

# Love Finds A Way.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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(Continued.)

An hour later he stood alone on the low flight of steps that led down into his mother's flower garden. The first gray tints of dawn were resting pallidly on the trees of the lawn and upon the tangled riot of blossoms which sweetened the cold chill air of early morning. Baffled and humiliated, he had left his companions in a futile search to watch by the master of the house while he wrestled alone with his perplexity.

The circuit of Broxton Hall had been made carefully by the four men. Its lower expanse of broad veranda, pierced by numerous doors and windows as capacious, had been found guiltless of one derelict lock or bolt. Securely fastened and untampered with, each had shown itself intact. The upper story of the rambling old mansion had repeated the same story—not the swinging of a shutter nor the yawning of the smallest door to admit an intruder! At the end of the search the mystery of that crouching figure and disordered desk was greater than at its beginning.

Wearied of conjecture that only confused, of suggestions that did not suggest, Tom had withdrawn himself and now stood drinking in great drafts of fresh air. It cooled the hot feverishness of his body and spirit. The phantasies of the night seemed to quail and shrivel before the pure, calm radiance of the morning star that still held sway in the slowly flushing skies.

Peace came to the boy's troubled spirit as he stood there accepting healing at nature's benignant hands. The night just gone was one he should never forget, but it had not put him further away from that noble browed sleeper, from whose silent lips had seemed to fall a gentle rebuke for his craven nerves.

Then the sun rose above the horizon in his chariot of crimson and gold, and a new day was fairly installed, the last day for him to be privileged to look upon his beloved's face. He was glad that the unnerved watchers had availed themselves of the earliest sun rays to take their departure.

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 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

# HEART DISEASE

is a symptom of Kidney Disease. A well-known doctor has said, "I never yet made a post-mortem examination in a case of death from Heart Disease without finding the kidneys were at fault." The Kidney medicine which was first on the market, most successful for Heart Disease and all Kidney Troubles, and most widely imitated is

**Dodd's Kidney Pills**

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 Ollie'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.

The lawyer, deep in his own 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 maltese 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 rodding? 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 precocious 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?"

(To be Continued.)

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A full supply of every sugar corn, yellow corn, cabbage, beets, carrots, parsnips, turnips, lettuce, squash, pumpkin, green beans, butter beans, large red onions, large silver skin onions, etc, etc, at

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We would like you to call and satisfy yourself that what we say is true.

**John Newson**

# To Those Interested.

The makers of FENNELLS RANGES were unable to ship all of our ranges this week but we expect to have a large shipment by next trip of S. S. Halifax from BOSTON and those who have ordered may count on getting them then. We ask your kind indulgence for the delay.

"Agents for American Ranges."

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Is to get a lot that will wear and fit you, then you will have satisfaction. You also want something to suit you in price. You will find them all at

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IN ALL THE WORLD no cause of worry so constant, so insistent, so widespread as inferior cooking apparatus.

WHAT WOMAN can help worrying the result of whose skill and care is damaged or destroyed by an inferior Range.

DEAL FAIRLY by your household and yourself—install Buck's "Happy Thought" Range in your kitchen and if you can't quit worrying entirely your wife will. The worry fiend holds sway supreme in many kitchens. He is a blood relation of the dyspepsia of like ilk. Banish them, buy a "Happy Thought."

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**TIME TABLE**  
(LOCAL TIME.)  
Arrival and Departure of Trains and Steamers.

Trains leave for the west.....	8 35 a. m.
Trains arrive from the west.....	9 50 p. m.
Trains leave for the east.....	4 10 p. m.
Trains arrive from the east.....	6 00 p. m.
Trains leave for the west.....	10 55 a. m.
Trains arrive from the west.....	2 25 p. m.
Trains leave for the east.....	7 05 a. m.
Trains arrive from the east.....	9 10 a. m.
Trains leave for the west.....	3 00 p. m.
Trains arrive from the west.....	4 50 p. m.

**STEAMERS**  
PRINCESS.

Leaves for Pictou every morning.....	9 30 a. m.
Leaves for Pictou every evening.....	8 30 p. m.

LA GRANDE DUCHESSE.

Leaves from Boston and Halifax every Monday.....	12 p. m.
Leaves for Boston and Halifax every Wednesday.....	10 a. m.

HALIFAX.

Leaves from Boston and Halifax every Tuesday.....	7 p. m.
Leaves for Halifax and Boston every Friday.....	1 p. m.

CAMPANA.

Leaves from Montreal and Quebec every alternate Friday.....	10 a. m.
Leaves for Quebec and Montreal following Monday evening.....	10 a. m.

CITY OF GHENT.

Leaves from Halifax every Thursday afternoon.....	10 a. m.
Leaves for Halifax every Friday.....	10 a. m.

JACQUES CARTIER.

Leaves for O'well Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays.....	3 p. m.
Leaves for Crapaud every Friday.....	3 p. m.
Leaves for Crapaud every Saturday.....	2 p. m.

FERRY BOATS.

"Chaboungi"—Leaves Ferry Wharf for Crapaud every half hour.....	10 a. m.
"Rus up East River every Monday, leaving at 5.30 a. m., and 3 p. m. local. Rus up West River every Friday, leaving at 5.30 a. m., and 4 p. m. local.	10 a. m.
"Leaves for Rocky Point daily at 8.30, 9.30, 11 a. m.; 1, 2, 4, 5.30 p. m. local time. Returning, leaves Rocky Point at 8.9, 10, 11.30 a. m.; 1.30, 3, 4.30 p. m. local time. Sundays—leaves for Rocky Point at 9 a. m., 12.45, 2, 4 p. m. Returning, leaves Rocky Point at 10 a. m.; 1.15, 3, 5, p. m.	10 a. m.

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