The Tangle of Fate

There was a brief, sharp struggle, then all at once the tense white hands relaxed their pressure, the arms fell inertly at her sides, the white face drooped on her breast, and Imogen slipped and fell like a dead woman at her husband's feet.

Had he struck her, or was it but the reaction from the high pressure of her emotion? Whatever it was, Imogen was long in reviving, and when she aroused at last her eyes had no light of reason in them. A physician was summoned, and Imogen was pronounced dangerously ill with brain fever.

The dead child was borne to its grave the next day, but no parting kiss from the mother rested on its clay-cold lips. She lay raving in wild delirium, and the nurse, Mrs. Baldwin, shuddered at the strange words that came from her burning lips. It was Bonnie who pressed the last kiss on the baby face, whose hot tears fell on the white rosebuds in the dimpled waxen hands, who sobbed aloud as the grave-clods fell on the coffin, and then came back to watch with patient love by the bedside of the stricken mother.

Miles Westland told no one of his wife's insane seizure; he did not speak to Bonnie of the proofs he had obtained of her identity. He had his own plans, and he carried them out in secret.

And the first thing he did on returning from his child's funeral was to telegraph to Farmer Dale, bidding him hasten to Lloyd if he wished to see Imogen before she died.

No tenderness toward the invalid prompted this act. It was one of pure selfishness.

Miles Westland knew that Mr. Dale would recognize his younger daughter in beautiful Avis Lloyd, and he doubted whether Bonnie would be hard-hearted enough to deny her identity and disown her father. He hoped to gain some influence with Mr. Dale to induce Bonnie to own him as her husband and accept his love. He also wanted the farmer to take his elder daughter home with him if she recovered.

CHAPTER XX.

It was a pleasant surprise to Bonnie when she found Mrs. Baldwin installed by the sick-bed of her sister.

She remembered her as the kind nurse who had watched by the death-bed of Mr. Lloyd, those days when she had come first to Lloyd Hill, a forlorn runaway, and he had taken her to his heart for her mother's sake. She thought again of how dearly he had loved the memory of the woman who was so long dead, how he had kissed the sunny lock of hair she had given him, while his tears fell on its silken sheen.

"Little golden curl, you were only the
frame of my darling's face;
You are only all that survives of her
buried beauty and grace;
You are only a type of the heart-strings
uncoiled from her level above,
And entwining my grosser nature with
tendrils of faith and love!
'Mid the ranklings of blighted ambition,
the goadings of savage despair,
She was only my solace and safeguard,
and you are 'only her hair!'"

Those past days came freshly back to Bonnie at the sight of the nurse's face, and she felt somehow grateful to her for the kindness she had shown her in those dark days.

But after a day or so Bonnie began to notice that Mrs. Baldwin was not exactly cordial with her. She had a shrinking air of humility. Bonnie wondered if it was because she was an heiress now. She redoubled her kindness then, but the woman seemed to shrink more into herself with a sort of moody silence, giving all her attention to the invalid.

Poor Bonnie, she was bitterly unhappy, and sorely afraid of Miles Westland, but she did not let him see that she was afraid. She carried her pretty head high, with a defiant air that made him say, angrily, to himself:

"Never mind, my beauty, your pride will soon fall when you discover that I have the proofs of your identity. Wait till Farmer Dale comes, that is all."

And he waited in silent exultation for his hour of triumph.

"She shall not escape me! She shall be mine in all her wealth and beauty," he thought, and when he stood by the bedside of the raving Imogen, in whose dark eyes there was no sign of reason, he said to himself that it would be better and easier for all if she died.

In the meantime his heart thrilled with secret hate toward his partner, Lin La Valliere.

Miles Westland knew that Bonnie loved Lin La Valliere, and that Imogen loved him, too. It seemed strange to him that Lin could so easily win the love that was denied to him.

When he looked into his mirror he saw quite a handsome face, dark and spirited, and it seemed to him that he was quite equal to Lin in good looks. Why ,then, did he fail to win the love that fell so easily to the other's share?

He asked himself the question often, but there came no answer. He said to himself that it was fate or blind chance; but all the same it maddened him to see Bonnie's soft eyes rest so wistfully on the fair, handsome face of Lin, with its dark-blue eyes and its strangely sweet smile. He could guess how the girl's heart was aching for this love that was never to be her own, while from him she shrank with veiled but certain loathing.

Oh, that cool, courteous, slightly patronizing air of the mistress of Lloyd Hill, how maddening it was; but he controlled his fury, thinking:

"I shall be the master soon, as she is mistress now, and then she dare not scorn me. It will be worse for her if she does; she will soon find that out. Her love and her smiles belong to me, and I must have them, or she will rue her folly!"

He did not reflect that even if he could posess Bonnie's beautiful body, her defiant spirit might elude him still.

"His from the dainty foot's slight tip,
Up to the crimson of the lip—
His from the halo of the hair
To the white hand's magic in the air.

"But never his the tender thought,
Not his the sigh with yearning fraught:
The conscious blush that flits and flies,
The lingering of impassioned eyes.

"All her bearing seemed to say:
'I am yours. Bid me obey;
But the rebel in my soul
Spurns to answer your control!'

"Of woman she the peerless flower
So scornfully defied his power:
The smoldering anger burned his heart,
Then blazed and tore his lips apart.

"'Madame,' said he, 'since you are mine,
Lift those eyes and let them shine
Sometimes when you hear me speak,
Let the smile impinge your cheek.

"'Nay,' she said, 'make no ado,
Be to me as I am to you.
When I pass you mind no more
Than a shadow on the floor!'"

Feverishly he waited for the coming of Farmer Dale, and with a glad heart he went to the station to meet the first train by which the old man could possibly arrive. But he did not tell any one that he had telegraphed for Imogen's father and was expecting him to arrive. Bonnie must not know, must not have time to prepare for the meeting.

How his heart shook with anger as, going through the beautiful grounds, he saw Bonnie and Lin sitting on a garden bench close together, the young man reading to her from a little book that he held in his hand.

It was poetry, Miles Westland felt very sure, and he gnashed his teeth with rage.

"But there is one comfort. They dare not make real love to each other, for she knows that she is bound, and I will soon put a stop to their flirting," he thought.

Lin was indeed reading poetry to Bonnie, and she was listening with crimson cheeks and all her soul in her glorious dark eyes.

It was that dainty, metaphysical poem of Alice Williams Brotherton; too long to be transcribed here, but of which we cannot refrain from giving a few sweet stanzas:

"Thou and I in spirit-land,
A thousand years ago,
Watch the waves beat on the strand,
Ceaseless ebb and flow;
Vowed to love and ever love—
A thousand years ago.

* * * * * *

"Thou and I in Syrian plains,
Five hundred years ago,
Felt the wild fire in our veins
To a fever flow.
All things die, but love lives on
Now as long ago.

* * * * * *

"Thou and I but yesterday
Met in Fashion's show,
Love, did you remember me,
Love of long ago?
Yes, we kept the fond oath sworn
A thousand years ago!"

Such a poem for a lover to read to his lady-love, such a scene, such a summer sky lit with the roseate hues of sunset! Was it any wonder that Bonnie's cheeks glowed red, that her bosom heaved with emotion, and her eyes grew soft with passion, while she almost forgot the terrible barrier between herself and Lin, whom she worshipped with all the ardor of first love? It was the scowling brow of Miles Westland that recalled them to reality as he strode past them with a careless nod on his way to the railway station.

Lin shut the book and looked after the tall form with a sympathetic expression.

"Poor Miles! he is cruelly afflicted in the death of his adored child and the illness of his adored wife," he said, watching her face without seeming to do so.

He saw a shadow cloud the radiance of Bonnie lovely, blooming face, the shadow of bitter loathing.

"She repents with all her heart that hasty marriage," he thought, and he longed with a terrible anxiety for Bonnie to give him her confidence, and let him advise her to secure a divorce from Miles Westland.

But he could not force her confidence. He remembered always that he had not deserved it. In the hour of her trouble he had turned against her, left her to despair.

"Nothing can ever atone for the cruelty of that hour. I was too hasty. If I had only believed in my darling, even if I had only manfully taken her back to her father's care and asked him to forgive her, she might have pardoned me for my harshness. But I did not do it. In the madness of my own pain, I fled from her, leaving her at the mercy of her enemies, and henceforth she will never be anything to me. What though I saved her life that day from the hungry waves at Atlantic City and she seemed so sweetly grateful? It was only courtesy to thank me, and I am sure that there was nothing deeper than gratitude in her heart," ran the tenor of his thoughts.

His heart sank with a terrible despair, for he knew that he could never cease to love beautiful Bonnie, whom he had once dreamed of calling his wife. Alas, but for that Hallow-Eve folly that had wrecked her girlish life, she would even now be all his own!

His blue yes kindled with love and longing as she sat so close to him on the bench. Oh, how his arms ached to clasp the lissome form, how his lips burned to press hers as in the olden time of their brief love-dream. But he dared not speak, dared not reveal to her his passionate love.

"The distance of the stars is hers;
The least of all her worshippers;
The dust beneath her dainty heel;
She cares not if I see or feel.

"World wide apart and yet so near,
I breathe her charmed atmosphere,
Wherein to her my service brings,
The reverence due to holy things."

"I must go into the house," said Bonnie, rising from her seat with a long sigh.

The sight of Miles Westland had broken with a shock upon the moment's bliss, and she realized that she must tear herself away from the spot. Love and happiness were not for her, poor Bonnie Dale, who was dead to the world in which she had once moved, and who could only exist now under the name of Avis Lloyd.

"Do not go yet," implored Lin, and his eyes sought hers, the blue ones holding the dark ones in a long, sweet, thrilling gaze that made her heart leap wildly in her breast with a keen, sweet pain.

"Oh," she thought, sadly, "how sweet and dear is this love whose bliss I am denied!"

She had risen, but her little feet refused to carry her away from her beloved's side. She stood there trembling under that thrilling gaze, yearning to throw herself into those dear arms and nestle her golden head on that broad, manly breast. Bonnie would have given all her fortune at that moment to have been free from the hateful bond that held her to Miles Westland, so that she might give herself to adored Lin.

Impulsively he caught her tiny white hand in his, and pressed his burning lips upon it, murmuring again:

"Do not go yet. It is so sweet out here with you in this heavenly place that I could linger here with you forever! Oh, my darling, do you not know that I love you still, that——"

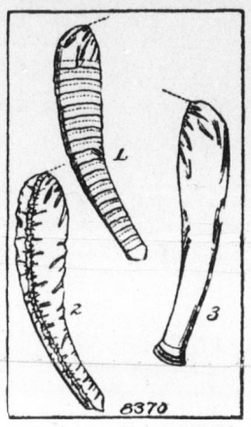
But those passionate words seemed to restore poor Bonnie's volition. Breathlessly she tore her hand from his clasp, crying out:

"You must not talk to me like that, Mr. La Valliere! You—you—frighten me!"

And she fled away like a startled wild bird toward the house, and left her lover alone beneath the trees.

(To be Continued.)

TIMES PATTERNS.



A SET OF NEW SLEEVES.

No. 8370.—As a change in style is particularly shown in the sleeve, it is often possible to make a gown of previous season look up to date, by fitting it out with new sleeves. The designs here submitted are appropriate for silk, velvet, cloth or wash fabrics. They are cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large.

It requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material for No. 1.

$1\frac{1}{2}$ yards for No. 2.

$1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch material for No. 3, for one pair of sleeves for the medium size.

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

Address, "Pattern Department," Times Office, Hamilton.

It will take several days before you can get patterns.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

BY-ELECTIONS.

Three Must be Held in Scotland in Next Few Weeks.

London, Feb. 15.—The appointment of Sir Thomas Shaw, Lord Advocate of Scotland, to the Appeal Bench in succession to Lord Robertson is expected to take place shortly after the assembling of Parliament. This will make the third gap in the Scottish contingent in the House of Commons. Central Glasgow has been rendered vacant by the death of M. A. M. Torrance, the sitting member, and Forfarshire by the elevation of Mr. John Sinclair to the Peerage.

Central Glasgow is an old Unionist seat, but the Liberals won it in 1906 by a majority of 431. If the by-election is fought out on the tariff reform issue it will almost certainly go Liberal again. Forfarshire is one of the sure Liberal seats. Indeed, except in the by-election of 1894, it has been Liberal steadily since 1832. Hawick, the Lord Advocate's constituency, is another sure Liberal district which has returned Sir Thomas Shaw at every election since 1892. Ahe prospects at present are that the by-elections of the next month or so will go as consistently with the Government as those of the past year have gone with the Opposition.

ITS ODD SALOON.

Built by Milwaukee in the Centre of a Public Street.

Milwaukee, Wis., Feb. 15.—Milwaukee has long been called the city of beer, but it remained for the present administration to build a municipal saloon. It was decided to build a new bridge on Water street, and James Keyes' saloon was found to occupy the property required. The saloon was expropriated, and then because it was argued that if the city took away a man's business it should return it to him again, the Council built Keyes a new saloon in the centre of the roadway, where the street cars will run when the new bridge is completed.

When Your Child Has a Cold

Are you satisfied with anything that sells under the name of cough medicine.

Or do you search out a medicine of proven value such as Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

How few cases of consumpton there would be if every child's cold were looked after as it should be.

Did you ever think of it in this way? It is the neglected cough and cold that leads to the dreadful lung diseases sooner or later. From repeated attacks the lungs are weakened and there comes pneumonia or consumption with their dreadfully fatal results.

How watchful parents should be of their children. How careful to use effective treatment instead of trusting to cough mixtures which are often of little value or of harmful effects.

Because it is prepared from linseed, turpentine and other simple but wonderfully effective ingredients, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is particularly suitable at a treatment for children's coughs and colds.

Croup, bronchitis and even whooping cough yields to the influence of this great medicine, and for this reason it is kept constantly on hand in the majority of homes and has enormous sales.

Mrs. John Chesney, Innerkip, Ont., writes: "Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine cured my little girl of whooping cough when the doctor had given her up, and since that we always keep it in the house as a treatment for coughs and colds. It is the best medicine we ever used."

There is no getting round statements such as this, and you want the most effective treatment possible when your child becomes ill. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cats a bottle, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

ECZEMA OF THE SCALP.

Zam-Buk Cures a Boy Who Suffered for Three Years.

Now and again mothers find that sores or ulcers on the heads of children refuse to heal, despite all ordinary treatment. Then is the time to prove Zam-Buk's healing power. For three long years the son of Mrs. Grummitt, of 114, Morse street, Toronto, had eczema of the scalp. She says: "It broke out behind his ears, and was so painful he was unable to sleep at night. I used almost every ointment known, and called in the doctor, but all of no avail. A friend recommended me to try Zam-Buk, and I procured a supply. After using three boxes, my little boy was completely cured."

Another case which mothers will read with interest occurred recently in Winnipeg. Mrs. C. Keep, of 592 Alexander avenue, Winnipeg, says: "A year ago my little girl contracted eczema of the scalp, and notwithstanding all I did the sores spread until the child's scalp was completely covered. I took her to a hospital, but none of the lotions and ointments applied had any effect on the disease. By degrees the child's hair came out, until she was quite bald. We were at this stage strongly advised to try Zam-Buk, and did so. From first commencing with this wonderful balm the child got relief from the itching and pain. The sores were quickly banished, and in a remarkably short space of time the child was cured. The hair soon grew again, and is now quite long and in a healthy condition.

All who have care of children should know that Zam-Buk is particularly adapted, because of its purity, to the tender skin of children. It cures with equal despatch ringworm, blood-poisoning, ulcers, cold-cracks, chapped hands, frost-bite, piles, bad legs, etc. Used as an embrocation it eases the pain of sprains and cures rheumatism, sciatica and neuralgia. All druggists and stores sell at 50c a box; or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.

BLASTING THE ICE.

The Power Companies' Troubles at Niagara Falls.

Niagara Falls, Feb. 15.— Of the three power companies here the Canadian Niagara is suffering most severely from the river conditions. The intake of the plant was chocked to such an extent to-day that the ice ha d to be blasted away with dynamite, and this has been kept up during the greater part of the day. The plant is making great efforts to cope with the difficulty and maintain its service. The ice jam at the waterworks has not materially interfered with the operation at the station so far, though low water has made it necessary to start the new centrifugal electric pump. It is said Lake Erie is now about three feet below normal level.

Attracted by the unusual condition of the American Falls, hundreds of visitors came here to-day. Scores clambered over the piles of ice above the Falls, and some of the more venturesome attempted to cross below the bridge. But their nerve failed when they saw the tiny yet foreboding streams trickling through the ice and rocks. Notices have been posted warning people of the danger of going out on the river bed.

KILLED BY SHYNESS.

Boy Trying to Escape Stenographer's Kiss Has Fatal Fall.

New York, Feb. 15.—George Spencer Millett, an office boy in the correspondent department of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, fifteen years old, yesterday, fell on a steel ink eraser yesterday afternoon when he was trying to run away from a stenographer who said she was going to kiss him. The sharp blade entered his left side and severed an artery, which caused his death half an hour later.

The young woman, who was later locked up on a charge of homicide, was Gertrude Robbins, who lives with her mother at 168 West 81st street.

Such facts as the police were able to get about the case came from the young woman, and they believe that the boy's death was an accident.

AFTER MASHER.

New York Mob Attacks Negro Who Molested a White Girl.

New York, Feb. 15.—Crowds of angry men at 135th street and Lenox avenue to-day attacked a negro who had annoyed Miss Helen Cassidy, of Scranton, Pa. The girl was riding uptown on the subway when the negro, who had a seat across from her, smiled and tipped his hat. He continued to annoy her, and when she left the train at 135h street he followed.

"Allow me to escort you," he said, trying to take her arm. She struck him over the head with her umbrella. Several men rushed forward to seize the negro, but he fled and jumped on a surface car.

The crowd yelled at the conductor, who brought the car to a stop and then put off the negro. The man was then set upon by the crowd. He finally escaped into a tenement.

HORSES AND DRIVER

Slipped From Towpath Into the Canal at Buffalo.

Buffalo, Feb. 16.—At the foot of Massachusetts avenue yesterday afternoon, a team of three horses and a heavy wagon, driven by William Smith, of 161 Jefferson street, slipped from the towpath into the canal. Smith and the horses were drowned.

The man was employed by Frank Snyder, of 263 Eagle street, and was drawing machinery from the pumping station. The wagon skidded on the frozen sleet and, dragging the horses, went over the bank before Smith could jump.

So large was the gap made by the crash of the wagon and horses that it was not possible to work from the edge of the ice to recover the drowned man's body. The firetug Hutchinson was sent for and from her deck the body was grappled by a pike pole.

Smith was 48 years of age and unmarried. No attempt was made to raise the horses and wagon.

AT R. McKAY & CO'S. WEDNESDAY, FEB. 17,1909

HAMILTON'S MOST PROGRESSIVE STORE

Greatest of All February Sales in

Suit, Coat and Fur Dept.

The most astounding sale in point of low prices that we have ever announced or you have ever heard of.

Women's Coats $1.98

Light and dark colors in ¾ and ⅞ lengths. Box, semi and tight-fitting styles. Regular $8.50 and $10.00, clearing price ... $1.98

Children's Ulsters $1.98

A good assortment of sizes and styles in light and dark colors. Regular $5.50, sale price.. $1.98

Cloth Capes $2.98

Large Ripple Cape, made of excellent quality cloth. They make splendid wraps. Regular $8.50, sale price.. $2.98

Clearing Sale of Fur Garments

$50.00 Fur-lined Coats	$25.00
$125.00 Persian Lamb Coats	$70.00
$22.50 Fur-lined Capes	$10.98
$10.00 Japanese Mink Muffs	$5.50
$10.00 Japanese Mink Ties	$5.50
$50.00 Canadian Mink Muffs	$27.50
$50.00 Canadian Mink Stoles	$27.50
$15.50 Persian Lamb Ties	$10.00
$15.50 Persian Lamb Muffs	$10.00

Big Wednesday Special from the Dress Goods Section

Swell New Spring Shadow Stripe Suitings, Worth Regular 75c, Sale Price 59c

Here's a very decided bargain: Lovely Satin Venetian Cloth Suitings, on sale in pretty shades of brown, navy, Alice blue, green and black, one of the season's newest style goods. Come to-morrow and save, at, per yard ... 59c

The Sale of New Embroideries

Take Advantage of the Savings

Have you seen those lovely Embroideries, on sale at almost half regular prices? If not, come to-morrow and view the fine display. Come and share in these specials at 9, 11, 14, 19, and 29c yard, just about half regular.

Blanket Bargains

MORE COLD WEATHER

Lots more cold weather to come, it is said. Still, we must clear out an oversupply of Blankets. Hence these two splendid bargains for Wednesday. Read, read, read:

$4.50 and $5 Blankets at $2.98 Pair

44 pairs Medium Size and Single Bed Blankets. We've marked 'em below cost. Don't want them all. In splendid quality white wool, soft, warm and fleecy. Pretty pink and blue borders. All in the one pile on Wednesday. Don't miss them. Only ... $2.98 pair

Extra Large $6.50 and $7 Blankets at $4.68 Pair

For the folks who like thick, warm, heavy Blankets, 8 and 9 lbs. in weight, extra large size, something which our Scotch friends will appreciate. Best pure all-wool, very soft and pleasing. At this price it will pay you to carry them till next winter. Wednesday ... $4.68 pair

Interesting Values from Our Staple Section

Housekeepers, Take Advantage of the Savings

Nainsook 15c

40-inch Underwear Nainsook, pure finish, worth 18c, for ... 15c yard

Indian Head 20c

Indian Head, for blouses, skirts and suits, launders like linen:
36-inch ... 20c
45-inch ... 25c

Huck 20c

Pure Linen Huck Toweling, 24 inches wide, firm, absorbent weave, worth 30c, special ... 20c

Pillow Cases 40c

Hemstitched Pillow Cases, made of good, firm cotton, special ... 40c pair

Flannelette 10c

35-inch Striped Flannelette, firm, soft finish, neat patterns, regularly 12½c, for ... 10c yard

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TRY

HARRIS HEAVY PRESSURE

Bearing Metal on your planers, matchers and wood-working machinery. Best by test. It never fails. Please tele phone us your orders.

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Toronto, Ont.

MINERS UGLY.

BELLE VERNON MEN SAY THEY HAVE BEEN DOUBLECROSSED.

Their Jobs Taken—Go Back to Work to Find Others Before Them—Some Small Riots Follow.

Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 15.—Serious trouble developed to-day at the mines along the Monongahela River in what is known as the fourth pool, or the territory in the vicinity of Belle Vernon, Pa. Miners to the number of many hundreds who have been on a strike for some time held mass meetings last night and decided to return to work pending an adjustment of differences.

When they reached the mines this morning they found in most cases that their places had been filled, while those for whom there was yet room in the mines were told that they must return at a reduction in wages.

The result is that the strike situation is much more acute to-night than at any other time, as the miners claim they have been double-crossed by some one. They assert that at their meetings last night they were assured that their places were waiting for them and if they would but vote unanimously to return to work, all world be well. They then placed themselves on record, but cannot get the work.

There were several scenes of rioting in the district this afternoon when men whose places had been taken by others fought with them when they met, and not a few were badly injured in the encounters.

Daniel Guggenheim Sick.

Mexico City, Mex., Feb. 15.—According to a special despatch received here to-night from Aguas Calientes, Daniel Guggenheim, of New York, head of the American Smelting & Refining Company, is being rushed east aboard a special train in order that his life may be saved.

No particulars are given.

The license reduction by-law was passed by Toronto City Council.

A MAD BARBER

Blew Up the Stove of His Shop Before His Customers.

Ithaca, Feb. 15.— Just after he had finished shaving a customer and before the latter could put on his coat, George Smith, a barber in the village of Myers, blew up the shop. Smith himself was seriously injured, but the group of customers in the shop escaped.

Smith, who is believed to be demented, finished his last shave, and had started to engage his customers in conversation when he suddenly walked over to a drawer, pulled out a cigar box and threw it into the stove. Instantly the stove blew into 100 pieces, the whole side wall of the shop was torn out, and the ceiling came down with a crash.

The customers jumped for the street, but Smith was struck in the abdomen by a piece of metal, and is badly hurt. He has been arrested.

When You Visit

The Made-in-Hamilton Exhibition, don't miss the Laxa-Food exhibit. Try a Laxa-Food cookie, something new and very tasty.—A. W. Maguire & Co.

RECORDERS DIFFER.

Mr. Dupuis Defends the Montreal Chief of Police.

Montreal, Feb. 15.—Recorders Weir and Dupuis, of this city, are at loggerheads over the best way to fight the social evil, and unless the Attorney-General steps in and takes a hand as to how the law should be upheld, serious complications must follow.

When opening court to-day Recorder Dupuis defended Chief Campeau, who was severely criticized a few days ago by Recorder Weir. Recorder Dupuis said: "I must state that in all cases referred to during my absence the Chief of Police acted in a judicious and perfectly honorable manner. I shall discuss the matter at length very shortly."

Only One "BROMO QUININE," that is **Laxative Bromo Quinine** Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days E. W. Grove on every box. 25c

RAILWAYS

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

TORONTO AND RETURN $1.15 FROM HAMILTON

With 50 cents added for admission to Automobile, Motor Boat and Sportsman's Show. Good going Feb. 18, 20, 22 and 23rd. Return limit February 26th, 1909.

Cobalt and Gowganda

The established route to these Silver Fields is via Grand Trunk and T. & N. Rys. For full information apply to Chas. E. Morgan, city agent, or W. G. Webster, depot agent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

AUTOMOBILE and SPORTSMEN'S EXHIBITION

TORONTO AND RETURN $1.65 FROM HAMILTON

Including Admission to above Exhibition.

Tickets good going FEB. 18, 20, 22, 23.

Return limit Feb. 26.

Apply at C. P. R. Ticket Office, cor. King and James streets.

T., H. & B. Railway —TO— NEW YORK $9.40

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The ONLY RAILROAD landing PASSENGERS in the HEART OF THE CITY (42nd Street Station). Dining cars, buffet and through sleeping cars.

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Maritime Express

Famed for excellence of Sleeping and Dining Car Service.

Leaves Montreal 12 noon daily, except Saturday for QUEBEC, ST. JOHN, N.B., HALIFAX.

Friday's Maritime Express

Carries the EUROPEAN MAIL and lands passengers and baggage at the side of the steamship at Halifax the following Saturday.

Intercolonial Railway uses Bonaventure Union Depot, Montreal, making direct connection with Grand Trunk trains.

For timetables and other information apply to

TORONTO TICKET OFFICE, 51 King street East.

or

GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT, Moncton, N.B.

STEAMSHIPS

C. P. R. ATLANTIC SERVICE

East	Liverpool	West
Feb. 12	Empress of Ireland	
Feb. 26	Empress of Britain	Feb. 12
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Mar. 12	Empress of Ireland	Feb. 26

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