

MARGUERITE'S SECRET

"That is fancy, my dear; Plover's Point is fifteen miles up the river."

"As the air was calm and the water smooth, with the promise of continuing so for the night at least, and as there was a full moon, Mrs. Helmssted felt in remaining to sea."

When she was ready to go home, and before she left the chamber, where she had put on her outer garments, she tried to persuade Marguerite not only to come very soon to Buzzard's Bluff, but to fix the day when she might expect her.

"You will excuse me for some time yet, dearest Nellie. The truth is that I arrived home the day of the last storm; in crossing in a boat from the schooner to the island, the wind was high and the water very rough, and I received a terrible fright—was within an inch of being lost, in fact; I have not entered a boat since—have not the least idea that I shall be able to do so for a long time," said Mrs. Helmssted evasively.

"Why, not even when the sea is as calm as it is this beautiful night?"

"I fear not—the sea is proverbially treacherous."

"Why, you do not mean to say that, rather than venture on the water, you will confine yourself to this island all your life?"

"I know not, indeed; life is uncertain—mine may be very short."

"Why, Marguerite, how unlike yourself you are at this moment. What! Marguerite—my heroic Marguerite—who held the bast in storm, growing nervous, fearing storms, doubting still water, even, thinking of death? Where! there must be some noteworthy reason for this metamorphosis! Say, is it so, my dearest Mrs. Helmssted?" inquired Nellie with a smile, half archness, half love.

For an answer Marguerite kissed her tenderly, when Nellie said:

"Well, well! I shall visit you frequently, Marguerite, whether you come over your little Nellie, whom you know you can treat as you please—slight her, flout her, and she is still your little Nellie. Now, please to lend me a shawl, for the air on the bay is too cool at night to make my black silk scarf comfortable, and I'll go."

Mr. and Mrs. Helmssted walked down to the beach with Nellie and her boys, saw them enter the boat, which quickly left the beach; and, with the dipping rays raising sparkles of light in its course, glided bravely over the moonlight water toward the distant point of Buzzard's Bluff.

Philip Helmssted and Marguerite were left alone on the beach.

Philip stood with folded arms and moody brow, gloomily watching the vanishing boat.

But Marguerite was watching him. He turned and looked at her, saying in a troubled voice:

"Marguerite, you are the warden of your own liberty. You can speak, if you choose, the words that will free you from restraint. Why will you not do it? You punish me even more than I myself by the obstinate silence that makes you a prisoner."

"Philip, it is not as you think. I cannot speak those words to which you allude; but, Philip, beloved, I can and do accept your fiat. Let it rest so, dearest, until, perhaps, a day may come when I may be clear before you."

"The air is too chill for you; come to the house," said Mr. Helmssted, and, without making any comment upon her words, he gave Marguerite his arm and led her home.

From that day forward, by tacit consent, they never alluded to the subject that gave both so much uneasiness, and life passed calmly and monotonously at the island.

Mrs. Houston made herself merry in talking to her mother, who was on a visit to Buzzard's Bluff, of Marguerite's nervousness and its probable cause. And both mother and daughter waived ceremony and often visited the island, where they were always received with warm welcome, both by Mr. and Mrs. Helmssted. And not the least happy circumstance was any cause of disagreement between their friends ever approached the minds of either the Houstons or the Comptons. They saw the deep attachment that existed between Philip and Marguerite, and believed them to be very happy. It is true that Mrs. Helmssted's palpable ill-health was a subject of frequent comment on the part of Mrs. Houston, as well as of serious anxiety to Mrs. Compton.

"I fear that Marguerite will not live; I fear that she will die as her mother died," said the elder lady.

"I can scarcely believe that such a glorious creature should die; nor do I believe it. But she does remind me of that rich, bright, tropical flower that I bought at the conservatory in Richmond and brought down to Buzzard's Bluff. It did not fade or bleach in our bleak air, but dropped and died as if it were as brilliant in death as in life. Marguerite lived out her glorious life in Richmond among worshipping friends—but now! And yet Philip Helmssted loves her devotedly, loves her almost to death, as my little stepson, Franky, vows he loves me," said Nellie.

"To death! there is some love like the blessed vivifying sunshine, such as the colonel's affection for you, Nellie; and some love like the destroying fire, such as Philip Helmssted's passion for Marguerite. And I do not know that she is one whit behind him in the infatuation," replied her mother.

One morning Mrs. Houston brought a new visitor to see the beautiful recess of Helmssted's island, the Rev. Mr. Wellworth, the pastor of Rockbridge parish, on the Northumberland shore, a gentleman who, from his elevated moral and intellectual character, was an invaluable acquisition to their limited circle.

Mr. Wellworth expressed a hope that Mrs. Helmssted would come to church, and also that she would call on Mrs. Wellworth, who would be very happy to see her.

But Marguerite excused herself by saying that her health and spirits were fluctuating and uncertain, and that she never left home, although she would, at all times, be very much pleased to receive Mr. and Mrs. Wellworth, who she hoped would do her the signal favor to waive etiquette and come as often as they could make it convenient or agreeable.

Readily admitting the validity of these excuses, the pastor took the lady

at her word, and soon brought his visit to a close.

And, excepting the family at Buzzard's Bluff, this amiable pair were the only acquaintances Mrs. Helmssted possessed in the neighborhood.

This calmly and monotonously passed life on and around the island; its passage marked that year by only two important events.

The first was the retirement of Col. Compton from political life (dismissed the public service by the new President, Thomas Jefferson) followed by the breaking up of his establishment at Mitos, breaking up of his establishment at Richmond and the removal to Northumberland County, where the cool and his wife took up their abode with their daughter and son-in-law at Buzzard's Bluff. This event broke off the intimate connection between them and the bustling world they had left, though for a few weeks of every winter Nellie went to visit her friends in the city, and for a month or two, every summer, received and entertained them at Buzzard's Bluff. Nellie declared that without this variety she should go melancholy mad; and at the same time wondered how Marguerite—the beautiful and brilliant Marguerite—would endure the isolation and monotony of her life on the island.

The other important occurrence was the announcement of Mrs. Helmssted, that took place early in October, when she became the mother of a lovely girl. The sex of this child was a serious disappointment to Mr. Helmssted, who had quite set his heart upon a son and heir, and who would severely punish his vexation from the penetrating, beseeching eyes of his unhappy wife.

Mrs. Compton came and passed six weeks with the invalid, nursing her with the same maternal care that, in like circumstances, she would have bestowed upon her own daughter, Nellie, and often repeating cheerfully:

"When Marguerite gets well we shall have her out among us again," or other hopeful words to the same effect.

But Marguerite was never again quite well. Brighter and brighter, month after month, burned in her sunken cheeks and mournful eyes the secret fire that was consuming her frame.

CHAPTER VII.

Spiritually speaking, there is no such thing as time or space, as measured by numbers. For often moments in our experience flash themselves so painfully into indefinitely protracted duration and sometimes years pass in a dream, as a tale that is told.

Life passed monotonously at all on Helmssted's island; but most monotonously for her who might not leave its shores. Every one else among its inhabitants often varied the scene by going upon the mainland on either side of the bay. Mr. Helmssted went off almost every morning, not infrequently remaining all day to dine at Colonel Houston's, Mr. Wellworth's, or some other friend's house. The domestic and out-servants relieved each other in turn, that they might go to church on Sundays or visit their friends on the shore. Only Marguerite never upon any account left the island. The Houstons and the Comptons would expostulate with her, and talk to Mr. Helmssted, alike in vain.

"Indeed I cannot leave the island, dear friends," would Marguerite say, without assigning any reason why she would not.

"Mrs. Helmssted does not choose to leave home, it is her will to confine herself to the island, and her will is a very dominant one, as you know," would be Mr. Helmssted's explanation.

"I declare it is a monomania! Marguerite is a riddle. Here some years ago she used to run away from us all, and be absent six or seven months, with no design to inform us either where or why she went; now she chooses to confine herself within the limits of her island home, without giving us any reason for the eccentricity. But I suppose, indeed, that it is all occasioned by the state of her nerves." would be Nellie's comment upon all this.

Meanwhile Mrs. Helmssted passed her time in superintending her house and servants, all of which was faultlessly managed; in rearing her child; and in attending, as only a devoted wife can attend, to the personal comforts of her husband during the day, and in entertaining him and any chance visitor with her harp or voice or varied conversation in the evening. Those days upon which Mr. Helmssted was absent were the longest and heaviest of all to the housewife; but her greatest comforts were her child, her occupations and the contemplation of the glorious scenery around her.

She could never weary of the "infinite variety" of the sea. Some days, in fine weather, when the sky was clear, the air calm and the water smooth, the bay spread out a vast level mirror, framed far away by green shores and reflecting the firmament from a bosom pure and peaceful as heaven. Other days, when the winds were rising and the waves heaving, the whole sky low and dark and the water smooth, the bay spread out a vast level mirror, framed far away by green shores and reflecting the firmament from a bosom pure and peaceful as heaven. Other days, when the winds were rising and the waves heaving, the whole sky low and dark and the water smooth, the bay spread out a vast level mirror, framed far away by green shores and reflecting the firmament from a bosom pure and peaceful as heaven. Other days, when the winds were rising and the waves heaving, the whole sky low and dark and the water smooth, the bay spread out a vast level mirror, framed far away by green shores and reflecting the firmament from a bosom pure and peaceful as heaven.

among the wild scenes of nature, and lose herself amid the pathless woods, or to spring upon her favorite steed and fly over hill and vale, miles and miles away; or jump into a boat propelled by her own single hand, and explore the coast, with its frequent points and headlands, creeks and inlets, felt most severely and bitterly this constraint upon her notions. She never complained, in word or even in look; she accepted the suffering and hid it deep in her heart of mind and body. Daily her form grew thinner, and the fire in her cheeks and eye brighter and fiercer.

Philip Helmssted observed all this with pain and dread. Yet his pride and firmness would not permit him to yield one tittle.

"This is a conflict between our wills, Marguerite," he said, "and one in which you should at once, as you must sooner or later, yield."

"I will when I can, Philip."

"You must, for you are very weary of this island."

"I have not said so."

"You are very obstinate, Mrs. Helmssted."

"I am very unhappy in offending you—that is a greater sorrow to me than my restraint."

(To be continued.)

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HAD A BUSY YEAR.

Annual Meeting of Women's Wentworth Historical Society.

The annual meeting of the Women's Wentworth Historical Society was held on Saturday, Mrs. Calder, president, in the chair. As all the ladies who had tickets have not reported, and there were one or two accounts to come in, it was impossible to tell how much the proceeds will be from the County Fair, but the society hopes to have about \$200 towards the Quebec battlefields fund. The president, secretary and treasurer were appointed a special committee to settle it up. A resolution of sympathy to Mrs. Hugh C. Baker for the loss of her daughter, Mrs. Chapman, was passed.

About a dozen new members were received.

Mrs. Bertie Smith, secretary, read the following report of the year's work:

At the close of last year the Women's Wentworth Historical Society had indicated a year to come which would be one of the most prosperous and satisfactory in the history of the society. It is our secretary's pleasure to be able to state that the promise of 1907 has become the accomplishment of 1908. During the year thirteen meetings, general and executive, have been held, the names of nine members have been added to the roll, making in all a membership list of 136. The first important business of the year was the final payment of the mortgage against the battlefield property. A grand celebration was arranged for October 22, 1907, when the deed would be presented to the three trustees to hold in trust for the people. On this occasion the society had the honor of entertaining the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and Miss Clark, together with Sir Frederick Borden, Minister of Militia and Lady Borden. The distinguished visitors complimented the society upon the patriotic work being carried on under its auspices, and Sir Frederick Borden promised assistance in his further enterprise of erecting a monument to the Stoney Creek battlefield, which on October 21, 1899, was by Lady Aberdeen, declared open to the public, was on October 22, 1907, by the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, declared free from all encumbrance, a truly notable work to accomplish in so short a time. The plan inaugurated last year of having meetings with addresses on subjects of historical interest having proved so interesting and successful, it was decided to continue them during the season. Two of these meetings were held, the first one at the residence of Mrs. Helen McLaughlin, addressed by Mr. C. R. McCullough, of "Some National Monuments." The second one was held at the residence of Mrs. G. A. G. Galt, and was addressed by Mr. W. M. McClellan, on "Canadianism for Canada." Upon being asked to send representatives of the society to the meeting called in the interest of the Quebec battlefields project, the president, Mrs. Calder, attended, and was made a member of the committee. It was decided that the society should lend its active assistance to the same, and was accordingly arranged that an outdoor entertainment be given at the Stoney Creek battlefield June 6, the anniversary of the battle. On May 29 Mrs. Calder had the honor to entertain their Excellencies the Governor-General and Lady Grey, Lady Sybil Grey and party. It was an ideal day, and enjoyable from every standpoint. His Excellency congratulated the society, and expressed the opinion that the site chosen for the monument was, for the purpose, unrivaled in Canada. The entertainment ranged for June 6 is still fresh in the minds of every one. It was most successful in point of numbers present, and of financial returns there will be a creditable balance to turn over to the Quebec battlefield fund. This brings us to the close of the year. Bright as were the prospects for 1907-8, undimmed is the outlook for the future, and this society, the pioneer in the matter of battlefield prospects, may congratulate itself upon its accomplishments and aims.

As the treasurer, Miss Galt, reported, the financial statement was not presented, but the president reported that W. H. Ballard, the auditor, had examined the books and found them correct. The executive were confirmed:

President—Mrs. John Calder.
First Vice-President—Mrs. J. S. Hendrie.
Second Vice-President—Mrs. R. R. Waddell.
Third Vice-President—Mrs. John Crear.
Fourth Vice-President—Mrs. J. M. Gibson.
Fifth Vice-President—Mrs. Thomas W. Watkins.
Secretary—Mrs. Bertie Smith.
Treasurer—Miss Mary Gartshore.
Historian—Miss M. J. Niabet.
Mrs. Calder, in her annual address, expressed her great appreciation of the kindness and assistance given by the different ladies and gentlemen who have assisted in the various entertainments given at the battlefield during the past year, and at the causeries. Also to the Shredded Wheat Company for the delightful refreshments they served at the County Fair, as their donation to the battlefield fund, a generous act which will bring its own reward.

SANK TO DEATH IN LAKE.

Englishman Drowned While Bathing Few Miles From Ingersoll.

Ingersoll, June 15.—A drowning accident, which Harry Lupton, an Englishman, aged 30 years, was the victim of, occurred at Whitaker Lake, about ten miles west of here, on Saturday night. Lupton was in bathing, and sank before his companions could render assistance. The body was recovered yesterday.

Drowned in Northern Lake.

Renfrew, June 15.—Word has just been received here of the drowning yesterday of John P. Coulas, son of Mr. F. Coulas, of this place, in a lake near the Wilbur Iron Mines, at which mine he was employed. No particulars of the accident have been received.

A Proper Pride.

Farmer Green—D'ye remember that ornate little Pimpernell who he helped me with 'hayin' last year? I gave him 18 a month ago. Well, he's got to be a right smart ball pitcher. I offered John P. Coulas, son of Mr. F. Coulas, of this place, in a lake near the Wilbur Iron Mines, at which mine he was employed. No particulars of the accident have been received.

The city boarder—Well, well! He jumped at it, of course?

Farmer Green—Not yet. Sandy Pimpernell may be a freckle faced runt, but he's got a proper pride about him, too. He says that he don't know as he cares to be tied up to any team that looks like it might be a tail ender.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

AT R. McKAY & CO'S, HAMILTON'S MOST PROGRESSIVE STORE

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1908

A Great Woman's Suit Event

Beginning to-morrow morning terrific sacrifice in prices divided into two lots as follows:

Heretofore sold up to \$19.50
Sale price \$ 8.75

Formerly sold up to \$30.00
Sale price \$15.00

Without a doubt this store commences to-morrow morning one of the greatest clearing sales in Women's Suits ever held in Hamilton. In the lot you will find every fashionable fabric that is being worn in the better class of women's suits, consisting of Broadcloths, Chiffon Panamas, etc., in solid colors, fashionable two-tone stripes, fancy tailored, and in every well model, loose and tight fitting, in the various lengths, such as Prince Chap, Butterfly and cutaway. This great suit event makes it possible for every woman to secure right in the heart of the season a nobby suit, in many cases less than one-half regular.

Be on hand early, for first choosing is always best. Come in anyway and see for yourself the prettiest Suits ever offered to the women of Hamilton at the prices.

Wednesday Sale of Cream Serges and Panamas Reg. 85c Values for 55c

To-morrow morning we place on sale Cream Serges and Panamas for pretty summer suits or separate skirts, at prices that will bring you to this store to-morrow for your summer supply in wanted and pretty cream materials; two of our very best selling cream materials very greatly reduced for Wednesday's selling only, worth regular 85c, sale price 55c yard.

Clearing Sale of Silk Crepe de Chine

\$1.39, Regular \$2.00 and \$2.25 Qualities

About 1,000 yards of these high class Crepe de Chines, all pure silk and 45 inches wide, in all good colors, including white and black, regular \$2.00 and \$2.25 lines, on sale to-morrow \$1.39

Special Sale in Ladies' Hand Bags 79c ea.

Some 20 dozen of Hands in valises and seal leather, mounted on 9-inch frames, in leather covered and gilt, nicely lined, with inside pocket and purse, come in red, navy, tan, grey, brown, black, regular \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, on sale 79c each

Beaded Bags 49c

Fancy White Bags, beaded, in gold, mounted on five-inch frames, leather lined, with gold chains, regular \$1, for 49c

Elastic Belts 49c, 75c, \$1.00

Handsome Elastic Belts, with steel buckles, steel studded, come in tan, Copenhagen, navy, brown, white, black, regular 75c, \$1, \$1.25, on sale 49c, 75c and \$1.00

Dainty Wash Belts 25c ea.

24 dozen of Fine White Wash Belts, nicely embroidered, in floral designs, with white pearl buckles, all sizes, regular 40c, on sale 25c each

Long Silk Gloves 89c Pair

Full Elbow Length Silk Gloves, in the following shades: Navy, tan, brown, sky, pink, blue, beige, grey, champagne, white, cream and black, all sizes, regular \$1.25, on sale 89c pair

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MURDER AVERTED.

Woman Knocks Gun Aside as Husband Pulls Trigger.

Traverse Bay, Mich., June 16.—"I've got murder in my heart," said Henry Welbourn, as he pressed the muzzle of a shotgun to his wife's head last night.

Mrs. Welbourn, in company with Welbourn's niece, Miss Hazel Welbourn, had just returned from downtown and was going upstairs to put the children to bed, when she encountered Welbourn on a dark landing.

"That gun isn't loaded," she said to her husband.

"It is, and cocked, too," Welbourn replied at the same time pulling a shell from his pocket.

Mrs. Welbourn, realizing her peril, and with rare presence of mind, kicked the gun to one side, just as the instant her husband pulled the trigger. The charge of shot tore a huge hole in the side of the room. The two women then ran down stairs, Welbourn stopping to eject the empty shell and throw it out of the window.

Mrs. Welbourn and Miss Welbourn found that the man had locked both doors, but they managed to open a back door and escape to a neighbor's home, where they called the police.

Welbourn is confined in the county jail. He says domestic trouble was the cause. He had evidently premeditated the act, as his wife said there had been no cartridges in the house for months, but he bought six in a local store last night.

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