

AT R. MCKAY & CO'S. MONDAY, NOV. 22, 1909

Opportunities to Save at This Store Monday

Shop Where Your Money Goes Farthest

The following Monday bargains are only examples of what you can expect when you get here. Business is booming at this store and for first choice would advise early shopping.

Come and share in the savings.

Monday Dress Goods News That Will Interest You

Regular 75c Cream Serge for Monday 39c Yard

On sale Monday, one of our best regular selling Cream Serges, a good make and has a nice crisp finish, suitable for the season's stylish suits, separate skirts, etc., a decided bargain for Monday, per yard 39c

Our Regular \$1.00 Venetian Suitings, Clearing Monday Per Yard 59c

Considered by us one of the season's suiting bargains. This is one of our best regular selling lines, 54 inches wide, a nice weight for suits or dresses, and on sale in perfect shades of navy, brown, wistara, taupe, red and black. Shop early for this bargain, per yard 59c



Great Clearing Sale of Millinery

Our entire stock of Unlined and Lined Felt Hats must be sold within the next three days. Monday we are offering you bargains that will appeal to everyone that has a chance to see our stock of hats and feather trimmings. Come Monday morning sharp at 8.30, and share in this millinery sale event.

Black Trimmed Hats \$4.98

Ladies' Black Trimmed Hats, with full soft crown of panne velvet, and handsome ostrich mounts; regular \$8.50, Monday \$4.98

Two Dozen to Select From, \$4.49

Handsome Colored Hats to match suits or gowns. Two dozen to select from; no two trimmed alike, with beautiful panne velvet crowns, soft mounts, ribbon, etc.; regular \$8.00 and \$9.00, special Monday \$4.49

Black and Colored Hat Shapes 98c

Ten dozen assorted Black and Colored Felt Hats, all the season's most popular shapes and shades; regular \$4.00 and \$3.50, for 98c

Children's School Hats 59c

Children's School Hats, all shades, trimmed with leather bindings and bands, a very nobby little hat for school wear; regular up to \$3.00, Monday yours for 59c each

Our Values and Immensity of New Styles in Winter Goods Are Unmatchable

Women's Winter Coats \$5.98

A variety to meet the needs of stormy days in qualities for dressy and general wear. We have a standard of quality; therefore, do not offer inferior cloths. All colors and black. Regular \$9.50 and \$10, very special at . . . \$5.98

Women's Winter Coats \$8.98

Extra Special Coats of Broadcloth, Kersey and handsome mixtures, richly designed with braids and pink trimmings, 3/4 and 5/8 lengths, semi and tight-fitting models, regular \$12.50 and \$13, very special priced at . . . \$8.98

Cloth Capes \$1.29

A limited quantity to offer at the price. Very full ripple cape, all dark colors, regular \$6.50, clearing sale price \$1.29

Monday Specials in Colored Silk Waists—Third Floor

\$5.00 Waists for \$3.49

Colored Chiffon Taffeta Silk Underskirts, in stripes and checks, made tailored style and trimmed with buttons, all sizes, worth regular \$5.00, Monday's sale price \$3.49

Shop Early Monday Morning for Christmas Bargains

Satin Duchess, 3 Yards for 25c

Satin Duchess Ribbon, 2 inches wide, in all shades, suitable for Christmas fancy work, special Monday 3 yards for 25c

Satin Duchess Ribbon, 3 Yards for 15c

Another line of Satin Duchess will be placed on sale in a 1 1/4 inch; this Ribbon makes nice draw ribbons for bags, Monday 3 yards for 15c

Sale of Baby Ribbons

We make a point of having a good stock of Baby Ribbons in all shades for our Christmas trade; they are all done up in bunches, some satin, others silk; Monday is bargain day in Baby Ribbons.

2 yards for 10c 4 yards for 10c 3 yards for 10c 5 yards for 10c

Monday Bargains in House Beautiful Department

Lace Curtains Cut

Cut down to prices which would tempt a heart of stone. Goods first-class in every particular, refined and elegant in style, strong and reliable in quality, and all full length and width, will withstand the sun:

Regularly up to \$1.50, for 98c

Regularly up to \$2.50, for \$1.48

Regularly up to \$3.00 and \$3.25, for \$1.98

White Bed Spreads, reduced for single and double beds, ready hemmed for use:

Regularly \$1.50, at \$1.18

Regularly \$2.00, at \$1.15

Regularly \$2.50, at \$1.69

Mounted on good, strong rollers, with fittings, etc.

Filled Curtain Net, 30 inches wide, with pretty lace edge and insertion, splendid for sash curtains, regularly 35c, at 19c yard

R. MCKAY & CO.

A Spanish Beauty

"He is wealthy, clever, accomplished, handsome—all that any girl could desire; you love no one else, and you have no aversion to him; then, my dear, you shall marry the lord of Royal Rest."

"Papa!"

"My daughter, I have intended it from the first—set my heart upon it. I did not speak of it before, because I thought of your own free will, without any interference of mine, you would choose him. You have not seen fit to do so, therefore it is high time I should step in and proclaim my wishes."

"Papa," Lady Evelyn said, growing very pale. "You should have spoken sooner. It is too late now. I have refused him."

"Not in the least too late, my dear. A young lady's first 'no' means nothing, as so clever a fellow as Trevannance fully understands. He shall speak again, and you shall say yes."

She sat still as death, pale as death, in her chair, her hands folded, her eyes fixed on the cold November sky, on the worried trees rocking in the high autumnal gale.

"As for that sort of thing, it is very pretty in little books bound in blue and gold; and one likes to hear of 'two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one,' from a box in the grand tier of Her Majesty's; but in real life, my dear, it isn't practicable. Mr. Trevannance is sincerely attached to you, I am positive, very proud of you, and will be as devoted after marriage as is consistent with public duties; and you will esteem him and do honor to his choice, and be as happy as is at all necessary or customary. It is an eminently suitable match."

Was it a smile that dawned so faintly over the pale, proud face as she listened, a smile like the reflection of his own—cold, disdainful, cynical? But she never spoke; she sat still as stone.

"In the land where you were born, in the convent where you were educated, young girls are not permitted to choose in these matters for themselves. Their parents or guardians choose for them. You have seen your companions taken from their convent-school to the bridal altar, without any option on their part, and thought it all right. It is your turn now."

Still blank silence. Pale and cold she sat, rigid as marble, her eyes fixed on that lowering sky, that dreary, darkening prospect.

"I have seldom interfered with you, Evelyn, or asserted my paternal authority before. I do most emphatically assert it now. You must promise me to marry Vivian Trevannance."

She turned and looked at him; once again his eyes shifted and fell before hers.

"Do you want me to go to him and offer myself? I see no other way in which my mistake of to-day is to be rectified."

"Nonsense! of course not! Rest easy; do shall repeat his proposal."

"At your instigation? Rather humilitating, is it not?"

"My dear Evelyn, this part of the business need not concern you. Trust to me. Your maidenly delicacy shall be remembered and respected. Yet Vivian Trevannance will repeat his proposal."

She rose slowly.

"Have you anything more to say? May I go?"

"You have not answered me yet, Evelyn."

"There can be but one answer, I will obey."

"That is right, my poor girl. And I have not made you unhappy? You are pale and cold as a statue."

He spoke a little wistfully. In his hard, cruel, selfish heart there was one pure and tender place, and his daughter held it.

Her cold, passionless look and tone never altered.

"You have not made me unhappy. I can only repeat, you have not, and this sooner. You know I would obey you."

She turned proudly to go, but he drew her to him and kissed her white brow.

"God bless you, Evelyn, and make you happy!"

the Amazon—anywhere, anywhere out of the world! We shall miss him horribly—the only man I know who talks to me, and can talk, without platitudes or compliments hackneyed and old as the hills. Pity he doesn't marry. As Thackeray's old dowager Lady Kew says, 'A young man like that should live at his place, and be an example to his people.' But they won't. He leaves to-night, and I am—sorry."

The countess said nothing; she understood her friend, and was sorry, too, perhaps. They both knew intuitively that Lady Evelyn had refused him, and that was why he was off "up the Nile and down the Niger."

They had left the park gates far behind them, and were bowling along the most delightful of high roads, the waving trees on either hand arching overhead, and forming a long natural arcade. The steps were wonderful beauties to "go," spirited if you like, but kindly and well in hand, and bowled along over the broad, rolling road, swift and smooth, when suddenly—it was the most abrupt and tragic thing conceivable—a man leaped out from among the trees and fired one, two, three shots in quick succession from a revolver. Before the report of the last had died away he had vanished. The first shot missed; the second raked the flanks of the off-wheeler; the third whizzed over the head of the Countess of Clontarf, within an inch of her temple, and the ponies, with wild snorts of pain and rage and terror, were off and away like the wind.

The shots were heard. A party of gentlemen far in the rear—Lord Clydesmore, Lord Clontarf, General Trevannance, and his son—set spurs to their horses and galloped furiously in the direction. But a far-off, mighty cloud of dust was all that remained of the pony phaeton, and a man, standing all agape under the trees, the only living thing visible.

"What is it, my man? Who fired those shots?" shouted General Trevannance.

The man turned; he was a country rustic, who took off his hat to the gentry and made a clumsy bow before he answered:

"I dono, zur; but there be laddies in you coach, and t' mouth o' Hell Pit it be open, zur, and—"

But they heard no more. With a cry of horror, Trevannance spurred his horse madly on, shouting, frantically:

"It is Lady Clydesmore's pony-phaeton, and Hell Pit shaft is open, and for Heaven's sake, ride for your lives!"

His last words were wafted on the wind; he was far ahead already. He knew what the man's words meant; the old, disused mining ground lay straight before them, and sudden death held reign there.

They followed him as rapidly as they could, but his horse flew like the wind. Ahead, the raging ponies tore on their way straight to that awful place.

"Oh, God, is it too late!" Lord Clydesmore gasped, sick and dizzy with horror. "And Beatrice is there!"

The strong man closed his eyes for an instant, faint as a woman on the verge of swooning.

A great shout aroused him. He spurred his charger furiously onward, and there stood Vivian Trevannance at the horses' heads. He had hurled himself off his own animal, and like lightning grasped the ponies' heads, at the risk of almost certain trampling to death.

They were on the very verge of the old, disused shaft. He held them in his mighty grasp, while they tore plunged and reared, and almost dragged his arms from their sockets. But it was only for five seconds; the other men were upon them, and they were mastered.

Trevannance, with his hands all torn and bleeding, was the first to approach the shaft. The Countess of Clontarf lay back in a dead swoon; but the high courage of Lord Clydesmore's wife had upheld her all through. She was pale as death, but as still.

"My darling! my husband cried. "Oh, Beatrice! my love! my wife!"

She held out her arms to him with a hysterical sob. He lifted her, and with a sort of groan he pushed her from him, sunk down in his seat, and covered his face with his hands.

There are other punishments for the shedder of blood besides the hangman and the halter.

The Countess of Clontarf very rarely left those pleasant apartments in the sunny southern wing of Warbeck Hall, fitted up luxuriously for her use.

She glided uncomplainingly away into confirmed invalidism, without much seeking to know what ailed her. But my Lady Clydesmore, an imperious young despot in petticoats, came sometimes to visit her, and she would have the invalid perched off, willy-nilly, for a drive in her own pony phaeton. The pale, weak countess had little strength or energy left to resist the pretty, impetuous whirlwind, and yielded, because yielding was easier than resisting.

It was two days after that memorable interview on the marble terrace, and the weather had greatly changed since then. It was what in America is called the "Indian summer," and the sunshine was warm and mellow, the sky blue and brilliant, and the fresh, saline breath of old ocean, sleeping far off in golden rippling, deliciously invigorating.

The two ladies came sweeping out presently, pretty Lady Clydesmore in the daintiest of driving costumes, the fragile Spanish countess robed in black from head to foot, her pallid, moonish beauty looking quite startling by contrast. She leaned on her companion's arm, moving slowly and wearily.

"Where's Evelyn?" she asked.

"Evelyn is not coming," Lady Clydesmore answered. "Don't you know she has gone to the parish? My duty, I suppose, but she does it; and she has gone to write a letter for some old Goody or Gaffer to a son in the United States. By the bye, she has been as solemn as a churchyard the past two days. What do you suppose is the matter?"

Lady Clydesmore looked keenly at her companion as she asked the question; but the still, pale face of the countess told nothing.

"Evelyn is never gay," she said, quietly.

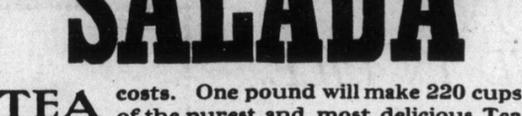
"No—but—Well, perhaps it is only a fancy of mine, after all. Apropos of nothing, Trevannance is off again. His father must play host at Royal Rest. What rest! these men are!"

"Ah! I don't know Mr. Trevannance. Where does he go?"

"Up the Nile, down the Niger, across

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fair, pale countess straight to the bottom of Hell Pit. Confound the savage little ponies! I shall be in a pretty condition for travelling to-morrow."

Once at home and his wounds dressed, however, he went on with his preparations for immediate departure. His valet was to precede him to town by the night express, and he was to go by the early parliamentary train on the morrow.

"And as I will have no time in the morning, I must ride over this evening to say good-bye, and see how the ladies got on after their fright. Will this disdainful little beauty, the Castilian Rose, design to say adieu once more, or will she be off to-morrow?"

The earl would have more repeat my proposal, I fancy; but I'm not quite so badly done for as that. My lady has said so, and though she were twice as lovely, no it must remain.

"What care I how fair she be, if she be not fair for me?"

No wonder the white disk of the November moon sailed high in the cold, blue ether, Trevannance mounted and rode over to Warbeck Hall.

Through painted windows the silvery light gleamed, falling in long spears of gold and purple on the floor of the oaken floor. At one lofty casement, gazing out at the night, Lady Evelyn dimly stood. Her blue silk dinner-dress trailed the floor; a rich white rose gleamed in the silky mass of her dark hair. The lovely face was as colorless as that snowy rose. She stood like some exquisite statue—marble white, marble cold.

At the sound of rapid footsteps on the oaken floor, she glanced around and saw the man of whom she had been thinking—the man who had saved her mother's life at the risk of his own. Her own life, saved ten times over, would not have awakened half the gratitude she felt now.

As their eyes met, a faint carnation hue rose over the exquisite face, and the violet eyes that had so lately flashed upon him, full of haughty pride and rebuke, fell.

"Do I intrude, Lady Evelyn?" Trevannance asked, lightly, all unconscious of what was passing in that disturbed heart. "I have come to inquire after the Ladies' Clontarf Club, and seeing you here, made bold to venture in. I trust I have not disturbed you?"

"You have not disturbed me," she answered, slowly, and with difficulty.

"And your mother? I hope her fright has done her no serious harm?"

"I hope not—I think not," she seemed quite restored and cheerful when I left her, half an hour ago. She would like to see you, I think, and thank you for the inestimable service you have rendered her. Words are poor and weak on such occasions as these. What can I say, except thank you, Mr. Trevannance, from the bottom of my heart, for saving my mother's life?"

She held out both hands to him, with a sudden, impassioned gesture, tears standing in the bright blue eyes.

Deeply touched, Trevannance bent over those little hands and kissed them. In all her brilliant beauty she had never looked so lovely, so sweet, so dear, as now.

"Not another word of thanks, dear Lady Evelyn! You make me feel like an impostor, for I did nothing after all. My part was the merest trifle. Thank Heaven we were in time!"

"Your hands are wounded," she said, quickly. "Oh, do not deny it! My Lady Clydesmore told me. They are not very painful, I trust?"

"Two or three scratches, and they are just the least bit in the world stiff and uncomfortable, but so trifling that they even your kindness nor Lady Clydesmore's can magnify me into a wounded hero. It was a very mysterious and terrible thing, and might have had a frightful ending. I hope they will find the mad perpetrator of the deed. You must make my excuses to the countess, Lady Evelyn. I had better not disturb her to-night, and to-morrow I leave by the earliest train. Will you wish me good-bye and God-speed here? I shall remain but a few minutes in the drawing room."

"Then you really go?"

She spoke the words lowly and hurriedly, her heart throbbing as it never throbbled before, her eyes dim with hot mist, her face awed. "I shall remain but a few minutes in the drawing room."

"I really go, unless—oh, Lady Evelyn, unless you bid me stay!"

"Stay!"

She stretched forth one hand to him, the other covering her drooping face. The prospect of all beauty—a great deal of stooop even so little from her high estate.

"Lady Evelyn!" Trevannance cried, strangely moved. "Do you mean it? Will you love me? Will you be my wife?"

"If you still wish it—yes!"

"If I still wish it! Evelyn! Evelyn!"

He would have clasped her in his arms, but she shrunk away with a swift, sudden motion that held him off.

"No! no! no! Spare me! Oh, Mr. Trevannance, do not deceive yourself—do not deceive me. We do not love each other, and—you know it!"

"As Heaven hears me, Evelyn, I love you better than I ever loved woman before!"

Which was true enough, perhaps, for the loves of Vivian Trevannance, for forty years had never lost him one hour's sleep, never cost him one heart-pang. They had been as brief and as bright as the sunshine of a summer day—airy little flirtations that whiled away the idle hours of an idle man.

"I want to believe you," she said, slowly. "I will believe you, although there are those who say: 'It is not in Vivian Trevannance to be true to any woman! For me, I esteem you, I respect you, I like you; but for that love of which I have read and heard so much—no, Mr. Trevannance, I do not feel toward you like that.'"

"It will come in time," he whispered. "It shall be the aim of my life to win it. Such love as mine must bring a return."

"I am quite frank with you, you

(To be continued.)

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