

## LOVE FINDS A WAY.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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As he stood there alone on the broad steps of the house, overlooking the beautiful expanse of the Broxton lawn, so he stood alone in all the wide world, not one creature to call kindred. Small wonder that he clung with ravening tenderness to the silent sleeper in the house behind his back.

He retraced his steps and re-entered the room where his father lay. He flung open the windows and moved resolutely toward the casket. The utter peacefulness, the majestic repose of the sleeper filled his soul with a strange quietness.

At that moment he remembered the seal ring which his father had always impressed upon the wax of his letters. It was on his finger when he died. He should like it for his very own. He drew the white draperies from the broad chest to secure the ring. In the pallid clasped hands a single white cosmos flower had drooped to its death. The seal ring was not upon his father's hand. The flower had not been in his quiet clasp when they laid him in the casket.

Who would unravel the knot of this twofold mystery?

CHAPTER IV.  
THE FIGURE IN WHITE.

Having nearly arrived at the mature age of 18, Miss Olivia Matthews considered herself qualified to give her father advice on all matters of importance.

Tom Broxton was a matter of importance, one which came up with increasing frequency and growing importance as his term at college rounded to its end.

On the subject of what was or what was not best for Tom the small monitor assumed large airs of gravity and decorum which tempted one to smile into her dimpled face. Not that she would have countenanced such levity for an instant. She took herself in her relation as semiguardian to the last of the Broxtons quite seriously. Ever since that dismal day on which they had laid the dear colonel to rest under the weeping willows of the Mandeville churchyard and brought Tom to stay temporarily at the Matthews cottage while "arrangements for his future" were perfecting she had come to look upon him as in some sense her personal charge.

That had been four years ago. The years have healing properties for the young which they lose in later years. A correspondence had been one of the

inevitable consequences of Olivia's self elected guardianship and Tom's craving for friendship.

His 11 months of seniority, which counted for little on the calendar, were entirely reversed in their social relations. In their letters he figured as quite 11 years her junior. She never forgot his birthday. It was always remembered by a gift chosen with a view to a man's ever recurring demand for neckties, gloves or the like and always sent accompanied by a neat little homily on the approaching years of responsibility, prettily indited on her best society stationery.

Fresh from the perusal of an effusive letter of thanks for the latest donation of gloves and advice, Olivia sagely wrinkled her brows and looked across the breakfast table at her father.

"Just to think, papa, the dear boy is 18 years old! I suppose he will be putting on all the airs of a grown man when he gets back. I can hear the beating of restless wings in each letter more distinctly. That is as it should be. If I were a man, I know I should strain at the leash violently long before the college doors closed upon me."

Her metaphors were somewhat mixed, but as she was preparing her father's second cup of coffee with just so much sugar plus so much cream metaphor had to look out for itself.

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The lawyer, deep in his own mail matter, glanced up quickly, showing a dark, unsmiling face.

"Who is straining at the leash, my dear?"

"Oh, that was just a figure of speech! I was talking about Tom. I've got an absurdly grateful letter from him, thanking me for his gloves. If I had sent a shoestring, he would have waxed just as eloquent over it. Tom is a wee bit sophomoric. I must admit, but time will tone all that down."

She was conscious of a very abstracted auditor.

Her father's head had been lifted just so long as his hand had been extended for the cup of coffee. He was once more poring over his morning's mail with knitted brows. Her maternal cat, always discreetly observant of the progress of the meal, gently reminded her by a velvet pawed caress that he was waiting to be served. Her canary bird, swinging in its gilded cage in the sunny bow window, shrilly monopolized the realm of sound.

Her father's absorption in letters which properly belonged to his office work was an infringement of her most cherished household regulation. She interfered despotically.

"Papa, you know I regard the breakfast hour as my exclusive property. You are breaking my rules."

The dark face opposite her was lifted. The light of a mighty love illumined its gloomy eyes. Lawyer Matthews pushed his letters from him in a heap and smiled.

"You are right, my queen of hearts, as you always are. I beg your pardon for my rude inattention. I am all yours. You were saying?"

"Nothing very profound." She smiled with restored good humor. "I have been wondering what we are going to do with Tom Broxton when he comes back to Mandeville for good. He can't live alone in that great barn of a house. He would meet a ghost at every turn. And he could not live here with us. Every old woman's tongue in Mandeville would chorus 'improper.' What on earth can we do with the poor boy?"

Twice during her remarks her father had taken off his glasses, wiped them abstractedly and replaced them on his nose with nervous energy. Instead of the direct answer her direct question invited, he looked straight over her head through the vine clothed bow window, frowning incidentally at the shrilling canary.

"Is there no way of silencing that noise?"

"Dick's yodeling? Certainly. I did not know it annoyed you."

She left the table long enough to insert a lump of sugar between the bars of the birdcage. Returning, she perched on the arm of her father's chair, retaining her precarious vantage ground by clutching his coat lapels firmly with one hand.

"Father, you must be working too hard. You are horribly nervous of late. I shall have to take you in hand." She passed a caressing hand over the lawyer's troubled forehead. "There are at least a dozen new worry lines here. This will never, never do. But about Tom."

"What about Thomas?" Her caressing failed of soothing. He drew her hands down with almost a petulant gesture.

"What are you going to do with him when he leaves college and comes home to live? You know we must plan for it."

"There is no immediate call for agitating that point, my love. Thomas is to go abroad for two years after leaving college."

"Does he want to go?"

"I want him to go."

"Of course, papa, as his guardian you may advise him to go, and I think every boy ought to travel. But has Tom expressed any wishes of his own on the subject?"

"I have not broached it to him as yet. I anticipate no objections on his part. His father was a great traveler in his day. Indeed, I may say he was passionately fond of it."

"Then you have not consulted him about it yet?"

The lawyer rose from the table with his hands full of letters. A slight frown contracted his forehead, bringing his bushy gray brows almost into contact with each other. He loved this breakfast hour above all the hours of the day. It was full of peace and pleasantness. It was pleasant to look across the table into his child's beautiful, spirited face, a face which always brimmed over with intelligence and with love for him; it was pleasant to look beyond her, out through the vine encircled bay window into the tangle of beauty and perfume which Olivia called her garden; it was pleasant to contemplate the fact that this dear

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lawyer of Mandeville ever had before him. It was pleasant to prolong this communion time.

Presently he would go off to his office, and the sweet music of his darling's voice would be swallowed up in the harsher tones of angry men chaffering for their rights. But just now Olivia was growing a trifle inquisitorial, and it was that which sent him away from the table somewhat abruptly.

"No," he said, standing on the hearth rug; "I have not written to him yet. I don't want the pleasant anticipation of travel to get between him and the closing exercises of his college. I am somewhat apprehensive that Thomas may be lacking in energy."

"I don't know why you say that, papa. His reports from the very beginning have been just splendid. He stands first in all of his classes and—"

"Oh, as a student Thomas has made a fair record, but I should prefer more fire, more vim, more fervor of action."



"You stupid papa—to want a fretful, puny baby always under your wing!"

Olivia championed the absent with warmth and decision.

"I think you are altogether mistaken, father, and inclined to underrate Tom. His letters to you, I suppose, are more restrained and formal. I see abundant evidence of ambition and of purpose. Tom is essentially well balanced. I have seen plentiful signs of restlessness."

"I hope I have molded him fittingly," said the lawyer, with pious self gratulation. "Yes, I think he may be called essentially well balanced."

"He is just what I fancy Colonel Broxton was at his age," Olivia resumed, with unconscious point. "He is not one of those tiresome boys who bore you to distraction with wordy vapors about what they are going to do and be, winding up by doing and being nothing. Moreover, the fact of his being so rich would incline him to deliberation. The spur of necessity is not pricking him to select a career in wild haste. Tom is very rich indeed, is not he, papa?"

Some of his letters slipped from the lawyer's grasp. He stooped to recover them. His sallow face was deeply flushed when he straightened himself almost defiantly. He did not look at Olivia as he answered curtly:

"By no manner of means. That is one of the current local fallacies, a great mistake. Thomas' personal expenses have been heavy, and some of his dear father's investments turned out very badly."

Olivia soared superior. "I am rather glad to hear that. Rich young men are so apt to wax conceited and worthless on the strength of their father's hoarding. They lose the incentive to personal endeavor."

Her father rewarded this flight with a somewhat acid smile.

"Your worldly wisdom becomes startling, my love. I think I shall have to get you a new doll to dress."

"Doll, indeed!" She mimicked his gravity. "Your capacity for insulting a helpless female becomes startling, my love. I think I shall have to get you a new pair of eyes the better to see, my dear." She came toward him, a riant, sparkling creature, and stood before him with crest uplifted. "Observe the

be measuring your strength with mine, demanding your place at my side rather than under my wing. It frightens me."

"And it delights me. You stupid papa—to want a fretful, puny baby always under your wing in place of a wise young woman by your side! And you naughty papa, to let my eighteenth birthday almost dawn without a breath touching appropriate celebrations!"

"Celebrations?" He repeated the word perplexedly.

"Don't you even know, father, that a girl comes of age when she is 18? She doesn't come into a vote and all that sort of nonsense, but she comes out, and I propose to do that appropriately."

"Appropriately! Why, bless my soul, yes, of course! What shall we do, Olivia?"

"I should like a fete champetre," said Olivia grandly. "such a fete as the people of the country shall date back to and from for generations to come. I shan't come of age but once in my lifetime, you know, papa."

Her father looked overhead out of the bay window into her garden and upon the grassy terraces intervening between it and the cobblestone street.

The Matthews cottage, perched upon its well kept terraces, was one of the show places of Mandeville, but its dimensions were by no means imposing. In land it was conspicuously cramped.

"A garden party, my love? I believe that is your idea done in English. Do you think our modest little yard?"

She interrupted him with a gay laugh. "Oh, no, papa! That would be absurd, ridiculously so. Over at Tom's house is where I mean to hold my fete. We could give a lovely garden party among the grand old trees on Broxton lawn and such a delicious dance in the long, yellow parlor."

"But the people?"

"The Westovers are expected back from Europe on Monday. I should especially like them to see that one does not have to go abroad to know what to do on occasion. Oh, I want it to be very grand indeed, papa! Miss Malvina Spillman will help me to make it just perfectly lovely. She can act chaperon too. I can make out quite a splendid list of guests."

A strange hesitation seemed to blind her father's tongue. He, who was generally eager in his readiness to gratify her slightest wish, stood mute and frowning in face of her very dearest one.

"You have a guardian's right to use the house, papa, haven't you?"

"Yes, Oh, yes, of course!"

"And I know Tom would be only too glad. I shall write for his permission." Still that unfriendly silence. "My heart is quite set upon it, papa."

Continued on 6th page.

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3rd Witness. E. Mattinson & Son write under this date: "Please send us 6 Powders, they are the best selling medicines we have in the shop." Sales talk.

4th Witness. W. C. Balcolm, the well-known travelling jeweller of Hantsport, Kumfort Headache Powders recently and found them a marvelous cure for headache."

5th Witness. H. C. Fulton of Truro, well known to the employees of the I. C. ent's office at Truro, writes: "Undoubtedly the best cure for headache. I can Kumfort Powders too highly."

6th Witness. "I have used Kumfort Headache Powders and my experience in a few minutes.—It is nervous headache in my case."

7th Witness. Miss Jennie Goodwin of Hantsport.