

TANGLED THREADS

She told herself that she never could—that she could never even take his hand in friendly greeting.

But for her mother's sake, she felt that she must make an effort to repress all outward manifestation of this repugnance, and that she must never reveal to her the secret of the letter and telegram.

Of course, she reasoned, Halburton Lancaster believed the matter was a secret to all the world save himself and Hubert Alton; he would never confess it, and she must never mar her idolized mother's new-born happiness by allowing her to even dream that he could be guilty of so dishonorable an act.

So she tried to smile as she evaded her last appeal by remarking: "You must remember, mamma, that I have never known Mr. Lancaster personally. I have never even seen him, to know him, but once before today."

"And that was when you had that fall from your horse in Central Park?" interposed Mrs. Lancaster inquiringly. "Who told you?" queried Helen in surprise.

"Helen! you never said anything about that accident to me, Helen."

"No; I was not in the least hurt, and I did not wish to have you worry about me when I was out riding. I did not even know who the gentleman was at that time, but afterward, when we were speaking of the accident, Hubert Alton told me he was Mr. Lancaster, his employer," Helen explained.

"How strange it seems that his name was never mentioned in my presence until the day you received that letter from Marjorie!" said Mrs. Lancaster musingly. "But—with a glance at the clock—he is coming to me again tonight, to us, I should say—again, is he going to bring Rob with him?"

"Rob!" breathed the startled girl; but her tone was eager, her face gleamed tremulously tender, and a lovely blush crept up to her temples. "Ah!—with what an anxious gleam in her eyes—what

must he have thought of me today, mamma, when I passed him, looked straight into his eyes, and never made a sign to betray that I had ever known him!"

"It must have cut him keenly, dear, for he has never answered a hair's breadth from his allegiance to you," said Mrs. Lancaster regretfully.

"Nor I to him, mamma," said Helen, with a sob; "but I was so paralyzed to see him there in the grandstand, when I did not dream that he was within hundreds of miles of us, that I simply could do nothing but stare at him."

"And he at you, for the same reason, perhaps," returned Mrs. Lancaster, with a silvery laugh, adding: "But you will soon make that right with each other."

But Helen's face had again settled into rigid lines, and there was a peculiar gleam in her great brown eyes, for her thoughts had again reverted to that fatal letter and telegram.

"Shall I tell Rob about them?" she was asking herself; "shall I reveal to him how fearfully his uncle has wronged us both? He could never love or respect him afterward—he would learn to hate him as—as I do; yes, I do, in spite of all! Oh! shall I—shall I?"

"Helen! of what are you thinking?" demanded her mother, who had been silently watching her, and giving her a little shake to arouse her from her abstraction. "I have never, during all your life, seen such an unlovely look upon your face. Ah!—in a tone of self-reproach—can it be that, in my bitterness and pride and obstinacy of long ago, I tainted you with my own unforgiving and vindictive spirit, and it is now becoming apparent in your character? Heaven forbid, my darling, for it will poison your whole life if you do not conquer it, and I shall never forgive myself—never cease to reproach myself."

Helen looked up, shocked at her words.

"How unhappy I am making you, mamma," she exclaimed remorsefully. "and it really does seem as if an evil spirit has taken possession of me today. But you must give me a little time to get used to—the new regime," she concluded, with a sigh.

"Back!" suddenly observed Mrs. Lancaster, with a start, as the bell in the hall below sounded through the house; "they have come! Helen, you will be kind to your father, for his sake, will you not? You will not make

him feel that you cannot love him. Oh, he is a grand man, dear," she went on, with shining eyes and flushed cheeks. "One cannot look into his clear, true eyes or read his fine, sensitive face, without knowing that he is good and noble through and through—and your eyes are very like him, Helen—you grow to look more like him every year."

A step was now heard coming up the stairs, and Helen began to quiver from head to foot.

"My dear, be calm! You must not get nervous, smooth your hair, and then we will go down," said her mother, but none too composed herself.

"Mamma, I can't—I can't see anybody but Rob tonight, and I cannot meet him in the presence of anyone else," said the trembling girl wildly.

"But, Helen," began her mother, growing pale.

"No—no; send Rob up to the little sitting-room across the hall, and I will go to him there," almost sobbed Helen, who was rapidly losing all control of herself.

"But, dearest," persisted Mrs. Lancaster, in a disappointed tone, "really, I—"

"I can't—I can't tell you," passionately interposed the girl, now shaking like a leaf, and breaking from her mother's restraining arms, she dashed across the room and into her own chamber, shutting the door after her.

"Oh! he is a grand man! He is noble through and through!" she shrieked, under her breath, and with a hysterical laugh that rang mockingly through the room when she was alone.

The next moment she sank exhausted upon her bed, sobbing out in a weak and shaking voice:

"Rob! Rob! oh! Rob is true!—he loves me still!"

CHAPTER XLVI.

As Helen fled to the seclusion of her own room a servant knocked upon Mrs. Lancaster's door and upon being bidden to enter, presented her with a salver upon which rested four cards.

The woman's hand trembled visibly as she picked up the bits of pasteboard and read the names which she already knew were inscribed upon them.

"You can say to the gentleman that I will be down immediately," she observed to the servant, who as once withdrew.

She then went to her dressing-case, where she gave a few touches to her hair and pinned a knot of blue ribbon among the folds of lace at her throat.

"He always liked me to wear blue," she murmured, and smiling happily in to her own eyes.

She then unlocked a box that stood in the upper drawer and took from it a magnificent solitaire diamond ring, which she slipped upon the third finger of her left hand, above the wedding ring that she had always worn.

"I have never worn it since the dreadful day, but I never could part with it—not even when we were so poor, to save my life," she whispered, as she regarded the glittering stone with a fond look.

Then with an elasticity in her step that had long been strange to it, she went below to meet her husband and Rob.

Both gentlemen arose eagerly to greet her as she entered the parlor, although the younger man grew pale with disappointment and a sudden fear when he saw that she was alone.

Mr. Lancaster sprang to her side and gathered both her hands in his, while he searched her tender, smiling face, a luminous light upon his own.

"Rob," he said, turning to his nephew, "you have known this lady a long time, but I am inclined to think it becomes me to introduce her again to you tonight as my dear wife. Greet your aunt, my boy."

Rob needed no second bidding to prompt him to grasp the hand which she extended to him, or to bend and kiss the lips which she lifted for him to salute.

"I was always fond of Rob," said Mrs. Lancaster, with a quiver of deep feeling in her voice, "and—giving his hand a stronger pressure—"I am glad to have you back again—how glad you cannot know."

"And Helen," faltered the young man, with another anxious glance toward the door.

Mrs. Lancaster flushed slightly. "Helen said she was not equal to coming down with me," she replied, "but if you go upstairs to a small room opening off the landing to the right she will come to you there."

Rob's face lighted instantly, and, slipping from the room, ran with nimble steps to the second floor.

"Will Helen not come down to meet me?" queried Mr. Lancaster, as his nephew disappeared.

"Dear, Hal, don't be troubled," said his wife tenderly, as she observed his grave expression; "she said she could not meet Rob in the presence of anyone else."

"Ah, is that it?" queried the gentleman, with a smile of relief. Then, as he noted her trembling lips, he added: "Is that the only reason why she would not come down?"

And his wife, too ingenious to deceive him, felt compelled to tell him something of the truth, although she made as light of the situation as possible.

"She cannot be quite reconciled to the past just yet," she said, "but I know she will soon get over that—she cannot fail to love you when she comes to know you."

"Just what do you mean by the past, dear?" the man questioned, with palling lips.

"Oh, she thinks you—never should—have—"

"Doubted you, love?" he supplemented, as she faltered over the words.

"Yes, and—because she has felt that you depreciated her because of the business I have been obliged to follow," she added, with flushed cheeks.

"I have been an idiot!" he said, as she snatched her to him and kissed her passionately. "I am deeply humiliated for that folly."

laces he drove directly back to the hotel, where, giving his team into the care of a groom, he sought his room.

He found Rob in the sitting-room adjoining, looking pale and wretched as he gazed from the window upon the moving crowds in the street but apparently seeing nothing.

"Well, my boy," breezily observed the elder gentleman, "it was a fine show, wasn't it? I never saw anything to equal it before."

"Yes," responded Rob indifferently, but without looking up.

"I suppose you saw a certain little lady whom you used to know in the procession," said his uncle, thinking he might as well make a bold plunge.

"She is prettier than ever, don't you think?"

What Rob thought was not distinguishable, for the sound he made was more like a groan than anything else, and his companion resolved that he would not keep him in suspense a moment longer.

"Now, Rob, I can't stand this sort of thing another minute," he remarked. "I know you have been perfectly wretched ever since you heard that the girl was married, and—so have I, even longer than that, for I am going to confess, here and now, that I planned to take you abroad with the hope that you would meet some one before our return who would—"

At this point, however, he was interrupted by a social point of view, at least—he was better fitted to become your wife. I am ready now, however, to go down on my knees and beg pardon of you both—ready to make all possible restitution. But I will first relieve your mind by telling you that the girl whose love is not married, as we supposed—"

[To be Continued.]

THINKS BRIDE HOMEY

In Consequence Union Halls at Altar, and Suits Follow.

Kankakee, Ill., July 18.—Because the rich uncle of the bridegroom did not consider the bride sufficiently endowed with good looks, a wedding was called off here today and the festivities which were to have been were turned into a man hunt and incidentally resulted in the filing of two damage suits in which Stanislaw Zomer and his rich uncle are the respondents.

Stanislaw came from Moline three months ago and laid siege to the heart of Stella, the daughter of John Lukawicz, who lives in Entrance avenue, on the outskirts of the town. The wedding was set for today, and in good Polish fashion the celebration began early in the morning. The bride's father did not stint himself. He hired an orchestra, laid in a large supply of eatables and drinkables and invited many guests.

Ten o'clock was the hour for the wedding at the church, and a carriage, the finest in Kankakee, stood at the door, but at 9:30 the bridegroom had not arrived. As 10 o'clock approached the bride and her relatives began to grow anxious, and when another thirty minutes had elapsed messengers were sent out to search the town for the missing groom. He could not be found and while the bride feared that some accident had befallen him, her male relatives began to talk huskily of a lynching.

Then one of the guests related a conversation he had heard the previous evening when Stanislaw and his uncle who had come from Moline to attend the wedding, called at the bride's home. The uncle expressed the opinion that the 17-year-old Stella was too homely for his nephew, and said:

"Rather than see you marry her I'll give you \$1,000."

In the light of subsequent events, the proposition is that Zomer preferred the \$1,000 to Stella.

Late in the afternoon, when the groom still failed to appear, the bride's father went before a magistrate and demanded warrants against Zomer and the uncle. Finding this could not be done, a damage suit for \$2,000 was begun against the uncle for maliciously interfering with a contract, while another suit for a like amount for breach of promise was instituted against Zomer.

GUELPH PRESBYTERY

Several Inductions and Installations Arranged For.

Guelph, July 17.—At today's meeting of the Guelph Presbytery, it was arranged to ordain Mr. W. L. Williams and induct him to the pastorate of Chalmers Church, Elora, on Thursday, June 26, and Rev. J. A. Moir will be inducted to the Evanson Church on Thursday, Aug. 9.

The Presbytery sustained the call of Dr. A. C. Metz to Rev. James McCrae, of Rutherford, and he will be installed in his new charge on the 31st inst.

Two resignations were dealt with: Rev. W. Robertson of Dunn's Church, Puslinch, and Rev. J. R. Gilchrist, Waterloo. The former has given sixteen years of faithful and efficient service in his present charge, and contemplates a trip to the west for the winter.

President Roosevelt has an account at the Riggs National Bank in Washington. The bookkeepers have no end of trouble keeping the President's balance straight, because so many people who get checks from the President fail to cash them, preferring to preserve the checks as souvenirs. So many persons are willing to pay from \$1 to \$10 for an uncashed check signed by the President that hundreds of dollars are saved the President every year.

h alf the life, all the looks, of any starched thing depends upon the starch you use. Celluloid Starch saves cooking, saves ironing, saves wear thereby. Yet Celluloid Starch costs no more, and does save as we say. Demand Celluloid Starch; test it now.

CELLULOID STARCH

Never No Cooking Never Sticks

302

302

302

302

302

302

302

302

302

302

302

"Always the Best of Everything for the Least Money"

This Is The Corset



This is the corset that women who are particular prefer.

The "D & A" is the most popular make because it is the best. And it's the best in every way.

This is the corset that stands for perfection of fit.

We guarantee that and we guarantee the material in the "D & A" as the best and the workmanship as unexcelled.

The "D & A"

The Different Values in This Famous Corset

"D & A" CORSET, No. 232—A perfect fitting corset made of the very BEST material, guaranteed or money refunded. Ask to see this number—it's our pleasure to show them. **\$1.50**

No. 450—"D & A" our leader, none better, habit hip, bias cut, lace and ribbon trimmed. **\$1.00**

No. 272—"D & A" the new cut, guaranteed to be made of the very best material used in the manufacture of corsets. Every pair is guaranteed to be a perfect fit or money refunded. Ask for No. 272, white or drab only. **\$1.00**

See Our Window Display

No. 240—"D & A" Corset, bias cut, hose supporters attached, lace and ribbon trimmed, pair.... **75c**

No. 428—Habit hip, bias cut. A splendid "D & A" quality. Our special..... **75c**

No. 480—"D & A" made of fine batiste, habit hip, bias cut, steel filled, guaranteed not to rust, pair **75c**

See Our Window Display

The "D & A" Corset at 50c

From the lowest to the highest priced "D & A" corsets you get the very best value for your money. These two lines mean an exceptional value. See them.

PRINCESS HIP—"D & A" Summer Corsets, steel filled, lace trimmed, all sizes, OUR SPECIAL, pair..... **50c**

No. 112—"D & A" Light Weight, habit hip, bias cut in white only, all sizes, pair..... **50c**

150 Dundas and Carling.

GRAY & PARKER

150 Dundas and Carling.

Trifles Make Perfection, But Perfection Is No Trifle!

It is by the most careful attention to every trifling detail in the milling of "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR that we have been able to bring this brand up to its present state of perfection, and are able to maintain it.

Every single bushel of grain which enters our mills, every single bag and barrel of flour which leaves them, is tested and re-tested at every stage of the milling in order to insure the absolute purity and uniformity for which "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR is noted the world over.

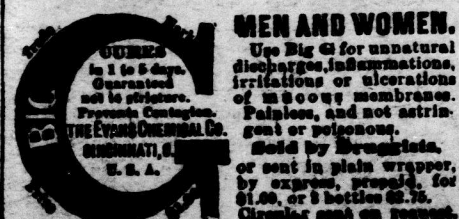
This attention to trifles is costly, but it enables us to maintain a reputation for perfection which is no trifle, and users of "FIVE ROSES" can rely upon getting "the flour of perfect quality" for all household use.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

Lake of The Woods Milling Co.

MONTREAL, Limited.

Local Office, Canadian Bank of Commerce Chambers, London, Ont.



PIG LEAD Immediate Shipment. Get Our Prices. THE CANADA METAL CO. Phone Main 1729. 31 William Street, Toronto

Advertiser Patterns

Designed by Martha Dean.



A Small Bishop Dress (4057)

Among the many designs for children's frocks, none are more comfortable and becoming than the bishop dress, and we may add, none is so easily made. There are only the seams at each side which join the front and back, and those that join the sleeves to the body. These latter extend to the neck, where the dress and sleeve gathered to a narrow neckband or finished with a narrow frill of lace. Another suggestion is to hemstitch the lower edge and finish the sleeves and neck with a tiny, hemstitched frill. Nainsook, lawn, dimity or flouncing would develop this little dress charmingly. The medium size demands 2 1-8 yards of 36-inch goods. Sizes 6 months to 6 years.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER:

Please send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name

No. Street

Town Province

Measurement—Waist Bust

Age (if child's or miss' pattern)

CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent measure you need only mark, 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When miss' or child's pattern write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "yards." Patterns cannot reach you in less than four days, from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or postal order. Do not send stamps.

ADDRESS PATTERN DEPARTMENT, ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT.