Sweet Norine

"About to shuffle off this mortal coil at last, is she?" he cried. "Good luck seems to come in a bunch," he muttered, as he turned on his heel away from his valet and entered the house.

In the wide entrance hall he paused, wondering if it would be best to steal up to his room without attracting attention, or to go directly up to Mrs. Barrisn's apartment, saying that he had been out to mail a letter or some equally feasible excuse for not hurrying sooner to her presence, for, of course, they must have been to his room to call him to her bedside.

He found Mrs. Barrison lying upon her bed, her face white as it would ever e in death, while old Esther stood by the bedside, wringing her hands in the most intense grief and muttering strange, unintelligible words which Carlisel could not quite catch.

"What in the world is the difficulty, dear Aunt Frances?" he exclaimed, in a well-simulated tone of alarm, as he sprang quickly to the bedside and bent over the sick woman.

Was it only his fancy that she shrank from him, growing icy cold under his touch, and that there was an expression of intense horror in the steadfast gaze of the dark, burning eyes flaring upinto his own?

"Why don't you speak, dearest aunt?" he murmured. "I beg of you, do not keep your loving nephew in such excruciating suspense!"

"She can't speak to you," exclaimed old Esther, be ginning to sob afresh. "Don't you see that she is paralyzed."

Somehow, she could not tell him how it happened; she never knew how it was that she yielded to the sudden resolve to keep her mistress' strange escapade from this young man.

With her unerring judgment, she plainly saw that Clifford Carlisle's interest in Mrs. Barrison's welfare was only assumed.

"He expects to be heir to all her wealth," thought old Esther, "and I would not be surprised if he would only be too glad if the poor old soul would die and the soner the better pleased he would be."

CHAPTER XIV.

No, old Esther could not bring herself to tell Clifford Carlisle that her hapless mistress had been out in the cold and storm of that awful night—that she had crossed the threshold for the first time in many years.

Perhaps her mistress might not wish it told.

Clifford Carlisle did not think to ask how this state of affairs had come about he was so busy calculating what the result of her present indisposition would be. Paralyzed! Well, it would be a miracle, he told himself, if she ever recovered from that.

There was one thing he must attend to, he promised himself, and that, too, before many hours should elapse—the signing of the will.

He took advantage of old Esther's momentary absence to whisper in the sick woman's ear:

"Dear Aunt Barrison, is there anything you would like me to attend to in this hour for you—any papers you would like me to look for in your writing desk to sign? I do not wish to alarm you unnecessarily, but when a sudden illness comes to any of us it is always wisest and best to attend to anything of importance which we have left undone, such as, perhaps, the signing of a will, or anything of that kind. You have only to clasp my hands, ever so slightly, to signify that you agree with me and wish me to bring you any such papers that may be in your desk."

As he spoke, he bent over her, but he was scarcely prepared for the surprise he met with, for with all her strength, she suddenly sprang forward, grasped him by the shoulders, flinging him from her in a veritable frenzy of madness, her features working convulsively in her wild effort to speak, great flecks of foam oozing from her rigid lips.

If eyes could kill, Clifford Carlisle would have lain dead, slain by the horrible fire in the eyes that glared at him so luridly.

He picked himself up with a muttered curse.

"Let me think what to do," he mut- "For some reason you have changed toward me. You liked me this afternoon; to-night, for some unaccountable reason, you hate me. Is it not so?"

Frances Barrison nodded her head vigorously.

He stood quite still and looked down at her, baffled hopes and intense rage plainly stamped on his contorted face.

"Let met hink what to do," he muttered. "Ah, I will take some strong brandy; there is nothing like it for fortifying a man's brain in a time like this."

Turning suddenly on his heel, he quitted the room, striding up to his own apartment, each moment his mood growing fiercer.

He was more than puzzled at the change in Frances Barrison, wondering vaguely how it had come about, and saying to himself there was no accounting, any way, for the caprices of a woman, and especially these rich old women, who were pampered by every one with whom they came in contact because of the gold they could leave behind them.

Carlisle had no sooner entered his apartment and touched a match to the taper on the mantel than he beheld the folded paper lying beside the grate.

"What in the world is this?" he muttered. "I though I was too clever to leave my private papers lying around."

A cold draught of air brought him to a sudden realization that he must have left the window open when he had raised it and looked out to see if it was still snowing.

He shut it down with a bang, then crossed over to the table and picked up the folded paper again—the other paper, which the wind had tossed under his couch, escaping his keen eyes.

He opened the folded sheet carelessly enough, but as his glance fell upon it, an exclamation of intense surprise broke from his lips.

"Frances Barrison's will making me her heir!" he cried, hoarsely. "All complete save the signing of her name to the document!

"How came it here in my room? She must have brought it here, of course; just why, I cannot for the life of me imagine—her ways of doing things are so very eccentric. It stands to reason she must have dropped it unintentionally.

"She must have been spying through my effects to see what she could find. If she did, by the Lord Harry, she came across that bundle of letters from those jolly little burlesque actresses of New York, to say nothing of that list of gambling debts and what not. Lord! what a fool I have been to keep such things, instead of consigning them to the flames, where they could tell no tales.

"Of course, that's what's the matter with the old lady; she's learned my true character, the shock of which fairly paralyzed her into dumbness, and now she has changed her intention about making me her heir.

"We'll see about that!" he exclaimed, grinding out a savage oath from between his white teeth.

"There was a very demon in his sneer,
That woke emotions of both hope and fear:
But where his scowl of hatred drakly fell,
Hope, withering, fled—and mercy sighed farewell."

With the will clinched tightly in his hand, he quickly retraced his steps toward the sick chamber on the floor below.

"What is to be done must be done quickly," he muttered. "The doctor they have sent for may arrive at any moment—at any moment."

The sick woman lay in exactly the same position in which she had fallen back upon the pillow, but in her eyes there burned a light so flaming, so lurid, so baneful, that even Clifford Carlisle, daring trickster though he was, quailed before it as a condemned criminal quails before the glare of the stern judge in whose eyes he reads the fate that has been decided for him—a prison cell or death. Yes, that and more Clifford Carlisle read in the burning eyes fastened upon him.

He approached the bed quickly, holding up the will in his right hand.

"I found this in my room," he whispered, hoarsely, holding it up before her startled gaze. "Now, the question is, do you intend to sign this or not? If you mean to do so, and wish me to fetch you a pen, you can signify your willingness by nodding; if you mean no, shake your head."

Frances Barrison shook her head to and fro with all the energy she possessed, her burning eyes, that seemed to scorch down to his very soul, fixed upon him strangely.

"Do I understand that you refuse to carry out your compact, after leading me to expect al these years that I was to be your heir?" he cried, hoarsely.

Mrs. Barrison nodded a deliberate "Yes."

A cry of intense rage broke from his lips.

"By heaven, I shall see about that!" he cried, hoarsely. "Do you think I shall submit to such a thing—allow the whim of a doting old woman like you to stand between me and a fortune? No, I guess not! You shall sign this paper, and in a hurry, too—by fair means or your life will pay the penalty."

As he uttered the words, he seized the plen from the little writing table close by the couch, dipped it into the ink and forced it into her rigid hand.

"Sign!" he hissed, thrusting the paper before her. "Don't try to intimate that you have lost the use of your hands. I might have believed it if you had not made such use of your claw-like hands a moment since in hurling me from you with the force of a veritable tigress. Sign, I say, and quick, d—n you."

As he uttered the words, his white hands caught her throat and the fingers of steel gripped tightly about it.

All of Frances Barrison's strength seemed to have expended itself in that one frantic effort to hurl him from her, and in that emphatic nodding of the head expressing her refusal to sign the will making him heir to the Barrison millions. Her stiffening fingers seemed glued to the pen that had been thrust into them.

"Sign!" hissed the horrible voice of the fiend incarnate in her ear, the steel-like grasp tightening about the quivering throat.

Every nerve in the woman's body was strained to its utmost tension.

She knew the villain he was—a rascal of the deepest dye—a highwayman and a murderer, and she knew, God help her, that her poor, frail life was nothing to this man if it came between him and his design. She must sign the paper giving him the Barrison fortune, or die, and even to the dying life is so sweet—so sweet. Her fingers caught the pen spasmodically—a few strokes from it, and the cruel deed was done.

CHAPTER XV.

"One stroke of the pen and the deed has been done which makes me heir of the Barrison millions," he muttered, in wild triumph, as he seized the document.

There was a slight rustle behind him. Carlisle turned about with a guilty cry of ear, his hand suddenly relaxing its hold from the person of Mrs. Barrison, and found himself face to face with Miss Austin.

He attempted to speak, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He stepped backward, his eyes fairly bursting from their sockets.

How long had she been standing there? What had she seen and heard?

As if in answer to these unspoken thoughts, she said, slowly:

"I have witnessed all that has just transpired, Mr. Clifford Carlisle. Not only the forcing of Mrs. Barrison to sign the will, but the act which brands you a murderer."

She had stepped nearer him and whispered the horrible word shrilly and distinctly in his startled ear.

"Do not attempt to deny it or set up any defense," she said, pointing to the face that lay back, stark and ashen, against the no whiter pillow, adding: "Now, the question is, does the heir of the Barrison wealth desire to make terms with me to forever hold my peace, or shall I sell my knowledge——"

He sprang forward and caught her by the arm in a firm, vise-like grasp, exclaiming, hoarsely:

"Hush! Not another word now! footsteps are hurriedly approaching. We must not be found at her bedside, neither of us. Yes, yes, I will make any terms with you that you like."

As he uttered the words, he dragged her across the room and thrust her through an open door that led out into a rear hallway, leading to the floor above, following her and closing the door hurriedly after him.

But not an instant too soon, for the other door was flung hastily open, and old Esther ushered in the village doctor.

One glance and his practiced eye told him that all earthly aid was over for Frances Barrison.

Old Esther saw what had happened at that self-same instant, and a piercing cry broke from her lips.

"Oh, doctor, is she dead?" she gasped, commencing to wring her hands wildly. "Tell me that she is not, for the love of heaven!" she shrieked.

"Calm yourself, my good soul," replied the doctor. "I wish I could tell you differently, but I cannot. Your mistress is dead. I have reached her bedside too late!".

Old Esther's grief was pitiful to behold. Eccentric as Mrs. Barison had been, this faithful creature loved her with all her heart, and her sudden demise was a grief so terrible that the old doctor feared very much that her heart would break then and there, or that she would lose her reason.

But even while this thought drifted through his mind, the latter calamity fell upon poor, hapless old Esther. The cries died away on her lips, giving place to wild, weird bursts of laughter, far more pathetic than the deepest grief could have been.

Dr. Benson was about to turn away to summon whoever else might be in the house, when suddenly a sight met his gaze that held him fairly spellbound—rooted to the spot.

He bent breathlessly over the rigid form on the bed, his keen grey eyes scrutinizing closely the faint discolored streaks, the outline of long, thing fingers that encircled the throat.

"Esther," he exclaimed, abruptly, "you were just telling me that you left your mistress' couch to answer my ring at the bell. Now, answer me this question: "Who did you leave behind you at this bedside? Try to comprehend what I am saying to you, and answer me."

She looked up into his face with a vacant stare, but her lips were uttering some name as though she realized dimly the import of his questioning.

(To be continued.)

To cure a cold in one night—use Vapo-Cresoline. It has been used extensively during more than twenty-four years. All druggists.

WRONG MAN.

A TORONTO WOMAN'S MISTAKE AT DETROIT.

Mrs. Walpole Had Man of Same Name as Her Husband Arrested, Charging Him With Non-Support— Wanted Warrant Charging Bigamy.

Detroit, Mich., March 5.—Eight years ago Thomas Edward Walpole married in Ontario, and three years ago deserted his wife in Toronto, taking with him their baby boy. Mr. Walpole trailed him over a large part of Ontario, and then, suspecting that he was in Detroit, came here two weeks ago. She learned, by accident, of an Edward Walpole on the west side of the city, and without attempting to see him or verify her suspicion went to the Police Court and secured a warrant, charging Walpole with non-support.

He was taken into court, and, still without having been seen by the Toronto woman, his trial was set for next Monday. Without waiting the outcome of this warrant Mrs. Walpole tried to secure another warrant charging bigamy. The justice refused it on the slight evidence that she presented until the police had investigated the case.

Yesterday officers accompanied by Mrs. Walpole visited the Detroit Walpole's home. Here the evidence was indisputable that the Toronto woman had been following the wrong man.

The Detroit Walpole had lived here twenty-five years, and is a considerably older man that the Toronto Walpole. The Detroit man will be honorably discharged by the court on Monday. The Toronto Mrs. Walpole is still here.

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

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

HIS NEW DUTIES.

GEN. OTTER TO BECOME CHIEF OF STAFF.

Offer of the Command at Aldershot Refused—Gen. Lake Will Fill the Position of Inspector-General Temporarily, and Report on All Military Units.

Ottawa, March 5.—Brigadier-General Otter has declined the offer of the Imperial War Office to take command of the fifth infantry brigade at Aldershot from May 1 next, and will instead come to the headquarters staff at Ottawa, where his ability and experience in military matters will be made adequately available for the benefit of the militia of Canada.

Major-General Lake's term of command in Canada as Chief of Staff expires in November next. During his tenure of the position he has inaugurated many reforms in connection with the militia service and the department is now organized on a well-thought-out and adequate basis. It is understood that for the last six months or so of his time in this country General Lake will be given the position of Inspector-General, with a view of his making a thorough inspection of all the military units in the service, offering criticisms as to the defects n carrying out the system he has established, making suggestions as to possible improvements, etc. The position of Inspector-General is now vacant, owing to the death of Brigadier-General Vidal.

General Otter will, according to the proposed plan, become Chief-of-Staff in succession to Major-General Lake, thus realizing what has long been contemplated—namely, the appointment of a Canadian to the chief command of the militia forces of the Dominion.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Hamilton's Headquarters

For shaving supplies is Gerrie's Drug Store, 32 James street north. Most complete stock, including Gillette razors, $5. Gem safety, $2.50. Witch safety, $1.50. Ever-ready safety, $1. King Shaver and carbo-magnetic (best sold), $2. King Cutter, $1.25, and many other kinds. Also razor hones, clippers, Adonis Hed-Rub, June clover and an immense stock of high-grade razor strops.

AT R. McKAY & CO'S., SATURDAY, MARCH 7th, 1908

HAMILTON'S MOST PROGRESSIVE STORE

A Convincing Saturday Sale Bulletin

Picked From One of the Largest and Best Stocks Ever Brought Into Hamilton

The new spring materials have the call now and this progressive store, HAMILTON'S BEST, is just bubbling over from top to bottom with everything that is new and pretty for the spring season, 1908. To-morrow we are going to demonstrate to you our enormous buying powers by offering to you bargains in the newest of spring merchandise that will appeal to you just at the starting of another season. Read this splendid list carefully and come first thing in the morning so that you might share in these undervalues in the newest spring wearables.

Here's Three Big Sales Now Going On:

Our Great Annual Sale of Fine Silks

And positively one of the most appropriate sales that we have ever held, coming as it does just at the time when you require Silks most; on sale in many cases at less than half regular.

The Big Sale of Manufacturers' Ends of Fine Embroideries

It's just your opportunity to lay in your spring stock when you can buy for such little money. Including Allovers, Hemstiched Skirtings, Corset Cover Embroidery and Fine Cambric Edgings, 2 to 12 inches wide; on sale to-morrow from 3c up to 39c per yard.

Manufacturers' Ends of Black Dress Goods, Worth Up to $1.50 per Yd., Sale Price 89c

This is one of the most desirable sales of lovely fine Dress Materials ever offered to the women of Hamilton. On sale in lengths from 6 yards up to 9 yards in each. Including ends of all this season's popular materials at per yard **89¢**.

DON'T OVERLOOK THESE SPLENDID SATURDAY-BUYING OPPORTUNITIES.

Black Silk Sale Starts To-morrow

To-morrow and Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week, we will place on sale values in Black Silks never before equalled in our history—Silks that are Silks, and in every fashionable weave. The sale prices shown below are only a few hints of the enticing nature of this enormous sale:

$1.50 full yard wide French Taffeta, for suits and dresses, sale price **98c**

85c French Messaline, with a lovely and rich finish, sale price ... **57c**

$1.35 French Messaline, none better, and fully warranted, sale price **89c**

85c Louisine, French dye and finish, sale price ... **59c**

Manufacturer's Sale of Fine Covert Coats

MATCHLESS VALUES

On Saturday Morning at Nine o'Clock We Will Offer 25 Fawn Covert Cloth Coats at - - $4.98

They are made of excellent quality Covert Cloth, are beautifully tailored and stitched, coat sleeve, beautiful fitting garments, all new, up-to-date styles. They are worth $6.00. As a leader on Saturday at .. **$4.98**

Tailor Made Suits $14.98

Handsome suits of stripe and check materials. Jackets are the latest style, all handsomely strapped, lined with silk. Skirts are the latest cut. A smartly fashioned suit, and great value. Regularly $22.50, special at .. **$14.98**

Tourist Coats $4.98

A splendid assortment in light and dark colors. Styles are very good. These Coats make excellent travelling wraps. They are worth $8.50 and $9.00. On sale Saturday morning at 9 o'clock at ... **$4.98**

Panama Skirts $2.98

Navy and Black Panama skirts, all new spring styles, tucked and trimmed with folds, all walking lengths. These Skirts are worth $4.25, very special Saturday only at ... **$2.98**

McKay's for Dress Goods

Come to-morrow to this grand department of the MacKay store and inspect one of the largest and best selected stock we have ever shown, stock is now complete with all the very latest weaves, new colors and scores of exclusive novelties. To-morrow will be a good day to make your selections while the assortment is complete. Below we mention some remarkably low prices on new spring Dress materials.

$1.00 Shadow Check All Wool Crepe de Chines 59c

This is a special purchase of 46 inches, pure all wool Crepe de Chine, with a self colored over-check, splendid material for a stylish Dress Goods, shades of brown, grey, green and fawn, and black, regular $1 quality, on sale to-morrow at nearly half price.. ... **59c**

65c Pure All Wool French Venetians for 47c

For to-morrow only we place on sale pure all wool French Venetians in good shades of navies, browns, greens, reds and black, come to-morrow early and get your share of this great bargain. Our regular 65c line, on sale for to-morrow only at **47c**

85c Black All Wool French Voiles, 48 Inches Wide, for 59c

Two pieces more of that 48 inch all pure wool French Voile in a nice bright black. The season's most favorite material for a dressy gown or separate skirt; don't overlook this great buying chance. Our regular 85c quality, on sale to-morrow at **59c**

85c Cream Serges and Panamas for To-morrow Only 65c

Just at the wanted time we place on sale new cream Panamas and Serges in plain and shadow stripes, guaranteed perfect washing materials, 44 and 46 inches wide and worth 85c. Our price to-morrow **65c**

Marvellous Bargains in New White Lawn Waists and Moire Underskirts

THIRD FLOOR

$2.25 Blouses for $1.49

Fine new White Lawn Waists, made with Valenciennes yoke, Swiss allover below yoke, baby back; worth regularly $2.25, Saturday's sale price only **$1.49** ... **$2.49**

$3.25 Blouses for $2.49

Dainty Persian Lawn Waists, made with fine pin tucked yoke, and trimmed with embroidery and Valenciennes lace, embroidery collar and cuffs; worth regular $3.25, Saturday's sale price ..

$2.00 Underskirts for 98c

Five dozen of Moire Underskirts, made of superior quality; deep accordeon pleated flounce, and finished with frill; in navy, brown and black; worth regular $2.00, Saturday's sale price ... **98c**

Specials in the Baby Department

75c Dresses for 49c

Children's Pale Blue Print Dresses, made with trimmed yoke, in sizes 1, 2 and 3, worth regular 75c, Saturday for ... **49c**

$1 Wool Jackets for 49c

Infants' White Wool Crochet Jackets, made with yoke, full sleeve; worth regular $1.00, Saturday's sale price .. **49c**

Specials in the Glove Department

Celebrated Trefousse Kid Gloves, 12 Button Length, $2.59 Pair

Sole agents for the celebrated Trefousse Kid Gloves, a fine French skin in glace, come in tan, brown, grey, ivory, myrtle, old rose, red, champagne, black, white, every pair guaranteed and fitted, regular $3.25, for **$2.69** pr.

Celebrated Trefousse Kid Gloves, 16 Button Length, $2.79 Pair

All the leading shades in Trefousse, fine glace kid gloves in 16 button length, also black and white, every pair guaranteed and fitted, regular $3.50 for **$2.79**

Spring Shades in Long Silk Gloves 98c Pair

Heavy Milanese Silk Gloves in full elbow length, Jersy wrist or buttons, come in tans, browns, greys, navies, pink, sky, grey, black, white and cream, all sizes, double tip fingers, regular $1.50, for ... ... **98c** pair

Fine Cashmere Gloves 29c Pair

Fine all wool Cashmere Gloves in all leading shades, including black and white, some silk lined, two domes, a splendid glove for early spring wear, our regular 50c, for **29c**

Fine Cashmere Gloves at 19c Pair

Clearing line of fine Cashmere Gloves in all colors and sizes, Jersey wrist and domes, regular 25 and 35c pair, clearing at ... ... **19c** pair

Bargains for Men

Great Purchase and Sale of Men's Ties, Worth Regular 50c and 75c, for 35c Each

35 dozen Men's Fine Silk Ties go on sale to-morrow at a price that will command big selling in this section. Swell new and up to date Ties; the correct cut for spring, that you will pay double the price that we are asking for them in other stores. On sale to-morrow. Regular 50 and 75c values, for ... ... **35c each**

200 Wash Vests on Sale, Reg. Up to $1.50 Each, Sale Price 69c

Another sale of splendid Wash Vests to-morrow. We will not dwell on this bargain. Come and see.

Men's $1.00 Scotch Wool Underwear for 59c

This is a big Saturday bargain in fine Scotch Wool Underwear. Sale price ... ... **59c each**

Saturday White Wear Specials

85c Corset Covers for 49c

Ladies' fine Nainsook Covers, full front, lace yoke, beading and edging at neck and sleeves, regular 85c, Saturday **49c**

$1.50 Skirts for 98c

Ladies' Cambric Skirts, with deep flounce, trimmed with torchon insertion, protected by dust frill, regular $1.50, Saturday **98c**

$2.25 Dresses for 98c

Children's Dresses, in Buster and French full skirt., with deep hem, trimmed with stitching and braid, regular $2.25, Saturday **98c**

Great Saving Values In Housefurnshings.

49c Window Shades for 29c

A big clearing sale of Window Shades will be held Saturday, when we will offer six different colors, viz.: Light, mid and dark green, light and dark cream, also White Shades, measuring 37 inches wide x 72 inches long, at a great clearing price of, Saturday **29c**

$5.00 Lace Curtains to be Sold at $2.78

300 pairs of best English Lace Curtains, which are 54 and 60 inches wide and 3½ yards long, all new designs and made on best double thread net and finished with fine, hard cord edge, regular selling price $5.00, Saturday **$2.78**

$2.50 Lace Curtains for $1.68

140 pair Cable Net Lace Curtains, in white or cream, 3 or 3½ yards long, all double thread net, a very serviceable Curtain in every way, regular value $2.50, Saturday **$1.68**

35c Art Cretonnes for 18c

We are making the largest display of French and English Curtains ever shown at the price in Hamilton. Our new patterns, which have just arrived, are the latest and prettiest ever offered at so low a price, and it will be of interest to any one desiring to cover a bedroom, box or cosy corner, or make loose covers for furniture, dainty bedroom hangings, etc., to call and examine this beautiful asortment, regular values 35c, Saturday **18c**

Money Saving Prices for Saturday Selling

Wilton Squares $30.00

7 Wilton Squares, size 4x3 yards, very handsome colorings, balance of manufacturer's surplus stock in this size, worth $40.00, to clear at **$30.00**

Wilton Squares $23.50

15 Wilton Squares, size 3x3 yards, elegant color combinations, balance of manufacturer's surplus stock in this size, worth $35.00, for **$23.50**

Brussels Squares $15.00

9 Brussels Squares, size 3½x3 yards, rich colorings, fine quality, balance of manufacturer's surplus stock in this size, worth $22.50, for **$15.00**

Oilcloth 25c

All widths in heavy Oilcloth, from 1 yard to 2½ yards wide, bright, saleable patterns, worth 30c, to clear at **25c**

All Wool Carpets 62½c

500 yards All Wool 2 ply Carpets, extra choice patterns, artistic colorings, worth $1.00, to clear at **62½c**

Tapestry Carpets 59c

1,200 yards extra heavy Tapestry Carpet, elegant designs, worth 75 and 80c, to clear at **59c**

Brussels Carpets 75c

700 yards Fine Brussels Carpets, extra choice quality, worth $1.10 and $1.25, to clear at **75c**

Brussels Squares $13.00

11 Brussels Squares, size 3x3 yards, very handsome designs in two-toned effects and conventional patterns, balance of manufacturer's surplus stock in this size, worth $18.00, to clear at **$13.00**

R. McKAY & CO.