret of its history, so the Nicholas county gossip soon began to whisper about it, and predict something that shortly came to pass.

Miles Westland, pleased and flattered by Imogen's sympathy and cordiality, transferred his love from the dead sister to the living one, and offered her his hand.

The ambitious Imogen, believing that she was about to marry a rich man and realize all her dazzling dreams, gladly consented.

She made him promise that he would take her to Washington to live. She knew it was Lin La Valliere's home, and she hoped to encounter him there and dazzle him with her grandeur. She had some school-girl friends living there, too, and she knew that through them she could gain an entree into fashionable society.

Farmer Dale had conceived a bitter prejudice against his son-in-law, and made a vigorous resistance at first to Imogen's marriage, but she proudly set his wisest at naught.

"Bonnie's wickedness balked me of my first chance of a rich marriage, and you would deprive me of the second, but I will not listen to you," she said, angrily.

"But do you love him, Imogen?" asked the old man, wistfully.

"What has that to do with it?" cried the fervent girl.

"Ever my daughter, for if you don't love the man all my money will not make you happy," her father answered, earnestly.

"Why, look ye, Imogen, your mother was courted by a proud, rich man, but she would not have him because she loved me best, although I had only this farm and a thousand dollars in bank."

"I dare say she repented it," muttered Imogen, sulkily.

"She did not, for she told me on her deathbed that she was glad she had married me," her father said, angrily. "But I shall not stay here slaving it out to please anybody, not even my own father. Why don't you get married again yourself? There are enough old maids and widows setting their caps at you in this fashionable town."

Farmer Dale made no reply, but went out leaning heavily on the thick cane he always used now. Imogen saw him going slowly down the lane presently, and knew that his faltering footsteps were tending toward her mother's grave.

"Bonnie," she said, and her heart was never repented her choice.

"How I wish my father had been the rich Mr. Lloyd instead of a farmer," she thought, repiningly, and not for a moment did she regret the match she was about to make. For was not Miles Westland rich, and was not gold her idol? She had never been able to extract from him the amount of his wealth, but he contrived to let her fancy that he was very rich indeed, and lest she should find out differently, he hurried on the marriage, and Imogen, quite anxious as she was, did the same. Before the new year was a month old Imogen was his blushing bride.

Then they went away to Washington, where Miles Westland took rooms for his wife at a fashionable hotel, and supplied her with new clothes and some handsome jewels. The mourning for Bonnie was fast aside, and the bride having sent cards to her city friends was soon launched on the sea of gay society.

It was not long that the young bride of such a handsome, generous husband as Miles Westland should be constantly thinking of another man, but there was not one waking hour in which Imogen was not wondering what had become of Lin La Valliere, and when and how she should meet him first. On the street, at the theatre, at the ball or the reception, she was constantly looking out for one face, constantly thinking:

"When he sees me in the world of fashion he will realize how beautiful I am, and my friends will be proud of me."

She thought it was an angry whim, she did not really realize that it was lingering love that made her yearn for the chance meeting that must surely come some day.

"Some day, some day of days, treading the street,
With idle, heedless face,
Unloking for such grace,
I shall behold your face!
Some day, some day of days, thus may we meet.

"Perchance the sun may shine from skies of May,
Or winter's icy chill
Touch lightly veil and hill,
What matter? I shall thrill
Through every vein with summer on that day."

Miles Westland was very much in love with Imogen, and he did not dream how little she cared for him, or that she had come to Washington with the burning desire to meet her lost lover and picnic him into loving her again. But the day that was to open his eyes was not far away, for the tangled threads of fate were steadily drawing together Imogen Westland and Lin La Valliere. And as it almost always happens in such cases, it was just when she was not looking for him that Imogen's wild longing was granted her at last.

CHAPTER XIII.

The winter wore away, and, in May, Imogen said to her husband:

"All my friends are planning already for where they shall spend the summer. Some of them are going to Europe. Can't we go with them?"

He never forgot her look of surprise and anger when he answered, sadly: "I cannot afford it, Imogen," long as "But why not? You told me you were rich," she exclaimed, imperiously.

"I told you that I had had a handsome legacy left me by a distant relation, but we have lived so extravagantly, by this winter—that it is almost spent," replied the young husband reluctantly and shamefacedly, dreading her anger and chagrin.

She confronted him with evident alarm.

"Do you mean that I shall have to be poor—with you?" she cried, with almost a disdainful emphasis on the pronoun.

"Imogen, do not excite yourself—the money is not all gone yet," he said, anxiously, coaxingly.

"Then we may go to Europe! I have told everyone I meant to go. Miles, and I cannot be disappointed now!"

"You cannot go, Imogen. I am sorry, but there is not enough money; so we must live quietly in the country this summer and make it last as long as possible. Then I must go to work!" he answered, blurring out the truth boldly, as he saw nothing else would throw cold water on her ambitions.

Imogen was furious.

"How dare you marry me unless you were rich? I hate poor men!" she exclaimed, unguardedly.

A lurid light flashed into the dark eyes of her young husband.

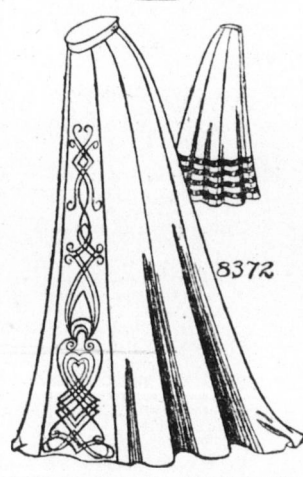
"So, then, all your pretended love was a sham? You were only after money!" he hissed, so angrily that the reckless woman was startled.

She realized that she had gone too far, and that it might have been better policy to hide her feelings—while the money lasted, anyway.

She clasped her white, jeweled hands and looked at him appealingly.

(To be Continued.)

TIMES PATTERNS.



LADIES' ELEVEN GORE SKIRT.

No. 8372—This skirt is close-fitting at the top and has a medium sweep. Blue broadcloth may be used for its development with black velvet ribbon at the bottom for trimming. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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GLANFORD WOMEN.

Successful Meeting of the Institute on Thursday.

The special winter meeting of the Glanford Women's Institute was held on the afternoon of Feb. 4, and was one of the most successful in the history of the Branch, having an attendance of 63. The president occupied the chair and at the conclusion of the regular business introduced the speaker of the day, Miss M. Yates, of Guelph. She spoke first on several business matters in connection with the work, and her remarks were listened to with great interest by the members. The Misses Haine then gave a duet which was much appreciated. Miss Yates gave an address on "Home Economics," which was concise and practical. The conversation and the manners of the household are in the hands of the woman, and the success of young Canadians depends greatly on their early training in these things. Then for the benefit of her health, the housewife should cultivate a spirit of restfulness. At the close of the meeting tea was served to the ladies and to many friends from the Farmers' Institute and a joint evening session was held where Miss Yates spoke on "Winter Egg Production."

STONEY CREEK HONOR ROLL.

The following names appear on the honor roll of the Stoney Creek public school for January:

Fifth class—Stewart Felker 522, Ellis Corman 488, Violet Storch 478, Kathleen Green 467, Maggie Dodds 454, Evelyn Dewey 426.

Senior Fourth—Clarence Thompson 510, Louise Lambert 492, Jack Hopkins 491, Madeleine Harper 478, Lovie Corman 456, Stanley Patterson 421.

Junior Fourth—Hilda Green 601, Claeta Carpenter 551, Harry Parkinson 539, Mary Corman 518, Evelyn Dewey 474, Violet Dunham 473, Douglas Ewing 470.

Senior Third—Moirs Boden, Harold McLachlan, Mary Charlton, Lorne Lee, Hazel Felker.

Junior Third—Theo McCormick, Gladys Millen, Hazel Timms, Maggie Piott.

Senior Second—Effie Cooper 334, Clinton Felker 320, Beadie Siebert 293, Will Crocker 289, Davidson Lovell 287, Alma Findon 286, Vernon Martineau 280, John Straughan 270, Doris McLeod 265, Lorne Nicholson 263, Basil Hopkins 259, Frank Whitwell 255.

Junior Second—Mary Smith 276, Isabella White 274, Elmer Corman 266, Dorothy Burrell 256, Alberta Ling 248.

Senior Part Second—Clarence Nash, Vera Springstead, Roy Nelson, Muriel Webb.

Part I. Janis Walker, Willie Dougherty, Nellie Grainger.

ABOUT TREATIES.

Argument by Mr. Borden on Earl Crewe's Despatch.

Sir Wilfrid Agrees That the People Should Know.

Ottawa, Feb. 5.—It is some time since a communication with the Imperial Government was the subject of criticism in the House of Commons, and it was, therefore, with no ordinary degree of interest that the members heard a discussion this afternoon based on the terms of Earl Crewe's despatch, submitted to the House yesterday. In calling attention to the communication from the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Borden appeared to be anxious rather to make his position clear in regard to the question of treaty powers than to criticize the views of Earl Crewe. But, while he handled what was undoubtedly a delicate task very tactfully, and disclaimed any hostility towards either his Lordship or the Imperial Government in the matter, his observations made it clear that he was not disposed to accept the doctrine, as stated by the Colonial Secretary, that it was the universal practice to withhold treaties from Parliament until after they had been ratified by the King.

In controversy of that view he quoted from Todd, Anson and other constitutional authorities to show that while in theory Earl Crewe was correct, in practice there had been several cases in which treaties had been presented to the Imperial Parliament before they had been ratified by his Majesty.

"Too general and sweeping" was his comment upon the Colonial Secretary's statements, and he declared that there would be any danger or detriment in making the terms of a treaty known when once it has been signed by the plenipotentiaries, and it would be both undesirable and unfortunate if the people were kept in ignorance of treaties because of a diplomatic tradition.

SIR WILFRID FAVORS PUBLICITY.

The Prime Minister, while hinting that the leader of the Opposition had misinterpreted the spirit of Earl Crewe's despatch, heartily endorsed the view that treaties should be communicated to Parliament and the people the moment they were signed by the plenipotentiaries. Parliament, he declared, should be kept in the confidence of the people, and in these days, when the power of the press was reflected in the national life of every country, it would be not a disadvantage but an advantage to a treaty to know the provisions of a treaty in which it was interested, even before it was ratified by the King.

MR. MACLEAN AND THE RAILWAYS

Mr. W. F. Maclean found another opportunity to-day to ventilate his views upon what he regards as the shortcomings of the big railway corporations. He claimed that the C. P. R. and the Grand Trunk were not giving the public the service that the people were entitled to expect in consideration of the privileges they received from Parliament. The C. P. R. discriminated in favor of the United States traffic and neglected local traffic, and neither the C. P. R. nor the G. T. R. showed any regard for the safety of their employees or of the public. The people were entitled to the companies could not afford to provide greater protection or reduce rates, and yet the C. P. R. was paying 10 per cent on its capital stock, and was about to raise additional millions of dollars in the pockets of its shareholders. Mr. Maclean thought the order in Council authorizing the issue of the additional capital stock should be rescinded.

Hon. Mr. Graham replied to the member for South York in a few sentences, and pointed out that the question of rates had been referred to the Railway Commission, and that having adopted that policy, Parliament should leave the commission to work it out.

The House rounded off an excellent day's work by passing the agricultural and labor estimates.

FOR PRINCE RUPERT

G. T. Pacific Trains Will be Running by Summer.

Montreal, Feb. 5.—It was announced to-day at the head offices of the G. T. P. Railway that within the next month or six weeks the first standard-gauge locomotives, passenger coaches and freight cars to be used on the G. T. P. Railway in British Columbia will be shipped north from New Westminster or Vancouver. In the first consignment of G. T. P. rolling stock will be included six locomotives, one hundred and fifty freight cars, and some passenger coaches. These will be operated under Prince Rupert over the first hundred miles of line built. The first train will probably be operated early next summer.

FLAT IRONS AND SHEARS.

They Were the Weapons Used in a Tailors' Riot.

New York, Feb. 5.—One man was killed and three others injured in a riot incited, the police declare, by walking delegates of a garment-makers' union, who descended upon the tailoring establishment of Jacob Greenfield in East Second street late to-day, and attempted to coerce the employees of the place into quitting work. Greenfield and his brother, Wolfe, employed as foreman, attempted to prevent wholesale destruction of the shop by the invaders, and his name ensued in which clubs, shears and pressing irons were freely used.

Police reserves dispersed the rioters. In the debris of machinery they found Samuel Kahn, said to be one of the strikers, lying unconscious with a broken skull. Jacob Greenfield, the proprietor of the establishment, his brother, Wolfe, and Bago Cassello, an employee, were also badly battered.

Provost Macklem, of Trinity College, has withdrawn his resignation tendered a month ago.

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2nd Day of the Great February Clearing Sale

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Tremendous Sale New Spring Embroideries
3 Remarkable Value-Giving Events 3
At 1c yard, Edgings and Insertions, Worth Reg. 5c
500 yards, manufacturer's stock, Edgings and Insertions, 1 to 3 inches wide, both Swiss and cambric; shop early Monday for this event, at per yard

Corset Cover Ends, Worth Up to 35c Yd., Sale Price 10c End
Corset Cover ends in a remarkable sale, in mostly 3/4 yard lengths, all good quality cambric, splendid patterns, at per end

Blouse Fronts 35c
Blouse Fronting Embroidery, splendid qualities, in shadow and eyelet designs, clearing Monday at the above remarkable sale price, worth regular 75c.

In the Baby Department
\$1.00 Rompers for 49c Children's Rompers, made of American gingham, in pale blue and white, navy blue and white and pink and white, sizes 2, 3 and 4, worth regular \$1.00, Monday sale price

Introducing the
New Spring Dress Goods
With 2 Big Monday Sale Events
The New Directoire Satin Suitings at 85c yd. Worth Reg. \$1
Early buyers will do well Monday if they come and view the new cloth for 1909 spring suits, guaranteed absolutely correct and a nice weight, on sale in shades of navy, brown, taupe, light grey, green, champagne and black, at a popular price

New Shadow Stripe Shirtwaist Suiting, Worth Reg. 75c
Monday Sale Price 50c yd.
This is a very stylish material and on sale Monday at a remarkable sale price, shadow stripes, very correct grand goods for ladies' and children's stylish serviceable dresses, in the new, soft spring weight, all shades in the lot, at per yard

Monday Specials in Whitewear
\$1.35 Gowns for 75c A few only Ladies' Flannelette Gowns, Kimono style, in plain striped Flannelette, to clear at

Ladies' Natural Wool Underwear 69c
20 dozen Ladies' Natural Wool Underwear, vests well made, French seamed gusset fronts, full range sizes, regular value \$1.00, clearing sale only

Ladies' White Corset Covers 25c
Ladies' Long Sleeve White Corset Covers, well shaped and finished, regular value 40c, clearing sale only

Special Values From Our Big Staple Section
Longcloth 8 1/2c Fine, Close Finish English Long Cloth, full width, worth 10c, for 8 1/2c
Cream Damask Table Cloths \$1.29 Heavy Cream Damask, good quality, Pure Linen Cloths, bordered all round, slightly imperfect, worth 68-inch, regularly 25c, for 17c

Flannelette Specials
Plain White Flannelette, soft, warm finish, worth 10c, for 7 1/2c
35-inch Striped Flannelette, neat patterns, firm, close weave, worth 12 1/2c, for

Sheeting Remnants 20c
Remnants of Sheet, bleached and unbleached, worth up to 35c yard, ends 1 to 2 yards, special

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SPIRIT OF MARS

HAS TAKEN POSSESSION OF BRITISH PEOPLE.

New Melodrama, "The Englishman's Home, Has Driven the People Mad on Invasion Question—Six New Dreadnoughts Asked for.

London, Feb. 5.—English theatre-goers seem in somewhat of a panic over the possibility of invasion by a hostile army. Numerous incidents following the production of the play "An Englishman's Home" built on such a possibility, show the state of mind of a section of the general public. Lord Escher appointed through the Daily Mail for 1100 volunteers to complete the quota of the County of London in the territorial army, and an anonymous reader sent him a cheque for \$50,000 to assist in the work of recruiting this force. The solemn warnings which Lord Roberts has been uttering for two years and the fervid speeches which Mr. Haldane, the Minister of War, has been making all over the country, have done their work, and suddenly, under the influence of the realistic play, the people have awakened to a realization of what war would mean. Nothing is talked of in the street, the club, the home, except the defence of the island. Efforts which can be described only as frenzied are being made to recruit the territorial army.

The Admiralty is asking the Government for authority to lay down six Dreadnoughts this year. This is a panic programme, and taken in connection with the fresh concentration of naval strength in the North Sea—most importantly announced on the eve of the King's departure for Berlin—is sufficient evidence of the hollow mockery of the pretence that Britain and Germany are prepared to abandon their mutual suspicions.

Among the declarations in Herr

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