HAMILTON EVENING TIMES, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21 1908.



near Natural Bridge

CHAPTER LXXI.

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sins and make atonement. Now that she had opened her heart again to Vivian, she loved her more de-votedly than ever, and whenever she thought of the unknown granddaughter whose place had been filled so long by the usurper Loraine, she said to herself that she would give the world to learn that Vivian was the true heiress. She grew quite curious over her his-tory, she plied her with questions, but the unhappy young creature could tell her very little.

and to think of others more than our-selves is, after all, the best panacea for the ills of life.

the unhappy young creature could tell
the unhappy young creature could tell
and ten unhappy young creature could tell
and lattives but a maiden aunt—a cold
reserved woman who would not answer
any relatives but a maiden aunt—a cold
towe me very much. She was not rich,
but she had some mysterious income that ceased when she died, and I had to be come a governess. I had been teaching
only a year when I became acquainter
with the man I soon after maried."
The very mystery that seemed to surror old vivian's early days lent some color to Mrs. Lisle's tremulous hopes.
"If it would only turn out that she wave happened many a time. Now that I think of it, she has a look of the Lisles
Edgar was fair, though his wife was dark. And it is strange how I always
loved Paul Vane's young wife from the first time I met her," she mused often to have it all, for the Morleys were most rich in this world's goods, and this trange how whither her old friend's thoughts were tending. She mused often the state and and and and any the still days a fir though his wife was not rich in this world's goods, and the with rain and gusts of wind that sum would make Mrs. Morley, with grateful had set in with rain and gusts of wind that sum would make Mrs. Morley, with sche easel of key with dreamy gaze from the wind wow and have that and world make Mrs. And the wind is never weary?"
My thoughts still cling to th mondering the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast.
And the days are dark and dreary?"

ing past, the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,

ing past. But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast. And the days are dark and dreary!" From the window she could see the proup of thick shrubberies where she and her husband had parted that fatal hight of the balloon ascension-parted, as they thought, for a few hours only, but with tender caresses, eve on eye and heart to heart-the last kisses, the last caresses she was ever to have from the husband who was to forget her so soon when he believed she was dead, and who hated and spurned her when she came back to him living! It was crued to live over the scenes of that night and the dark days that came after, but the dead branches tossing their bare arms yonder in the autumm wind brought it all freshly back with a pang that was ite a sword in her heart.

glittering black eyes were flashing over the pale face of her grandmother, who was shrinking in a large arm-chair, trembling as from an ague chill. "Grandmere, you don't sheave?" sheave?" trembling as from an ague chill. "Grandmere, you don't seem very glad to see me after my long absence." she eried, with 'a harsh, sarcastic laugh. "But no matter. There never was much love lost between ns, and I have not come to beg for it snow. I an in search of my husband. of Paul Vane! He is here is he wat? However he here." here Every

of my husband-of Paul Vane!' He is here, is he not? He must be here''-her voice changing to a sort of frantic ap-peal-"for I have tracked him step by step to Arcady." "He is not here." Mrs. Lisle answered, faintly, surprisedly. The beautiful dark face of Loraine pal-ed to an ashen hue; her dark eyes blazed. "Do not lie to me!" she said fiercely, threateningly. "He must be here. I tell you I tracked him to Arcady! Since last spring, when he deserted me to return to her—to that miserable im-postor—I have been on his track: but he eluded me always—always—nuti eluded me always-until the very last, and then I learned that he had come here. Oh, tell him to come to me--that I love him still--that I will forgive all if only he will return?"

(To be continued.) DRUCE STORY.

WOMAN WITNESS HAS BOOKS ON DICKENS AND DUKE.

Fictitious Love Letters-Police Make Some Remarkable Finds in the Apartments of Mary Robinson.

London, Feb. 20 .- The hearing of the charge of perjury against Mary Robin-son, the Druce case witness who testified

means for her support, and in the thought of seeing pretty Emma and her kindly mother again she forgot for a while her own troubles. To do good

son, the Druce case witness who testified in George Hollamby Druce's prosecution of Herbert Druce for perjury that she was introduced to the Duke of Portland by Charles Dickens, was employed by him as outside secretary and knew him as the Duke and also as T. C. Druce, proprietor of the Baker street bazaar, was resumed in the Eow street Police Court yesterday. The police testified that when they searched the prisoner's apartments they discovered a number of publications and memoranda concerning the fifth Duke of Portland, Welbeck Abbey and Charles Dickens, some of them dating years back. From these the prisoner had com-piled her amazing evidence. There were the ills of life. The next day she went with Mrs. Lisle on the short journey of between twenty and thirty miles to the Natural Bridge, but, to her disappointment, the piled her amazing evidence. There were also proofs to show that she was pre-pared to swear that she was the Duke of Portland's mistress and was the ent of large sums of money from hin Some of the Duke's fictiti

Some of the Duke's ficitions love let ters were read in court and caused great laughter. The police also testified that they found letters from an American lawyer who was acting for Hobart C Caldwell, returning to the prisoner a copy of her famous diary, the writer as suring her that the copy had been accur ately made. ately made

DROWNED THROUGH THE ICE.

Russian Meets Death While Crossing to the Canadian "Soo."

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., Feb. 20.— The first drowning accident of the year occurred at an early hour this morn-ing neor the International Dock, on the Canadian side. Jandnas Fegavie, a Russian, was returning from the Mi-chigan "Soo," accompanied by Blais Paeyon and the latter's son. Fegavic and Paeyon headed for the end of the International Dock, and just as they reached it. Fegavic broke through the ice. His companion immediately took off his outer garments and went to his

off his outer garments and went to his assistance, also going through. Some time elapsed between the ac cident and the time when rescue Some time clapsed between the ac-cident and the time when resourts reached the scene. Fegavic had by this time disappeared, but Paeyon was still on the ice, his coat having be-come frozen to the surface. He was unable to take the rope thrown him, and more planks were provered. In endeavoring to rescue Paeyon one of the party went into an opening in the ice. He insisted, however, that Pae-yon who was in bad shape, be first res-cued. Both were finally taken out, Pae-yon being about half dead.

## Only One "BROMO OUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. Grove. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c

QUEEN TO QUIT PORTUGAL.

### Amelie Has Decided She Will Live in



See These Coods Before They Are All Sold

# \$22 Brussels Squares \$15

**Bath Towels 49c** Other sizes ..., \$10, \$13, \$16.50 \$14 All Wool Squares \$9.75 

Sheeting 25c 
 Napkins 20c Each
 Decting 25c

 15 dozen ¾ size, pure line, worth
 Plain Bleached Sheeting, round even thread, 2 yards wide, very special 25c

 \$3.50 and \$4.00 dozen, special 20c each
 yard.
 

**English Longcloth** Just received, 4,000 yards special English Longcloth, fine even weave, laun-ders splendidly, worth 1234c, Saturday special to introduce it **11c** yard, 10 yards for **\$1.00 Pillow Cotton 18c** Nainsook 18c

**Odd Napkins** 

cial

70c Tapestry Carpet 50c

White Flannelette

\$37.50 Wilton Squares \$28.50

\$13.50 Tapestry Squares \$9.50

12 Tapestry Squares, size 9 feet x 1 ret, very best quality, worth \$13,50 \$9.50

Other sizes .....\$11.50, \$12.75, \$16, \$18

50c Tapestry Carpet 38c

\$28.50

20 Wilton Squares, sizes inches x 9 feet, in medallion and conventional designs, some, worth \$37.50, for

and freshly back with a pang that was like a sword in her heart.
"Oh, to get away from this haunting spot-oc get away from this haunting moaned, turning restlessly away from the window, her cheeks all wet with the neart aching with the neart aching with the senger of the strange range of the strange of the strange of the strange condition of the crub strange condition of the

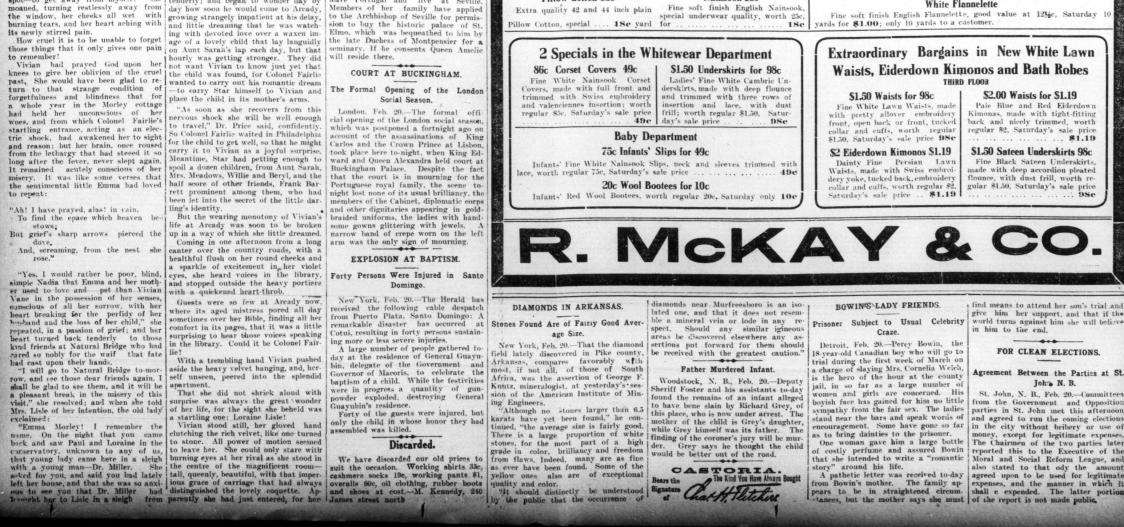
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ward and Queen Alexandra held court at Buckingham Palace. Despite the fact that the court is in mourning for the Portuguese royal family, the scene to-night lost none of its usual brilliancy, the members of the Cabinet, diplomatic corps and other dignitaries appearing in gold-braided uniforms, the ladies with hand-some gowns glittering with jewels. A narrow band of crepe worn on the left arm was the only sign of mourning.

EXPLOSION AT BAPTISM.

Forty Persons Were Injured in Santo Dominge

New York, Feb. 20 .- The Herald has



Woodstock, N. B., Feb. 20.—Deputy Sheriff Foster and his assistants to-day found the remains of an infant alleged to have bene slain by Richard Grey, of this place, who is now under arrest. The mother of the child is Grey's daughter, while Grey himself was its father. The finding of the coroner's jury will be mur-der. Grey says he thought the child would be better out of the road.



Prisoner Graze.
Detroit, Feb. 20.—Percy Bowin, the IB-sycar-old Canadian boy who will go to trial during the first week of March on a charge of slaying Mrs. Cornelia Welch, is the hero of the hour at the county jail, in so far as a large number of women and girls are concerned. His boyish face has gained for him no little stand near the bars and speak words of encouragement. Some have gone so far as to bring dainties to the prisoner.
One woman gave him a large bottle of costly perfume and assured Bowin that she intended to write a "romantic story" around his life.
A pathetic letter was received to-day from Bowin's mother. The family ap-pars to be in straightened circum-"tances, but the mother says she must