

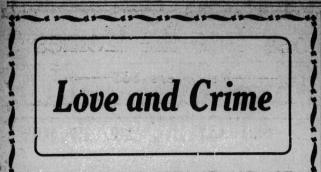
AT R. McKAY & CO'S, FRIDAY, NOV. 29th, 1907

Another Special Attraction

To-morrow the Second Day of Our

Great Dress Goods Sale

STEAMSHIPS



"As long as he is honest in the man-agement of your money, that is a good fult, dear," Lora Cardonnel replied, rather wondering at the extreme displea-sure she manifested on the subject. But he is always veguely wondering, or vaguely puzzled, at some of his beau-tiful Lydia's peculiarities. "I don't know whether he is honest or not! I never did believe in these over-ent work of the believe in these over-ent of the set of doing business. These mouldy, old English family solicitors are only half alive!" "Really, my dear Lydia, you speak as if you had practical experience of how budy and practical experience of how for the water," Lord Cardonnel asid, smil-or the barge had!" Lydia exponded

"Maybe I have had!" Lydia responded. "Maybe 1 have had!" Lydia responded, with a curvious smile, her eyes glowing and shining with a greenish radiance of recollection. "I made a pile of money on a mining 'boom', one winter, in New York, and—spent it!" she added, with a low lauch

How laugh.
"No wonder your old family solicitor is inclined to be very cautious, then," Lord Cardonnel said, smilling slightly.
"But, my dear, it really is only correct that I should introduce myself to him, that I should introduce myself to him, and have a little business talk, even i you object, so oddly, to settlements,

e adds, impressively. And then the Earl of Cardonnel had a specimen of another of his fair Lydia'

specimen of another of his fair Lydia's peculiarities, her temper-when aroused beyond concealment. Her white face grew hard and wicked-looking, her pale lips tightened in a cold, ominious smile, her eyes glittered be-neath the half-closed cyclids, and her words came with a distinct hiss, through her clinched teeth. "Lord Cardonnel," she said, slowly, "I told you once before, and now I tell you again, that I will not be tied and bound by any settlements. My fortune is ab-solutely mine, to do as I please with: After my marriage I will make a will in accordance with your wishes. But I accordance with your wishes. But I will not consult, nor suffer to be con-sulted, this man whom I dislike, this solicitor, in any of my affairs, even in the smallest degrad.

solicitor, in any of my affairs, even in the smallest degree! You know my wishes, Lord Cardonnel, now. If you dissent from them I shall grieve to know that that means the breaking of our engagement!" "My dearest Lydia!" he protested, rather alarmed at the tempest he had raised, admiring her strong will and haughty temper, though he was sceretly dismayed at both, as a weak-minded man would be.

man would be. "Then I am 'dearest' still?" she asked, softly, with her sweetest smile, and with a total change of manner. And Lord Cardonnel was vanquished utterly, and for the time rebelled no more against the powerful influence that swayed him against his better judg-ment, against his wiser instincts, against the vague warning. that disturbed his soul , telling him that this white-limbed, soft-voiced siren was but luring him to oiced siren was but luring him to hipwreck and destruction.

t, take it for all in all, the earl did But, take it for all in all, the earl did not spend a blissful time in those three weeks before his second marriage. For though he had informed his daughter of the truth, which she had foreseen with grier and apprehsion, that this stran-ger whom she dreaded and disliked was going to take her dead mother's place, yet Christabel hoped faintly that some-thing would occur to prevent this mar-riage, or that at least it might be defer-red until the bright. new year came, when Roderie Lindsay would come back to England, and when she would be alone no more!

to England, and when she would be alone no more: She has wondered a little, and won-dered sadly, that he did not write even the briefest message of farewell. She likely to insert a message to her; but there is nothing there, no message no letter, nothing but dead silence, after she has seen the date of the sailing of the Rottomahana. Still, she has her ring, which she wears on a ribbon around her neck-a talisman to keep her heart from sinking into de-spair-that and the memory of that fare-well beneath the trees in Kensington Gardens. So Christabel strives to be patient and cheerful, and to hope for the best, and not to displease her father any more on

1 tures who are popularly described as "not being able to call their souls their own." She says, "certainly" always, and seems at times as if the letter "h" and she were not bosom friends. The educa-tion of an "officer's widow" has possibly been defective.

tion of an "officer's widow" has possibly been defective. "It looks very stylish, dear," Mrs. Falkaer observes, presently, surveying the tailon-made dress of finest silver-grey cloth, silver braided, and with dark-blue velvet vest and cuffs and hat to match, which Lydia's new maid is hold-ing up for inspection. "Very stylish, indeed, and it will become you wonder-fully well!" she adds, with a flattering smile, in which the maid joins. "I know it will," says Lydia, calmly, going on with her packing. "And what will Lady Christabel wear !" pursues Lydia's "aunt," with bland in-terest in a lady whom she has not yet seen.

ierest in a lady whom she has not yet seen. "One of her new, brown, heather mix-tures, which she has had made up for her visit to Glendenzg," answers Miss Surtees, glibly. "Elegant gowns, but rather severely simple, 1 think." And, just at this moment, poor Lady Christabel is learning, for the first time, of the existence of these wonderful, tailor-made gowns, and of the occasion on which she will be required to don one of them. They have treated here as a fractious, unmanageable child is treated fractious, unmanageable child is treated -both her brandmother and her father. -both her brandmother and her father. The dowager seldom consults her wishes in any clothes she buys for her; she simply bids her accompany her to the modiste, or the tailor, to be measured and fitted. And her father, following on Mrs. Mallibrane's lines, has briefly in-formed her this evening that his mar-riage with Miss Lydia Surtees will take place on the next day but one, and adds, as a matter of course, that she will be present.

riage with Miss Lydia Surtees. will take place on the next day but one, and adds, as a matter of course, that she will be present. And then, all the girlish pride and anger, all her filial grief and bitter re-gret, arouses into a tempest of despair-ing wrath, which frightens herself al-most as much as it alarms and dis-pleases the earl. "I will not be present! I will not go to witness this marriage, father!" she says with passionate sternness. For a moment Lord Cardonnel stared at his daughter in silence. Angry words rush to his lips, but he crushes them back, and asks, gently: "Does that mean, Christabel, that my girl is going to set herself up as an en-eny against me?" "No, father!" Christabel answers, in a voice suddenly choked with tears. Her elinched hands relax and hang by her side; her proud eyes are overflowing with hot tears, wrung out of the very depths of her warn, young heart; her bosom is heaving with stilled sols. "Oh, father, darling!" she cries, piteously: "Yo, I hore. But you evidently intend to try and break mine, Christabel," her father answers, somewhat sady. For in spite of the glamor which this new passion had cast over his life, in spite of his selfishness and shallownees, "the shackles of an old love straighten-ed him"—the natural affection he cannot but have as a father for the most lov-able of children, he is very miserable, very unsettled, very unhapy. There are times, even in the glamor of this brief, successful wooing, when he feels in the depths of his heart it were woll he nev-er had met Lydia Surtees. "How is it you do not see your con-duct in its true light, my dear girl?" he goes on, with an effort. "How can you be so selfish as to wish to condemn me to a lonely life for the rest of my days, after nearly twenty years of a soli-tary existence since your mother's death?" "Oh, father: I do not! I do not!" she says, carnestly, with outstretched hands. "I should be glad to see you houpy with

how he has been "tertibly upset" by Christabel's "unreasonable behavior!" And his sole answer to his daughters last appeal to his affection, or his world by prudence, is only this—that he hast cas the preparations for his marriage yet is bride nearly half an hour too soon on the sumny September morning which is to give to the house of Cardonnel a new and beautiful countess. But Lydia does not keep her impati-is there long before half-past ten, and before twelve o'clock the new Lady Car-donnel and her adoring husband have the remainder of the autumn at his lord ship's villa, near Florence." This letter is quoted verbatim from the flowery paragraph in the St. Cray's Observer, descriptive of the earl's second marriage. (To be continued.) DROWNED AT BROCKVILLE. Body of Patrick O'Donohue, Cab Driver,





**TRAVELERS' GU, DE** 

RAILWAYS

Gardens. So Christabel strives to be patient and not to displease her father any more on the score of the topic which they mutual. Searcely be support and weight with me against the woman I love and honor!" "Oh, father, you could not, if you knew her!" Christabel answers, impul-sively, with another despairing outbreak

cheerful, and to hope for the best, and the score of the topic which they mutual.
Lady Christabel had burst into tears "repressible in her grief and anger-when her father has grandiloquently took hy accepting the offer of his hand," and hy accepting the offer of his hand," and they accepting the offer of his hand," and they due to the room, petulantly de the score of the topic and hopeless eyes filled.
Mither to he has kept his word, head to desire to punish his daughter that "hiss Surtees, and hopeless eyes filled.
Mither to he has kept his present, built and the score injured you by word or the vedding. Lord Cardonne, the score injured you by word or the score input of the score at hand, though his acquirer is not aware of it.
As the ceremony is to be at an early mediate relatives, in which arrangement he bride-elect agrees with the sweetest in the torus.
As matter of fact, it is not forty firstabel, hoping for the best, con the future.
Mage hord assing been made.
The work try it on, you know, aunitet?
The score of good luck to happen toward.
Mas now ther sate in the marring the sate into the score of row of the sect, or a work in the hride-elect agrees with the sweetest in the traine is to be marring.
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The work try it on, you know, aunitet?
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re best of good luck to happen to me st now." "Certainly, dear," Mrs. Falkner assents, adily. She gives one the impression of belong-ig to that invertebrate class of erea-

Body of Patrick O'Donohue, Cab Driver,

Found in the River.

Brockville, Nov. 27 .- Patrick O'Dons ne, a local cabman was drowned here this morning from Comstock's wharf. No one saw him fall into the water, but the body was found floating late this afternoon. He was about 60 years of age and leaves a wife, son and daughage ter,

ACCIDENTAL DEATH.

Coroner's Jury Add Word of Censure for Restaurant Keeper.

Toronto, Nov. 28.—We find that Frank Jarman came to his death by falling down stairs in Cole's restaurant, No. 18 Temperance street, on Nov. 6, 1907, and that his death was acciden

1907, and that his death was acciden-tal. "The jury consider that Robert Jos. Cole, keeper of the restaurent, and employer of deceased, is deserving of censure for not having provided medi-cal assistance for deceased earlier on the day of the fatality." The above verdict was rendered by Coroner Young's jury last evening.

M. C. R. Officials in Collision.

London, Ont., Nov. 27.—A private official special, carrying General Mana-ger L. Hommemdieu and other promin-this morning at 9.15, near Chelsea Green siding. The officials were thrown vice lently from their chairs, the pilots of both engines were demolished, and the train erews severely shaken up.

Only One "BROMO QUENINE," that is Laxative Brome Quinine & The Grove on ever Over a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

HALTON WARDEN'S DINNER Warden J. C. Ford, Reeve of Oakville, gave a dinner to his colleagues and about nifty friends at the Hotel McGilbbon, Mitton, on Tuesday. Short adresses were made by Henry Kobinson, of Oakville, ex-County Constable Near, of Nassaga-weya, and Moore, of Acton; ex-Wardens McGilbbon, Milton, Warren, of George-town, and Cook, of Trafalgar; Messrs. A. S. Forster, Oakville, E. A. Harris, of Buirlington, and Richard White, of Mil-ton. ton. Letters were received from D. Hender-son, M. P., and Dr. Stewart, expressing regret at their inability to be present.



## MODEL LITERARY.

## On Friday evening, Nov. 22, the Model Litérary Society of Abingdon held its meeting. There was a good attendance, and the programme was as follows: Song by the school, "The Maple Leaf"; recita-tion Miss King, scadure Frenet Nich by the school, "The Maple Leaf"; recita-tion, Miss King; reading, Ernest Nich-olls; reading, Cecil Springstead; dia. logue, "Marrying a Poetess"; reading, Frank Merritt; reading, D. W. Nicholls, A good programme is being prepared for inesday evennig, Dec. 3. A very cordial invitation is extended to all to attend and take mart

attend and take part.