

Love Finds the Way

Clarence Clifford listened with a fast-beating heart, and at its conclusion covered his face with his hands.

Mr. Fibbs, who watched him with dry curiosity, laid the document before him, and waited till the gust of emotion had blown over.

Presently the young man looked up. "One question, sir?"

"A hundred, sir, if you please," said Mr. Fibbs, significantly. "I am at your service, quite at your service."

"Did you—did you know this gentleman?"

"I had the pleasure of the late Mr. James Clifford's acquaintance. I was his legal adviser."

"Can you tell me—the slightest scrap of information will be eagerly welcomed—anything of him? Was he old—was he young?"

"Oh, sir, was he my father?"

Mr. Fibbs coughed before replying; the large, eager eyes were fixed upon him, the handsome lips trembling visibly.

"I have no means of knowing," said the lawyer. "Mr. James Clifford was an exceedingly reserved, I may say close man. Never learned anything even in confidence from him which would lead me to think he had a son."

"No—A single gentleman. Never married that I am aware of."

Clarence Clifford groaned, and his face worked.

The lawyer politely turned his head aside and fingered his letters so as not to disturb the young man's reverie, rather, to add to his client's embarrassment. By a man's strong will.

"You can tell me nothing of the testator? You knew him; when did you see him last?"

"Six months ago," said the lawyer. "I was staying at Lausanne for the benefit of my health, and there and then drew up this document."

"When did he die?" asked the heir, thirsting for information of any sort calculated to set his tortured fears at rest, or turn them to dreadful certainties.

"Mr. James Clifford died—let me see—four months ago—in September last. This is the certificate of his death and burial."

Mr. Clifford took it, and perused it with swimming eyes and equally swimming brain, then suddenly laying the document on the table started the lawyer with this question:

"Which is the quickest route to and the quickest way of reaching this place, Lausanne?"

"Via Paris," replied Mr. Fibbs. "May I ask if you contemplate the journey?"

The young man nodded.

"I do, sir; this mystery, this dreadful uncertainty is driving me mad. You expected me, I see by your face, to grasp this legacy and go away rejoicing. I tell you, sir, that something else has fallen to me beside the filthy lucre, that is the hope of ascertaining the name and history of my father."

Mr. Fibbs bowed, utterly unmoved by the suppressed passion and grief proclaiming themselves in the pale, set face and voice.

"I fear, sir," he said, "you will gain little by a visit to Switzerland. Mr. James Clifford lived in the strictest seclusion. The faithful servant, who died three weeks after his master, served as his establishment. He made no friends—indeed, saw no one but his lawyer, who, sir, has the honor to be at your service."

Clarence Clifford listened feverishly, and suddenly a dreadful suspicion flashed.

Advancing to the table he leaned forward, and with his eyes fixed scrutinizingly upon the lawyer's face said, in a low voice:

"Did your James Clifford bear another name, and was that name—Melchior?"

The lawyer met the piercing gaze without flinching.

"Not that I am aware of," he replied, as cool as ice. "He may have done so, but never during the last ten years, during which I have had the honor of his confidence."

Clarence Clifford, his face still doubtful, snatched at the will and the certificate. He read them both carefully, re-examined the various seals and stamps, scrutinized even the parchment, and most of all the signature, written in a small, weak, trembling hand at the bottom of the deed.

"This is invalid!" he exclaimed, sternly, and suspiciously, pointing to the witness name. "There should be two witnesses."

"Not for the Swiss courts," said Mr. Fibbs, glibly. "One is sufficient."

"And this witness, where is he to be found?"

"In the cemetery of Lausanne, within a few feet of his master. Faithful fellow! It was his last request, and I am sure I judged you correctly when I ventured to give the order necessary to bury him so near the vault."

Clarence Clifford started.

The reality of the thing was slowly but surely coming home to him.

The lawyer helped the same reality a little farther.

"It has struck me, sir," said he, spreading out the deed and rising, afterwards, to open a small safe near his chair, "that you may be in want of—ahem—ready money. If I am correct in my surmise will you allow me to supply any present insufficiency? The legal matters will take a few days; until they are completed I cannot administer the will nor hand you over the assets for this quarter. Pray oblige me, sir, by accepting a small advance."

As he spoke he drew a cheque for five hundred pounds, and with respectful politeness folded and tendered it. But to his surprise Mr. Clifford shook his head.

"I thank you; I am not in want of money," he said, with a sigh. "I can wait without inconvenience. What I cannot so patiently endure is the impenetrable mystery and secrecy enveloping the affair. If you can enlighten me—are there any other?"—he stopped abruptly and shuddered—"I know not if I am a relation—are there any acknowledged?"

"No, none," said the lawyer; "that is, so far as I know. Mr. Clifford was, as I have said, a close man, very reserved and uncommunicative; I know nothing of his private affairs, and very little of his monetary. But, Mr. Clifford," he concluded, as the thoroughly baffled Clarence took up his hat, "do me the honor of dining with me to-night. I

have a few friends, but no doubt can arrange to show you some letters of my late client, the only memorials I have of him."

Clarence Clifford accepted eagerly, not for the sake of the dinner, but to obtain a sight of the letters.

"Thank you," he said, "I will come. They may contain some clue," and he sighed.

"That is right, sir," said Mr. Fibbs. "I trust the recent death of the testator will not weigh too heavily upon you. Five thousand a year is a large sum, Mr. Clifford, and should afford ample means of enjoyment."

Clarence Clifford took the card, shook hands with Mr. Fibbs, and returned to the office, as little elated as when he had left it, and a great deal more bewildered and confused.

But he would not allow himself to think or speculate. He set his attention to the letters before him, and worked as steadily and swiftly as he had done before the eventful yesterday.

At six o'clock he rose, having eaten nothing, to go home. While he was closing the door the postman brought him a letter. It was directed to him in a woman's hand. His fingers trembled while he opened it and he waited a few moments to regain his composure before he turned up the gas.

"A woman now," he murmured, after the minute had passed. "What can come to distress or agitate me after what I have heard?"

So saying he tore open the envelope and read:

"My Dear Mr. Clifford: I have met Mr. Besant to-day, and the marriage is definitely arranged. The day fixed. Will it comfort you to hear that she is well and happy?"

"K. L."

The crisp, neatly written letter dropped on the desk.

"Well! Happy!" he muttered, hoarsely.

"And who is not? Only idiots like myself who cry and whine when fate beats them with her iron hand, and refuse to be comforted when she turns, smiles and soothes them with the velvet glove! Shame on my manhood! Well! happy! Then so am I. She shall be married to her fox hunter, forgetful of love's true unspoken pledges. A cold, fast, locked-in its arms into life's stream. Five thousand a year. Well, I welcome it! It shall buy me forgetfulness!"

It is quite time we tracked back—to use one of Mr. Besant's phrases—to Rivershall.

We left Lillian with something that was not low fever nor high fever, some thing that puzzled the good little doctor and confined our gentle heroine to her room.

We left Sir Ralph torn by conflicting love for his daughter and pride for his name and line. But he had sent to bring the unfortunate carriage, and it must be, to the heiress of the Hall, and he waited the result with mingled impatience, embarrassment and utter misery.

Still one good move had been made—Clarence Clifford had been pursued.

Had he but understood the nature of the pursuit, all would, or might have gone well. But creeping behind the hedge and baffling the bewildered grooms he wove the web of circumstances into a puzzle.

The grooms returned, unsuccessful.

Sir Ralph, who had already begun to regret having sent them, much to their surprise, was delighted with their failure.

He sighed deeply and with great relief.

Had the tutor returned Sir Ralph would have been committed.

Now, when his life was elastic as an oak sapling. Give her a month and the beautiful Lillian would grow ashamed of her love for her music teacher. Give her another month and she would be glad to atone for her mistake by marrying Mr. Besant—and joining the estates.

The tutor argued Sir Ralph, with that easy-going felicity with which such men always arrange the future, all will be well.

Meanwhile Lillian was very ill, so ill that the doctor—who had consumed twice as much snuff over her case as he had over Mr. Clifford's—groaned.

"My dear Sir Ralph," he said one day, in answer to the anxious, burning questions of the distracted father, "I think it would be as well if we got Sir Thomas down. Yes—ahem—Sir Thomas. I should like to know what all this little girl, Lillian, must confess I am rather puzzled."

Sir Ralph consented eagerly and Sir Thomas came down.

He was the greatest physician in the world, and had the profoundest air ever seen on mortal man.

He sounded the young lady, felt her pulse, went into a moment's reverie while gazing upon her pale and, alas, rapidly thinning face, and then, descending to the drawing-room, authoritatively pronounced his verdict.

The little doctor looked delighted; it had been his opinion all through.

Sir Ralph insinuated his fifty-guinea cheque into the great man's hand, and the great man suffered himself to be borne away to London, leaving Sir Ralph more distracted than before.

What was to be done?

Lillian settled the question three days after by making a careful toilet, walking gaiting upon her pale and, alas, rapidly thinning face, and then, descending to the drawing-room, authoritatively pronounced his verdict.

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AT R. McKAY & CO'S. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1909

STORE CLOSURE 5 P. M. (EXCEPT SATURDAY)

All Summer Goods Must Go

And don't forget there are many weeks of warm weather ahead of you, and by buying now one can save half and in many cases more than half what you pay ordinarily. Make this bright store your headquarters during the month of August. The following hints for Wednesday:

Clearing New York Wash Suits

Worth Reg. \$9 and \$10, Sale Price \$2.98

75 up-to-date and well tailored Wash Suits will be cleared to-morrow at a wonderful reduction in price. Colors are white, pink, rose, tan, navy and pale blue; semi and tight-fitting coats; skirts full gored models. Your best bargain of the whole summer season, only—\$2.98

White Skirts Clearing at 98c each

25 only White Indian Head Skirts, full gored models, with fold; out they go at less than the cost of the material.

Wash Belts 10c, Reg. 25c

To-morrow is Wash Belt Day. Every one prettily embroidered and finished with pretty gilt buckles. Buy your summer supply to-morrow.

600 Yards of Perfect Dress Goods to Go on Sale Wednesday

Reg. 85c and \$1 Melrose Suitings for Only 59c Yard

One of our best selling lines, considered by us the best buying chance of the season. Has a nice, crisp finish, the best material for serviceable dresses, suits or special skirts, etc., splendid shades of navy, brown, myrtle, red, grey and black; sale price—59c yard

Reg. 75c Corset Covers Going at 19c

Corset Covers, made of fine nainsook, trimmed with lace and insertion, very special, Wednesday, only—19c

Values From Our Staple Section

Longcloth 10c

Fine pure finish English Long Cloth, special underwear quality, worth 12½c, for—10c

Nainsook 12½c

36-inch Nainsook, fine, pure finish, worth 16c, for—12½c

Toweling 10c

Pure Linen Towelings, plain and bordered, clean, absorbent weave, worth 13c, for—10c

Table Cloths \$1.50

Pure Linen Cloths, border all round, slightly imperfect, 2, 2½ and 3-yard sizes, worth \$2.25, for—\$1.50

Pillow Cotton 17c

Plain, Pillow Cotton, 42 and 44-inch, heavy, thread, 30c value, for 17c

August Sale of Carpets and Linoleums

To make room for new goods we are offering many clearing lines of Carpets, Rugs and Linoleums.

Tapestry Carpet, splendid patterns, a great bargain, worth 50c, sale price—37½c

Tapestry Carpet, heavy quality extra choice patterns, worth 80c, sale price—50c

Brussels Carpet, English make, heavy quality, rich colorings, worth \$1.15 and \$1.25, sale price—75c

Wilton Carpets, fine quality elegant colorings, worth \$1.65 and \$1.75, sale price—\$1.09

Alexander Carpets, extra heavy quality, handsome patterns, worth \$2 and \$2.25, sale price—\$1.48

Scotch Inlaid Linoleums, extra heavy quality, very choice patterns, worth \$1.25, sale price—98c

Heavy Printed Linoleum, 4 yards wide, splendid colorings, worth 55c, sale price—45c

Heavy Floor Oilcloth, all widths, from 1 to 2 yards, choice patterns, worth 35c, sale price—30c sq. yard

Tapestry Rugs, size 3x3 yards, splendid patterns, serviceable quality, worth \$7, sale price \$5, other sizes in proportion.

Brussels Rugs, size 3x3 yards, extra quality, rich colorings, worth \$18, sale price—\$13

Other sizes in proportion.

R. McKAY & CO.

SAD DEATH AT CAYUGA.

Mrs. J. J. Murphy Passed Away Leaving Small Family.

The Cayuga advocate has the following about the late Mrs. Murphy, wife of Mr. J. J. Murphy, who died recently, and who had many friends in Hamilton:

Death at all times is sad, but when it comes to those who are mothers of young children the sadness is intensified, and so it was when Mrs. John J. Murphy, wife of Cayuga's worthy Reeve, passed away on Friday last. Mrs. Murphy's maiden name was Justina Allen, of Toronto. She was about thirty-two years of age, and was united in marriage to Mr. Murphy on June 30th, 1903. The deceased lady had been ailing for some time, but only a few weeks ago did her illness take a serious turn and even then her husband had not given up hope of her recovery. For less than three weeks had she been confined to bed, although a sufferer from ill-health, Mrs. Murphy was always cheerful and full of hope. She had the best of care and medical attendance, and her husband had done everything possible to aid her to regain her health. Mrs. Murphy was a woman whose kindness and close association with friends and she was highly esteemed by all who knew her. The funeral on Monday to Stephen's Church was very largely attended. The high mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. Father Doyle. A brief and impressive sermon was preached by Rev. Father O'Leary. The pallbearers were: Messrs. Edward Murray, James Murray, William Murray and Thomas Doyle, of Cayuga; Dr. W. O. Hara, of Toronto, and Thomas Kirk, of Hamilton. The deceased was formerly of Cayuga Town Council, and was widely acquainted with the musical circles of that city and of Hamilton. Three young children are now bereft of a loving mother's care, Mary, Wilfrid and Justina. To them and the bereaved husband the heartfelt sorrow of the whole community goes out in very large measure. Besides her husband and many friends, and she was highly esteemed by all who knew her. The funeral on Monday to Stephen's Church was very largely attended. The high mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. Father Doyle. A brief and impressive sermon was preached by Rev. Father O'Leary. 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