The Tangle of Fate

"Oh, how tired I am, sister. I've been nutting in the woods all the morning. Our teacher did not come to-day, and the scholars gave themselves a half-holiday," she cried ou. to Imogen, who stood on the porch in ner prettiest dress.
"I wish on had been with us, Miss Bonnie. Your sister went with me for a lovely stroil this morning," Lincoln La Valliere exclaimed, with a little note of regret in his musicai, oice. It had cost him a pang to see the little beauty go off with her books to school. True, Imogen, in her browa cashmere dress, with those red wild flowers in her dark hair, was very charming, but this other girl, so frank, so piquant, so lovely, had carried his heart by storm. At breakfast he hardly knew what he was eating, so constantly had itis eyes wandered to the young face opposite, that blushed so warmly under his gaze.
"My little sister, Bonnie," Imogen had said, carelessly, and then kept up the conversation so briskly that Bonnie sild hardly a word, only smiled at her old father, who looked at her so lovingly. After last night she had said she could not bear to look Lincoln La Valliere in the face.

But a glad light leaped into his laugh-

After last night she had said she count not bear to look Lincoln La Valliere in the face.

But a glad light leaped into his laughing blue eyes as she came in sight again, and his heart beat quickly at the sound of her voice. He followed her eagerly to the porch, and then Imogen said:

"Yes, Bonnie, I took Mr. La Valliere up the glen and to the old haunted mill, and he made such a lovely sketch of it. And—Bonnie, you teld me a little fib last night—you did go there to look in the pool before you came home, because—" She paused. Bonnie had drawn back from her with startled eyes, Imogen gazed at her in surprise a moment, then continued:

"I knew you were frightened over something last night, and you are getting pale this moment at the very thought of it. Come, tell us what yous war in the pool, Bonnie?"

"I—I—wasn't there. Let me alone about it!" Bonnie cried, petulantly, her face pallid, her eyes flashing, but Imogen laughed.

"You needn't deny it, Bonnie, cause I found your blue hair ribbon and your lace handkerchief at the mill, and you certainly lost them there last night, for you had them when you started for the party. I gave them to Mr. La Valliere to carry. He will show them to you now."

But a glad light leaped into his laught, and in the red, handkerolt Mr. La Valliere.

The day came when she received the photograph of her unknown betrothed. She was in the parlor with Mr. La Valliere, but she did not hesitate to break the seal and look eagerly at the cabinet photograph if inclosed.

"A derisive smile parled the full red lips, and Imogen exclaimed, scornfully: "Oh, what fright!"

"I agree with you!" observed Lincoln La Valliere, with fright inclosed.

The day came when she received the photograph of her unknown betrothed. She was in the parlor with Mr. La Valliere, but she did not hesitate to break the seal and look eagerly at the cabinet photograph if inclosed.

"A derisive smile parled the full red lips, and Imogen exclaimed, scornfully: "Oh, what fright!"

"I agree with you!' observed Lincoln La Vallie

in her voice.

Lincoln La Valliere did not take the trouble to contradict her, for he saw that she bitterly resented the implication that she had been at the haunted mill last night.

"Never mind, Miss Bonnic, I don't care whom you saw in the pool, for you saw my face over your shoulder in the mirror afterward! as I was the last one, I am sure to be your fate," he said to her, daringly, and yet very much in carnest.

gone off in a huff at his obdurate sweetheart, Bonnie Dale, and that he would return when he had become tired of sulking. The elders accepted this explanation, and chaffed Bonnie at every pportunity upon her coquetry.

Meanwhile Miles Westland's trunk

Meanwhile Miles Westland's trunk and other belongings remained at his uncle's, where he had made his home. The door of the school was locked and the key handed over to the care of the grumbling trustees, who deeply resented such larking on the part of the teacher and threatened to secure a new one.

The scholars, all delighted at their unexpected holiday, did not take much interest in the matter, but proceeded to

terest in the matter, but proceeded to enjoy their respite from lessons.

Bonnie Dale would have enjoyed it more than any only for the haunting horror of that night at the old mill. It remained with her like the fabled skeleton in the closet, and but for the sweet. new emotion that had come into her We she believed she would have gone mad with her trouble.

she believed she would have gone mad with her trouble.

Many a night, when Imogen's dark head lay peacefully asleep upon the pillow, Bonnie would be sitting up in bed twisting her little hands together in an agony of despair, while she felt as if she should choke with the great painful lump in her throat.

"Oh, heaven, pity me, and let me forget," the poor child would sob to herself. "It was not my fault; I did not mean to push him into the pool; I only did not want him to kiss me. He had no business to come there and make me marry him. I did not love him, I did not want to be his wife."

On the night following Miles Westland's disappearance, Imogen Dale had had some conversation with her young sister, in which she said, in her strange, in the said with the said, in her strange,

sister, in which she said, in her strange

imperious way:
"I've lost my heart to this handsome stranger, Bonnie, and I mean to win him

if I can, so I want you to keep out of the way, and not spoil the sport."

the way, and not spoil the sport."
"But you are engaged, Imogen."
"I intend to break that off, if I can win Lincoln 'a Valliere."
"But how, sister?"
"Bonnie, you know I have never had my betrothed's photograph, so I shall write for it, and after I see it I can tell him I do not like his looks and will not marry him."
"Oh, sister, that will be very cruel!" erried Bonnie.

eried Bonnie.
"All is fair in love and war," replied

"All is fair in love and war," replied Imogen, laughingly, and as she heard a low, smothered sigh escape Bonnie's lips, she added, remonstratingly:

"You are not old enough to get married yet, anyhow. Bonnie, so you can visit around war the gift be your heart's entered the year and leave the year and to me. If means the second war is not to be a large to the second war. "You are not old enough to get married yet, anyhow. Bonnie, so you can
visit around "one the girls to your
heart's "next few days, and
leave the very man to me. If I marry
him, you shall come to visit me in my
grand city home, and I will give you
pretty dresses and jewels so that you

away from me!"

As he spoke he lifted the little white
hand to his lips and pressed passionate
kisses on its dimpled fingers while he
continued, eagerly:

"Why do you go away to avoid me
every day, Bonnie, when you know that
my heart is aching with love for you?"

Kinistino, Sask.

that she bitterly resented the implication that she had been at the haunted mill last night.

"Never mind, Miss Bonnie, I don't care whom you saw in the pool, for you saw my face over your shoulder in the mirror afterward! as I was the last one, I am sure to be your fate," he said to her, daringly, and yet very much in carnest.

CHAPTER V.

Days came and went, but the missing schoolmaster did not return.

Still as yet there was no suspicion of foul play conceted with his disappearance.

The scholars all declared that he had gone off in a huff at his obdurate

Tiknow you are just teasing me!"

ard all he hath."

"Shakespeare, as I live!" cried the your gman. "Do you remember it. Miss Dale, in 'The Merchant of Venice': It is the famous inscription that was carved on that leaden casket that contained the portrait of beautiful Portia. Her two suitors chose the gold and silver caskets and so missed the prize. Come, this looks significant. What if your lover because of his homely looks?"

Imagen shuddered as she looked at the portrait again, and in her disgust at it she did not notice that her companion had grown quite pale while he talked to her so carelessly.

"I know you are just teasing me!"

ANATTY TOP GARMENT FOR A YOUNG MISS.

No. 8402.—Checked woolen in green with facing on collar and sleeves of plain cloth, trimmed with soutache prize. Come, this looks significant. What if your lover because of his homely looks?"

Imagen shuddered as she looked at the portrait again, and in her disgust at it she did not notice that her companion had grown quite pale while he talked to her so carelessly.

"I know you are just teasing me!"

ANATTY TOP GRAMENT.

YOUNG MISS.

No. 8402.—Checked woolen in green with facing on collar and sleeves of plain cloth, trimmed with soutache prize that contained the portrait of beautiful Portia. Her two suitors chose the gold and silver casket that contained the portrait of beautiful Portia. Her two suitors chose the gold and silver casket and so meanded with metal buttons, was used for thi

"I know you are just teasing me!"
the declared. "I would not marry that
gly old man for anything!"
"But he is rich, is he not?"

"But he is rich, is he not?"
"So he says, but although I long to be rich and live in the city, I cannot marry any one I do not love, and I shall write and tell him so this very day," declared Imogen, looking at him with such confiding eyes that he must have been blind not to understand their loving language.

"He is anxious for me to write that

It was getting on toward the early October sunset, and she would be on her way, he knew, for Farmer Dale did not permit her to stay out after dark. When he came in from the field he always wanted to see her fair face blooming like a rose by his home fireside.

CHAPTER VI. CHAPTER VI.

Sure enough, there was Bonnie loitering in the patch of autumn-hued woods only a few rods from the house. She was standing with her back against a tree, throwing dead leaves into a little brook that went singing past her feet with a musical murmur. Her downcast dark eyes watched the leaves as they whigled down the tiny stream with a curfously sad, intent expression.

Lincoln La Valliere watched the girl in eager silence a moment, then helped her across the brook and caught her hand in his, holding it fast as he exclaimed:

"Where have you been all day, little truant?"

truant?

"What is that to you, Mr. Curiosity?" demanded Bonnie, but in such soft tones and with so bright a blush that the words were robbed of their sauciness,

and elicited a passionate answer:
"It is everything to me, Bonnie, because I miss you so and long for your presence every moment that you are away from me!"

Will you not love me in return, darling, and promise to be my wife?"

It was very impetuous wooing, but he was afraid that some one would come along the road and interrept them, hence his eager haste. He knew very well from sad experience that the fates always made his interviews with Bonnie very short, and he determined to outwit them this time.

Bonnie's beautiful face, crimson as a rose, dropped bashfully from his adoring eyes, and she faltered:
"I did not know you loved me, Mr. La Valliere!"

"I did not know you loved me, Mr. La Valliere!"

"Call me Lin, won't you, darling?" he exclaimed, 'eagerly. "Mister sounds so cold, and I would like to hear you call me Lin just as my mother used to do."

"Lin—it is a lovely name," she whispered

pered.
"It sounds beautiful to me from your lips, darling," he exclaimed, ecstatically, and bent toward her. "May I kiss you, sweet, in token of your promise to be

mine?"
"I-I—have not promised," she cried,
drawing back from him in dismay.
"But you must promise, my dearest.
You do love me, don't you, my little
Bonnie? I fancied I read it in your Bonnie? I fancied I read it in your eyes last night when they drooped away so shyly from mine. You need not be ashamed of it, sweet one, for my whole heart is yours in return, and if you will marry me I will make you the paddest, happiest little wife in the world."

world."

Bonnie had been listening to his love words in tremulous silence, but as he attempted to put his arm around her she started back, her dark eyes flashing through the reserved.

through tears.

"Hush! you have no right to touch
me, nor to speak so to me," she exclaimed, in a tremulous voice. "Your love belongs to Imogen, not to me!"
"What can you mean?" he asked, anx-

(To be continued.)

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LOVED THE WIDOW.

But he actually sighed—a long, deep sigh, as though relieved at something, and rising, said courteously:
"Excuse me, Miss Dale, I will go and have a talk with your father about that

Guelph, Jan. 28.—That he made love to the widow McGuire, and that when

"He is anxious for me to write that man his dismissal," thought Imogen, injoyously, then she sighed. "But I wish he had proposed at once. It was such a good opening for him when we were talking olve and marriage."

She ran upstairs to write the momentous letter, and Lincoin La Valliere, without another thought of Farmer Dale and his ten-acre lot, took his hat and strolled down the dusty road, hoping to meet his secret idol—lovely Bonnie.

It was getting on toward the early October sunset, and she would be on her way, he knew, for Farmer Dale did

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Montreal, Jan. 28 .- A robbery in volving the loss of several thousand dollars' worth of jewelry was committed lars' worth of jewelry was committed some time yesterday in the residence of Mrs. J. H. Stanford, who occupies suite sixteen in the Metcalfe Apartments, on Cote St. Antoine road, Westmount. Despite diligent investigations of the Westmount police no clue has yet been discovered which will lead to the apprehension of the burglar or burglars. There are no servants in the house, and so far the robbery is shrouded in mys.

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ed Wash Belts, Worth Reg. 35c, Sale Price 19c Each

"10 dozen dainty Embroidered On sale to-morrow, a grand as-Wash Belts that we don't want to sortment of Silk and Net Bows, place on our stock sheets will be at a price that will create a flurry-cleared to-morrow at the above re-in this section of the store to-morrow the kind for children's school hand-row. Come and see them, that's all. Clearing 300 dozen rreity Lawai Take advantage of this sale. Just the kind for children's school hand-row. Come and see them, that's all.

Prices 25 and 35c, Sale Price 15c Each

Clearance of Dainty Embroider- Silk and Net Bows, Former Stock-reducing Sale of Women's Handkerchiefs 6 for 25c

Clearing 300 dozen Pretty Lawr

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To-morrow 89c Yard 4 dozen elbow length Kid Gloves, sizes $5\frac{1}{2}$ and $5\frac{3}{4}$, mousquetaire style, assorted shades. These we do not want to place on our stock sheets. A great bargain. Come. Our former price \$2.25. Sale

All Wool Gloves Must Go

Clearing Sale of Dress Silks at 59c

Splendid Inventory News Here

Wool Vests 69c

Special line of Ladies' Flat Knit All Wool Vests, natural shade, shaped, with gusset, regular \$1, for Saturday only 69 Corset Covers 25c Each

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Inventory Sweeping Reductions in Winter Goods of Every Kind

To reduce stocks to the lowest possible point prior to stock-taking, we offer WINTER COATS, SUITS, SKIRTS and FURS of every description, we heavily reduced prices. Many of the greatest bargains cannot be mentioned in this announcement because of limited quantities. BUT COME! In making the special selling figures, former prices were totally disregarded.

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\$125.00 PERSI	AN LAMB,	MINK TRI	MMED JA	CKETS		875.0
\$50.00 FUR-LT	NED COAT	S				\$27.5
\$40.00 ASTRAC	CHAN JACI	KETS				\$21.5
\$40.00, NEAR	SEAL JACK	KETS				825.0
\$25.00 PERSIA	N LAMB T	HE and MUI	FF			\$15.0
\$50.00 CANADI	AN MINK	MUFF				\$25.0

Enormous Blanket Landslide

On Saturday our many patrons will secure Blankets at \$3.98 pair, which have collapsed from \$5.50 and \$6.00, regular prices. These Blankets are grand \$1 goods, but we have too many of them. We must clear them on Saturday, Ian. 30, on account of Inventory. We recommend them personally as being nade of best white long fleece lambs' wood, thoroughly carded and refined, in splendid full sizes, all perfect goods. Don't let this opportunity slip by. Lots nore cold weather still this winter.

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Ladies' Fine Corset Covers, ful. front, trimmed with deep lace yoke beading and edging at neck sleeves, to clear at 19c

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Best quality 5-Frame Brussels Carst. Borders to match, worth \$1.50 ice for Saturday only \$1.09

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Wilton Carpets \$1.09 Wilton Carpets, with or without orders, extra fine goods, worth \$1.

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Inlaid Linoleum, Scotch make, 5 patterns to choose from, worth 85c, price for Saturday 69c square yard Floor Oilcloth 29c

Heavy Floor Oilcloth, 1, 132 and 2 yards wide, choice designs, worth 38c, price for Saturday.. 29c square yard

China Matting 10c China Matting, suitable for dining-room, hall or bedrooms, worth 15c. price for Saturday 10c

Union Carpet 45c

Union Carpet, extra heavy, fine coorings, worth 60c, price for Saturda 45e

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