

AT R. McKAY &amp; CO'S. SATURDAY, DEC. 10, 1909.



# Hamilton's Best Christmas Store Offers Splendid Inducements for Sat'day Shoppers

Read the good news contained in this splendid list of Saturday specials then act by coming out first thing in the morning so that you might share in many of the grand bargains. On sale sharp at 8.30 many lines of Xmas gift articles in many cases at half regular and less. Many new novelties have arrived and will go on sale to-morrow for the first time. Shopping chances, such as the following, seldom occur to you just right at the height of the Christmas shopping season and once more we urge upon you the necessity of early shopping. Be here on time. On sale sharp at 8.30.

**TOYLAND IS THE BUSY SPOT IN THE STORE.** It's our first season for toys; everything is new and the selling has been immense all this week; many grand special sale events await your coming to-morrow. Don't miss this special.

## 75 Dozen Sets of Nine-Pins, Worth Regular 35c Set, Sale Price 15c Set

Toyland offers the above grand special for Saturday's selling by all odds one of the most enjoyable house games, one that all can take part in during the long winter months. Every set done up in a pretty box. While they last per set 15c

|  |   |                                      |
|--|---|--------------------------------------|
| Hair Stuffed Dolls, regular 25c, for 19c | Large variety of beautiful Dressed Dolls, with real hair and beautifully dressed, from 25c to \$10.00 | Children's Rocking Chairs 40c each   |
| Covered Dolls 10, 25 and 50c             | Dolls' Buggies, from 75c to \$5.00  | Children's Chairs 25c each           |
| Kid Body Dolls, regular 75c, for 50c     | Express Wagons, from \$1.25 to \$10.00  | Dolls' Cradles 25c to \$2.50         |
| Kid Body Dolls, regular 85c, for 65c     | Sleighs for boys and girls, from 25c to \$4.50  | Children's Carpet Sweepers 25c each  |
| Rocking Horses, from \$5.50 to \$12      |   | Sets of Tools on cards 75c           |
| Dishes, regular 50c, for 25c             |   | Games of all kinds from 5c to \$2.50 |
| Dishes, regular 75c, for 50c             |   |                                      |
| Dishes, regular \$1.00, for 75c          |   |                                      |

## Startling News About Our Special \$1 Kid Glove

Women's Two-clasp Nouveau Glove, Paris Point Embroidery Gloves, made from the finest quality selected French kid, in shades of black, white, pearl, mauve, pink, grey, tan, navy and green. Every pair guaranteed. Regular \$1.25 values, in gift boxes. Special \$1.00 pair

### English Walking Gloves 95c

Women's English Walking Gloves, spear points, self or colored stitched, in black, tan and grey, worth \$1.25, sale price 95c

### Misses' Gloves 75c and 85c Pair

Full shipment of Misses' Real Kid Gloves, also Walking Gloves, silk stitched points, 1 and 2 domes, a dainty gift for the little ones, in neat gift box 75c and 85c pair

## Ebony Nail Files and Sterling Silver Top Toilet Bottles

Nail Files, real ebony, good file, not too heavy, regularly 35c, Saturday special 25c

### Toilet Bottles 50c to \$2.00

Toilet Bottles, in different shapes and sizes, with sterling silver tops, for face powder, talcum powder, nail polish, cold cream, tooth brush and powder, prices from 50c to \$2.00

### Toilet Water 49c, Regular 75c

Adorosa Violetta Toilet Water, in fancy bottle, one of the best French makers, regularly 75c, Saturday 49c

### Perfumes 50c Bottle

Perfumes, in fancy boxes, with padded covers, and satin lined, 12 different odors to choose from, regularly 75c, Saturday 50c bottle

## Grand Handkerchief Display Saturday

Just arrived 500 dozen more beautiful Handkerchiefs, Swiss embroidery, in plain and scalloped edge; regular 25c each, Saturday in gift boxes 2 for 25c

### Handkerchiefs 3 for 50c

Beautiful Swiss Embroidery Handkerchiefs in allover embroidery, crosshair, etc., in plain or scalloped edge; 3 in pretty gift boxes; 3 for 50c

### Boxed Frilling 35c Box

Dainty Frilling put up in fancy boxes, consisting of ends, narrow net frilling, etc.; 6 in box 35c

See our fancy Collars, put up in fancy boxes, from 25c up

## Our Annual Christmas Sale of Dress Goods Starts To-Morrow

Sharp at 8.30 to-morrow morning marks the starting of our annual Christmas Dress Goods' sale, the very best thing to buy for presents—Dress Goods—always acceptable. Our stock is heavy this year, which fact means positively big giving. Come to this section of the store to-morrow and share in the value-giving. Read the sale events.

### Regular \$1 Plain and Shadow Stripe Venetian Suitings; Xmas Sale Price 49c Yard.

On sale sharp at 8.30, in perfect colors of navy, brown, myrtle, red, rose, elephant, taupe, wistaria, and black, in both plain and shadow stripe effects. Come to-morrow and share in the great bargain, per yard 49c

### Regular \$2.25 Beaver Coatings for Saturday \$1.50 Yard.

Lovely pure Beaver Coatings, the very best material for blouses, kimono, children's dresses, sale, in navy, red, myrtle, brown etc., on sale in light, mid and dark and black. This is the best quality grounds, with new and pretty floral we carry. Buy to-morrow and see, patterns. Annual Christmas sale very fine quality, per yard \$1.50 price 30c yard

## Buy Your Xmas Tags and Seals Saturday at Specially Reduced Prices

Christmas Tags, suitable for gifts being sent away, Santa Claus head in corner, and ribbon; regular 10c package, Saturday special 5c pkg.

### Christmas Seals 5c

Christmas Seals in different designs, mullaged at back; regular 10 and 15c, for 5c

### Fancy Note Paper 15c Box.

Note Paper, in fancy holly-covered boxes; regular 25c, for 15c box

R. McKAY &amp; CO.

## A Spanish Beauty

"Is Mignonette here? Is she well?"

"Both, monsieur."

"And with you?"

"Always with me, monsieur. Could the child live alone?"

"Thank heaven! Is she on the stage?"

"No, monsieur. She has never been on the stage since that time."

"Thank heaven again! What, then, does she do?"

"Monsieur, I don't know that I ought to tell you. Mam'selle will not like it."

"Why not, pray—if it is honorable?"

"Tell me, Madame Michaud."

"Well, then, she teaches singing and the piano. But it is hard work, monsieur, and poor pay. The other was so much easier, so much pleasanter. Still, she toils on and works for us both. Ah! it is a noble heart."

"Why did she leave the stage?"

Trevannance asked, more moved than he cared to show.

La Michaud glanced at him askance. She was old, but she had not forgotten her youth. She understood perfectly why, but she was by far too womanly to tell. She shrugged her shoulders and trotted on by his side.

"Ah, why, indeed? Ask her when you see her, monsieur. She never told me. Where are you going now?"

"Home with you, Madame," Trevannance answered, with quiet resolution. "Don't be inhospitable; I insist upon it. Is Mignonette there?"

"Mignonette is out—at her lessons. She will be very angry when she returns and finds you. We don't receive gentlemen in our chateau, Monsieur Trevannance," chirped Madame Michaud.

"But such an old friend as I am, and coming all the way from England, too. Your rule is excellent—I rejoice you don't receive gentlemen—but I am—"

"No gentleman, monsieur means to say—"

"An exception, I mean to say, Madame. Is this the place?"

This was the place—up two pairs of stairs—three little attic chambers—spotlessly clean kitchen, sleeping room and parlor. Into the latter chamber Madame ushered her guest, apologizing for its lack of luxury.

"We are poor, monsieur. The Mignonette never could keep her money; it flowed from her like water to all who needed it. And then, travelling from place to place melts it away. Sit here by the window, monsieur—the view is pleasant. And tell me, did you really come all the way from England to find us?"

"For no other purpose, Madame. And I never mean to part from you again."

Madame laughed cheerily. At the same instant a step came slowly and wearily up the long stair.

"Mon Dieu! Madame cried in evident alarm, 'here she is. Oh, monsieur, she will be angry.'"

"Then I will bear the blame. Open the door."

The door opened of itself, and Mignonette stood on the threshold. Yes, Mignonette, but with all the old, defiant brightness, the old dash and sparkle and bloom gone. She looked pale and thin, very tired and sad.

Her glance fell upon the visitor the first instant. She uttered no exclamation, no word. She stood rooted to the spot with amazement, and something else that left her pallid as ashes.

Trevannance rose, very pale himself, and came hastily forward.

"Mignonette, at last! Thank Heaven I have found you once more!"

The sound of his voice broke the spell. She came in and closed the door, but the hand he extended was entirely overlooked.

"This is a very unexpected honor, Mr. Trevannance," she said, slowly and rigidly. "You will pardon me if I say as unwelcome as unexpected. To what do we owe it?"

She stood looking at him, the old flashing light in the black eye, the old defiant ring in the rich voice.

Madame saw the coming storm, and fled before it. She retreated to the kitchen. She could hear just as well there, and awaited the battle with her eyes to the keyhole.

Trevannance spoke a very torrent of eloquence it seemed to the little Madame. She could understand English, and spoke it, too, but not when it flowed in a deluge like this.

The gentleman pleaded his cause eloquently and long, looking irresistibly handsome all the while. The lady paced the little room, very angry, very haughty, very majestic at first, but melting gradually.

Madame knew how it would end—oh, yes, and she chuckled inwardly at the fencing with the buttons on. And when presently monsieur, after an impassioned harangue, clasped mademoiselle in his arms and held her there, and mademoiselle, after one or two efforts to escape, submitted to be held captive, why, then, Madame laughed outright, applauded softly with two brown hands, and trotted away from the kitchen.

"Dien madame!" said Madame, "it's all over! And now I'll go and get supper."

Trevannance had conquered. The little black curly head nestled contentedly against his breast at last.

"You always loved me, Mignonette. Come, now, be honest and own it."

"I always hated you! I do so still—so impudent, so conceited! Will you let me go, sir? Madame will come in and catch you! Stop! I tell you! There! sit down, for pity's sake, and behave like a rational being!"

"But I'm not a rational being, and never mean to be again! I'm quite delirious with happiness!"

Mr. Trevannance took a seat, however, very coolly for so vehement a declaration.

And now I'm going to ask you questions, and you are to answer them," said mademoiselle, with the air of a counsel for the prosecution to a witness on the other side. "In the first place, why have you come here?"

"A very absurd question, to begin with. To find you, as I have told you ten times in as many minutes."

"Why did you not get married to Lady Evelyn when you went home?"

"Because Lady Evelyn fell in love with another man, and I was in love with you. She told me her story, and I told her mine, and we shook hands and parted. I had the pleasure of being at her wedding the week I left."

"Her wedding? She is really married, then?"

"Really married! And you have the handsome stepmother in Europe?"

"Stepmother?"

"Yes, Mignonette. She is your father's wife."

"Colonel Drummond?"

"Not. The Earl of Clontarf, my Lady Minnette! Come, sit down here, and I'll tell you all about it."

She let him draw her down beside him, and listened to the story of all that had transpired.

"She has been told of you; she loves you already; they both know why I have come. And when they return to England next spring, they will find Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Trevannance waiting there to welcome them."

And then—really, my reader, you can't be indulged in this way—they sat in delicious silence, while the September moon sailed up, and they were very, very happy; and little Madame Michaud came in, after ever so long, and told them supper was ready, and got hysterical in the telling, and cried and laughed and kissed her darling, and after her, embraced Mr. Trevannance. It was quite a scene.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Lady Clydesmore to Madame la Comtesse d'Avignon, Paris."

"London, April 3, 18—"

"My Dearest Veronique.—Again I write you, after a long, long interval—again in the very midst of the rush and bustle of the London season. And once more I am magnanimous enough to write, not of my 'noble self,' but of those in whom you tell me you are so deeply interested—the heroes and heroines of my late romance-like letter."

"Well, then, dear, they are here in London. We are all cards in the same pack, as some clever person observes, and are sure to come together again in the universal shuffle. The Earl and Countess go to Royal Rest, and Lord and Lady Clontarf to a magnificent estate in Hampshire, which he has recently purchased."

"The Lady Inez is dead. They have ess of Clontarf have taken a house in Park Lane, and Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Trevannance are stopping with them until the end of the season. Then the latter left her in her own fair Castle. Her end was all happiness—all peace. Lady Clontarf is in deepest mourning, of course, and does not appear in society at all. She is more beautiful than ever, and in her eyes there shines a glow of infinite joy that I can never describe. She and her husband—my late magnificent colonel—exist only in the light of each other's presence. Such post-nuptial bliss as theirs is wonderfully rare in this age."

"Ah, well! I laugh because I laugh at most things; but this old-fashioned wedded devotion is very touching and beautiful, too. They go to Ireland very soon. Clontarf—which my lady has seen—being fitted up for their reception."

"And now—for I know you are dying to hear of your old friend, my Veronique—of Vivian Trevannance and his bride. Ma chere, the little one is—the fashion. You know the meaning of that magic word. The men absolutely rave about her, and pronounce her more beautiful even than La Rose de Castille; a wild absurdity, of course. She is not only so beautiful, but she is better than beautiful—she is bewitching. She fascinates us all with her sparkling piquancy, her joyous insouciance. She is entirely different from anything I ever met, and yet, with a perfect manner that would serve a court."

"She was presented at the last Drawing Room by the Marchioness of Marabout—Vivian's cousin—and royally it self designed to ask some question concerning her. She is the belle, decidedly, of the season."

"What is she like? who is she? you impatiently cry. My dear, she is an orphan; she was Mademoiselle Minnette Chateaufort, portionless, but of one of the best families out there. That is all we know of her, and no one asks more of the lady fastidious Trevannance has made his queen consort. What is she like?"

"She is petite, brunette, vivacious, full of sparkle and repartee; her keen little Canadian tongue has a double edge, and her long almond eyes flash fire. She deigns to flirt a little—poetical justice for Vivian Trevannance—but he looks calmly on with eyes of lazy adoration good to see. In their way, I dare say they are as fond of each other as the eard and countless; but they are so different there is no comparing them."

"And now, dear, adieu. Come to England this summer—come to Warbeck Hall, and see for yourself the Corydon and Phyllis of Royal Rest. Best love and countless kisses from their devoted."

Sunset; a sky of gold and rubies; a sea song; the red-roofed towers of hoary Clontarf Castle had turned to sheets of beaten gold; its turrets glittered in the red glances of the sunset. Very peaceful lay the fishing village under the beaming rocks; very peaceful looked the humble church in the distance, its tall cross—that "sign of hope to man"—ablaze in the last light of the May day.

The lady and gentleman who came up the rock path from the sea-shore took their way slowly in this direction. She leaned upon his arm, a woman in her first youth, beautiful as some dream of heaven, with the radiance of a great and perfect bliss forever in her face. A pure and noble soul shone out of stony violet eyes; she looked and moved "And most divinely fair."

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair."

And he upon whose arm she hung looked a fit protector for her loveliness—a man for women to honor, to adore. The handsome face was very grave, very thoughtful, a little sad, as he gazed around on the familiar landmarks unseen for one-and-twenty years.

He pointed them out to her as they went along; but as they drew near the church silence fell. He opened the little wicket gate and led the way round to the church-yard, where the "rude forefathers of the hamlet slept."

Tall grasses waved and wild flowers bloomed; a few stones marked the resting places—wooden boards others. Over all the May sunset rained down its impalpable gold.

He led the way along the beaten path to a sunny corner, where a tall yew more cast its waving shadow over the grave. A white marble cross stood at its head, a wreath of immortelles surrounding one name—one only one—"Kathleen."

And Lady Evelyn sunk down on her knees with a sob on the yielding turf and kissed the name passionately.

"Oh, what have you done," she said, "that such bliss should be mine, while she, who loved you so dearly, who died for you, lies here?"

He uncovered his head before that lowly grave with as deep a reverence as he had ever done in the stately cathedrals of old Spain, as he thought of that fair young life lost for love of him.

"Kathleen is in heaven," he said, "and her memory will be ever green in our hearts. Oh, my darling, my youth comes back as I stand here and look at her name! What am I that I should have you such a heart as yours?"

The sunset faded while those wedded lovers lingered there. Then, as he drew her gently away, the happy tears still wet on her eyelashes, she saw him casting one last, lingering look back, the long evening shadows deepening over the quiet sleepers, and the last rays of the sunset yet bright on the grave of Kathleen.

The End

Our new story will begin on Saturday. "Saved From The Sea."

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. Grove. Used the World over to Cure Colds in One Day. 25c

## A CRUISER.

Australia Asks Admiralty to Commence One.

Melbourne, Dec. 10. — The Federal Cabinet has cabled the Admiralty asking it to commence the construction of a battleship cruiser, which is to be the chief vessel of the Australian unit of the Pacific fleet, immediately. The Government propose to proceed with the construction of the remaining vessels of the unit so that all will be completed simultaneously.

Wellington, N. Z., Dec. 9. — The naval defence bill, providing for the financing of the Dreadnought offer and New Zealand's contribution to the British navy, has passed through all its stages in the House of Representatives. The third reading was carried without division.

James Rankin, who helped to build the first Grand Trunk engine, is dead.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Niagara Falls, New York: 7:30 a.m., \$1.00; 10:30 a.m., \$1.00; 1:30 p.m., \$1.00; 4:30 p.m., \$1.00; 7:30 p.m., \$1.00.

St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo: 7:30 a.m., \$1.00; 10:30 a.m., \$1.00; 1:30 p.m., \$1.00; 4:30 p.m., \$1.00; 7:30 p.m., \$1.00.

Grimsby, Beamsville, Merriton: 7:30 a.m., \$1.00; 10:30 a.m., \$1.00; 1:30 p.m., \$1.00; 4:30 p.m., \$1.00; 7:30 p.m., \$1.00.

Detroit, Chicago: 7:30 a.m., \$1.00; 10:30 a.m., \$1.00; 1:30 p.m., \$1.00; 4:30 p.m., \$1.00; 7:30 p.m., \$1.00.

Woodstock, Igersoll, 7:30 a.m., \$1.00; 10:30 a.m., \$1.00; 1:30 p.m., \$1.00; 4:30 p.m., \$1.00; 7:30 p.m., \$1.00.

St. George: 7:30 a.m., \$1.00; 10:30 a.m., \$1.00; 1:30 p.m., \$1.00; 4:30 p.m., \$1.00; 7:30 p.m., \$1.00.

Burlington, Port Credit, etc.: 7:30 a.m., \$1.00; 10:30 a.m., \$1.00; 1:30 p.m., \$1.00; 4:30 p.m., \$1.00; 7:30 p.m., \$1.00.

Port Hope, Cobourg, Belleville, Brockville, 7:30 a.m., \$1.00; 10:30 a.m., \$1.00; 1:30 p.m., \$1.00; 4:30 p.m., \$1.00; 7:30 p.m., \$1.00.

Montreal, 7:30 a.m., \$1.00; 10:30 a.m., \$1.00; 1:30 p.m., \$1.00; 4:30 p.m., \$1.00; 7:30 p.m., \$1.00.

Daily, except Sunday. From King Street depot.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

7:40 a.m. for Toronto, Lindsay, Bobcaygeon, Tweed, Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Sherbrooke, John, N.B., Halifax, N.S., also for Alliston, Coldwater and Bath, and all points in the Maritime Provinces and British Columbia.

8:30 a.m. for Toronto.

10:00 a.m. (daily) for Toronto.

12:30 p.m. for Toronto, Peterborough, Elmira, Milton and Godfrey.

2:10 p.m. (daily) for Toronto, Myrtle, Lindsay, Bobcaygeon, John, N.B., Halifax, N.S., also for Alliston, Coldwater and Bath, and all points in the Maritime Provinces and British Columbia.

3:30 p.m. for Toronto.

5:00 p.m. for Toronto, Peterborough, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Sherbrooke, Portland, Bath, and all points in the Maritime Provinces and British Columbia.

7:30 p.m. (daily) for Toronto, Myrtle, Lindsay, Bobcaygeon, John, N.B., Halifax, N.S., also for Alliston, Coldwater and Bath, and all points in the Maritime Provinces and British Columbia.

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