At R. McKay & Co's.,

Saturday, May 8th, 1909

STORE OPENS 8.30 A. M.

# **GREAT SALE OF THE** TORONTO WHOLESALE STOCK OF

Immense Purchase of the very latest Trimmed Hats, Untrimmed Hats and Shapes, Flowers and Foliage, purchased at a low rate on the dollar. Tremendous reductions for Saturday. Read the good news. See window display to-night.

#### Untrimmed Hats and Shapes

**Sweeping Reductions** 

Untrimmed Hats worth-regularly \$1.50, Sale price 39c Untrimmed Hats, worth regularly \$1.75, sale price Untrimmed Hats, worth regularly \$2.50, sale price 49c 98c

Hundreds of the very latest Spring and Summer styles to make selections from. Shop early.

French Flowers and Foliage. Be on time for these bargains.

Flowers, worth regular- 15c bch
Flowers worth regular- 19c bch
Flowers worth regular- 19c bch
Flowers worth regular- 25c bch
Flowers worth regular- 25c bch
Flowers worth regular- 29c bch
Flowers worth regular- 19 \$1.25, sale price 29c bch
Flowers worth regular- 49c bch
Flowers worth regular- 49c bch
Positively the prettist Flowers

Positively the prettiest Flowers ever placed on sale by this store; comprising thousands of bunches of all the new and combination colors. Shop early.



STORE CLOSES 10 P. M.

Beautifully Trimmed Hats, worth regularly \$10.00, sale price

Consisting of all this season's French model Hats, exquisitely trimmed with flowers, foliage and ribbons; great bargain at the

Pretty Trimmed Hats Worth Regularly \$7, f

Another line from the wholesale stock; all trimmed in the latest Spring styles. See these hats. On

# Saturday's Special Bargains Third Floor

In Blouses and Children's Wear

\$1.25 Waists for 98c

Just received a shipment of Travellers' Samples of Blouses, made with Swiss embroidered front, di-rectoire collar and sleeves, edged with lace, baby back, worth regular \$1.75, Saturday's sale price .98e

\$5 Waists for \$2.98

lace yokes, embroidered fronts, directoire trimmed sleeves, edged with lace, worth regular \$5, Saturday's sale price ..... \$2.98

Regular \$5.00 Net Waists for \$3.19

3 dozen only of handsome Ecru Net Waists, made with embroidered front, buby back, directoire tuck-ceves, pointed cuff, edged with lace, sizes 30, 36, 38 and 40, worth regular 85, Saturday's sale price

## Bargains in the Children's Department

75c Hats for 25c

75c Slips for 49c

Children's Sailor Hat, just the thing for school, with ribbon around crown, worth regular 75c, Saturday for only ... 25e

.. ... 49e

## Reductions Reign Supreme in Our Ready-to-Wear Dept.

Tailor-Made Suits \$11.98, Reg. \$18 and \$20 Values

This great reduction sale of Tailored Suits will surpass all previous similar events. It will be an offering of the newest and smartest wo-piece Suit Costumes that have ever been seen, among which the models here delineated are prime favorites.

Two-Piece Costumes Imported Tailor-Made Serges, Panamas and Prunellas

Observing every stylish point of smart Spring styles. These uits at this price are supremely beautiful. Every suit beautifully allored and trimmed; every suit an unrivalled achievement in it

EVERY NEW SHADE IN CLOTH Handsome Silk Coats \$9.98

Regular values \$15.50 to \$16.50. Excellent quality, silk lined and nlined, fancy silk braid trimmed; three-quarter and seven-eighth ngths. The quantity is limited. Make your selections early.

## **Big Purchase of Silks**

On Sale at 371/2c, Worth 75c and \$1.00 Yard

morrow we will offer hundreds of yards of fashionable Colore less than half value. These Silks are all first class quality an comprises all good shades—Silks for suits and dresses, worth 75

### At the Jewelry Section

3 grand specials here sharp at 8.30. Will you share in the

12-Inch Hat Pins With Colored Stones, Very Special 25c Made specialy for the McKay store and on sale at a special price for Saturday. Very scarce for the large hats; at each ... 25 Dutch Collar Pins 25c Up to 75c

Women's Cuff Links, Regular 50c, for Saturday 25c Set 

## **Great Bargains in Dress Goods** for Saturday

Regular 85c Venetian Cloth Suiting for Saturday . . . 59c Yd.

Regular 75c Serges for Sat 35cyd urday.

Splendid quality Serges, on sale at less than half regular; the kind that wears well; splendid for children's piece suits, separate skirts, etc., very school dresses. Pretty shades of greatly reduced for Saturday's sellchool dresses. Pretty shades of greatly reduced for Saturday's sel grown, myrtle, red, cream and black, ing, buy to-morrow. Without outh regularly 75c, sale price ... doubt the best buying chance of th 

#### **Lace Curtains** Lace Curtains

A gallant Saturday sale of Lace Curtains, suitable for cottage or man-sions, for bedroom or drawing room. Also a grand offering of beautiful Art Muslin and Novelty Muslin in white, tan, cream, and fancy colors. Read these Saturday reductions:

**British Made Lace Curtains** 

Regular \$1.15 values, price 98c pr Regular \$1.75 values, priced ... Regular \$2.50 values, priced \$1.57 pr.

Regular \$5.00 values, priced ...
\$3.68 pr.

Novelty and Madras Muslins For your pretty casement and colonial windows. See the choice black and stripe effects in tan and finer colorings. Price Saturday at 22c, 47c and

Swiss and Continental Curtains

Made in Switzerland, France, Be ium, etc., in refined, high grade e ects, which give your windows ind grum, etc., in reasons, man grant of fects, which give your windows individuality and style. Many are in 2½ yards length, others the usual length. In white, cream, ecru, Arabe. See this grand Saturday offering:

Regular \$7.70 values, priced

\$4.95 pair

.\$4.95 pair \$6.38 pair ....\$7.50 pair

Front Door Lace Net deautiful high class Lace for your not door panels, in covered styles, latest, also used for curtains to \$1.18 \$1.50 \$1.75 to \$7.50 yard

#### \$2.25 Heatherbloom Underskirts for \$1.49

We will put on sale Saturday orning at half-past eight, 5 dozn only of Black Inderskirts, made of Black Heatherbloom nderskirts, made with extra ide skirt and trimmed with ls, deep dust flounce, worth ular \$2.25, Saturday's sale regular \$2.25, Saturday's sale price only . . . . \$1.49 Only one allowed to a custom

#### Values for Saturday--Visit Our Big Staple Section

**Bath Towels 25c** 

10 dozen extra large Striped Bath Towels, firm absorbent weave, regular . . . . . . . 25e each

Toweling 81/2c 10 pieces heavy absorbent Crash, clean and free from lint, regular 11c, special. . . . . . 8½c yard

Nainsook Specials

Regular 20c yard, for . . . . . 15c Regular 25c yard, for . . . . . 20c

## A Love Affair

"I beg your pardon," said the ranger, looking at Fenton. "You would have liked to ride with the lady. "I will give you a horse. Are you ready? Can you give my men a durak?"

"No?! No matter; they can wait. Come along, then. You, Mr. Dan, go home and calm your wife. Come, sir, he added to Fenton, who shook hands with Dan as he left. "You have everything you want, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Fenton, quietly. "I am quite ready."
"Yes," said Fenton, quietly. "I am quite ready."
"No!! The ready of the ranger, and the ranger, looking at Fenton. "I'm wery glad Uncle Wolfe is alive. His name is Wolfegang, but grandma laways called him Wolfe.
"Is the marquis not at the castle, then?"
"No, we don't know where he is just now; grandma had a letter some months ago from some place abroad, but it said not him go fine course. The was always very wild. Grandpa and he quarreled, and he—I mean Uncle Wolfe, of course—went off like—like a shot." 

quite ready."

"Nothing in there?" asked the ranger.
As he spoke one of the men went toward the door.

"Stop, sir!" he exclaimed, sternly.

"Not a thing shall be touched."

"There's nothing to take; we are poor," said Fenton, shrugging his shoulders. "See for yourself."

"What is all this?"

"My friend was a scientific man and fond of experiments," said Fenton, earelessly.

"Oh, indeed," said the ranger from the room, and he took up one or two glasses and retorts curiously. "Science in the backwoods; that's something new!"

He came out a moment or two afterward with a nine in his mouth, and a ackwoods; that's something new!"
He came out a moment or two afterpard with a pipe in his mouth, and a
iece of paper serewed up in his hands.
"So he is a scientific man, is he? And
he lady—she is his daughter?"
"Yes," said Fenton.
The ranger knelt down beside the fire
nd held the screwed-up piece of paper
o the flame.

the flame. And you?" he asked. "Who are you?

other—husband?"
' said Fenton, sullenly. The ranger's eyes rested upon him rough the mask with a keen scrutiny. "No! But wish to be?"

"I am engaged to her," said Fenton. should like to be going, if you 'You shall," said the ranger. "Con yand this paper, it won't burn! Soaked a some kind of chemical, I suppose." He thrust it into his pocket and took p the tougs. Fenton, who had not o the torgs. Fenton, was

nis cloak around him, and looked anxiously to the door.

"Right," said the ranger. "We shall overtake the wagon in five minutes. Why, is that it coming back?"

As if in answer to the question, the door was flung open, and one of the rangers rushed in.

"Quick, guv-nor! We're tracked! The vigilants are on us; ten to one!"

The ranger looked around.
"So many as that?" he said. "Sure?"
"Sure and certain."

The ranger tapped Fenton on the shoulder with a laugh.
"I'm afraid I shall have to make for another direction than Melbourne," he said. "You be off and take care of the lady and the old man. Good-night. I'll leave you a horse."

lady and the old man. Good-night. I'll leave you a horse."

"Fate, as it will sometimes, had played all the cards of circumstance in Rawson Fenton's favor.

He led the horse—he had even got a horse thrown in!—to a shed at the back of the hut, and then went inside. Throwing some logs on the fire, he flung himself down on the bare ground to think, and not to sleep, worn out as he was by fatigue and excitement. His hand struck some light object, and it rolled along some light object, and it rolled along the floor. He thought it was one of the uppals for the moment, and felt for it. But it was not one of the gems, in earch of which Doctor Grahame had ost his reason; it was a ring.

Fenton held it to the blaze and looked the think had never seen it before the tit. He had never seen it before the tit. He had never seen it before the content of the second of the second

Fenton held it to the blaze and looked at it. He had never seen it before. It was a man's signet ring with a strange crest—though most crests are singular—a broken lance with an eagle perched on the fracture. It was not the doctor's crest; Fenton had never seen him wear a rign; could scarcely believe in the possibility of his possessing one. Whose could it be? Had one of the bushrangers dropped it? That was the only explanation. He folded the ring neatly in the formula he had taken from Doctor Grahame's pocket, and, overcome by exhaustion, tretched himself full length and slept.

CHAPTER III. CHAPTER III.

Twelve months later a young lady stepped from the train at Berrington Station. She was alone, and dressed in plain mourning, and there was that indescribable look in her face which speaks so eloquently and unmistakably of a heavy sorrow, lived through yet not forgotten.

A porter came up, and after a giance

or a nearly sorter came up, and after a glance at the beautiful face touched his hat and asked respectfully, though she had alighted from a third-class carriage:

"Any luggage, miss!"

"A small portmanteau," replied Constance; and at the sound of her voice, so low and sweet, the man touched his cap again.

Constance looked around the station, "Can you tell me the way to Brakespeare Castle?" she said.

"Well, miss, it's three miles or near," replied the porter. "You'll take a fly!"

As he spoke a carriage dashed into the station yard, and almost before it stopped the door was flung open and a little boy of seven or eight ran out, and, heedless of the footman, callout, and, heedless of the footman, calling to him in respectful remonstrance, ran through the gate-way onto the

platform.

Constance was losing herself in girllike admiration of the beauty and grace of the little fellow, when he ran up to her, and sweeping off his cap, said:

"Oh, please, are you Miss Grahame?"

"1es, I am Miss Grahame," said
Constance.

onstance. His face lighted up with a smile, and

His face lighted up with a smile, and he held out a tiny hand, but drew it back and whipped off his glove.

"I beg your pardon! There—I'm always forgetting. I'm so glad you have come. I've come to meet you. Grandma would have come to,, but she kas one of her headaches. I'm Lord Lancebrook."

brook."
"Don't call me Lord Lancebrook,"
he said, "call be Arol."
"I' will," assented Constance.
"It's very quiet at the castle; I hope
you don't mind that?" Arol said after
a short pause.
"Not in the least, I like quiet. It will
seem like a rest to me who have here

"Not in the least, I like quiet. It will seem like a rest to me who have been travelling about so much."

"You see, grandmas had a great deal of trouble. First her husband, my grandfather, the marquis, died, and that was bad, wasn't it?

"And tancebrook wishes me to go into the hall with him, Lady Brake-speare," she said.

"Oh, it's some trick or nonsense," exclaimed Lady Ruth. "Tell him to go and take his seat, Miss Grahame, please."

"And then my uncle, who's the marquis now, he couldn't be found, and poor grandma didn't know whether ke was alive or dead."

"Poor lady!" said Constance, gently.

"Yes, it was very—trying.

"Ick him go, dear," pleaded the marchioness. 'Arol, do not be naughty—" a combination of reciprocating engines and turbines.

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the!" and he pointed to a huge castellated pile which rose majestically above the trees on a height to their left.

"It's a very large place, and very, very beautiful!"

"T'm glad you like it, I like it too." ("Come on," said the boy; and ne clasped Constance's hand and ied her up the steps and into the hall.

"Here's Miss Grahame, Grandma!"

"I am very glad to see you, Miss Grahame, you have had a long journey. And now you will like to go up and rest. Arol dear child, ring the bell."

Constance changed her dress and made a tour of her rooms. They seemed to contain every luxury which a woman could desire.

As she stood and looked round, the tears rose to her eyes for the second Mail Steamships

As she stood and looked round, the tears rose to her eyes for the second time that day. The first time they had been called up by the loving words of the little Lord Lancebrook; now they were caused by the remembrance of the rough, rude hut in far-away Australia. If her dear, dead father could only have been with her, to enjoy the rest and ease of all this luxury, was her thought? come:
"I can't help it! It isn't my fault. He
told me to fetch some one, and I preferred you to Aunt Rue."
"He—who?" she asked.

If her dear, dead father could only have been with her, to enjoy the rest and ease of all this luxury, was her thought!

But Constance was not of the "crying" order of girls, and she rapidly brushed away her tears, and sat down and wrote a line to the kind-hearted woman of fashion, Lady Armstead, who had procured her the situation at the castle.

"He—who?" she asked.
"It don't know. Come in here."

If opened the door of the library as he spoke, and Constance saw the tall figure of a man standing in the centre of the room.

The portrait in the picture gallery of Lord Wolfegang flashed before her mind, and she knew the man who stood before her was the long-lost Marquis of Brake-speare.

had procured her the situation at the castle.

All the afternoon Arol escorted Coustance over the house, showing her its many points of interest. At leight o'clock the dinner-bell rang out sonorously, and with its last peal Lord Lancebrook appeared at the door.

"I thought I'd show you the way down; you might feel shy, being the first time," he explained, naively.

He was magnificently dressed in purples satin, with broad old Moniton collar and cuffs, and looked as if he had stepped out of one of the frames in the picture-gallery.

He was the long-lost Marquis of Brake spears.

"Do nit be frightened," he said. "I told Arol to bring some one to me, some friend of my mother."

His tone was meant to reassure her, but it had the contrary effect.

"I have frightened you, I see," he said.

"Will you sit down and wait a moment?"

"Arol, do you know who I am?" he asked.

"I think you are Uncle Wolfe." he said.

"You are right; I am," replied the marquis.

CHAPTER V.

The marquis! Constance did not know

stepped out of one of the frames in the picture-gallery.

"You look so grand that I scarcely dare kiss you in case I should spoil you," said Constance.

The marquist Constance did not know what to say, so she wisely remained stient. He looked at her for a moment, thoughtfully, then he said:

dare kiss you in case I should spoil you." said Constance.

"I'll risk that, Miss Grahame. Of course I're got my best things on because Lord Elliot's coming, you know.

He gave me this watch—see. It's a very good time-keeper. I wound it up once, I did indeed, and—ah! here he is!" and he drew his hand from hers and sprang from the stairs into the arms of a gentleman who had just entered the hall.

The gentleman caught him deftly, and with the case of an athlete swing him stance.

from the stairs into the arms of a genderow many control of the stairs into the arms of a genderow many control of the stairs into the arms of a genderow many control of the stairs into the arms of a genderow many control of the stairs into the arms of a genderow many control of the stairs into the arms of a genderow many control of the stairs into the arms of a genderow many control of the stairs into the arms of a genderow many control of a genderow many control of the stairs into the arms of a genderow many control of a genderow many control of a genderow many control of the stairs into the arms of a genderow many control of a gend

ness, "cried Lord Lancebrook from his perch. "She won't mind; she's not like beauty of his beach, as he inclined his head, as well as he could under the cirrneustances, to Constance. "Forgive us, Miss Grahame. Arol spoils me; in fact, we spoil each other."

It was not a particularly elaborate menu, but the dinner seemed interminable to Constance, though the beauty of the room and the air of luxury surrounding her were exerting their natural glamor over her. The only break in the enchantment was the sharp, incisive voice of Lady Ruth, Arol's cousin, which seemed to break in with metallic precision every time Lord Ellicht bett formula. voice of Lady Ruth, Arol's cousin, which seemed to break in with metallic precision every time Lord Elliot bent forward to speak to Constance, and he did so he did; and not so badly as my to speak to constance, and ne did so frequently.

Suddenly, as the sweets were being handed round, and in a moment of comparative silence, a bell rang out loud-

requently.

Suddenly, as the sweets were being handed round, and in a moment of comparative silence, a bell rang out loudly.

The marchioness started, and looked round a little nervously.

"What can that be?" she asid in a low voice.

What can that be?" she asid in a low voice.

what can case see and as a sure to write and ten you when he is returning?"

"It was the hall bell," replied Lady Ruth, promptly, and without putting down her spoon. "Whom do you expect?"

"Expect? No one, my dear," said the marchioness.

"Expect? No one, my dear," said the marchioness.

A minute or two clapsed, and Constance had forgotten the sudden loud ringing of the bell, when the door opened, and Lord Lancebrook came in.

He stood looking round in a half-heaitating manner, and Lady Ruth said, sharply:

"You are before your time, Arol. The dessert is not in yet."

"Never mind," murmured the marchioness, apologetically. "Let him come in"; and with a smile she beckoned to him.

"Yes," said Lord Elliot. "Come and try this jelly, Arol," and he signed to a footman to place a chair next his own. But Arol shook his head with an unsubut heart sick."

"But Arol shook his head with an unsubut heart sick."

"But hope may be realized some day, dear Lady Brakespeare." said Constance gently, "and you would not be too startled—it would not be too great a shock if he came quite suddenly, as you say?"

The old lady looked at her with a piterous little look in her placid, gentle eyes. "My dear, why do you look at me so kindly and pityingly?"

Constance had got her into the half by this time, and had closed the drawing room door behind them.

(To be Continued.)

"Yes," said Lord Elliot. "Come and try this jelly, Arol," and he signed to a footman to place a chair next his own.
But Arol shook his head with an unusual gravity, and, going up to Constance, drew her head down to his, and whispered:
"Come out into the hall, Miss Grahame. I want you."
Constance rose; she did not know what else to do CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

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