

HONORED BY

UNIVERSITY.

Sir Hugh Gilzean Reid's Portrai

Unveiled at Aberdeeu.

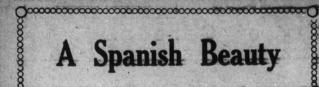
The North Eastern Daily Gazette, o

Middlesborough, just arrived, gives an in-teresting account of the ceremony which

ook place in the picture gallery of Mar-schal College, Aberdeen, when there was presented to the University of Aberdeen

presented to the University of Aberdeen a portrait in oil of Sir Hugh Gilzean-Reid. The presentation was attended by a representative academic company. Pro-fessor Matthew Hay presided, and many of the professors were present. Mrs. Lincoln Tangye, who had present-ed the portrait of her father to the Uni-versity, was accompanied by Lord and Lady Haddo, and the proceedings, al-though not protracted, were exceedingly interesting. Sir Hugh Gilzean-Reid was a student of Aberdeen University, and received its honorary degree of EL. D. in 1897. Mrs. Lincoln Tangye gracefully made the presentation. She had, she said, long desired to see a portrait of her father in the University of Aberdeen, and was gratified more than words could express at being able to offer this gift to an in-stitution for which her father cherished so much love and regard. The portrait was unveiled amid hond

o much love and regard. The portrait was unveiled amid loud



Even that grim virgin, Lady Sarah, relaxed into occasional smiles, and Rory happy in the refiewed sunlight of his liege lady's smiles, was almost as sparkling and animated as his delightful coustin His inspiration sat beside him, with

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His inspiration sat beside him, with the last level rays of the sunset slanting through her dead-black hair and glori-ous soft Spanish eyes, lighting up the rare Castilian loveliness into a picture fit for Guido or Raphael. She, too, smiled languidy now and then at the dashing young London bar-rister's wit, as she trifled with the wing of a bird or her glass of rare old vint-are.

of a bird or her glass of rare old vint-age. But he was no especial favorite of hers, this light-eyed, light-haired, glib-tongued young man, and ahe rather avoided him, usually, than otherwise. That night, long after the family had retired, the London barrister sat by his chamber window, smoking, and indolent-ly surveying the starry heavens, as seen through clouds of tobacco smoke. He usually confined him-welf to the mildest Manilas To-night he smoked a pipe, londed to its black muzzle-a sure sign of deep think-ing and danger ahead. "How lovely she looked to-night!" he thought, setting his strong teeth sav-agely on the stem of hic pipe. "More darkly beautiful than the Cenci herself! And to think that he-that shallow-head headed, conceited, overgrown boy-

headed, conceited, overgrown boy-should win so glorious a prize, while --By heaven and all its starry hosts he shall not win! Not while my brain has power to plot, or my right hand cun-ming to work! What are they all-Rory, Kathleen, the donna herself-but puppets, who dance as I will pull the strings? I have hated Rory Desmond, my handsome, high-born, princely cou-sin, ever since I have known what it was to envy or covet. Now the time 'o strike him from his high estate has come, and I swear to night that Donna d'Alvarez and her regal fortune shall be mine, if I have to walk over my rival's dead body to reach her hand!" He ground his teeth vindictively. An instant after—so strong had habit be-come—he laughed softly in derision of himself. shall not win! Not while my brain

himself. "Such inflated language—Auch very, bad form!—fit only for the boards of the Princess. Bah! even the vendetta has gone out in Corsiea. We don't go down to the foot-lights, like Macduff, and, with our eyes fixed on the chande-lier and our sham swords outstretched, wwar detrand rangemence on our for No: her and our sham swords outstretched, swear eternal vengeance on our foe. No: we don't do that sort of thing—bad taste! We smoke our Cubas, lift our hats to one another, and say little. But some fine morning our Macbeth is pink-ed under the fifth rib, among the dewy grass and cowslips, and Monsieur Mac-duff's wife and interesting family are quietly averged, all the same. I can slay, and smile while the knife is in mine enemy's vitals!" The next afternoon Mr. Desmond valked over to the cottage of old O'Neal, and had that interview with fa-ther and daughter. When he left the old man and returned to the castle, he found his cousin avaiting him with an anxious face.

"It's all right, Rory, lad!" he said cheerily. "She will meet you at dusk at the Fairy Well, and, by the same tok-en, you have no time to spare, if you would poit keen a bad d not keep a lady waiting. It grown now. Where is the donna?" with Lady

the drawing-room, with Confound it all, Gerald! I Sarah. Confound it all, Gerald! I would rather go to my hanging than to this meeting with poor Kathiken!" "Would you, dear boy? Now, how in-consistent that is, after sending me to make the appointment! But as you please. Shall I go in your stead, and tell Kathleen you are too-how shall we name it?-too nerwous to come?" "Pool: At the Fairy Well, did you say? Ger, keep Lady Ince from feeling lonely until I return. She wished me to take her out for a walk, by the bye. Do you take her, Ger." mld

take her out for a walk, by the bye. Do you take her, Ger." "Ah! she wished you to take her out? What excuse did you make?" "Told her I had an appointment with a friend. Ger-there's a good fellow! keep her anused till I come back." He started off briskly, and Gerald booked after him with a slow, evil smile. Then he turned and entered the house. Lady Sarah sat by one of the windows, trying to read by a pale, gray light. The donas atood listlessly at another, booking out over the wide sea. She turn-ed quickly at the sound of footsteps, but her face clouded when she saw who it was.

"The evening is pleasant, Lady Inez. Is it not a pity to spend it in-doors? What do you say to a walk?"

He heard the gasp with which she caught her threath; he saw the mortal whiteness of the face looking out from the folds of velvet and lace. "Women of her fiery blood have murdered the man they lowed for less," he thought. The dusk was deepening, fast as they reached the foot of the mountain. Half-way up its green breast the Fairy Well bubbled, and in the twilight the two stood, as lovers stand keeping tryst, her hands clasped in his, his golden, hand-some head bent above her. "Look!" Gerald Desmond whispered. "See for yourself, Donna Ines, how ten-der, how true, your lover can be! Yon-der he stands with his first love, his pretty Kathleen!" CHAPTER VI.

CHAPTER VI.

the ne scance with his first love, his pretty Kahleen?" CHAPTER VI. She drooped before him as a broken fly droops before the wind. She did not look unlike a broken lily herself... was as a spirit of moonlight, so sad, so pale, so silent. The heart of young Lord Roderlek went out to his little playmate in great compassion. She loved him he knew it -doved him so deastly and so vainly that all her bright, gritish thoon was gone. The light faded from the sparkling syes, the dancing smiles and dimples from the mignome face. She loved him, and that man has yet to be boin whose mas-culine vanity is not inexpressibly sooth-ed and flattered by homage so sweet. For those fair "stricken deer" who fall hop-lessly before them they have a obmple-cent and infinite pity, which for the time being, is next-door neighbor to a much warmer feeling. A man's pity for a wo-man is but one degree removed from love; a woman's pity for a man, very closel allied to contempt. "My little Kathleen." Rory said, "you have grown as white as the foam of the sea-you, my little litsh roaebud? You have not been lil?" He bent his golden head to catch har answer, holding both hands in his own. The watcher, in the twilight, set her parly testh, and had looks been light-have been blasted there and ther. Kathleen looked up quickly, her pale checks flushing. Some subtle, **womany** instinct toid her what that deeply com-passionate tone meant, and her Trish spirit rose on the instant. She drew her hand away, and looked at him, quietly and steadily, full in the face. "That for non-what you especially wished to see me here tills evening, and there come." "Yes," Rory said, a little embarrased. "I did-I do. It is about your father I know

I have come.". "Yes," Rory said, a little embarrassod, 'I did-I do. It is about your father I would speak to you, Kathleen. I know all." "All?"

"All?" "All?" "All?" "All?" The blue eyes flashed uopn him, the checks flushed deeper. He could see the rapid throibing of her heart. Every femirine insther rose in alarm to guard her hidden scott from him. "All, Kathleen—your father's misfor-tune, his losses at the gaming-table, this man Morgan's power. And they want you to marry Morgan, Kathleen?" "And you?" He spoke a little hur-riedly. He did not want to marry Kath-leen himself. He was not in the least in love with her; but she loved him, and she was an exceedingly pretty girl, and-oh, vanity of the best of men!--he did not want her to wed another. "What have you said to them, Kathleen?" Her head'drooped; she made a little, passionate gesture as she turned away. To have him stand there-loving him with her whole heart-asking her this, was the bitterest pang of all. "Kathleen, my little playmate, they shall not force you--those others. Not even your father shall sacrifice you for his own selfish ends. If your heart asys n, my dear little Kathleen, Pil see Mor-gan in Tophet before her! ever marry you!" The impetuous blue eyes flashed, the impetuous, boyish voice rang out. He towered up before her, a golden-haired King David, beautiful and bright as ever was the poet-king of israel. And he had come here to plead that umbappy Mor-gan's The inpat your father's debts myself.

was the peecking of that which which had come here to plead that which py Mor-gan's cause! "I'H pay your father's debts myself, and if that pettifogging Cockney attor-ney makes one demur, I'H pitch him neck and erop into Wicklow Bay! Hang his English impudence! How dare the bandy-legged seoundrei think to force the pretiest little girl in Clonearf to marry him, whether she will or no?" She looked up at him with shining eves and partiel lips and glowing face-her grand, impetuous young protector! And never in all her life had Kathleen loved her lordly lover as she did in that



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TIMES PATTERNS. 8673

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actions in the upward progress of the human race. Lord Haddo, who was called upon, said he had been on friendly relations with Sir Hugh Gilzean-Reid since he could remember, and he had great pleasure in testifying to the appropriateness of the gift which Mrs. Tangye had given to the University of Aberdeen and to the northeastern counties. Sir Hugh Gil-zean-Reid had always been foremost in promoting that which was for the best welfare of those who were not so well off as himself. It was very fitting that the University of Aberdeen should have the portrait of one to whom the stu-dents could look up as one to be proud of, and in whose steps they might worth-ily follow. TELLS HER SUFFERING SISTERS TO USE DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

They Proved a Blessing to Her When Her Pains and Weakness Were Almost More Than She Could Bear.

St. George, Man., Nov. 1 .- (Special)loping to save her sister women the West from pains and aches which ome at the critical times in a woman's

minutes at a time without suffering the greatest agony. Sometimes I awaken-et with a feeling as if some one had laid a piece of ice on my head. Au-other time it would be a burning pain under the left shoulder.

other time it would be a burning pain under the left shoulder. "I took many medicines, but could get no relief, till reading of cures of similar cases to my own by Dedd's Eld-ney Fills, led me to try them. They did worders for me. "I want all women to know what Loid's Kidney Fills cure the Kid-neys is sefeguarded against nine-tenins of the suffering that makes life a bur-den to the women of Canada.





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launder well: Reg. \$3.00, Wednesday at ...\$1.95 pr. Reg. \$4.25, Wednesday at ...\$2.88 pr. Reg. \$5.00, Wednesday at ...\$4.95 pr. Reg. \$6.00, Wednesday at ...\$4.18 pr. 30 inches wide, with lace edge and asertion, white, white dot net, splen-id for sash curtains, will wear well.

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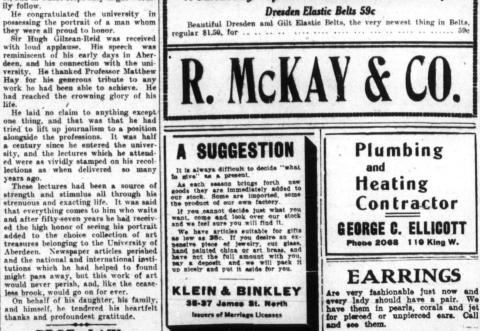
Take advantage of this snap: Reg. \$5.00, Wednesday at .....\$2.78 pr. Reg. \$7.00, Wednesday at .....\$4.95 Reg. \$5.00, Wednesday at .....\$205 pr. Reg. \$8.50, Wednesday at .....\$5.85 Reg. \$6.50, Wednesday at ....\$7.45 The portrait was universit Professor applause. In accepting the portrait Professor Matthew Hay said the great career of Sir Hugh Gilzean-Reid should be an in-centive to their ablets students of qual-ify for the highest posts in a profession which provided ample scope for the exer-cise of the highest mental endowments, and provided unequalled opportunities of helping in the right ordering of human affairs and in the upward progress of the human race.

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These lectures had been a source of strength and stimulus all through his strenuous and exacting life. It was said that everything comes to him who waits and after fifty-seven years he had receiv-ed the high honor of seeing his portrait added to the choice collection of art treasures belonging to the University of Aberdeen. Newspaper articles perished and the national and international insti-tutions which he had helped to found might pass away, but this work of art would never perish, and, like the cease-less brook, would go on for ever. On behalf of his daughter, his family, and himself, he tendered his heartfelt thanks and profoundest gratitude.

ily follow.

life, Mrs. Arsene Vinet, of this place, has given the following statement for publi-cation:

cation: "I have brought up a large family and have always enjoyed good health unril the last two\_years. I am fifty-four years of age and at the critical time of life that comes to every wo-man, I had pains in my right hip and sheulder. I could not lie down two minutes at a time without suffering the greatest acony. Sometimes I awaken-

"Thank you, senor," very coldly. "I will wait, I think, until Lord Roderick

returns." "Ah!" There was a world of meaning in that one little word, a world of innuendo in the smile that accompanied it. She caught both, and turned upon him like lightning. "What do you mean, senor?" "My dear Lady Inez, nothing." But the smile was still there—amused, contemptuous, compassionate. The great

contemptuous, compassionate. The great Castilian eyes lighted up, and the one little hand clinched fiercely. "You mean something. Do not speak falsehoods to me, Senor Gerald. Whi-ther has my lord gone?" "He has told you. To meet—a friend," "And that friend?"

"And that friend?" "Your pardon, senorita. Lord Rod-erick's secrets are his own." She was white with jealousy already, and the dark eyes were full of glowing free.

fire. "Senor," she said, in a husky, breath-less whisper, "you are my firend-you say you are. You will tell me where he has gone. Ah, Diost see, I plead to you -I, Inez d'Alvarez! You will tell me,

"Her de Alvarez! You will tell me, "But it would be treason to him." "He need never know. Do you think! I would betray you! Senor Gerald, tell while I live!"

"Sooner than that.— Lady Inez, do you insist?" "I do—I command!" "Then come with me. Your word is my law. To please you I would lay down my life!"

my life!" She scarcely heard him; she certainly did not understand him. She snatched up a mantilla of relvet and lace, threw it over her head and about her, and flitted with him out of the room. Lady Sarah, absorbed in her "Imita-tion," was conveniently deat and blind. She took his arm, and they walked rapidly and in silence through the even-ing hadows. Once only she pole, and the question came in a hissing whisper: "Is it on much her he has rome?"

cyces and parted has and glowing face-loved her lordly lover as she did in that loved her lordly lover as she did in that
"Gadi" Kory cried, swelling with in-digmation the more he thought of it; "marry you to pay your father's gam-bling debta, indeed! Confound his imper-tion in innee! Confound all their impertin-ences! Do they think themselves Ba-blink was of Three Tails, and you a little Georgian, up for sale! I'll go to the cottage this very evening and see that best that the sale of the their inpertin-ences! Do they think themselves Ba-blink of the tails, and you a little Georgian, up for sale! I'll go to the cottage this very evening and see that best the factor of yours, and after that I'll go to Morgan; and if he won't hear to reason, I'll break his head."
The tooked quite capable of doing it, or any other reckless Quixotiam, this fair-haired, flashing eyed, hair-brained young descendant of fiery Irish kings, as he stood there in the twilight, drawn up to his superb six-foot height. And Kath-end, good you are, how noble, how generous! I will never forget it as long as I live. Bud, god you are, how noble, how generous! I will never forget it as long as I live. Shylock; he will have his bond, his pound of flesh-mothing less nor more. My the father's num, or-my father's daughter. There is no choice between."
" The black-hearted—"
" "Lond Rory, hush! Let me speak! " The black heart is completely in his power. I slowe as bad matter much worse; for you to plead to him is jain an uter impossibility; and neither would move him in the least—he is harder than do ino, that man. My father is completely in his power. I slowe can save him, and —I will!" is The Hitch slower figure drew up to its full height; the starry eyes flashed, it will height, the starry eyes flashed, in his power. I slowe answe him, and —I will!"
Me was her inspiration. Her blood was up, and she was ready for anything now. It was her inspiration. Her blood was up, and she was ready fo

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The correspondent of the London Sta at Kobe, Japan, telegraphs that an out break in Korea is expected, followin

On the Street to a Woman He Did Not Know.

Cobourg, Ont., Nov. 1 .- Through the

intervention of the Commercial Travellers' Association, and the elemency of the Minister of Justice, J. S. Walker, traveller for a tea house, was liberated

traveller for a ten house, was liberated from the county jail here on Saturday, after serving three weeks of a month's term of imprisonment by Magistrate R. H. Holland, of Port Hope, for raising his has to a woman, whom he did not knoy, on the streets of Port Hope. Mr. Walk-er left at once for his home in Ottawa. According to his story, Mr. Welker, who is a middle agede man, with a wife ond family, has been very harably treated, and the Commercial Traveller' Associa-tion has taken the matter up to see if some redress cannot be secured.

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The most satisfactory used in the treatment of sore throat and catarrh. We carry a complete stock, guarantee every atomizer, and will repair or re-place all defective bubs or instruments. They will spray oil or water, and cost no more than the ordinary atomizers. Gerrie's drug store, 32 James street morth.

## STUDENT FINED.

Toronto, Ont., Nov. 1.--Wallace Del-aby, the Varsity student who acted in a disorderly manner on College street, on Hallowe'en night, appeared before Magistrate Denison this morning and pleaded guilty. He was fined \$1 and costs or ten days in jail, and the fine was promptly paid.

