

AT R. MCKAY & CO'S. SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1909

STORE CLOSES 5 P. M. (EXCEPT SATURDAY)

The Great Semi-Annual Inventory Sale Now in Full Swing



Tremendous Bargains for Saturday's Big Selling

Shop early if you would share in many of the best bargains.

Heavy stocks throughout the whole store are responsible for the big drop in prices during this sale.

1c-Great Inventory Sale of Embroideries-1c

500 Yards of Lovely Embroideries and Insertions, Worth up to 25c, for Saturday . . . 1c Yard

Sharp at 8.30 on sale 600 yards of pretty Embroideries and Insertions, 7 to 4 inches wide, at a price for quick selling, and if you would share in this great sale come early.

Corset-Cover Embroidery Ends 10c

150 ends of Corset-Cover Embroideries go on sale sharp at 8.30, consisting of ends of all the season's best selling lines; worth regular 50c up to 80c yard, all-one-price tomorrow . . . 10c

Inventory Sale of Wash Collars and Belts

Your Dutch Collars, Former Price 25c, Inventory Sale Price 10c Each

25 dozen pretty Embroidered Dutch Collars, very popular now and in great demand. Secure your share of this grand bargain to-morrow at each . . . 10c

Wash Belts 10c, Worth 25c

15 dozen White Embroidered Wash Belts on sale to-morrow, finished with pretty gilt buckles; out they go . . . 10c each

The Biggest Blouse Sale of the Season



Don't Miss This Grand Opportunity

Saturday's Great Inventory Sale

THIRD FLOOR

\$1.25 Waists for 59c

\$2.00 Waists for 98c

Fine American White Lawn Waists, made with all-over embroidery front, tucked back, open front or back, all sizes, worth regular \$1.25, Saturday's sale price . . . 59c

We have just received a shipment of dainty fine White Lawn Waists, made with lace, yoke and trimmed with embroidery, baby back, worth regular \$2.00, Saturday's sale price . . . 98c

\$2.25 Waists for \$1.19

Dainty Persian Lawn Waists; some made with yokes and trimmed with embroidery; others made with embroidery front, tucked sleeves, embroidery collar, edged with lace, all sizes, worth regular \$2.25, Saturday's sale price . . . \$1.19

Specials in the Whitewear Department

Corset Covers for 19c

\$2.25 Princess Slips for \$1.19

Corset Covers, made of fine nainsook and trimmed with insertion and lace, all sizes, Saturday's sale price 19c

Fine White Cambric Princess Slips, full skirt, trimmed with lace, worth regular \$2.25, Saturday's special sale price . . . \$1.19

Bargains in the Children's Department

Children's Slips 39c

Pique Coats for \$1.19

Children's White Nainsook Dresses, skirt made with deep hem, neck and sleeves edged with lace, in sizes 1, 2 and 3, Saturday's sale price . . . 39c

Children's White Pique Coats, made with collar and trimmed with embroidery, in sizes 1, 2 and 3, Saturday's sale price . . . \$1.19

Two Grand Saturday Dress Goods Chances

Regular 85c and \$1.20 Melrose Suits, for Saturday 59c

Splendid-style Suitings, on sale to-morrow at a fraction of real worth, has a nice, crisp finish and will make up splendid. Suits for every season of the year. The colors are navy, brown, myrtle, red, grey and black, clearing Saturday at per yard . . . 59c

Reg. 50c and 75c Henriettas and Taffeta Cloths for 39c Yd.

Two of our best regular selling lines, on sale, in splendid colors of brown, navy, pearl grey, champagne, pale blue, reseda, rose, etc., the very best materials for good style dresses; take advantage of the grand inventory sale chance, at per yard . . . 39c

The Instantaneous and Most Glorious Success That Has Attended This Manufacturers' Outlet Sale

A success unprecedented in all our history of store-keeping, is proof positive that the people want and need ready-to-wear apparel. We have never known such response as has attended this sale since its beginning.

Clearing Sale Tailored Wash Suits \$3.98

The biggest snap of the season in two and three-piece tailored suits, a splendid assortment of colors, white, pale blue, pink, rose and tan. Some strictly tailored, others lace trimmed. All New York suits and worth \$10 to \$12. As a leader for Saturday . . . \$3.98

White Skirts \$1.29

A splendid assortment of styles and sizes, all reasonable, up-to-date skirts, regular \$2.25, on sale at . . . \$1.29

R. MCKAY & CO.

Love Finds the Way

"No," said Miss Lucas, lifting her gray eyes to Lillian's face, after kissing her; "no, perfectly inexplicable. Probably Mr. Clifford will make it clear when he recovers—if he should do so."

"Well, I hope he'll get better," said Mr. Besant, impatient of the topic. "Great bore, having anybody ill in the house."

"No one echoing this unsympathetic opinion, Mr. Besant thought he would proceed to the business of his visit."

"Been in the garden, Miss Melville?" he said, turning to her for the first time, though he had kept his eyes sideways without a moment's release.

"Then it isn't any use asking you to 'Yes,' said Lillian.

"Yes," said Lillian, thinking it best to get her trial over. "Yes, I will go with you; I have nothing to keep me."

"Well, I'm glad," he said; and they went, Sir Ralph looking at them with troubled face—Miss Lucas with eagle eyes that followed them a great deal farther than Sir Ralph could.

Mr. Besant did not stand shivering on the brink; he took the lead, as he phrased it, without shilly-shallying.

"Well, I'm glad," he said, almost stepping before her, and striking his leg with his riding-whip, "to-day has come, and so have I for your answer. I have not slept much, as you may guess, and I'm pretty anxious. 'Pon my word, I didn't know I cared for you to the extent I do; I'm very sorry to hear that. Mother says she never saw anyone so much in love, not even Alderman Ferrers"—and he laughed scornfully.

"If he laughs at his own mother, what respect would he show me?" thought Lillian, and this reflection gave her strength.

"You ask me to be mistress of the Towers," she said, very pale, even to the lips.

He nodded anxiously. "That's it, Lillian, I don't do it well, I know, but that's what I mean. Be my wife."

Lillian looked him full in the face. "And I as plain as my nose?"

Mr. Besant never had seen such a face. He stared, opened his mouth, shut it again, and looked astounded.

"You—you are joking," he said. Lillian shook her head.

"I know I should pain you—oh, how I wish you had not compelled me to! I cannot be your wife, Mr. Besant."

"Cannot!" he repeated, the angry flush glowing deeper. "Why not?"

"I will tell you," said Lillian, breathing hard. "It gives me more pain to say it than you to hear it. I do not love you."

"His face brightened. "Oh!" he said, "I thought it was something of that kind. Never mind, I like you all the better for being romantic, Lillian. Don't care for me? Well, many girls don't love their husbands until they are married. I don't mind that; you'll get to love me; I'm not hard to get on with; my mother and I never had a hard word, except over Alderman Ferrers; and it isn't likely you'll bore me as she does. Don't love me! Come, I thought you were going to marry me, and now you shake your head?"

"I like you, I respect you, Mr. Besant; but—but I can never be your wife."

"His hopeful face clouded again. "I don't mind, I tell you," he said. "Oh, don't say no; don't be obstinate; you know it will break the old man's heart. Come, never mind, not caring for me yet; be mistress of the Towers, Lillian!"

"Our readers will pardon us the infliction of Claude Ainsley's sermon, as through it only could they see what influenced the beautiful mistress of Rivershall."

"Do not sacrifice yourself to a mistaken sense of duty," he had said, and she would not. Besides, there was something repulsive in this man's determination to have her at any cost, even of his self-respect.

"Her face flushed more hotly than his own. "No," she said, drawing herself up to her full height; "no, a thousand times no. If you would wrong yourself, I will not wrong you. You know not what you ask of me, but I do know, and once for all, I answer no."

She turned, and—very quietly, beautifully majestic, so wondrously unlike the girlish Lillian of a few days since—would have gone without another word, but, while, with passion, actually sprang in front of her to block her way, and, smothering his whip, and his teeth at the same time, said, in a low passionate voice, that grew more passionate with every word:

"So that's the answer after dangling me at your back with a string of soft speeches and smiles!—She was about to interrupt him indignantly, but he would not let her.

"No, you've said enough for one, now let me speak. No's the answer, after all, is it? And why? You don't care for me—me, the man you've known since a boy, and your father's choice—me, the owner of the next estate, the fittest and the most proper match for you; and why, pray? Oh, because you don't care for me! A schoolgirl's nainsook-pamby, romantic twaddle! But you're not a schoolgirl! You're a woman, Lillian Melville. But there's something ahead. Don't care for me; no, because you care for some one else. Ah, you color up at that. You know it. Your face tells it. Well, let him beware; I never threaten without following it up. I'll turn him out of cover yet, and I'll run him down without mercy. Fox hunting has been my line; I'll have a try at a different game. Who is the lucky man, the man who has taught you to look me—who you have known since a boy—in the face and tell me you don't care for me?"

Lillian, now that a pause in the torrid outpour had come, essayed to pass him, but he had not finished.

"You won't speak, you will do nothing but look haughty and proud like your father. Well, I've a notion that you'll do something to let down his pride. But no," he added, in a white rage. "I think I'm on the scent, and you shall not do it. Mark me, I'll stop it. I'll run him down, whoever he may be, and with that threat this specimen of an English gentleman strode off, passing so closely to the gray figure of Miss Lucas, hidden behind the border of shrubs, that his whip, still clinched in his hand, stirred the leaves that concealed her.

Lillian stood up to her own room, but she need not have feared Sir Ralph, for, when, some hours after, having served herself for the task, she entered his own room to give her explanation, he merely said: "Well, my darling, he has gone?"

"Yes, papa," she said, kneeling beside him and holding her lovely face against his heart, "he has gone."

"And what has he taken with him, a 'yes' or a 'no'?" asked Sir Ralph, tremblingly.

"A 'no,'" she replied, firmly. He looked astonished for a moment, then troubled, lastly, with a sigh of relief, which was like him to her heart, he took her hand in his and kissed it.

That night Miss Lucas wrote two letters, one was to Dr. Ambrose, the other to Lady Melville, and in the last she did not forget to state that Mr. Besant had been refused by Lillian Melville, and that Claude Ainsley had seen her last on the same morning.

Miss Lucas did not explain in so many words that it was in consequence of Mr. Ainsley's visit that Mr. Besant was refused, but she left her ladyship to draw her own conclusions, thinking, with a smile, what pain those same conclusions would bring to the woman who loved them.

How sweet a peace after a storm would be if it were not so deceptive! Sometimes, notwithstanding human wisdom, one forgets that other storms may, and assuredly will arise and break on the serenity of the present.

It was peace at Rivershall. Mr. Clifford was better. He had had a trying time, a weakening, wearing time, and, added the old doctor, who, of course, would not gain credit for a great cure, "a dangerous time."

"A weaker and older man would have fallen through under it," he told Sir Ralph. "For there was something more than the broken arm, something nearer the heart—ahem! A great shock, a great shock, no doubt; disturbed the proper level of the inner muscles—ahem!"

Mrs. Williams had nursed him throughout with something akin to the love and devotion of a mother.

No one, not even Miss Lucas, who had tried hard to gain a footing in the sick room, had been admitted. None beside the doctor and the faithful nurse had heard the delicious man's ravings, and there were not the sort of persons to reveal them.

Mr. Clifford was coming down to-morrow. It was a happy thought for Lillian, a strangely happy one, notwithstanding that she had a right to feel happy at the recovery of the man who had dared and suffered so much for her. She was just under that phase when one's heart is a great and unanswerable puzzle.

He had been up, but confined to his own rooms for some days past, to-morrow was to be journey down to the drawing room, and to-day seemed longer passing to the beautiful pupil.

To-morrow came and with it the convalescent.

They were seated, Sir Ralph and Lillian, before the fire in the drawing room—it was cold enough for a fire now, and the room looked all the cooler for it—when a quiet tap at the door announced his arrival.

Sir Ralph rose and opened it himself, and Mr. Clifford entered.

Sir Ralph was too much a man of the world to start, but he might have been pardoned for so doing. Undoubtedly Mr. Clifford had suffered or the human face tells falsehoods.

He was changed, fearfully changed; thin and worn, pale and haggard; he wore, in addition a wistful, troubled look, that did not entirely vanish even with the smile of respectful gratitude with which he shook the hand held out to him.

"I owe you a great debt, sir," he commenced, in his old, grave tone, but slightly weaker; but Sir Ralph stopped him.

"Not a word, I beg, Mr. Clifford, or you will mar the pleasure I feel in seeing you down again. Come to the fire, there is an easy-chair."

He approached the firelight, and Lillian saw him start and tremble so much that Mr. Clifford felt the tiny hand fluttering like an imprisoned bird within his own.

He pointed out one or two phrases, adding: "I cannot play them, unfortunately."

It was his first and thoughtless allusion to his accident, and Lillian, flushing deeply, seized the opportunity for which she had been longing.

"Mr. Clifford," she said, in a low, agitated voice, "I cannot let you think me ungrateful any longer. I have endured a mountain of shame these last few weeks in the reflection that you have suffered so much, oh, so very much for me, and that I should take such a noble martyrdom without acknowledging it and proclaiming my gratitude."

He tried to interrupt her broken sentence, but she persisted, getting from red to pale, and clasping her hands in her distress.

He looked at her sweet face, so beautiful in its agitation, for a moment in silence, then, averting his eyes, that might have shown too much if they had met hers, he said, speaking by a great effort, coldly and calmly:

"Miss Melville, it has been the one thought that has troubled me while lying upstairs, that you should overvalue the slight service I did you. If you think for a moment you will see that anyone would have done the same, any man, high or low, would have stopped that horse. That it was I who happened an accident—an accident, pure and simple. You owe me no gratitude; I did my duty—and—and"—he paused, for he was torturing himself in making the assertion—and I should have done it for anyone else as readily."

Lillian flushed at the hidden meaning she fancied she detected in the last sentence, and shook her head.

"You cannot explain away your noble conduct by any such sophistry," she said, tremblingly. "I cannot endure the burden of silence any longer. I must tell you."

He bowed.

"I have no right to lay a seal upon your lips," he said, "but—and here your voice grew so low that she could scarcely hear him—but the morning Sir Ralph or any other person hears the story I must resign my post at Rivershall."

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The popular steamer "CANADA" is also again scheduled to carry three classes of passengers. While the fast steamer "OTTAWA" and the comfortable "DOMINION" as one-class cabin steamers (modern second class), are very attractive, at moderate rates, this class carried on all steamers. See plans and rates at local agent's or company's office.

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"Why? why?" asked Lillian, trembling.

"Why?" he repeated, fixing his dark eyes upon her. "Why? I cannot tell you. If you cannot conjecture, I cannot, I say, I dare not, tell you."

He rose and he spoke and hurried away from the piano.

Lillian, with her face down, did not look his way till she saw him sink into the chair, and then, looking up, she was alarmed at the fearful pallor of his face.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, almost as pale, and sprang towards the bell.

But he stopped her by lifting up his hand.

"Do not ring, I pray; it is only a passing weakness, and will be gone in a moment."

She obeyed, she could not do less, and as he covered his face with his thin, emaciated hand, she stole quietly back and commenced playing a sweet, delicious sonata of Mozart's.

He listened and his hand dropped from his face, showing the latter calm and grave again.

"Will you sing?" he said. (To be Continued.)

CASTORIA The Kind You Have Always Bought

Signs of Castoria

IN A TRUNK.

Body of a Man Found by Chambermaid at Lynn.

Lynn, Mass., July 22.—The body of a man packed in a trunk was found by a chambermaid in a Liberty street rooming house to-day. The body had a bullet wound over the heart. The face was mutilated, but it was partially identified as that of an American known as Frank Jones, who had rented the room about a month ago. The proprietor of the house and police are completely mystified by the discovery.

INCREASED RATES.

Montreal, July 22.—The steamship companies doing business on the St. Lawrence, and comprising the North Atlantic conference, have increased rates \$1 per ton on inward traffic on weights between two and six tons. On weights over six tons special rates will be made. This is to cover port expenses.

PILES

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for hemorrhoids and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles. It is a purifying and soothing agent, and is used by all the leading physicians of the world. It is sold by all druggists and by the proprietor, Dr. Chase's Ointment, 100 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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