

Love Finds the Way

Sir Ralph could not tell a falsehood—not even to the extent of feigning sudden indisposition—to his beautiful idol, and he judged it best to remain and shield, as much as possible, the object of Lady Melville's aversion from her gaze.

Accordingly, he drew the beautiful girl aside and pulled the curtain half-way across the box; but Lily, ignorant of his wish, leaned forward and so frustrated his design.

It was her first opera; she was an intellectual, ardent and poetical child. With the first burst of music, her whole soul was aroused and shone from her extended eyes.

From the entrance of the singers to the fall of the curtain she never removed her gaze from the stage, and when the first burst of applause burst forth, she sank back into her chair and breathed a sigh almost of relief.

Sir Ralph, who had watched her with a great deal more than the performance, bent forward and whispered: "Well, Lily, are you enjoying it?"

"Oh, papa!" she replied, clasping her hands. "How much! It is beyond all expression. I don't wonder at the people seeming pleased—but I could not clap my hands, it is too divine for that. I feel more inclined to cry, tell me, papa, how long will they be before they commence again?"

"Only a few minutes, my dear," he replied, almost forgetting the presence opposite in the joy of his child's enjoyment. "Will you not take a little lemonade or an ice, Lily?"

"No, no; I could not eat or drink, papa; it would spoil my happiness. Hush! They are playing again!" and with an absorbed eagerness she leaned forward to catch every note of the music.

So far all had gone well. The girl had been too enraptured to gaze round the house, but there were two more acts, and in the intervals, she might turn and look round—perhaps catch the glances which were directed at her from the opposite box, and ask the names of the people who bestowed them.

Had he been asked his reasons for dressing—had he dreaded, as well as disliked—Lady Melville, Sir Ralph would have been puzzled to give them.

Enough, that he knew his own and his daughter's death would be beneficial to his brother's widow, and that he felt, assuredly, that she was not a woman to stand at trifles, or more than trifles, where her interest was concerned.

The two gentlemen, having assisted her ladyship to her carriage, waited a moment until Sir Ralph's brougham was called.

"Ah!" whispered the chevalier, with perfectly assumed surprise. "Is the ferocious-looking gentleman a relative to her ladyship, my lord?"

"Yes," replied Lord Harcourt, coldly. "Had we not better return to the duchess?"

The chevalier bowed and followed his companion up the staircase, but not without a last parting glance at the baronet, who still sat stern and angry-looking as he helped the beautiful girl into the brougham.

"Good night, Sir Ralph," he murmured, inaudibly. "Take care of your own eye; lambs; her ladyship has claws! Well, 'tis not so bad a scene for the opening of her life's drama. And now for my friend, the baron. I fancy I have put a spoke in the wheels of his hope that will stop their progress pretty well."

"How is this?" said Lord Harcourt, as they approached the box, at the door of which there was a loud knocking. "The door has been closed."

"Ab, that must have been your carelessness," said the chevalier. "How very stupid. I closed it behind me, forgetting that your boxes are—unlike ours in Venice—miniature prison houses."

His ladyship half turned and looked suspiciously, but the Venetian nobleman appeared so sorry for his mistake, hastening to efface it by opening the door, and apologizing to the baron, who was fuming and fretting at having been prevented from following Lady Melville, that Lord Harcourt's doubts were dissolved.

"A thousand pardons, baron!" murmured the chevalier. "Your grace, a foreigner's ignorance must plead for me."

"Her ladyship—is she better?" asked the duchess of Lord Harcourt. "Quite recovered, but thought it prudent to retire."

The duchess glanced over at the now empty opposite box significantly, but Lord Harcourt was either dense or averse to exchange gestures on the subject, but, with grave imperturbability, dropped into his chair and languidly closed his eyes.

"no pursuit! Give me the trin-ket!"

"Here you are," said the mock coo-man, laughing as he handed a handful of glittering jewelry to his fare.

"It was well done, eh, captain?"

"Vilely!" retorted the chevalier. "Lucky for you, my friend, that it was I who gave chase. Had it been a constable with the intention of catching you, you would be in the lock-up by this time. Bah, man! one should be like an eel in such a crowd; you were too slow by half."

"Well," muttered Charles, for it was he, "it went right, notwithstanding. But, there, you always find fault."

"For your good, ungrateful idiot, Bah! there—there's your fare. Now drive home and be quiet."

Giving him one of the baron's rings the chevalier carefully covered his exquisite evening dress with a large cloak which he took from the cab, and walked off hurriedly in the direction of Spit-alfields.

(To be Continued.)

OFFICIAL LIST OF THOSE UNCLAIMED IN HAMILTON.

List of unclaimed letters lying in the Hamilton post office received previous to the 14th June, 1909:

Arnold, Dr. G. W. Brack, John. Brasher, Ernest. Bragg, H. Brown, Alfred.

Carner, John P. Carberry, John. Chambers, Mrs. A. E. Clark, Alex. Connor, Joseph. Cormie, Miss Edith. Collier, George. Connelly, Mrs. W. G. Coleman, Dilly. Cooper, R. Crosthwaite, W. A.

Davis, C. C. Dawson, Mrs. Agnes. Dickie, Mrs. R. B. Doughy, Miss Abbie H. Dukes, Frank.

Erskine, James (2). Farquhar, William Edward (2). Fairchild, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. W. Farrell, M. S.

AT R. MCKAY & CO'S. TUESDAY, JUNE 22, 1909

THE JUNE SALE OF LACES

Tremendous selling followed our first announcement Big Shipment of German Valenciennes Lace, Worth Reg. 8c and 10c, Sale Price 5 Yards for 10c

Handkerchiefs 5 for 25c, Reg. Value 10c each 200 dozen Women's Fine Swiss Handkerchiefs, in a splendid clearing sale to-morrow, just the kind for the warm weather, out they go for 25c

59c 500 Soft Front Shirts for Men 59c

Everybody Talking About the Ribbon Sale

Ready-to-Wear Department Tailor-made Suits \$3.98 White Rep Coats \$3.95

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R. MCKAY & CO.

CRUISER BEACHED. Sappho is Reported to Have Gone Down After Collision.

MANY MURDERS. Winnipeg, June 20.—Lewis James, who was expected to be the star witness in the preliminary hearing of C. F. Hornbeck, charged with the murder of Mrs. James last April, positively refused to answer any questions yesterday on the ground that the hearing was simply a fishing excursion, and for fear he might incriminate himself, he was committed to jail for contempt of court, and the matter has now been referred to the King's Bench. Hornbeck is undoubtedly insane, and his confession is simply the result of a diseased imagination.

KNOCKED OFF BOAT. A Young Yachtsman Drowned at St. John, N. B.

TRAGIC END. St. John Hankin, Mind Unhinged, Drowns Himself in River.

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