

Katharine's Sacrifice

"Say no more, dear, I understand," she said, gently. "I understand you are not the girl who is impulsive without some very good reason. Perhaps some day it may be different, and you may care to come to me. Well, child, if by Heaven's will I am alive, the home is open to you then as now, and remember, whatever happens, I am your friend. Now, shall we have a chat about your future? Tell me just as much as you like, and I may be able to help you. No, don't thank me," as Katharine broke in with quivering lips. "I think on the whole your determination to work is a good one; it will benefit your mental condition. I know that well, for years ago a great trouble fell on me. I was not a rich woman then, Katharine, being in fact a nursery governess, but I always look back to my hard work as to the very best friend I ever had. One has no time to remember when one is busy. So it will be with you, my dear. In time the shadow of this sorrow, whatever it may be that is oppressing you, will be lifted from your head, and happiness will come again by Heaven's blessing."

And then, after that they sat talking quietly for another hour, and the result of this long chat was that a week later, when Lucy Smythe was thinking of preparing Katharine's room for the girl to return, and sighing a little wearily over Gordon's terrible extravagance, a letter came from Katharine—a long, sweet, affectionate note in which Mrs. Smythe learned that she had lost a daughter, and that henceforth Katharine would live apart, earning her own livelihood in a strange world. The little woman was deeply grieved, and resolved not to give Katharine up without a struggle; but fortunately for our heroine's plans, and unfortunately for Mrs. Smythe, she was plunged into such trouble by Gordon's constant demands for money, that the struggle never took place beyond a long letter full of loving reproaches and affectionate entreaties to return.

But Katharine's resolve was taken, and despite a qualm of pity that passed through her mind, she did not give way. She left Northminster for London on a steamer, bearing in her pocket a note which Miss Weston had given her to carry to an old friend who would assist her all she could, and a purse whose scanty store had been replenished unknown to her by a bank-note slipped in by the generous old maid's hand.

And so, though she limped still, and was scarcely more than a convalescent, Katharine turned her back on the past with a prayer and a hope that forgetfulness, if not happiness, might come in the future.

On her arrival in London, Katharine took a cab, and drove to some lodgings to which Miss Weston had directed her, and fortunately was able to engage a bedroom at a moderate sum. She fell asleep that night for the first time during the weeks that had passed with a sensation of freedom that was almost akin to pleasure, and slept soundly until the next morning.

Then taking another hansom she started to go first to the lawyer who paid her her modest income, to communicate her intentions to him, and, secondly, to this Mrs. Graham, Miss Weston's friend. Her lawyer, she discovered, was out of town on his annual holiday, but the old lady was at home, and very charming Katharine found her. Having read Miss Weston's letter, she at once directed the girl to go to a certain house not far away, where that very morning a lady Drummond was making a choice of a companion for her niece, a very wealthy young lady—an orphan.

The advantages of this engagement were manifold, but Katharine never expected that she had for a single instant a chance of obtaining it when she was ushered into Lady Drummond's boudoir. What trifles change the current of our lives. Just as Katharine entered the room, a small picture fell off an easel close at hand, and the girl stopped to pick it up. As she did so she uttered an exclamation of mingled surprise, delight and pain.

"Is it injured?" asked Lady Drummond, a rather plain, fussy woman, with a not unpleasant expression. "I hope not as I value it very much, indeed."

"Tears had started to Katharine's eyes. "No, it is unharmed," she replied, speaking with difficulty; she was gazing at the canvas through a mist of tears—what memories it awoke! "Forgive me," she faltered, simply, "my father painted this picture, and—"

"Your father? Your name is Breerton," exclaimed Lady Drummond, jumping up from her chair. "My dear, why did you not say so; footmen always mumble out names nowadays. Your father did me the greatest service any man could do, he saved my child's life. Did you never hear of the time he jumped over the quay at Lisbon and rescued a boy from drowning?"

some references? My solicitor—" "No, no! You are Robert Breerton's daughter, that is enough for me, and your face is sufficient reference. Now, when can you go? At once? Good! You must start for Brexley Hall to-morrow same time. Barbara writes me she shall be there for her birthday, and she will be with you, and you will always celebrated with much fuss and excitement. And now come and have some luncheon. Thank goodness, I have arranged a tiresome job in a most delightful way. I must write and thank Mrs. Graham for sending you to me. Just fancy, you being Robert Breerton's child! Look, there is the portrait of the boy your father saved. Ah, ah! not much of a boy is he now?" and Lady Drummond's little brown eyes glistened as she gazed at her tall, good-looking son's picture taken in his uniform as a naval officer. "Such a good fellow, my dear, the mother ever had; and this is Barbara. Oh, she is very pretty, but she looks bad tempered enough there." Lady Drummond shook her head as she handed Katharine a panel photograph. "Barbara has a real Mostyn temper," she said. "She rages after her father. Do you like her face?"

Katharine was silent a moment. Truth to say, she did not care for the girl's countenance. She thought she read meanness and envy written round the thin lips, and nothing noble or generous in the brow or eyes, but she kept her opinion to herself, and put down the frame as she said: "She must certainly be pretty, but it is hard to judge by a photograph; the coloring is always lost, and that invariably makes such a difference."

Lady Drummond gave her a sharp glance. "Now I like her for that," she mentally opined; "if she had been insincere she would have gushed over Barbara's portrait. How I do like a straightforward, honest person! I hope she will get on with Barbara."

Which thought, following on the above statement, would have sounded strange had it been uttered aloud. "Here is a face worth looking at," she said, as she put Katharine forcibly into a chair, and then went across to a table and picked up a portrait. "As you are going to be with Barbara, you are sure to meet him, and if you don't agree with me and declare him to be an angel in human form, then I am very much mistaken. I am sure I only hope Barbara may be fortunate enough to get him for her husband; they tell me he is very much in love with her, and she might search the world over before she found such another. When you have looked at that well, you must eat some cold beef. Your what is very pale, my child, and I will give you a few hints about the duties you will have in your new life, and about Barbara, while you eat. I like to be well up in people and things before I go anywhere, don't you?"

"Yes," murmured Katharine, mechanically. Her cheeks had grown pale, and there was a sudden weariness in her beautiful eyes. She heard Lady Drummond's voice only dimly, for she was wondering vaguely why her heart should suddenly start aching in that dull, painful way, and what on earth it mattered to her whom Ormande, Lord Otway, should marry.

CHAPTER X. It was past four o'clock before Lady Drummond would let Katharine go, and then she did so with apparent reluctance. But she was a kind-hearted woman, and had soon noticed the lassitude and weakness of the girl, as well as the slight remaining limp. "Brexley air will do you good; plenty of milk and eggs is what you want, my dear. I shan't know you when I see you again. I am glad you will have a few days to yourself before Barbara joins you, as you can rest and lounge as much as you like. After that I expect she will keep you busy with her clarinet."

There was just the faintest sneer lingering round Lady Drummond's upper lip as she spoke the last word. "You know Brexley is a model place," she went on; "one is supposed to be able to live in the drains themselves, they are so sanitariously perfect; but between you and me, my dear, though I adore the old hall and like the village, I can't bear model places or people; they are snarers and delusions, that is what I say. Dear me, is that 4 o'clock? I had no idea it was so late, and I can't drive you home as I must rush off to a stupid appointment. Promise me you will rest well this evening; you look worn out now. I shall see you early to-morrow."

Katharine breathed a short, quick sigh when she was once alone and in the street. She felt as if she were in a dream, the events of the day had been so strange and unexpected. It was difficult to realize that her future was settled so easily and quickly; she had anticipated having to wait weeks, perhaps months, before she obtained employment.

She went slowly down the steps. Just in front of her stretched the park, and yielding to a sudden impulse, Katharine turned and walked as fleetly as her weak legs would allow across the wide road into it. She felt she would rather sit out in the air and think it all out. She was glad she had agreed to accept the post, for the remuneration was most handsome, and fitted in with a desire that had grown in her mind ever since she had resolved to be independent, namely, that now she would be able to materially help Lucy Smythe, whom she knew required such help badly. It was almost as if some good fairy had exercised her power and brought about this speedy engagement; and yet, though Katharine felt satisfied, and pleased more than grateful by Lady Drummond's affectionate appreciation of her dead father and his art, there lived through it all that same curious, dull pain at her heart that had come when she gazed on Ormande's picture, and heard that he was deeply in love with Miss Barbara Mostyn.

Katharine sighed uneasily as she sat down on an empty bench in a quiet corner, and wondered why such a pain should come to her. She had never felt like the like before, although, as we know well, she had had her share of human suffering. For the first time the hateful remembrance of Gordon and her connection with him faded out of her mind, and she thought of Lord Otway, and Lord Otway alone.

"I could trust in him, believe in him, as I trusted and believed in daddy," she murmured to herself. "Lady Drummond is right—an angel he is, indeed!" She sighed again, and then she gave a little cry of astonishment that was echoed by another person just in front of her.

"Miss Breerton!" exclaimed Lord Otway, coming to a sudden standstill in his amazement; "can I believe my eyes? Is it really you? You here, in London, when I was imagining you sitting under those dear old trees in Miss Weston's garden, alone with your book and your thoughts! What happy fate led me to walk down this particular path to-day, I wonder?"

(To be Continued.)

AT R. MCKAY & CO'S. WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 22, 1909

DISTINCTIVE FALL APPAREL FOR WOMEN, MISSES AND GIRLS

The selections from the unexampled variety of exclusive models now ready will prove an agreeable and satisfactory experience.

Special for Wednesday—Smart Tailored Suits \$12.50

Of imported Cheviot and Serges in black and leading fall shades. Three-quarter and seven-eighth length coats. Pleated skirts. They are worth \$18.50, very special at \$12.50

Women's Winter Coats \$9.98

We have been fortunate in securing 50 only Sample Coats in a splendid assortment of colors and black. Semi-box and tight fitting style. All beautifully tailored garments and worth almost double the price asked. Regular \$18.50, on sale at \$9.98

Great Dress Goods Business

This store is again doing the Dress Goods business. Business so far this season is simply beyond immense, which fact goes to show that the women appreciate our values. Now is the time to make your selections before stocks are broken.

McKay's Broadcloths and Venetians Lead Our Reg. \$1 Venetians and Broadcloths, for Wednesday 75c yard

Just Arrived Latest Effect Suitings, per yard \$1.25

We have just marked off and passed into stock a line of nifty Suitings, 56 inches wide; they are simply swell, and come in a good weight for serviceable, stylish suits for fall and winter, new shades and new cloths, select Wednesday, per yard \$1.25

Specials in New Laces

Linen Torchon Laces and Insertions 5c Yard

800 yards of New Linen Torchon Laces and Insertions on sale Wednesday at a popular price, all new designs, fresh from the makers, at, per yard \$1.25

New Stock Valenciennes Laces on Sale

See our New Valenciennes Lace, with Insertions to match, wonderfully reduced in price for quick selling, 3 to 5 inches wide, worth regular 8 to 15c, sale price Wednesday only 5c yard

Special Staple Values

Bleached Damask 47c

72-inch Bleached Damask, pure linen, choice designs, worth 65c yard, special \$47c

Table Cloths Odd Napkins

Slightly imperfect Cloths, border all around, 2, 2 1/2 and 3 yard sizes. Reg \$1.53, for \$1.25

Flannelettes

Special values in English Underwear, flannelette, soft, warm finish, neat patterns, special values at 10, 12 1/2 and 15c

Flannelette Sheet 36c

72-inch Flannelette Sheet, soft, warm finish, equal to a wool Sheet, worth 45c, for 36c

R. MCKAY & CO. DECAY OF CALAIS. U. S. Tariff is Hurting an Ancient French City. Calais, Sept. 20.—The ancient city of Calais, the last spot in France held by the English as successors of the Norman Princes, is threatened with the loss of its prosperity. It is the centre of tulle and lace-making, and the new seventy per cent. tariff imposed on these luxuries by the United States tariff has been a sore blow. The former great prosperity of this city has dwindled almost to the vanishing point. The number of hands employed in Calais factories is declining steadily and the total output of finished goods decreasing with woeful rapidity. These conditions have finally become so aggravated that long established business men are abandoning their establishments and moving away from the city. The Government has taken notice of the distressing state of affairs and is trying to devise ways and means of relieving the situation, but it is deemed unlikely that Calais will ever be restored to its former state of prosperity. Feeling runs high in Calais against the employers. A night or so ago disgruntled and hungry workmen tried to burn the home of a Calais manufacturer who had moved part of his factory to America and planned to carry on his business henceforth in the United States. The laborers declared the manufacturer had betrayed Calais' trade secrets.

STEAMSHIPS

White Star-Dominion Royal Mail Steamships. MONTREAL-QUEBEC-LIVERPOOL. Lauriat, triple screw; Magnolia, twin screw; largest and most modern steamers on the St. Lawrence route. Latest production of the ship-builders' art; passenger elevator serving four decks. Every detail of comfort and luxury of present day travel will be found on these steamers.

C. P. R. STEAMERS. From Montreal and Quebec. From Liverpool and London. Empress of Ireland, Sept. 19. Oct. 2. Lake Champlain, Sept. 15. Oct. 8. Empress of Britain, Sept. 24. Oct. 17. Lake Erie, Sept. 29. Oct. 22. Empress of Ireland, Oct. 5. Oct. 30. Lake Manitoba, Oct. 13. Oct. 18.

Collar Pins. We have just received a new line of Dutch Collar and Belt Pins square and oval shapes, beautifully finished in gold or silver.

KLEIN & BINKLEY. 35-37 James St. North. Importers of Marriage Licenses.

BURNED AT SEA. Vessel Believed to be British Steamer Waratah.

Manila, Sept. 20.—The British steamer Waratah, Captain Bruce, from Newport News, June 16th, for Port Natal and the Manila, reports that on July 27th, while 188 miles from Durban, she passed a steamer fire. The vessel in question, whose name is impossible to make out, was shortly after destroyed by an explosion. It is supposed that this steamer was the missing British steamer Waratah, which, with 300 persons on board, has not been heard from since July 26th.

HALF A TON OF OPIUM. Customs Seizures Made by Officials at Manila.

Manila, Sept. 20.—The Insular Government now ship to the Bureau of Insular Affairs at Washington nearly half a ton of opium, the proceeds of many customs seizures. The Government intends to dispose of the opium for medicinal purposes among drug manufacturers, receiving in exchange medicine for hospitals, dispensaries and other Government institutions in the Philippines.

WOULD NOT SAVE WIFE. Cleveland Brewer Refused to Lend \$500 to Keep Her From Prison.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 20.—Rather than loan his former wife \$500, which would have kept her from going to prison, Jacob Fickel, a brewer, saw her sentenced to the penitentiary for two years here to-day. Sentence was suspended and Mrs. Fickel's son will attempt to raise the money and save his mother.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE. John McKissock, a Well-known Picton Character, Hauled Out of Bay.

Picton, Sept. 20.—John McKissock, an old Scotchman, and a well-known character about town, attempted suicide. He jumped his feet together with a rope and tied into the bay. However, the rope that he used was tied by the other end to the wharf, and John was soon fished out. He is over eighty years old, and without means of support. On public holidays he would repay the money. Mrs. Fickel's son tried to raise the money, but failed, and the father refused to help.

STRUCK BY FLYWHEEL. Peter Macritchie Killed in C. P. R. Elevator at Fort William.

Fort William, Sept. 20.—Peter Macritchie, aged 35, employed in the C. P. R. elevator B, was killed to-day, being struck on the head by the fly-wheel. No person saw the tragedy, and it is supposed that in resuming his upright position he must have swayed toward the flywheel, which struck the back of his head. He was instantly killed, and remained suspended from the platform by one foot, which caught in a lever, hanging head downwards, until seen a minute or two afterward by some fellow sweepers. Deceased was married and leaves a wife and five children. The family only joined him from their former home in Scotland two weeks ago.

SAVED FROM DEATH. Young Lady Rescued from Front of Train.

Cornwall, Sept. 20.—A gallant rescue was made at the Grand Trunk station here this afternoon. About one hundred people had gathered to send off Mr. and Mrs. P. Flynn, who were married at St. Andrew's this morning. As the train was approaching, the crowd jostled about, with the result that Miss McIntosh, cousin of the bride, was thrown off the platform prostrate across in front of the train, which was about 100 feet away and running twenty-five miles an hour. The crowd stood powerless.

RAILWAYS

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM. Winnipeg \$10. Via Chicago and Duluth from all stations in Ontario, Sept. 24th.

NEW YORK AND RETURN \$14.10 from Hamilton. VIA NIAGARA FALLS. Sept. 23rd to 30th inclusive. Return limit Oct. 10th, 1909.

HUDSON-FULTON CELEBRATION. Through car service from Toronto and Hamilton, via Grand Trunk and Lehigh Valley Railways.

LOW COLONIST RATES. VANCOUVER SEATTLE PORTLAND \$41.05. SAN FRANCISCO LOS ANGELES SAN DIEGO \$42.50.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. 7.40 a.m. for Toronto, Ottawa, Boboyago, Tweed, Kingston, Lindsay, Montreal, Quebec, Sherbrooke, St. John's, Halifax, N.S., also for Alliston, Coldwater and Bala, and all points in the Maritime Provinces and New Brunswick.

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FRIDAY, SEPT. 24. Same conditions as former excursions. Special Trains will leave Toronto 2.00 p.m. on above date running through to Winnipeg.

RETURN FOR \$18 ADDITIONAL. Hamilton Office, Cor. James and King Sts. W. J. Grant, Agent.

T. H. & B. EXCURSION NEW YORK. (HUDSON-FULTON CELEBRATION. Going September 23-30th. Returning October 10th.

\$14.10 for Round Trip. Further information on application to F. E. Backus, G. P. A., A. Craig, Ticket Agent, Phone 1090.

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FOR SALE CHEAP. Plasterers' Salamanders, Gable's Tanks, Metal Molds for mortar and brick, Slating, Tiling, All kinds of Roofing, Valleys and Flashings.

JOHN E. RIDDELL. Phone 657. 257 King Street East.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. Niagara Falls, New York—1.45 a.m. daily. 2.27 a.m., 7.57 a.m., 12.05 a.m., 10.08 a.m., 6.55 p.m., 7.50 p.m.

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