

Sweet Norine

The fire was growing low in the kitchen grate, and, finishing up his mug of home-made cider, while the old wife took her cup of tea, she chatted a few moments on the one subject so dear to them—their beloved Norine—then took up their tallow dip and sought their rest, passing a moment at the girl's door as they passed it.

There was not even the faintest sound from within, and the good old woman murmured: "Bless the child, she is deep in her beauty sleep, Daniel."

But Norine was not asleep, though her eyes were closed tightly, carefully feigning slumber in case they should enter, as they often did, and bend over her with their candle and kiss her.

Sleep would not come to the girl's eyes; her conscience was troubled. She had never kept the slightest thought up to this time from the dear old grandfather and grandmother who she knew loved her with such a devoted love.

Mr. Carlisle, the handsome stranger, had won from her the promise that she would not tell of their meeting, and that she was to see him on the morrow; otherwise, how glad she would have been to tell her grandmother all the delightful things he had whispered into her ear, and how he had asked her if she had ever had a lover, and if she would like one.

Even as she recalled his words, and the thrilling glance that accompanied them, her cheeks burned and her heart beat tumultuously in her bosom.

How different he was from Joe—awkward, plain Joe Brainerd—and she wondered how she could ever have thought Joe nice, and pleasant to talk to—even missing him if he did not come to the cottage to talk to the old folks of a winter evening.

How she wished Mr. Carlisle would soon come to the house. She was more than anxious to hear what her grandmother would say of him.

Norine had not dared question her grandfather as to his opinion regarding the handsome stranger. He always had something unpleasant to say of every young man except Joe, his favorite.

Then her girlish thoughts drifted into a more pleasing channel—the longing for the golden morrow and the delight that awaited her in meeting handsome Mr. Carlisle again.

His last words had been: "I shall dream of your sweet face again, Norine. Will you try to so fix your thoughts upon me as you drift off into dreamland, that you will dream of me?"

Norine did not know what the smile on his face meant when she answered: "Yes." That night was the happiest that beautiful, hapless Norine was ever to know.

CHAPTER VII.

It was long after midnight ere Norine fell asleep that night, and when she did drift off into the mystic land of dreams, she dreamed of the handsome stranger, whose dark eyes had so thrilled her heart, and whose dazzled smile had so bewildered her senses.

All the next morning Norine was so absent-minded that Grandma Gordon looked at her more than once, wondering what had come over the girl, and what she could be thinking about.

Ah! how troubled she would have been had she but known. To Norine, the hours never seemed to drag so slowly along as they did on this particular day.

They crept along, leaden-footed. Noon came at last; then slowly the red sunshine drifted athwart the western window.

"Norine," exclaimed her grandmother, starting up from her knitting, "I had no idea it was so late. It is time for you to go to fetch your grandpa, my dear."

The girl turned away quickly, that the dear old eyes might not discern the sudden flush that arose to her face.

Very quietly Norine donned her red hood and jacket, and fairly flew from the house. For the first time in her young life she had forgotten to kiss her dear old grandma good-by.

When she told him all that she believed there was to tell concerning her uneventful life.

"Are you happy here, little Norine?" he asked, taking the girl's little hand in his and looking down into the depths of her blue eyes. "Do you never yearn for a brighter, gay life?"

"Some times," she answered, looking thoughtfully away over the white, snow-clad hills, adding, "but what's the use? I shall never leave Hadley. I suppose I shall live and die here."

"What a dreadful future for one so young and joyous as yourself to look forward to," he murmured, compassionately. "I—I cannot bear the thought. If I were you, I should be tempted to fly away. What do you say to marrying me, Norine, and going when I go?"

She looked at him with great, startled eyes.

"I don't ask you to decide all at once, Norine," he said, "take plenty of time to think it over; but mind, as you value my love and wishes, do not mention one word of what I have just said to any human being."

"I don't know what to do," faltered Norine, tremulously. "You shall have a whole fortnight," he answered. "By that time you will have seen me so often that you will know whether you care that much for me or not."

"As for me," he went on eagerly, "I know how much I think of you now. I loved you passionately, desperately, from the first moment my eyes rested upon your sweet face. I felt in my heart when I had met my fate, the one girl on earth for me—that I must win you if I could, and if I failed, that there was one thing, and one only, for me to do."

"And what was that?" murmured Norine, anxiously, timidly.

"Shoot myself," he answered, dramatically, with a wave of his white hand and a very well simulated deep-drawn sigh.

Norine uttered a scream of fright.

"Oh, would you do anything so horrible as that?" she gasped.

"Why not?" he replied, in a voice that sounded as though it was half a sob. "What has a man to live for if he fails to win the girl he loves?"

"Do you care for me so very much?" cried Norine, wringing her little hands in anguish. "You have seen me only three times."

"I was born in an instant; it is not a pain of slow growth," he answered. "You ought to know at this moment if you love me."

He waited a moment for the words to take effect; then he went on softly: "If your heart has gone out to me, you have thought of me constantly since last we met; you have dreamed of me by night; you have counted the hours—ay, the moments, until we should meet again. Have you done that, Norine?"

"Yes," faltered the girl, trembling like one of the dying leaves above her head.

He went on in words as eloquent as they were beautiful to her untutored ears.

"Then it is as it should be, Norine; our love is mutual. It is cruel to ask you to linger so long in the bitter cold of winter, but no other opportunity is offered me. For if I should go to the cottage and ask to see you, that boon would be denied me. They might even go so far as to keep you at home, as a prisoner, as it were, until I left the vicinity; that I might not spoil Joe's chance of winning you, my peerless Norine."

"Yes," she replied, "I will be here."

Clifford Carlisle suddenly bent down and touched the lips that had never known a lover's kiss before; and that kiss burned Norine's lips long after she had left him.

"Cold," she murmured. "How could any one think it cold? Why, my heart and every nerve in my body are on fire, throbbing as though the blood in my veins were suddenly turned to hot, steaming wine."

Meanwhile Clifford Carlisle had walked rapidly in the direction of the Barrison home.

"Thirty thousand in cash!" he muttered. "Now who will not say that the devil does not help his own?"

Miss Austin was passing through the corridor as he entered.

"Mrs. Barrison was just asking for you," she remarked. "I was about to send up to your room for you, thinking you were there."

He did not look any too pleased at the intelligence.

Clifford Carlisle had not been under that roof a week as yet, still he had told himself long since that the hardest work he had ever done was to dance attendance on this querulous old woman. He could not endure it much longer, even with the Barrison millions in sight.

(To be continued.)

Granulated Gels and Styr
"THE HOUSEHOLD SURGEON" Cures. Druggists refund money if DR. PORTER'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL fails. 25c.

A NEW GAME
To Catch Hotel Men, But It Didn't Work.

A Clinton Township man, and a fast friend of a well-known St. Catharines hotelkeeper, tells the following story: I was in the city hotel about a week ago, and in conversation with the proprietor, who said, "A very funny and amusing incident occurred in this house about three days ago."

"I was in the bar at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and not a soul in the bar. I have never said anything about it to the police, and don't intend to. A fairly well dressed man of medium height, smooth face and wearing a Derby hat, walked into the bar, and asked for some good Canadian whisky. I handed him down a bottle (the name makes no difference), pretty nearly full. He poured out a good glass, held it up to the light, tasted it, and finally pulled a small thermometer out of a pocket case, dropped it into the liquid for perhaps two or three minutes, put the article back into the case, and then took it from his pocket. I was watching him with a good deal of interest, and he noticed the glass of whisky to one side, and putting his arms on the bar, asked if he could have a little private conversation with me. I took him into a side room, he being a little uneasy about the matter. After a few minutes he spoke, 'Now, my good man, I don't like to make any trouble for you if I can help it. I'm a Government detective. That whisky is badly diluted, and is neither of the make or brand named on the label. I want the square deal with you for \$25, and nothing more will be said about it. I knew I was selling the genuine goods, because I had opened that particular bottle myself that morning, and I know in a minute I was up against a sharper. A couple of days came in for a drink just then, and I told him to wait for about five minutes, and I would be back. On my way out to the bar I had forgotten to telephone to the butcher for the beef steaks for the afternoon, so I rang up, but the line was busy. I served my customers, and went back to find my friend, the detective, vanished through a side door into the lane. He had probably heard me go to the telephone, and decided that I was on to his little game, or was calling up the police. Anyway, I never saw him again. He would never have got a cent anyway. It was a good bluff though, and might easily be worked, but not on this fellow."

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, bleeding piles. It cures in 6 to 14 days or money refunded.

SUTTON VS. DUNDAS
Cataract Company Not Responsible For Accident.

Judgment was given yesterday by Mr. Justice Tordoff in the Town of Dundas in action tried with a jury in Hamilton. Action by the administratrix for damages for the death of her husband. The defendants were the corporation of the town of Dundas, the Dundas Electric Company and the Cataract Power Company. The deceased was killed by coming in contact with or being struck by a live electric wire while proceeding along the sidewalk on the west side of Main Street in the town of Dundas. The damages were, by consent, assessed by a jury, and all other questions were, by consent, to be disposed of by the trial judge. At the trial the action was dismissed against the defendants. Judgment against the town Corporation and the Dundas Electric Company, for \$1,300 with costs. Action dismissed without costs against the Hamilton Cataract Power Company. The jury claim by town Corporation against the Dundas Electric Company dismissed without costs. G. T. Blackstock, K. C., and W. E. S. Knowles, Dundas, for plaintiffs. S. F. Washington, K. C., and H. C. Gwyn, Dundas, for the town Corporation. G. Lynch-Staunton, K. C., and W. L. Ross, Hamilton, for the Dundas Electric Company. G. Neil for the Hamilton Cataract Power Company.

Re Jackson and Canadian Order of Chosen Friends—Lynan Lee for society, moved for order allowing payment of certain moneys into court. Harcourt, K. C., for infants. Order granted.

Re Halberstadt and Royal Arcanum—Lynan Lee for Royal Arcanum, moved for order allowing payment into court of certain moneys. Harcourt, K. C., for infant. Order granted.

COLDS CAUSE HEADACHE.
LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE cures a cold in one day. Only in 2 days.

GRIMSBY AND BEAMSVILLE.

Successful Conversation of Ivy Lodge of Masons.

Niagara Fruit Growers Meet During The Coming Week.

Social and Personal News of the Fruit Section.

Grimsby, Feb. 29.—(Special.)—The Bank of Montreal is reported as negotiating for premises on Main street, towards opening a branch in town at an early date.

At their annual meeting on Tuesday afternoon, the Niagara District Fruit Growers' Stock Co. elected the following officers for the year: Murray Pettit, president; J. W. G. Nelson, secretary-treasurer; R. Thompson, vice-president; J. H. Broderick, A. Haynes, D. H. Bunting, C. M. Housberger, directors. The annual report was fairly satisfactory.

Dr. and Mrs. Johnson are going to Kenora.

The meeting of the Horticultural Society, arranged for Thursday night, was postponed until the evening of March 5.

A couple of real estate transactions during the past week were the sale by A. C. Graham of two building lots on Robinson street to Mr. Wray, and a lot to E. E. Morse by W. Gibson on the same street.

"Christ and His Soldiers" is the title of a beautiful oratorio, to be given in St. John's Presbyterian Church on Tuesday evening, under the leadership of Rev. E. Hamilton. The little son of Mr. and Mrs. K. M. Stephen died on Saturday morning. He was in his fourth year, and a fine child. This is the second son the bereaved parents have lost at about the same age.

There have been no new cases of scarlet fever at Lake Lodge school during the past week, and the boys will soon all be out of isolation.

J. H. Sale, of South Gt. George, Ont., and from whom the famous Hale's early peach is named, Prof. H. L. Hutt, of O.A.C., Guelph, D. T. Macoun, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa; Alex. McNeil, chief of the fruit division, Ottawa; W. W. Farnsworth, Waterville, O., will be some of the speakers at the convention of the Niagara Peninsula Fruit Growers' Association next Wednesday afternoon and evening, and in St. Catharines on Thursday and Friday.

Mrs. H. Hagar and Mrs. E. D. Smith were in Beamsville on Thursday afternoon attending Mrs. Armstrong's curling party.

Mr. A. and Miss Pettit, Mr. A. Muir, Miss Book and the Misses Udell were some of the Grimsby contingent at the Ivy Lodge at-home in the twin town Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Wardell, of Bradford, are spending a few days in town this week.

Beamsville and Vicinity.
Thomas Woods, jun., returned from Boston, Mass., on Thursday.

W. W. Wilson, who has been in the department of the business from his father, Mr. W. R. Wilson.

Billie Ryekman, of Niagara Falls, Ont., was home over the week end.

Miss McKernan will again have charge of the miniature department at Fairbrother & Filley's, and will return some time during the coming week.

Alf. Brooking, of Hamilton, was in town on Monday, looking up old friends. Miss Jennie Zimmerman is going to Manitoba.

AT R. McKAY & CO'S., Monday, March 2nd, 1908

HAMILTON'S MOST PROGRESSIVE STORE

A Store Full of Everything New FOR THE Spring and Summer Seasons

Come to this store on Monday and inspect the many different styles that our buyers have gathered together for the coming spring season. We have already pronounced it one of the finest displays ever attempted by the M'KAY STORE, and we are satisfied after you have looked through the store, for there is much to admire, that you will agree with us. You will also find many pretty lines of the new goods on sale at very special prices. Come on Monday.

Interesting Features for Monday's Selling:

A splendid sale of Women's New Spring Tailored Suits, very greatly reduced.

The second day of our Annual Silk Sale. High quality Silks for street dresses on sale at a fraction of their real worth.

Immense bargains in Ladies' Handkerchiefs, Wash Belts and Kid Gloves.

Women's Fine Tailored Suits
Reduced for Quick Clearance
Pans, Chevots, Broadcloth's and English mixtures, medium and three-quarter length coats, fitted and semi-fitted, single and double-breasted, cutaway and other good models, strictly tailored or trimmed, in fancy effects, pleated and gored skirts:

WERE \$37.50, REDUCED TO \$25	WERE \$27.50, REDUCED TO \$17.50
WERE \$20, REDUCED TO \$12.50	WERE \$30, REDUCED TO \$20
WERE \$22.50, REDUCED TO \$13.50	WERE \$32.50, REDUCED TO \$22.50
WERE \$25, REDUCED TO \$15	WERE \$28.50, REDUCED TO \$18.50

Annual Silk Sale
High-Class French Silks at Less Than Half Price—Guaranteed Qualities Worth Up to \$1.75 Yard for 50c to 80c Yard

This Silk Sale will prove the most favorable in our history, as hundreds of beautiful effects in high class silks will be sold at only a fraction of their real values. Every yard of guaranteed quality and worth up to \$1.75 yard. Have your Dress or Waist Length reserved on Monday at .59 and 80c yard

Damaged Handkerchiefs 5c Each
300 dozen of fine Swiss and Cambrie Handkerchiefs, nicely embroidered in scalloped edge, and hemstitched, slightly soiled and damaged, worth up to 20c, on sale, .5c each

Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs 5c Each
200 dozen of Babies' Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, nicely hemstitched in 1 inch hems, regular 10c, on sale, .5c each

Embroidered Wash Belts 25c
24 dozen of dainty Wash Belts, made of fine duck, beautifully embroidered in floral designs, with handsome pearl buckles, all sizes, 22 to 30, regular 30c, on sale, .25c

Ladies' Cashmere Gloves 19c
20 dozen only of fine Cashmere Gloves in brown, navy, grey, beaver, black, white, grey wrist and domes, worth up to 35c, on sale, .19c

Clearing Sale of Fowens' Kid Gloves 69c Pair
Fine French Suede and Glace Kid Gloves, in tan, mode, grey, champagne pearl grey, black and white, fine Paris points, 2 dome fasteners, worth from \$1 to \$1.65, pair, on sale, .69c pair

Clearing Sale of Manufacturers' Sample Ends of Embroidery
3c, 5c, 9c, 11c, 14c, 19c
15 cartons of manufacturers' Sample Ends of fine Cambrie Embroidery, from 1 1/2 to 15 inches wide, in fine eyelet and shadow designs, also insertions to match, come in 2 1/2 to 6 yard lengths, regular 3, 10, 15, 20, 25, 28c yard, on sale 3, 5, 9, 11, 14, and .19c yd.

Interesting Prices in Housefurnishings
Highly Mercerized Tapestry Portiers
In perfect crimson shades, highly finished, with deep, heavy fringe top and bottom. As these curtains are extra weight, being triple width, and but a few pairs of each price, we expect a quick clearing. The regular Price of Lot 1 was \$7.50, Monday your choice . . . \$3.28
Price of Lot 2 was \$5.00, Monday, your choice . . . \$1.48

Oak or Mahogany Curtain Poles
Well finished, with ends, brackets and rings, complete, regular value 35c . . . 23c

Great Tapestry Values
500 yards of fine Verdure Tapestry, in shades of green, blue, red, brown, rose and cream, will be placed on the bargain table Monday. These are all new patterns, and the correct style for furniture coverings, portieres, and draperies, extra good values, regular price \$1.65 yard, Monday saving 97c

\$3.25 Tapestry Panels for \$2.28
New French Tapestry Panels, 36 inches wide and 82 inches long, with artistic landscape effects, beautiful panels for library hangings, portieres, etc. Only one panel of each pattern. Regular value \$3.25, Monday \$2.28

Monday Big Sale of Black Dress Goods

\$1.50 Up to \$2 Yard on Sale Monday at 98c

About 75 dress ends of fine black materials go on sale Monday at a great reduction for you. In the lot you will find plain and fancy French Wool Velvets, Silk Etoffes, Crepe de Chine, Silk finished Mohairs, Silk Poppins, Broadcloths, etc. These ends range from 6 yards up to 10 yards each. Come Monday morning early and secure your share of this great bargain. Every yard worth from \$1.50 to \$2.00 yard, your choice on Monday for 98c

51 Crepe de Chines 59c

Here is another great bargain for you in pure All Wool Shadow Check Crepe de Chines at nearly half price. Good shades of brown, grey, green and fawns, 45 inches wide, worth regular \$1.00 yard, Monday sale price 59c

R. McKAY & CO.

J. W. Kennedy, S. S. F. Davey, J. S. S. J. Wilson, I. G.

W. D. Garbutt, Tyler.

Dear brethren, of the mystic shrine, Ye have been so nobly kind, And may the laurel ever twine And yield its brow:

And yield its brow: This, the green plant held so dear, Keep, oh, keep their hallowed care, Tae gie us ane at home next year.

General Otter has been offered the command of the Fifth Infantry Brigade at Aldershot, but it is not thought that he will leave Canada.

The Salvation Army has sent a special train to Halifax to accommodate the 900 immigrants expected by the Kensington to-day.

BUTTER FAMINE.

High Prices Prevail in England for Table Necessities.

London, Feb. 29.—London is threatened with a butter famine. The whole-sale price of butter has touched 150s. a hundredweight, the highest price in the history of the provision trade.

Butter is being sold in some grocery stores at 1s. 1d. and 1s. 2d. per pound, which means that the dealers are losing 2d. or 3d. per pound on all they sell at that price.

At present the dealers are maintaining the old prices to the public to retain custom, but an immediate rise all round is expected.

A dealer said: "The supplies have failed! There has never been such a scarcity of butter within the memory of provision men."

"London's larder is practically without butter, and there is very little to be got anywhere at present. This accounts for the abnormal price."

"The Australian and New Zealand butter season is now nearly over, and there was shortage of nearly half a million boxes, representing 12,500 tons, from that expected source."

"We are relying now on fresh supplies from Russia and Siberia, which will enable the supply once more to catch up with the demand."

On the London market cargoes of butter are being booked weeks ahead, and a 10,000 cwt. cargo due next week is already snapped up.

The Toronto Board of Control recommended the acceptance of the tenders of the John Inglis Co. for two pumping engines, to cost over \$200,000.