

MARGUERITE'S SECRET

The next day Judge Houston, the uncle of the bridegroom, entertained the wedding party and a large company at dinner. And this was the signal for the commencement of a series of dinners, tea and card parties and balls, given in honor of the bride, and which kept her and her coteries in the whirl of social dissipation for several weeks.

But from this brilliant entanglement let us draw out clearly the sombre thread of our own narrative. Everywhere the resplendent beauty of Marguerite De Lancia was set before the world. Every one declared that the star of fashion had emerged from her late eclipse with new and dazzling brilliancy. And ever, whether in repose or action; whether reclined upon some divan, she was the inspiration of a circle of conversationalists; or whether she led the dance, or seated at the harpsichord, poured forth her soul in glorious song—she was ever the queen of all hearts and minds, who recognized in her magnificent personality a sovereignty no crown or sceptre could confer. All in proportion to her depth of sympathy, strength of capacity for appreciation, felt this. But none so much as one whose duty brought him ever to her side in zealous service, or deferential waiting.

Philip Helmsstedt, almost from the first hour of his meeting with this imperial beauty, had felt her power. He watched her with the most reserved and respectful vigilance; he saw her ever the magnet of all hearts and eyes, the life of all social intercourse, the inspiration of poets, the model of painters, the worship of youth and love, shining for warming, lighting and enlivening all who approached her, yet with such impartiality that none ventured to aspire to special notice. There was one exception, and not a favored one to his equanimity, and that was Mr. Helmsstedt himself; her manner toward him, at first, affable, soon grew reserved, then distant, and at length repelling. Colonel Compton, who had taken it into his head that this haughty pair were well adapted to each other, watched with interest the progress of their acquaintance, noticed this, and despaired.

"It is useless," he said, "and I warn you, Philip Helmsstedt, not to consume your heart in the blaze of Marguerite De Lancia's beauty! She is the invincible Diana of men of their time, for seven years has Marguerite reigned in our saloons, with the absolute dominion of a beauty and genius that age cannot wither nor custom stale, and her power remains undiminished as her beauty is undimmed. Year after year the most distinguished men of their time, men celebrated in the battles and in the councils of their country, men of history, have been suitors in her train, and have received their conge from her imperial nod. Can you hope for more than an Armistice, a Balm of Gilead, a respite?" "I beseech you, sir, spare me the alphabetical list of Miss De Lancia's conquests! I can well believe their name is legion," interrupted Philip Helmsstedt, with an air of scorn and arrogance that seemed to add, "and if it were so, I should esteem the list with full confidence against them all."

"I assure you it is sheer madness, Philip! A man may as well hope to monopolize the sun to light his own home as to win Miss De Lancia to his heart! I prelude, though a prophecy of this wondrous magnetism." Alarmed at the spell that was growing around her heart, she withdrew her eyes and thoughts, opposed to the attentions of her lover a cold, repellent manner, and treated his devotion with supreme disdain, which must have banished him less strong in confidence than Philip Helmsstedt, but which in his case only warded off the day of fate. Perseveringly he attended her, earnestly he sought an opportunity of explaining himself. In vain; for neither at home nor abroad, in parlor, saloon, thoroughfare or theatre, could he manage to secure a tete-a-tete. Whether sitting or standing, Miss De Lancia was always the brilliant centre of a circle; and if she walked, like any other queen, she was attended by her suite. Only when he mingled with this train, could he speak to her. But then—the quick availing of that regard, the swift fall of the sweeping, dark eyelashes, the sudden, deep flush of the bright cheeks, the subdued heave of the beautiful bosom, the subdued tremor of the thrilling voice, betrayed hidden emotions, that only he had power to arouse, or insight to detect, and read therein the confirmation of his dearest hopes. The castle walls might show a forbidding aspect, but the citadel was all his own, hence his determination, despite her icy coldness of manner, to pass all false shows, and come to an understanding with his Diana. Still Miss De Lancia successfully evaded his pursuit and defeated his object. What was the cause of her course of conduct, he could not satisfactorily decide. Was pride struggling with love in her bosom? If so, that pride should succumb.

Having failed in every delicate endeavor to effect a tete-a-tete, and the day of Marguerite's departure being near at hand, Mr. Helmsstedt went one morning directly to the house of Colonel Compton, sent up his card to Miss De Lancia, and requested the favor of an interview. He received an answer that Miss De Lancia was particularly engaged, and begged to be excused. Again and again he tried the same plan, with the same ill-success. Miss De Lancia was never at leisure to receive Mr. Helmsstedt. At length this determined suitor sent a note requesting the lady to name some hour when she should be sufficiently disengaged to see him. The reply to this was that Miss De Lancia regretted to say that at no hour of her short remaining time should she be at liberty to entertain Mr. Helmsstedt. This startling message was delivered in the parlor, and in the presence of Colonel Compton. As soon as the servant had retired, the old gentleman raised his eyes to the darkened brow of Philip Helmsstedt and said: "I see how it is, Philip. Marguerite is a magnificent creature. She would spare you the humiliation of a refusal. But you—you are resolved upon mortification. You will not be content without a decided rejection. Very well, you shall have an opportunity of receiving one. Listen. Houston and Nellie are dining with the judge to-day. Mrs. Compton is superintending the making of calf-foot jelly; don't huff and sneer, Philip. I cannot help sometimes knowing the progress of such culinary mysteries; but I am not going to assist at them or to ask you to do so. I am going to ride. Thus, if you will remain

here to-day, you will have the house to yourself, and Marguerite, who for some unaccountable reason, rate perhaps, chooses to stay home. Go into the library and wait. Miss De Lancia, according to her usual custom, will probably visit that or the adjoining music-room in the course of the forenoon, and there you have her. Make the best use of your opportunity, and the Lord speed you; for I, for my part, heartily wish this lioness fairly mated. Come; let me install you."

"There appears to be no other chance, and I must have an interview with her to-day," said Mr. Helmsstedt, rising to accompany his host, who led the way to the library. It was on the opposite side of the hall. "Now be patient," said the colonel, as he took leave. "You may have to wait one or more hours, but you can find something here to read."

"Read!" ejaculated Philip Helmsstedt, with the tone and energy of an oath; but the old gentleman was already gone, and the younger one threw himself into a chair to wait.

"Be patient!" with the prospect of waiting here several hours, and the possibility of disappointment at the end, exclaimed Philip, rising, and walking in measured steps up and down the room, trying to control the eagerness of expectation that made moments seem like hours, while he would have compressed hours into moments.

How long he waited ought scarcely to be computed by the common measure of time. It might not have been an hour to him it seemed an indefinite duration—a considerable portion of eternity, when at length while almost despairing of the presence of Marguerite, he heard from the adjoining music-room the notes of a harp.

He paused, for the harpist might be Miss De Lancia. He listened. Soon the chords of the lyre were swept by a magic hand that belonged only to one enchantress, and the instrument responded in a low, deep moan, that presently swelled in a wild and thrilling strain. And then the voice of the improvisatrice stole upon the ear—that wondrous voice, that ever, while it sounded, held captive all ears, silent and breathless all lips, spell-bound, all hearts!—it arose, first tremulous, melodious, liquid, as from a sea of tears, then took wing in a wild mournful, despairing wail. It was a song of renunciation, in which some consecrated maiden bids adieu to her lover, renouncing happiness, awaiting fate, invoking death. Philip Helmsstedt listened, magnetized by the voice of the sorceress, with its moans of sorrow, its sudden gusts of passion or tenderness, and its wails of anguish and despair. And when at last, like the fading rays of the heart's life tide, the thrilling notes ebbed away into silence and death, he remained standing like a statue. Then, with self-recollection and the returning faculty of combination, came the question:

"What did this song of renunciation mean? And the next more practical inquiry, should he remain in the library, awaiting the doubtful event of her coming, or should he enter the music-room? A single moment of reflection decided his course.

He advanced softly, and opened the listless and silently turning doors, and paused an instant to gaze upon a beautiful tableau! Directly opposite to him, at the extremity of the thickly carpeted room, was a deep bay window, richly curtained with purple and gold, through which the noonday sun shone with a subdued glory. Within the glowing shadows of this recess, sat Marguerite beside the harp. A morning robe of amber-hued India silk fell in classic folds around her form. Her arms were still upon the harp, her inspired face was pale and half-averted. Her rich, purplish tresses pushed back by her temples, revealed the breadth of brow between them in a new and royal aspect of beauty. Her eyes were raised and fixed upon the distance, as if following in spirit the muse that had just died from lips of fire. She was so completely absorbed that she did not heed the soft and measured step of Philip Helmsstedt, until he paused before her, bowed and spoke.

Then she started to her feet with a brow crimsoned by a sudden rush of emotion, and thrown completely off her guard, for the moment, she confronted him with a home sweet.

"Philip Helmsstedt! what has brought you here?" "My deep, my unconquerable, consuming love! It has broken down all the barriers of etiquette, and given me thus to your presence, Marguerite De Lancia." "Because I love you, Marguerite. Because I love you for time and for eternity, because I love you for time and for eternity with a love that must speak or slay."

"Ungenerous! unjust!" "Be it so, Marguerite. I do not ask you to forgive me, for that must precede repentance, and I do not repent standing here, Miss De Lancia."

"Still I must ask you," said Marguerite, who was gradually recovering the full measure of her natural dignity and self-possession, "what feature in all my conduct that has come under your suspicion has given you the courage to obtrude upon me a presence and a suit that you repulse?" "Shall I tell you? I will, with the truthfulness of spirit answering to spirit. I come because, despite all your apparent hauteur, disdain, coldness, such a love as this which burns within my heart for you, bears within itself the evidence of reciprocity," replied Philip Helmsstedt, laying his hand upon his heart, and atoning by a profound reverence for the presumption of his words. "And I appeal to your own soul, Marguerite De Lancia, for the endorsement of my avowal."

"You are mad!" said Marguerite, trembling. "No—not mad, lady, because loving you as never man loved woman yet, I

also feel and know, with the deepest respect he said, that I do not love in vain." He replied, sinking for an instant upon his knees, and bowing deeply over her hand that he pressed to his lips.

"In vain! in vain! you do! you do!" she exclaimed, almost distractedly, while trembling more than ever.

"Marguerite," he said, rising, yet retaining his hold upon her hand, "it may be that I love in vain, but I do not love alone. This hand that I clasp within my own throbs like a palpitating heart, I read, on your brow, in your eyes, in your trembling lip and heaving bosom, that my great love is not lost; that it is returned; that you are mine, as I am yours, Marguerite De Lancia, by a claim rooted in the deepest nature, you are my wife for time and for eternity!"

"Never! never! you know not what you say or seek!" she exclaimed, snatching her hand away and shuddering through every nerve.

"Miss De Lancia, your words and manner are inexplicable, are alarming! Tell me, for the love of Heaven, Marguerite, does any insurmountable obstacle stand in the way of our union?" "Obstacle!" repeated Miss De Lancia, starting violently, and gazing with wild, dilated eyes upon the questioner, while every vestige of color fled from her face. (To be continued.)

ON AN ICE FLOE.

DR. GRENFELL'S THRILLING ADVENTURE ON LABRADOR COAST.

Forty Hours a Prisoner, and Nothing but Raw Dog Meat to Eat—Afraid to Lie Down Lest He Should Freeze to Death.

St. John's, Nfld., June 4.—Capt. W. Bartlett, of the steamer Strathcona, which has just arrived from the north, brings word of a thrilling experience which Dr. Grenfell recently passed through and which nearly cost the intrepid missionary his life.

Late in the month of April the doctor set out alone one day to cross the Fish roads, bound to Belue to amputate a man's leg, and took with him a team of eight dogs and komatik with his gun and a case of surgical instruments. He was lightly clad, as the weather was fine, and he expected to make a quick journey, but had not been long out when conditions changed and there were signs of a storm brewing. Though he thought of returning, he had covered so much of the way that he determined it would be just as well to push on to his destination, and never for a moment imagined that the journey would prove to be almost his last one.

To avoid the obstacles inseparable from land travels in the northern wilds Dr. Grenfell was proceeding over the ice along the coast when suddenly the wind began blowing from the land. In less than an hour it had reached the velocity of a gale, and before the doctor could realize his position or make an attempt to reach the coast the ice parted from the shore and began to move rapidly on, taking him and his outfit with it. It was an intensely trying position to be in, but for hours the devoted missionary kept up his pace, urging his team to their greatest speed, hoping to effect a landing at some quiet point on the ice before the ice would break in. In this he was disappointed, and when nightfall set in he found that he had to spend the night on the floe.

This he was compelled to do, and a horrible time he had of it all through the long hours of the night. The wind continued to increase in fury, and by the time darkness set in he was alone on the ice several miles from the land, and going farther to sea at a rapid rate. To make matters worse, the dogs were accidentally driven into a bad spot, which consisted mostly of slob, and the doctor had most difficulty to save the komatik and dog team. He did this after great exertion, though he lost his gun, surgical instruments and some clothing which he carried. It was terribly cold, and to lie down was out of the question, as he had not his gun, Dr. Grenfell was put to the necessity of stumping the dogs with a stick and despatching them with his knife. In this way he killed four of the animals. He had a terrible time trying to skin the dogs in the cold, and time and again had to desist, but, believing that he might be days on the floe before succor came, he persisted, and eventually succeeded. The carcasses of some of the dogs were cut up and given to the other animals for food, and their skins kept the doctor warm. Had he not taken this precaution he would have perished from cold and exposure.

The cold was intense, and Dr. Grenfell had both his hands badly frost-bitten while skinning the dogs. How he lived through the hours until he was rescued he hardly knows. He was forty hours adrift on the ice without food or water, except some raw dog meat which he forced himself to partake of to allay the pangs of hunger. To quench his thirst he had to eat snow, and when daylight dawned he was ten miles off the land. The day was well advanced when George Reid discovered a man-of-war off on the edge of the floe, accompanied by dogs. He immediately told his friends, they manned a boat and sailed off to the ice, and rescued the doctor, who was much exhausted and could hardly have lived through another night. On being taken ashore he was given every attention, and soon was himself again.

Walking Skirts at \$2.59 Navy, Brown, Black and Dark Green Panamas, Sicilians and Broadcloths, in gored and pleated styles, regular \$5.50. Hurry-out Price \$2.59 Tourist Coats \$2.98 A splendid assortment of colors in French Venetians, Broadcloths and Panama Coats semi and tight fitting, silk lined. Skirts gored and pleated. Regular \$18 and \$20. Hurry-out Price \$9.98

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Galt* Convicts Shot Down. Birmingham, Ala., June 4.—A desperate break for liberty was made to-day at the plant of the Alabama Manufacturing Company at North Birmingham by nine convicts. The guards fired on the men, and the day policemen of North Birmingham joined in the fusillade. Five of the convicts were shot down, two of them being fatally wounded. Two others were captured, and dogs were put out on the trail of the other two.

Store Opens AT 9 a. M. AT R. McKAY & CO'S., Saturday June 6, 1908 HAMILTON'S MOST PROGRESSIVE STORE Store Closes At 10 p. m.

THE LAST DAY OF OUR HURRY-OUT SALE

Immense Underpricing of Many Lines of Pretty Summer Goods. The Price Tickets Will Be Green and Will Be Worth Watching

Now for the last day of this great half yearly sale event by all odds one of the most successful sales ever held by us. Thousands of women have taken advantage of the savings and to-morrow's programme will consist of greater underpricings than ever, and we say to you by all means don't miss the last day, it will be filled with stirring selling events in just the goods you want. Come and if you would share in many of the best bargains come in the morning.

Last Day of the Hurry-Out Dress Goods Sale

90c fine, crisp, Black Voile, on sale 59c yard
\$1 and \$1.25 Silk and Wool Sheer Fabrics, all the leading and wanted shades, for 59c yard
\$1.00 Navy Blue and Black Venetians and Broadcloth Suitings, sale price 59c yard
50c Cream Ground Delaines for shirtwaists and children's dresses, sale 19c yard

Immense Saturday Sale of Women's Fine Lisle Thread Hosiery

Regular 50c Values for 20c Pair

Another famous sale of women's fine quality Lisle Thread Hosiery on sale in tan, pink, pale blue and black, in plain and drop stitch effects. This is the greatest hosiery bargain ever offered to the women of Hamilton. Lay in your summer supply, especially when you can buy hosiery of quality for such little money. Good value at 50c, sale price Saturday 20c pair

1,500 Mammoth Balloons at 5c Each

Bring the little tots with you first thing in the morning and get one of our mammoth balloons, worth regularly 25c each, for 5c

Immense Sale of Men's Umbrellas

25 Doz. Men's Well-made Umbrellas, Worth Regularly \$1, Hurry-Out Sale Price Saturday 49c Each

This is the biggest Umbrella chance in years, and who would be without an Umbrella when you can get one for so little money; made of good quality, fast dye tops, steel frame, natural wood handles. Don't overlook this umbrella bargain, men. Regular \$1.00, Saturday sale price 49c each

Hurry-Out Sale of 27-inch Wash Silk 28c

The sale of this Silk at this special price affords a lovely summer dress or waist for little money. A pure silk, 27 inches wide, and a perfect washing quality, regular 40c yard, Hurry-out Sale price to-morrow 28c

Balance of Special Yard Wide Black Taffeta 89c

The balance of our special purchase of Black Taffeta will go on sale to-morrow, splendid finish and 36 inches wide, regular \$1.35 yard, Hurry-out Sale price 89c

Hurry-Out Sale in Ribbons

Baby Ribbons 4 Yards for 5c

Dainty Pink, Sky, Helio, Green, Silk Baby Ribbons, washable, regularly 2 for 5c, Hurry-out, 4 for 5c

Plain and Fancy Ribbons 19c Yard

500 yards of Plain and Fancy Ribbons, in satin duchess and taffeta, also fancy polka dot, striped, Dresden and Plaid, suitable for sashes and hair bows, regularly 25 to 40c yard, Hurry-out Sale 19c yard

Brilliant Wash Goods Bargains

Colored Wash Goods 25c

Grand clearing out of all our high class Summer Wash Goods, Swiss, Organdie, Batiste, Dimities and Voiles, all French and American designs, worth up to 50c, clearing for our Hurry-out Sale just one-half price 25c

India Linen 19c

32-inch White India, a special importation of exceptionally good value at 25c, our Hurry-out Sale only 19c

Persian Lawn 15c

White Persian Lawn, the sheerest mercerized yarn, regular 25c, clearing out for Hurry-out Sale only 15c. See this.

Embroidered Handkerchiefs 2 for 25c

Fine Swiss Handkerchiefs, beautifully embroidered in eyelet and shadow designs, in the scolloped edge and hemstitched, regularly 20 and 25c each, Hurry-out Sale, 2 for 25c

Hurry-Out Blouses and Underskirts

THIRD FLOOR

\$2 Waists for 98c

Fine Persian Lawn Waists, made with embroidery yoke and trimmed with Valenciennes insertion, trimmed back, lace collar and cuffs, worth regular \$2, Hurry-out Sale price 98c

\$3.50 Waists for \$1.98

Dainty Mull Waists, made with Swiss Allover Embroidery front, baby back, embroidery collar and cuffs, worth regular \$3.50, Hurry-out Sale price 1.98

\$1.25 Underskirts for 49c

5 dozen only of Black Satene Underskirts, made of superior quality, deep accordion pleated flounce, finished with frill, worth regular \$1.25, Hurry-out Sale price 49c

\$8 Silk Underskirts for \$4.98

Chiffon Taffeta Silk Underskirts, made with deep accordion-pleated flounce, persine dust frill, worth regular \$8, Hurry-out Sale price 4.98



Your Last Chance at These Prices Saturday in Lace Curtains, Home-Fittings, Etc.

Saturday is the last day of the Hurry-out sale. These goods positively go back to regular prices on Monday; therefore, if your wants are not supplied yet, you should, in your own interests, purchase on Saturday. All goods advertised are strictly new, first class goods, and will be found exactly as represented.

LACE CURTAINS, 75 pairs, white, one design, regular \$2.50, for \$1.38 pair

CABLE CORD CURTAINS, 50 pairs, white, one design, regular \$3.50, for \$1.98 pair

CURTAIN STRETCHERS, non-rusting pins, easy to use, regular \$1.75, for 98c set

ENGLISH CRETONNES, fast colors, large selection, regular 25 and 35c, for \$1.08 each

TABLE COVERS, Tapestry, 2 and 2 1/2 yards length, regular \$4.00, for \$1.75 each

FOLDING SCREENS, 3 panels, mission frame, plain filled, regular \$5.00, for \$2.98 each

FOLDING SCREENS, 3 panels, oak frame, fancy mullin, regular \$3.25, for \$1.98 each

WHITE BED QUILTS, 24x24 yards, reversible, a dandy, regular \$5.50, for \$2.75 each

SUMMER BLANKETS, white, light weight, all cotton, regular \$1.50, for \$1.18 pair

ART BURLAP, for hanging, fancy figured, regular 40c, for 23c yard

ART BURLAP, plain, all colors, much used, regular 30c, for 18c yard

UPHOLSTERY GOODS, reduced to 78c, \$1.18 and \$1.48 per yard

Nicely Tailored Ready-to-Wear Apparel

Tailor-Made Wash Suits \$5.50

On Saturday morning at 9 o'clock, we will offer White Wash Suits, Coat and Skirt in white, trimmed in self color and pale blue. Skirts are tucked and gored. Coats the popular Prince Chap style. These Suits are certainly winners, and worth \$5.50. Hurry-out Sale price \$5.50

Walking Skirts at \$2.59 Navy, Brown, Black and Dark Green Panamas, Sicilians and Broadcloths, in gored and pleated styles, regular \$5.50. Hurry-out Price \$2.59

Tailor-Made Suits \$9.98 A splendid assortment of colors in French Venetians, Broadcloths and Panama Coats semi and tight fitting, silk lined. Skirts gored and pleated. Regular \$18 and \$20. Hurry-out Price \$9.98

Tourist Coats \$2.98 The balance of our stock, 25 only, we intend to clear at the very low figure of \$2.98. These Coats are excellent wraps or rain coats, all 34 and 36 lengths. A few full length Coats in the lot. All good style and material. Regular \$10 and \$11.50, Hurry-out Sale Price \$2.98

Specials for the Little Tots

75 Underskirts for 39c

Children's White Nainsook Underskirts, made with or without waists, skirt trimmed with hemstitched tucks, worth regular 75c, Hurry-out Sale price 39c

50c Drawers for 39c

Children's Drawers, in sizes 1, 2, 3 and 4, trimmed with embroidery, worth regular 50c, Hurry-out Sale price 39c

\$1.25 Buster Suits for 79c

Children's Buster Dresses and Suits in linen, blue and white stripe, sizes 2, 3 and 4, worth regular \$1.25, Hurry-out Sale price 79c

Swiss Allover Embroidery hats, made with accordion pleated rim, worth regular \$1.25, Saturday's sale price 69c

Hurry-Out Prices for Saturday LOOK! HOUSEKEEPERS

Bleached Damask 29c

aturday morning only, 5 pieces 72-inch Bleached Damask, slightly imperfect, pure linen, regular value 65c yard, Hurry-out price 29c yard

Table Cloths \$1.50

Pure Linen Cloths, bordered all around, firm close weave, slightly imperfect, a few full length Coats in the lot. All good style and material. Regular \$2.00 and \$2.25. Hurry-out price \$1.50

Sheeting Specials

Bleached Twill Sheeting, 2 yards wide, round even thread, 2 yards wide, 25c quality for 20c 27c quality for 20c 30c quality for 20c

Toilet Covers 49c

Swiss Tambour Toilet Covers, dainty patterns, 65 and 75c goods, for 49c

Extraordinary Reductions for Last Day Hurry-Out Sale of Carpets

Tapestry Carpet 69c

Heavy quality Tapestry Carpet, splendid patterns and colorings, extra choice goods, worth 90c, Hurry-out price 69c

Brussels Carpet \$1.05

Extra fine Brussels Carpet, rich colorings, special quality, worth \$1.35, Hurry-out price \$1.05

Velvet Carpet 95c

Beautiful Velvet Carpets, borders in linen, blue and white stripe, sizes, Hurry-out price 95c

Wilton Carpet \$1.50

Handsome Wilton Carpets, borders to match, extra choice quality, new patterns, worth \$1.85 and \$2.00, Hurry-out price \$1.50

4-yd.-wide Linoleum 47 1/2c sq. yd.

3 and 4 yard wide Linoleum, heavy quality, Scotch make, splendid patterns, worth 60c, Hurry-out price 47 1/2c sq. yd.

Inlaid Linoleum 75c sq. yd.

Scotch Inlaid Linoleum, heavy make, tile and Border patterns, worth 90c, Hurry-out price 75c sq. yd.

Heavy Oilcloth 25c sq. yd.

Heavy Oilcloths, all widths, from 1 to 2 1/2 yards wide, splendid patterns, worth 30c, Hurry-out price 25c sq. yd.

Tapestry Sample Ends 75c

Tapestry sample ends, 1 1/2 yds. long, great variety of patterns, worth \$1.50 each, Hurry-out price 75c

R. McKAY & CO.