

Sweet Norine

Dr. Benson bent down and listened intently. Yes, it was some name she was muttering; as his ear became accustomed to the guttural sound, he made out what she was attempting to say—"Norine, little Norine."

Good old Dr. Benson was shocked—shocked beyond all words. He knew of but one Norine, and that one the blacksmith's granddaughter, Norine Gordon, whom every one in the village of Hadley fairly worshipped. If old Esther had struck a knife at his heart, she could not have caused him a deeper, crueler, more intense pain than did that one muttered name on her lips.

While he had been getting his great coat off in the main hall below, old Esther had given him a rapid account of how her mistress happened to be in such a plight. She had ventured out of the house, probably intending to visit Hadley, and had been overcome with the cold just outside the gate, where she would have frozen to death had she not been discovered and brought into the house by a young girl, who had

chanced to be passing.

Old Esther had not mentioned who the young girl was, and it had not occurred to him to inquire at the time.

"I will not—I cannot believe it was little Norine Gordon who found the poor soul, accompanied the sick woman to this room and was at this bedside, alone with Mrs. Barrison when she died, for if I were to think that, it would be to brand the hapless girl with the terrible stigma of a crime."

"No, no, not I cannot be; there must be some hideous mistake. I will seek little Norine at once and find out the truth from her own lips. Great God, she must confess to me what truth, if any, there is in this horrible story."

In answer to his loud call for assistance, in the corridor without, Clifford Carlisle, Miss Austin and old Esther's husband, came flocking quickly to Mrs. Barrison's apartment.

There was a most dramatic scene enacted, which even hoodwinked the doctor, when Carlisle and the young woman beheld, apparently for the first time, the face lying back on the pillow, so white and cold in death.

But the glazed eyes and the mute lips told no tale as Clifford Carlisle bent over them in seeming inconsolable woe, "she cannot be dead," he murmured, "I cannot, I will not believe it! Do something quickly to arouse her—it is but a terrible swoon resembling death. If every drop of my heart's blood is needed to revive her, let me give it, here and now, and quickly."

Dr. Benson was greatly affected by this heroic expression of devotion and intense love.

Miss Austin, too, seemed fairly prostrated with grief, bitter, indeed, to be held.

"My only earthly friend is gone," she sobbed. "Oh, my dear, my dear, my dear, cast out into the world among strangers again, homeless, friendless an orphan! Ah, why was not a forlorn creature like me taken, whom no one in the world would have missed or grieved over, that she might have been dead, if, indeed, God wanted to take to Himself a human life from the world."

Esther's old husband, the good old servant, seemed too dazed to fairly comprehend the calamity that had fallen upon the house in the sudden death of Mrs. Barrison, his mistress.

Dr. Benson left the house a little later in a very grave and troubled mood.

He had made a terrible discovery. Mrs. Barrison had not met her death from natural causes—the discolored face and neck showed an assassin's hand and fatal wound. But who was the guilty party? Who was it who would be benefited by the death of the old reclus? Was there any one who wanted vengeance against her?

For a moment the old doctor paused at the cross roads. Should he go home and turn over the strange affair in his mind until day broke on the morrow, or should he go at once to the old blacksmith's humble cottage and have an earnest talk with Norine? He decided at length upon the former course.

He must think! Ay, he must think long and carefully what he should say to the girl—in what words he should ask her for the truth concerning that night's tragedy. He went directly to the house, where he could never afterward account for, he made up his mind to return to the house of gloom which he had just left and have a talk with the handsome young man who called himself the dead woman's nephew.

CHAPTER XVI.

"I'm tired to-night and something—the wind, maybe, or the rain, or the cry of the bird in the copse outside."

Has brought back the past and its pains, and I feel, as I sit here thinking, That the hand of a dead past June Has caught in its hold my heart's loose strings, And is drawing them up in tune."

Dr. Benson made his way back quickly; no one heard, no one saw him, as he re-entered the house. He went directly toward the drawing-room, where he heard the sound of voices, one of which he recognized as young Mr. Carlisle's—the very person he was in search of.

"Noticed as he approached that the door was ajar, he was just about to tap lightly, to make his presence known, when the sound of his own name on the young man's lips caused him to pause involuntarily.

"As long as Dr. Benson did not make the slightest allusion to the blacksmith's Mrs. Barrison's person, there is no fear that any one else will," remarked Carlisle, sneeringly.

"That is because he was old, and nearly blind; it was just your luck that he did not discover them," returned his companion, whom the doctor recognized as Miss Austin, the deceased woman's late companion, adding, impatiently, "but let us get at the object of this interview, and come to an understanding. Here are the facts:

"I saw you enter Mrs. Barrison's room; I was hidden by the draperies of the bay window, and you did not see me; you thought yourself alone with the sick woman, and you forced her by holding your hands clinched tightly about her neck to sign the will, which made you her heir—the heir of the Barrison millions."

"You did not realize that you were clutching her neck so tightly, and that she would fall back dead as the pen dropped from her fingers."

"Why do you repeat all this to me?" exclaimed Carlisle, hoarsely. "These walls have ears."

"I want to refresh your memory as to the tragic event which has just transpired and to show you that you are so thoroughly in my power that you dare not refuse any terms I may dictate, to insure my silence. You need not be afraid of any overhearing our remarks. Mrs. Barrison will never know the doctor has gone, old Esther has lost her reason and her husband is as deaf as a post, there is no need of uttering what I have to say below my breath."

Carlisle uttered a fierce oath. Unbending it, Miss Florine Austin was on a chair; "And now, regarding my terms, to secure my eternal silence and save you from paying the penalty of your double crime. I demand that you make me your wife. You must share with me the Barrison wealth and the Barrison honors—nothing short of that will answer my purpose."

"What if I refuse?" cried Clifford Carlisle, uttering a still more frightful imprecation.

"I do not for an instant imagine that you will do so; you dare not, realizing you are completely in my power."

For a few moments they gazed steadily into each other's eyes, and Clifford Carlisle realized that he had more than his match in the young woman looking steadily back at him.

"Well, Miss Austin—Florine—I suppose I may as well—there is no use in our quarrelling over the matter. As you say, you can make your own terms, and I must comply; that is all there is about it, and I consent to marry you as soon as I can claim, through the will, the Barrison wealth."

"Once in possession of the property, I will turn it quickly into cash, and we will leave these western wilds and go east to New York, where we can cut considerable of a figure. Do these plans suit you?"

"Perfectly," replied Miss Austin.

Dr. Benson was so startled, so stunned, so completely dumfounded by what he had heard that he stood quite still at the door, almost incapable of thought or action; then suddenly he changed his mind. He had a duty to perform, and a most solemn one; he must hasten to the village and acquaint the authorities with the horrible discovery he had made, that they might take action without delay in bringing Clifford Carlisle to justice.

As he was about to start, he wondered how he could have suspected poor little Norine Gordon even for a single instant.

But, alas, for the cruelty of fate, which is sometimes inexplicable. The good old doctor never reached the village; he had undergone a long and painful journey, and he had, heart disease, suddenly overtook him, and this errand of justice was the last he ever undertook. When morning broke they found him by the roadside, cold and dead.

He died with the terrible discovery he had made looked upon evermore in his pulseless breast.

The old doctor's death produced profound regret in Hadley, but they did not have time to devote much thought to it. As long as the excitement of which was the terrible story of Joe Brainard; how he had been entrusted with a large sum of money as express messenger, and had decamped with the entire amount, placed the excitement of which was the present moment they had not been able to track him down.

The men at the Great Bear Mine were threatening all sorts of vengeance if their wages were not forthcoming without delay. And as many of them were half-breeds, while quite a few were full-blooded Choctaws, the matter looked serious enough to the managers of the mine, as well as to the people of Hadley, which was the nearest village and trading post.

The Indians had been as peaceable for quite a decade past upon their reservations on the plains as their warlike natures would allow. It would take but little more than this to cause an open rebellion among them, and the people of Hadley were well aware of such an outbreak among the Indians would mean to the hapless villagers. For themselves the men cared little, for their hearts were brave, and their arms sturdy and strong, and their aims sure; but when they thought of the hapless women folk and the innocent little children, their faces paled, and their hearts quivered with a fear which they would not put into words as they discussed the situation in the village stores, street corners and in the village stores.

And Joe Brainard's disappearance with the large sum of money had brought this dire calamity down upon them, and fierce and many were the threats freely expressed of the fate he would meet with if they could but track him down.

They would not ask what the law read in his case; they would make a law of their own in short order—ay, they would not even take time to do that. He would be hurried to the first strong-limbed tree, and there expiate his crime—he should be shown no mercy.

The only persons who stoutly refused to believe in his guilt were Daniel Gordon and his wife, Norine, and Joe's poor old heartbroken mother; and even they were fiercely assailed by the neighbors for raising their voices in his defence.

"I shall never believe the lad guilty of taking that money and making off with it, until I am confronted by the most convincing proof," declared the old blacksmith, raising his voice above the mob that had gathered that night to discuss the situation. "I tell you all, I do not believe Joe has made off, taking the company's money. I would stake my heart's blood on his innocence."

A loud, hoarse roar of angry voices hurled bitter words back at him.

The Choctaws and Pawnees were gathering together to advise with their angry comrades at the mines. What the end of it all would be they could only surmise, and the horrible, hoarse cries of vengeance from strong men's lips against Joe Brainard, the cause of it all, grew louder and deeper as the minutes of the law, who had been sent out in all directions, came in one by one, reporting that if the earth had suddenly opened and swallowed him, he could not have disappeared more quickly, more completely, from view.

So great was the excitement in the village that Clifford Carlisle was too cunning to keep his appointment with Norine. He did not show up at the trying place, though the girl was there promptly at the appointed time, and waited long past the hour.

Was her lover ill? Why had he not come to her? she wondered. If she had known where he was stopping she would have gone to him, so great was her anxiety concerning him. She wended her way homeward with the heaviest heart that had ever beaten in her bosom. In that hour Norine realized how much handsome Clifford Carlisle was to her. Without him life and the world would be a blank. If she were to never see him again she would not care to live. Surely he had not gone away without having the answer she had for him, as to whether she would accompany him or not.

"If he has gone from the village I will follow him—ay, follow him to the end of the world!" sobbed Norine, tears falling like rain from her blue eyes, "for I cannot endure life away from him," and when the girl made this resolve she settled her own fate.

(To be continued.)

HAD THEATRE PARTY

E Company Attended Show and Then Had Supper.

E Company, of the 91st Regiment, held its annual theatre party and supper last evening. The soldiers, their wives and sweethearts occupied seats at Bennett's, and after the show repaired to Christopher's restaurant, where a delectable luncheon was served. Lieut. Ebel presided, and Sergt. Smith was toastmaster. The toast list was as follows:

"The King"—"God Save the King."
 "The Commanding Officer and Staff"—Responded to by Col. Logie.
 "The Canadian Militia"—Responded to by Capt. Bell and Capt. Somerville.
 "Our Guests"—Responded to by Gunner Campbell, of the 4th Field Battery; Sergt. Blachford and Corp. Cole, of the Q. O. R.; Sergt. Latmouille and Pte. Fites, of the 48th, Toronto; Sergt. McLennan, Sergt. Hunter and Sergt. Lawson, of the 91st.

Songs were contributed by some of the boys, and were greatly appreciated.

PILES CURED IN 4 TO 14 DAYS.
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 4 to 14 days or money refunded.

SOLDIERS DINE.

E Company of Thirteenth at the Park Hotel.

E Company, of the 13th, held its annual dinner last evening at the Park Hotel. There was a good attendance of the men, and the spread was a fine one. Lieut. Thomson occupied the chair, and Color Sergt. Syme was in the vice-chair. The following toast list was introduced:

"The King"—"God Save the King."
 "The Commanding Officer and Staff"—Responded to by Col. Moore, Major Ross, Capt. Donville, Lieut. Kilgour, Major Herring and Capt. Carter.
 "Canada"—Responded to by Col. Stone-man.
 "Our Guests"—Responded to by Sergt. Jarrett, of the 13th, and Sergt. McCleum, of the 48th.
 "Company Officers"—Responded to by Lieut. Thomson and Lieut. Kilgour.
 "Non-commissioned Officers"—Responded to by Color Sergt. Syme, Sergt. McKenzie and Sergt. McCleum.

The musical portion of the programme was given by Sergt. Jarrett, Color Sergt. Syme, Capt. Carter, and Col. Stone-man.

Major Herring presented the shooting prizes, which were won by Pte. Ferguson, Pte. Evans, Pte. Hunt, Color Sergt. Syme, Pte. Gill, Ptes. Harris, McNulty, McKenzie, Ray and Vincent.

COLDS CAUSE HEADACHE.

LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE cures the cause. Used the world over to cure a Cold in One Day. E. W. Grove's signature on box. 25c.

SHERMAN AVENUE MEN.

A very enthusiastic meeting of men of Sherman Avenue Presbyterian Church was held on Monday evening, when it was resolved to form a men's society. The object of the society is to render self help and mutual improvement to men generally in the east end of the city, and also to further the social work of the church. The following were appointed officers:

Honorary President—Rev. Roy Van Wyck.
 President—P. Elder.
 First Vice-President—P. Taylor.
 Second Vice-President—J. Braid.
 Treasurer—M. Swales.
 Secretary—D. R. Knox.

THE HOUSEHOLD SURGEON.

ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL. 25c. PORTER'S

COURT SAYS HE IS DEAD.

English Surgeon Disappeared in 1780, and Not Heard of Since.

London, March 6.—An application was made before Sir Gorell Barnes in the probate division recently by Mr. George Murray, on behalf of the administrator of the estate of the late Miss Rebecca Pulteney, who died in 1833, for leave to presume the death of her father, Charles Spoke Pulteney, as having occurred in 1780.

GRIMSBY AND BEAMSVILLE.

Honored Citizens of Beamsville Coming to Hamilton to Live.

Fruit-Growers Enthusiastic Over the Recent Institute.

Selection of School Site Has Not Yet Been Made.

Beamsville, March 7.—(Special)—Mrs. Fairfield was visiting friends in Hamilton, on Thursday and Friday.

Mr. Finney, of Ottawa, was a guest at Inverurie during the week end.

W. D. Fairbrother was in Toronto on Monday.

Miss Sinclair spent a few days in St. Kitts, this week.

P. P. Murphy, that good sport, left for his home in London on Wednesday. Pat's genial presence will be much missed in many walks of everyday doings.

C. C. Macintyre is laid up in a Toronto hospital with blood poisoning.

Gerard Palmer has returned here from Hamilton.

Mrs. William Andrews and her infant, in company with Miss Lockwood, were driving into town on Tuesday afternoon, when they were thrown out of the cutter, the horse becoming frightened by an automobile. The child rolled out of the car, but Mrs. Andrews received a bad cut near the temple from the horse's hoof. She is wondering how they got off so easily. The auto went merrily on its way.

Miss Viola Hendershott is located as milliner in one of the St. Thomas dry goods houses for this season, and Miss Myrtle Garbutt is in Leicester.

There will be a social evening coming Friday in the Presbyterian Church. An attractive programme is being arranged, and refreshments will be served after the entertainment. The ladies will no doubt give all who attend a pleasant time.

It is many a long year since Beamsville has witnessed the removal of such excellent citizens as Mrs. Brine and her family, who went to Hamilton on Tuesday. The family had practically lived in town all their lives, and their going leaves not only a vacancy in social circles, but in everything that pertained to church and charitable affairs. Although their best friends were loath to see them go, they are sending their best wishes along to the new home at 229 Herkimer street, with the feeling "That better world ye canna be. Will ye no' come back again."

Willie Gibson has been transferred from his position on the H. C. & B. cars to a position in the freight department, under Mr. A. Orr.

Several loads of merry makers went over to Camden on Tuesday night, to help along the good work of the people of that parish in their efforts to raise a sum of money for the (Children's) Hospital in Toronto. Quite a tidy sum was taken in at the entertainment and social.

A great many of the fruit men are already putting in their stocks of crates and baskets.

Miss Annie Scott, of Power Glen, is the guest of Miss G. Coose.

Rev. J. Truxy will preach the anniversary services on the Smithville circuit Sunday evening, Rev. D. Dancy will fill the vacancy here.

Mr. John Ritchie has returned to the Parry Sound district. Mr. Geo. Gromes went along.

Miss Mabel Walker is home, after an extended visit to Ontario.

The Pressing Company has raised the contract price for tomatoes 25c, making it now 27 1/2c. per bushel.

Mont. Henry has been transferred from the head office of the Imperial Bank, Toronto, to the Amherstburg office.

The Mans. of Hamilton, was in town on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Jerome and Miss Alderidge, of Hamilton, were guests of W. and Mrs. Jerome over Saturday.

The infant son of the late Wm. Amis was laid to rest on the Ontario General Burial Ground on Saturday. The widow and friends have the sympathy of the community in their affliction.

The following sums have been collected and acknowledged by the Bible Society: Miss Southward, \$5; Miss Corbett, \$4.25; Miss Bertha Lane, \$2.70; Miss R. Wilcox, \$3; Miss R. Tufford, \$12.50; Misses Raine, \$14.95; Miss Fenwick, \$21.25; a total of \$64.35.

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AT R. MCKAY & CO'S., MONDAY, MARCH 9th, 1908.

HAMILTON'S MOST PROGRESSIVE STORE

Splendid Showing of the Newest Spring Materials

And at Special Monday Sale Prices

Of course you are interested in the new spring styles and we take pleasure in announcing that our stocks in every department of the store are almost complete—comprising one of the largest and most select assortments ever carried by the MCKAY STORE. Come in on Monday and pass your opinion upon the new arrivals, many of which you will also find on sale very much reduced—For instance, THE GREAT SILK SALE, MANUFACTURER'S ENDS OF FINE EMBROIDERIES, WONDERFUL REDUCTIONS IN THE NEW SPRING DRESS GOODS.

THE FIRST DAY OF OUR EARLY SPRING SALE OF CARPETS AND RUGS.

Immense Monday Sale of Women's and Children's Fine Hosiery

Worth 40c, Regular Sale Price 23c Pair

This is by all means one of the best Hosiery Sales of the year, consisting of a manufacturer's whole stock. They needed the money, and it goes without saying that we got the entire line at our own price. They are of good weight, full fashioned, two in one rib. Lay in your stock when you can buy at these prices. On sale at 23c pair

New Ribbons on Sale

Regular 29c, Sale Price 19c Yard

4 1/2 and 5 inches wide Chiffon, Taffeta and Satin Duchess Ribbons in all the newest shades for spring. Monday sale price 19c yard

Latest in Separate Veils

Worth Regularly \$1.50, Sale Price 98c

Novelty French Veils in brown, tan, navys, green and black. Handsome ribbon and chenille borders. Monday sale price 98c

Extraordinary Showing and Sale of Tailor-made Suits

AN INTERESTING FEATURE OF OUR READY-TO-WEAR DEPARTMENT, and one that contributes in no small measure to its popularity is its ever changing newness. New and exclusive designs in Suits, Coats, Skirts and Silk Dresses are constantly arriving from the best of manufacturers, thus enabling us to offer at all times the broadest selections and best values.

We are showing handsome Tailor-Made Suits from \$13.50 to \$50, all new and up-to-date models.

A very large assortment of Covert Coats, prices ranging from \$4.95 to \$20.00

SILK SHIRT WAIST SUITS FROM \$10.50 TO \$13.00

TAILORED AND FANCY SKIRTS \$2.95 to \$3.00

CHILDREN'S REEFERS, ASSORTMENT IS VERY LARGE, \$2.95 to \$7.50

HANDSOME SILK COATS \$13.50 to \$75

Great Black Silk Sale

By taking advantage of this sale Monday means a saving of over one-third on the proper values of these Silks, all high grade, warranted qualities, in the new Messalines, Louisines, Peau de Soie, Grosgrain, Paillettes, Taffetas, etc., worth up to \$1.60 yd., on sale at 69 and 89c yard

Extraordinary Values for Monday in the Dress Goods Section

Monday will be your last chance to secure a Dress Length of this season's most fashionable and desirable cloths. In the lot you will find Volles, Crepe de Chine, Silk Etonnages, Panamas, Melrose and many other wanted and desirable wools, in lengths of 6 yards up to 9 yards each. These fine materials were purchased at one-half their regular value, worth up to \$1.50 a yard, on sale Monday at 79c

51 Satin Amazons, Monday Sale Price 89c

This is a fine lightweight cloth, with a permanent finish, will make a very stylish and serviceable spring suit. New shades of Copenhagen, tans, browns, navies, greens, greys and black, our regular \$1 cloth, Monday sale price 89c

85c Panamas Specially Priced for Monday at 69c

This is a fine lightweight cloth, with a permanent finish, will make a very stylish and serviceable spring suit. New shades of Copenhagen, tans, browns, navies, greens, greys and black, our regular \$1 cloth, Monday sale price 89c

The New Waists on Sale Monday

THIRD FLOOR

\$2.00 Waists for \$1.19 Fine Persian Lawn Waists, made with pin-tucked yoke back and front, embroidery collar and cuffs, worth regular \$2.25, March special \$1.19

\$2.25 Waists for \$1.49 Dainty New Persian Lawn Waists, made with pin-tucked yoke and trimmed with Swiss insertion, embroidery collar and cuffs, worth regular \$2.25, Monday special \$1.49

Flannelette 10c White Flannelette, soft, warm finish, wide width, regular 12 1/2c. Monday 10c yd.

Towels 15c Huck Towels, hemmed and fringed, large size, firm, absorbent weave, special 15c each

R. MCKAY & CO.

UNCANNY JEWEL HUNT.

Clairevoyants Consulted in Regard to Dublin Affair.

Dublin, March 6.—A blue-book of 80 pages has been published, giving the evidence taken before the Vice-Regal Commission which inquired into the loss of the Crown jewels at Dublin. From this it appears that Sir Arthur Vicars, who as Ulster King-of-Arms was responsible for the safekeeping of the jewels, consulted clairvoyants during his search for the missing treasure.

In consequence of statements made to him by one clairvoyant Sir Arthur and two policemen made a careful search in cemeteries at Clonsilla and Mulhuddart. The clairvoyant, an Italian woman from the Irish Exhibition, had told him that the jewels were concealed near a tombstone not far from the entrance of an old disused churchyard in the direction of Clonsilla. The search, however, failed to reveal any trace of them.

Another clairvoyant communicated direct with Scotland Yard. She was the wife of a gentleman of high repute in Great Malvern. She had had a vision, or thought she had one, and in it saw the words "Hadley street, Dublin." She at once had a telegram sent to Scotland Yard, saying, "Jewels are in a box, 9 Hadley street, Dublin."

BACTERIA IN MILK.

Over 35,000,000 to the Cubic Centimeter in New York.

Washington, D.C., March 6.—Surgeon-General Walter Wyman of the public health service to-day submitted to Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou a "report of milk in its relation to public health." Dr. Wyman declares that ideal milk of a healthy color drawn from a cow and preserved from contamination is not the milk of commerce, and he cites the fact that samples of market milk in New York showed 35,200,000 bacteria to the cubic centimeter, and London 31,888,000. Dr. Fager, he says, "gives figures to prove that the high infantile mortality may be attributed almost entirely to impure milk."

Granary Robbed.

Strathroy, March 6.—When Norman Brock, a young farmer, residing about four miles north of here, looked into his granary this morning he was surprised to find it nearly empty. He had about 800 worth of wheat on hand, which he intended selling on the local market, but thieves had taken all but enough for his own use. Mr. Brock's granary has been robbed before.

Suffragettes' New Device.

London, March 6.—The latest device of the Suffragettes is a kite, from which hangs a banner inscribed "Votes for Women." It is kept flying over the Houses of Parliament.

South Perth Conservatives have nominated Dr. Steele for the Commons.

"GIVE ME TIME."

Plea of Vito Nicoli Charged With Murder at Montreal.

Montreal, March 6.—When Vito Nicoli, the Italian who is charged with the murder of Antonio Luca, appeared before Mr. Lafontaine, Police Magistrate, this morning the only plea that he would make was "Give me time to get a lawyer. If I ever get out of this scrape I'll never fight again; I'll be quiet, quiet man all my life." The enquete has been fixed for March 12.

OUT FOR PRESIDENT.

Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, a Democratic Nominee.

St. Paul, March 6.—The Democratic State Committee of Minnesota to-day, after a bitter fight, adopted a resolution endorsing Governor John A. Johnson of Minnesota for the Democratic Presidential nomination and recommending that he be named by the National convention at Denver next July.

The action of the committee to-day is held by political leaders as placing the Governor in the race for the Democratic Presidential nomination.

Dewet's Nephew Married at Winnipeg.

Winnipeg, March 6.—C. R. Dewet, nephew of the famous Boer General, now a farmer near Deloraine, was married here yesterday to Miss Maud Tasker, who came from South Africa to meet him.

Muskoka Liberals have nominated Mr. Angus Morrison for the Commons, and Mr. Aldus Sailer for the Legislature.

The Type of Perfection.

Perfection does not mean any extraordinary service. By perfect we mean that which has no flaws in it. In pianos, perfection is reached in the famous New Scale Williams Piano—the favorite in Canadian homes.

G. W. Carey 50 King Street West.

Drunk Man's Crime.

Avon, Conn., March 6.—Coming home in a drunken frenzy, John J. Lynde, 29 years old, shot and instantly killed his mother-in-law and fatally wounded his wife, and finally put a bullet in his head, killing himself instantly.

Eleven Hundred Miles by Dog Train.

Gimli, Man., March 6.—William Beach and wife, the first white settlers west of Churchill River, arrived here yesterday after 1,100 miles by dog train. He is a Hudson Bay courier and is twenty-three days late, the delay being caused by open water on the Nelson river.

Dr. Benson bent down and listened intently. Yes, it was some name she was muttering; as his ear became accustomed to the guttural sound, he made out what she was attempting to say—"Norine, little Norine."

Good old Dr. Benson was shocked—shocked beyond all words. He knew of but one Norine, and that one the blacksmith's granddaughter, Norine Gordon, whom every one in the village of Hadley fairly worshipped. If old Esther had struck a knife at his heart, she could not have caused him a deeper, crueler, more intense pain than did that one muttered name on her lips.

While he had been getting his great coat off in the main hall below, old Esther had given him a rapid account of how her mistress happened to be in such a plight. She had ventured out of the house, probably intending to visit Hadley, and had been overcome with the cold just outside the gate, where she would have frozen to death had she not been discovered and brought into the house by a young girl, who had

chanced to be passing.

Old Esther had not mentioned who the young girl was, and it had not occurred to him to inquire at the time.

"I will not—I cannot believe it was little Norine Gordon who found the poor soul, accompanied the sick woman to this room and was at this bedside, alone with Mrs. Barrison when she died, for if I were to think that, it would be to brand the hapless girl with the terrible stigma of a crime."

"No, no, not I cannot be; there must be some hideous mistake. I will seek little Norine at once and find out the truth from her own lips. Great God, she must confess to me what truth, if any, there is in this horrible story."

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