

AT R. McKAY & CO'S. MONDAY, DEC. 20, 1909

STORE OPEN EVERY NIGHT NEXT WEEK TILL 10 P. M.

Our Grand List of Practical Christmas Gifts

For Monday's Selling

At Reduced Prices

COME AND SAVE

Shop Early Monday Morning and Avoid the Rush in Toyland

5 dozen boxes Nine Pins, regular 35c, for 25c
 2 dozen Dolls' Houses and Stables, regular \$1.00, for 75c
 Good Strong Drums, each \$3.50
 Automatic Tracks and Trains, regular \$5.00, for \$3.50
 Red Table with 2 chairs, splendid value \$2.00
 Red Rockers for children 40c
 Chairs for children 25c
 Red Rockers for dolls, regular 25c, for 15c
 Good, Strong Folding Tables, each 50c and 75c
 Dolls' Folding Cradles, regular 19c, for 15c
 Dolls' Wicker Buggies, 25c to \$3.50
 Automobiles, each \$3.50 to \$5.00

Great Price Saving in Ladies' Hand Bags

Ladies' Real Leather Hand Bags, leather covered or nickel frame, some with coin purses, single or 2 strap handles. Worth \$1.50, sale price \$1.00

Music Cases

Full stock of Music Cases, in black seal, velvet, crocodile, in brown, green, nickel trimmings, prices from \$1.75 to \$2.75

Hand Bags \$2.00

Ladies' Black Seal Hand Bags, brass trimmed, leather covered, frame, small coin purse and leather lined, single strap handle. Worth \$2.50, Monday sale price \$2.00

See our assortment of Hand Bags, in Russian real seal, velvet, crocodile, alligator, patent leather, fancy leather and Morocco, also a full line of Beaded Purses; prices \$1.50 to \$20.00

Jewelry Dept. All Aglow With Christmas Jewelry and Novelties

Gold-plated Neckties, with colored stones, nice fine chain, with clasp at back, in boxes. Regular \$1.50, Monday sale price 75c

Cuff Pins 15c Pair

Gold-plated Cuff Pins, different colored stones, heart shape, diamond shape, etc., the very latest fad. 15c pair

Beads 10c

Beads, in all colors, in boxes, sizes vary, large in centre and get smaller towards clasp. Special for Monday sale price 10c

Jewel Cases

See our large assortment of Silver, Oxidized and Gold Jewel Cases, all shapes and pink and blue padded lining, nothing makes a more acceptable gift, prices from 25c to \$5.00

Boxed Frillings 25c Box

Pretty frillings of cords, net, frills, etc., in dainty Christmas gift box, 6 in all, about one gross, to clear, Monday sale price 25c box

Belting 38c Belt Length

Beautiful Belting, all the newest shades and patterns, in 3/4 yard length, in pretty gift box. Don't miss this opportunity; only 38c, regularly 75c

Fancy Collars 25c, Regular 50c

Fancy Collars, made of lace, insertion, chiffon, ribbon, put up in lovely boxes, regularly 50c. Monday sale price 25c

Handkerchiefs, 2 for 25c

200 dozen Swiss Embroidery Handkerchiefs, plain and scalloped edge, a box given with every 25c worth, Monday sale price 2 for 25c

Twenty-Five Semi-Made French Lace Robes at \$12.75, Worth \$25 to \$35

Monday will be the time to procure a beautiful Dress for evening and afternoon wear. Twenty-five only, all French Robes, semi-made, in latest effects, various styles, in white, black and a few colors, including a few embroidered, file, Renaissance and Dattenburg. The regular values of these robes run from \$25.00 to \$35.00. Clearing sale price on Monday \$12.75

Practical Christmas Gifts From Toilet Goods Department

Collar Boxes, nicely lined, celluloid and imitation leather cover. Monday sale price 95c each

Shaving Sets \$1.25

Shaving Sets, mug, brush and mirror, satin lined, imitation alligator covered box; a very nice gift for gents; Monday sale price \$1.25

Ebony Mirrors

Warranted Plate Glass Ebony Mirrors, for stand or hand mirror, prices \$2.00 to \$4.00

Manicure and Toilet Sets

Manicure and Toilet Sets, in beautiful satin lined cases, some with silver plate for initials. Prices range from 50c to \$25.00

Perfume 25c Box

French Perfume, different odors to choose from; regular 35c. Monday sale price 25c box

Birthday Books, Poems, Children's Books

Birthday Books, nicely bound, with gilt edges and worth 40c; on sale Monday sale price 25c

Children's Books

Children's Books, nicely bound and by good authors. Some books as follows: Up in the Clouds, Pilgrim's Progress, The Gorilla Hunters, The Pansy Books, Oliver Twist; Monday sale price 25c each

Padded Poems 79c

Padded Poems, Morocco bound and gilt edges, by good poets, such as Shelley, Wordsworth, Burns, Mrs. Browning, Whittier; regular \$1.00, for 79c

A Great Sale of 25c Books

A new shipment of beautifully bound Books, by good authors, all good books and worth 50c; Monday about 150 to clear for only 25c

Now's the Time to Buy Your Christmas Waists and Silk Underskirts

Third Floor.

\$5 Eiderdown Robes for \$3.25 \$5 Silk Waists for \$2.49

We will put on sale Monday morning from nine till one o'clock, five dozen only of Eiderdown Bath Robes, in cardinal and grey, all sizes, trimmed collar and cuffs, silk girdle, worth regular \$5, green, sizes 36 to 40, worth regular Monday morning's sale price \$3.25 \$5.00, Monday's sale price \$2.49

\$5 Silk Underskirts for \$3.98

Black and colored Chiffon Taffeta Silk Underskirts, made with deep circular flounce, daintily tucked, wide width, Messaline dust frill, worth regular \$5.50, Monday's sale price \$3.98

R. McKAY & CO.

Saved From the Sea

"You promised that before and utterly failed," Christine said, firmly, though her whole form trembled under his hands and gaze. "I can not, will not change my decision, or hear you more."

Now, indeed, this man's passions and ruthlessness were roused with almost uncontrolled force.

"Then, by heaven! you shall change it, and listen to me; here on my heart, as surely as you must yield to my strength, so, my darling—"

He suddenly dropped his hands to take her in his arms once more and wrap her to his breast so closely, so forcibly that she lay helpless, breathless, powerless to offer the slightest resistance to that clasping of the passionate kisses he pressed again and again on brow, and cheek, and lips.

"So—so—why force me to be cruel? You are mine by all laws of heaven and man. Sweetheart, wife, you can not say no to me like this, with my lips to yours to plead!" With a sudden change of manner he laid his to hers again, warm, clinging, tender, as the rich mellow tones sunk to the very softest music of intense supplication. "It will not be for long. No cloud of shame shall overshadow the quiet home where my darling shall reign. I have found you after six long years, and now how can we part? It is too much to live under. Tell me you love me still, Christine—tell me you still love only me!"

"Husband, you know it," she sobbed, burying her face in his bosom. "I loved you once and forever better than life, but you are wronging my very heart. Do you think it is nothing to me to refuse your prayer where there is no happiness for me save at your side? But I must be strong for your sake. Don't make it harder—loose your clasp. Don't kiss me and tempt me with the persuasive music of your loved voice. In pity, spare me!" It is so bitterly hard to resist my own heart and—your!

"Then why resist?" came the tempest's softest whisper in her ear; and the clasp that had loosened a little drew close again. "My beautiful one, my heart's dearest, yield, then! I freed one hand to raise her face, gazing down into her eyes with the look that only the woman loved ever sees in a man's eyes—yield, then, to me, wife!"

"Had his power triumphed, that she held her very breath? In that moment of fierce temptation and agonized strife, the woman's heart failed her; her very love was at once her weakness and her strength. For one second, the wife had almost yielded the battle; in the next she had flung her arms closely about her husband's neck.

"Heaven help me! I dare not—for your dear sake!"

She was suddenly shaken from head to foot with a tempest of convulsive sobs, and clung to him as if in wild terror he would leave her down in an outburst of pitiless anger, such as possibly she had once or twice experienced of old; but, if ever she had, it came not now.

All that was best in St. Maur's strong, irrefragable nature was roused, and for the time—though only for the time—he gave back from this point—vanquished!

His deepest love was stirred to the core, and he folded the slender, quivering form yet closer to his breast, and strove, with tenderest caresses and endearing words, to soothe and calm the tempest which had indeed almost startled him.

"Let the question rest at present, my own darling!" he whispered, at last, as quite still and exhausted, she let him place her on the fallen couch beside him, still and exhausted, she let him place her on the fallen couch beside him, still within his sheltering arm. "Only one thing I will ask now—one promise which you will surely not refuse your husband."

"I will refuse nothing I can possibly grant, dear Falconer!" The low, sweet voice was undisturbed yet. "What is the promise?"

"That you will sometimes meet me in secret," he said, earnestly, stroking the soft, curling locks. "You start, but we must—oh, Christine, we must! There is so much yet to say, to learn; meeting in society is but the stone for bread. Your own heart must plead for mine in this dear old promise."

"I promise, Falconer!"

There was a flash of triumph as well as joy in St. Maur's handsome eyes as he stooped and kissed the lips that had so pledged him.

"Dearest—thanks! When do you go back to town, then?"

"I think on Saturday. We can not meet again down here, Falconer, I could not escape today was a mere chance; and now I must be returning."

St. Maur's brow darkened as he rose; but it cleared again as Christine laid her hand on his lips, half smiling.

"No, no, husband—no word or frown of jealousy! Tell me your address, for we can write; only you must write in a disguised hand if you are likely to know the Cliffords."

"I shall," he said, to do so, through the Addison's. "I was the answer. 'I shall leave here to-morrow, then, since I may not see you again. I can take your part of the way back now, but we must say our farewell here, so, my darling—my recovered treasure!'"

Once more a close embrace, a long, lingering kiss, and they turned together from the wood, wherein, after long years, they had been so strangely reunited—yet parted still!

CHAPTER IX.

Yes, for the time—and only for the time—had St. Maur given way, apparently vanquished; but he never for a moment dreamed of really yielding, or that his young wife would be able for long to resist him; he had gained one great vantage ground, he thought—opportunity.

She had promised to meet him secretly—not once, but many times, and in that concession had she not surely sounded the note of her own defeat and final surrender at discretion to his will, as she had done eight years ago; only then his victory over the mere girl had been literally "veni, vidi, vici."

But now the woman, in all the development of her rich forces, in the very strength of her confessed love, had met his assured advance at once with a stern indictment and an uncompromising repulse that were utterly unexpected on his part.

But to such a man the repulse and difficulty offered only roused yet further his deepest admiration and determination to win—it only intensified the old love that had deepened with every remembrance of separation, and fire it anew with all the passion and zest of novelty—a strange wooing assault.

"Meet her again—aye! and soon!" he muttered, mentally, as that night's train

carried him and Rahmnee back toward London.

"I would, at the next interview, tell her his position unreservedly—show her how deeply he was in debt to Morley, how hopelessly involved; and show her how impossible it was for him, therefore, to accede to her conditions while his uncle William Orde lived or remained obdurate. She must surely see that, and give way to the necessity and the thousand soft persuasions and pleadings he would pour into her ears; if not—oh! she would—she must—but still—if not, what then? what then?"

Surely a very emissary direct from Evil itself spring in his ear in that second, so dark, so utterly unworthy the flash of suggestion, too vague to reach even a definite thought, much less mental words, that went across the man's soul.

"Inveigle her somehow into your power; your captive, keep her with you for days; and then, helplessly compromised with those who now honor her, she must fling herself into your arms as her only refuge and home."

The evil flash had come and gone like lightning from out the lurid heavens; but had it touched the human soul in its swift flight, or startled it to a recoil by the glimpse of the abyss on whose brink it stood so blindly?

Heaven only knoweth; but there surged up in his heart a sudden passionate longing to be all—his wife's—his—his! that word—if he could.

It was midnight when the train stole into the terminus, and St. Maur gently roused his slumbering attendant.

"Rahmnee, awake. We are back in the world again."

The Indian started up, took down the small portmanteau, and followed his master to a hansom, which transported them to South Audley street.

And Christine St. Maur was not her heart as full of him as his was of hers; but, yes, when, indeed, in all those years, had he ever been absent from her thoughts?

He lived, he loved her still—aye! more even than of old; he had sought her out, found her, pleaded for pardon in deepest penitence that had won it; once more she had felt his clasp, his kiss; heard his beloved voice, knew that she should see him again and again, and out from the depths of the woman's soul went the passionate cry of happiness, of agony, of hope.

"I will win him back! I will win him! Oh, Heaven! give me strength to resist his utmost temptation. I must resist my darling my love—for my dear sake!"

Oh! that watch-word of the heart—the tie that binds the first, endures the last—in very truth for such a grand soul as this!

CHAPTER X.

All the next morning Falconer was busy at his secretariat, looking through several papers, and reading and answering letters that had come in his absence at Carleham. He had just finished the last, when he heard stepping on the stairs, and Snowball's voice, with the peculiar and somewhat nasal intonation of the Hindon race, assuring someone that "Sabbi would be so pleased; he was disgraced, he knew." Then the door was thrown open with a "Mr. Orde, sir!" and Falconer sprang to his feet.

"My dear Uncle William, you in town? how glad I am to see you!"

"My dear boy, the old and the young hand met warmly—yes, I think that you do care for the old man a little, rascally young scamp though you are, eh?"

St. Maur laughed, and drew a luxurious easy-chair forward to the fire.

"Sit down there, Uncle Will, and tell me when you came up, and all about it; when you look as well and upright as ever, though!"

Mr. Orde was a fine, stately man of sixty, looking every inch what he was—the well-born gentleman, he had a quiet, easy-chair forward to the fire.

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THE MODERN METHOD OF BUYING TEA

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for it ensures complete satisfaction. Black, Mixed or Natural Green in sealed lead packets only—never in bulk.

CHRISTKINDEL

Christmas on the 'Holy Ghost' Farm.

(Continued from Page 23.)

worn little book, and, leisurely turning over its tattered and begrimed pages she read, or rather spelled, a number of words beginning with "I." "I have it, here it is—'tooth!'" Give me the book, and snatching it from Randel she read: "Tooth—to lose a tooth denotes a death in the family." She turned pale and the book dropped from her hands.

Old Randel sat with her hands in her lap, shaking her head and looking askance at the Bauerin, while she dreamily repeated: "A death in the family." After a pause she added: "God forbid that it should be."

"What?" asked Bauerin, who had partly regained her usual composure. "I mean Resi," answered the old Sybil.

"Hush!" cried the Bauerin in an angry tone. "I don't care what the dream-book says. The other night when I dreamt that my forest was on fire, no lightning happened, though the dream-book had it that this meant the loss of all my possessions." With that she gave the book a kick and sent it under the table. But this defiance neither silenced old Randel nor did it quiet the rebellious beating of her heart.

After dinner the Bauerin opened a huge chest from which she took her Sunday jacket, with its costly silver laces.

Randel still sat behind the stove, where she usually took a nap after her frugal but substantial meal, but on this occasion she felt no desire to sleep. She kept watching the Bauerin out of the corner of her eye.

"What if it should be Resi after all?" she crooned.

The Bauerin opened her mouth to utter an unavailing retort, but remained silent.

"I mean that you are taking a great responsibility. Resi is your child—and to think that it might be—"

"Don't bother me!" almost yelled the Bauerin. "I mean to do as I like, and will not be dictated to. I don't want to hear anything about my child or mine. I didn't drive them off, now let them lie on the bed they made for themselves."

Randel muttered timidly: "I was only thinking of the consequences; the awful remorse and reproaches in case you were too late. Wastl is a fine fellow, and I am sure I live to be a hundred—"

Raising her hands in deprecation and coming forward, "Don't say things which you may have to repent for the rest of your life."

The Bauerin stared at Randel, then, nodding her head, she said: "You are right, one should not say such things."

The day seemed endless. The Bauerin wandered aimlessly through the house unable to settle down to any work. She tried to persuade herself that dreams and dream-books might after all be liable to mistakes, but at heart she felt that key which nothing but certainty can allay. Would night ever come? Resi and Wastl would surely be a midnight mass, and that she would see with her own eyes that her fears had been groundless. At last it grew dark, but the evening passed slowly. Just before midnight the sound of distant church bells came floating through the clear, starry night. The Bauerin had tumbled her coat and preceded by the two farmhands carrying pine torches to the site of the light of the crescent moon, this being an old time custom, they started down the mountain through frozen snow, which cracked and crunched under their homelike shoes. On reaching the church she entered hurriedly. At every step she met familiar faces which she had not seen for many a day, but she was nervous, and did not stop to talk with any one. She scanned closely every pew, but neither Resi nor Wastl was to be seen. It was still early, and she hoped they might only be late. Yet her heart beat tumultuously. The sound of a bell announced the beginning of the service. The priest, clad in his golden vestments, came out of the sacristy and began to sing, and Resi still not there! Once more her eyes searched each pew and bench. Her heart was in her throat, and a great big fear came over her that, after all, the dream-book might have spoken the truth. This sensible woman suddenly became transformed.

"Gloria in excelsis Deo et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis," chanted the priest. "Gloria in excelsis Deo," responded the choir. The Bauerin smote her breast and repeated: "Yes, and on earth peace, good will towards men." She knew the words by heart; she had sung them often; she and the other young girls of the village—oh, so many, many years ago! So many changes had taken place in all that time! Only one thing seemed to have passed unnoticed, and that was the old schoolmaster sitting on the organ bench up there in the choir loft, just as he had looked when she was a young girl. A faintness came over her and she closed her eyes.

"Yes, yes, I will," she groaned. "I will, if it is not too late."

From the altar came the words, "Femina est!" She rose, and before the organ had given out its closing chords she had passed through the devoutly kneeling crowd and reached the door; here she hurriedly spoke to one of the servants: "George, come with me."

Onward she sped in such haste that the lad had hard work to keep pace with her. From out a clear winter sky myriads of stars and a crescent moon shed their silvery light over valley and snow-covered mountains. She had not very far to go. She could see the light of the little holy shrine which shone under a low window—and she followed its beckoning light as eager as did those humble shepherds, eighteen hundred years ago, that other star of Bethlehem.

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Good going Dec. 24th and 25th, 1909, returning until Dec. 27th, 1909. Also good going Dec. 31st, 1909, and Jan. 1st, 1910, returning until Jan. 3rd, 1910.

AT FARE AND ONE THIRD

Good going Dec. 21st to Dec. 25th, inclusive. Also good going Dec. 28th, 1909, to Jan. 1st, 1910, returning until Jan. 3rd, 1910. Secure tickets and further information from Chas. E. Morgan, city ticket agent; W. G. Webster, depot agent.

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ONE AND ONE-THIRD first class fare going Dec. 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25, also Dec. 28, 29, 30, 31, and Jan. 1, returning to and including Jan. 5, 1910.

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