

AT R. MCKAY & CO'S. THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1909

Many Lines of Women's Apparel for the Warm Weather



Many Specials Featured for Thursday's Selling

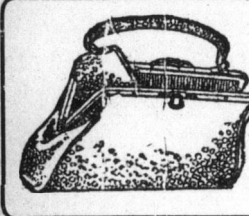
Sharp at 8.30 to-morrow morning this bright store places on sale many new arrival in Women's Chic Wearing Apparel, suitable for the hot weather, and at prices that are bound to bring you out bright and early to-morrow morning. Read the events carefully:

Sunshades for the Races

A Special Sale To-morrow
37 only New York Sunshades, in various colors, also navy, white effects with clover borders, suitable for almost any colored gown; with the very latest natural handles; worth regular \$2. clearing price Thursday only \$1.39 each

Stunning New Dutch Collars at 25c, Worth Reg. 35c

Just passed into stock, the very latest style Dutch Collars, with jabots to match. These will be in a special display sale to-morrow at each.
New Directoire Dutch Collar Pins, Worth Reg. 35c, Sale Price 15c ea.
Come in and see these new style Dutch Collar Pins. Introducing them to-morrow in a grand special price sale. They are regular beauties. Secure one to-morrow at, each 15c



New Hand Bags at Half Regular

On sale to-morrow, a manufacturer's surplus stock of new and perfect Leather Hand Bags, without a doubt one of the best buying chances in up-to-date Hand Bags of the season. Secure one to-morrow. Good value at \$1.00; sale price 50c each

Manufacturers' Stock of Women's Summer Hose

Splendid Values at 25c, Thursday Sale Price 15c pair
110 dozen Women's Stockings, in fine ribb, lisle and cotton, with seamless feet, in tan and black only, considered by us to be the best bargain of the season. Guaranteed fast colors. Buy your summer supply to-morrow and save. Sale price 15c pair

Reg. 75c Cream Serge for 50c yd.

Again to-morrow we make the above offering, guaranteed a perfect Serge, one of our best regular selling lines. Cream goods is very popular this season, and intending buyers should see this splendid Serge, on sale at 50c yard

Money-Saving Bargains in Carpet Department

- VELVET RUGS—Size 3 1/2 x 3 yards, elegant colorings; fine quality, worth \$18, special price \$13.50
- AXMINSTER RUGS—Size 4 x 3 yards, new designs, extra heavy pile, worth \$85, special price \$29.00
- WILTON RUGS—Size 4 x 3 yards, rich colorings, All quality, worth \$80.00, special price \$30.00
- BRUSSEL RUGS—Size 4 x 3 yards, splendid patterns, heavy quality, worth \$22.50, special price \$16.50
- TAPESTRY RUGS—Size 4 x 3 yards, very serviceable patterns, heavy grade, worth \$11, special price \$8.50
- MORAVIAN RUGS—Size 9 0 x 6 0, reversible Oriental designs, worth \$8.50, special price \$6.00
- WOOL RUGS—Size 3 1/2 x 3 yards, fine colorings, serviceable quality, worth \$6.00, special price \$5.00
- China Matting, lengths from 3 to 20 yards, worth up to 35c, special price 17c

Great Sale of Cushions

We have a huge pyramid of 500 Cushions, which we will sell on Friday at wonderfully low prices. If you have a porch, a hammock, boat, canoe or couch you will appreciate these fine Cushions:

Cushion Forms Covered with white Cambric. They are soft and downy, and will not lump. Size 18x19 inches, on sale at 25c ea. Size 20x20 inches, on sale at 35c ea. Size 22x22 inches, on sale at 47c ea. Size 24x24 inches, on sale at 58c ea.

Ready Covered Cushions Covered with pretty art goods, all ready to use, a lovely soft cushion for use. Something you can use and not be afraid of spoiling. Lot 1, frilled at 47c ea. Lot 2, plain edges at 38c ea.

Values from Our Staple Section

- Nainsook 20c**
Fine Soft Finish Nainsook, extra wide width, 48 inches wide, a special quality for fine underwear, 30c quality, for 20c yard
- Imperfect Cloths** Slightly imperfect cloths, bordered all around. Regular \$1.75, for 95c. For \$1.00, for \$1.75
- Nearlina Suits** Now for a white suit; Nearlina Suits, launders with a clean line finish, 36-inch wide, special 20c
- Sheeting 25c** Plain Unbleached Sheeting, fine even weave, free from specks, 2 1/4 yards wide, worth 30c yard, special 25c
- Bath Towels 25c** Extra size Striped Bath Towels, firm absorbent weave, 35c value, for 25c

Specials in Waists for Thursday

\$1.50 Waists for 98c—Third Floor
Dainty, Fine Persian Lawn Waists, made with Swiss all-over embroidery front, tucked directoire sleeves, all sizes, worth regular \$1.50, Thursday sale price 98c

Whitewear Specials

Drawers 35c
Ladies' Fine Cambric Drawers, umbrella style, with deep full frill, trimmed with lace, Thursday 35c

R. MCKAY & CO.

Love Finds the Way

Knocking on the floor twice with his heel, he stood waving the curt message between his finger and his thumb, watching for the appearance of the old mute. When she came he gave some directions by means of the finger language, and handed her the letter.

Presently his quick ear caught the sound of footsteps, and getting up, he said:

"Oh, go upstairs and take a turn at the mark for a while."

The lad left the room, and a few minutes afterwards the old woman, accompanied by a younger one, entered.

Melchior rose to greet them, dismissed the mute with a nod, and taking his visitor's hand, which was small and gloved, said:

"This is quick, indeed, Kate! with a smile and a half nod of approbation. The woman sat down in the chair he pulled forward for her, and lifted her thick veil, which had concealed a face neither beautiful nor plain—too pale and expressionless, suppressed and restrained for the former, and yet with features too regular to be the latter. Her eyes were gray—calm, still and suppressed as her face, but with a certain something in them—a deep light, hidden and kept back, that hinted at some predominant feeling ever smothered and stifled."

"Your note said, 'Come at once,' have I ever disobeyed you?"

The voice would have been a musical one if it had been a full one, but like the face it was held in check, and unnaturally monotonous.

"No, Kate, I never will," he said, seating himself by the table and leaning back easily, his eyes fixed on her face and his strong hand beating a gentle tattoo. "You are a good girl—well, woman, if you will have it so—but girl still to me, who cannot but think of you always as I knew you first—when

"She looked up with her eyes flashing for a moment, but subdued the next."

"When you stepped forward from the rest of the world and saved me from a life that was rendered intolerable by cruelty, and crime, and misery?"

"Hush!" he said, gently. "You use too strong terms for it. What I did was nothing more than anyone, with something higher than the heart of a brute, would do."

"No," she said, as decisively as before. "You forget it perhaps—I don't. Five years ago I was the bond slave of a man whom I called father, but whom the world would call brute. I worked for him, stole for him. You passed the house—the door, rather—one of the mornings when he was pleased to beat me. He struck harder than usual, and I cried. You heard me, entered, tore me from his clutches, and— heaven alone knows how—bore me off."

Melchior held up his hand to stop her, but with the same monotonous voice the woman continued:

"No, let me finish. The most benevolent of men might have stopped there and have dropped me into the mud and mire again, but you had a larger heart than all the charitable societies and poor-men's funds put together, and did not rest until you had saved me. You sent me to school, far away in the country. Learn, you said, and I learned. If you had told me to kill myself I should have done it unquestionably, as unbelievably; you brought me away and gave me a home, found me employment, and when I begged on my knees that you would give me a chance of showing my gratitude you said simply, 'Wait.' The other day I passed you in the street. I knew by the tones of your voice that the time was near when you would redeem your promise, and let me relieve my heart of something of its burden."

She stopped, paler but otherwise unmoved, and fixed her steely eyes upon his face.

"Kate," he said, "you have learned two things about all knowledge—the command of your feelings and—patience. I am sorry you recalled our little history. Forget it if you can, your gratitude is more than I deserve. Keep your faith in me, it would be cruel to undecieve you"—he added, inaudibly, then aloud, "Well, I said 'Wait,' and you have waited. I am now going to ask you to do me a service."

"I have lived only for that," replied the woman.

He nodded and pointed to Sir Ralph's advertisement. "Read that," he said. She read it slowly and attentively.

"You must be that governess," he said, decisively.

"The woman's face clouded.

"Is that all—no harder to do than that?"

"Stay," he said, with his low, musical laugh. "Not quite all. I am going to leave England—that's a secret."

She inclined her head, and he knew that not all the tortures of the inquisition could wring it from her.

"I am going to leave England, and shortly, but I am interested in one or two matters in the old country—interested in one or two families without their being aware of that interest. You understand?"

"Perfectly," she said, leaning a little forward and breathing more quickly, as if she was drinking in every word, and waiting like a hound, straining at the leash to catch his wish before it was expressed.

"One family is the one mentioned in the advertisement—Sir Ralph Melville and his daughter Lily. You will learn all about them when you enter the household—I need not give you their history. The other person is Lady Melville, the widow of Sir William Melville, who was—"

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A slight flush rose to the woman's face.

"You may trust me," she said. "Not a word or a look should escape me, but—"

"How shall I place you there," he broke in. "Kate, you shall place yourself. You have not been trained in so good a school for nothing. I write this letter of introduction; it is signed the Rev. James Barlow. When the baronet reads it quietly inform him that it comes from a country clergyman, and give him as a reference the name of the schoolmistress you studied under. She will be only too glad to help her favorite pupil. As a last resort refer him to the good, old woman who has taught you—what is it?—bonnet making."

"The woman nodded.

"I see. Give me the letter, and trust me."

"There it is, Kate. I trust you must implicitly. And now for the matter of communication. See here," he said, taking out a pocketbook and handing her a sheet of note paper and a small glass pencil. "Write your name on that."

The woman removed her glove and attempted to do as she was told, but after several vain attempts she looked up and said:

"The pencil will not write."

"Never mind," he retorted, with a smile, "try lower down and write as if you saw the marks."

She formed the invisible letters, "Kate Lucas," and sat waiting further commands.

"You see nothing?" he said.

"Nothing."

He took up the paper and, after holding it near the fire, held it up; the hitherto invisible letters then stood out plainly revealed in crimson.

"Invisible ink," he explained. "Take that pencil and another one. Write to me, addressed as I direct, a short note, as if to a cousin, in ordinary ink, to avert suspicion. If the note should chance to be opened, but on the plain side write with the invisible ink."

Her eyes glittered.

"I see, I see," she said.

"You hear, so good," he said, smiling. "You little girl, and now for a few hints. You know enough to train a girl well. But something else will be wanted. I think Sir Ralph loves his daughter—dotes on her—thinks her the rarest gem the world contains. He would have a guard, a watchdog, as well as governess

"And I am that already; I am watching for you."

"As for Ralph at the same time—of course. Ah, Kate, you have what few women can boast—brains."

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The woman's hands closed with an involuntary gesture of delight and surprise at her eyes of passion and a look of awe. "You forget it perhaps—I don't. Five years ago I was the bond slave of a man whom I called father, but whom the world would call brute. I worked for him, stole for him. You passed the house—the door, rather—one of the mornings when he was pleased to beat me. He struck harder than usual, and I cried. You heard me, entered, tore me from his clutches, and— heaven alone knows how—bore me off."

Melchior held up his hand to stop her, but with the same monotonous voice the woman continued:

"No, let me finish. The most benevolent of men might have stopped there and have dropped me into the mud and mire again, but you had a larger heart than all the charitable societies and poor-men's funds put together, and did not rest until you had saved me. You sent me to school, far away in the country. Learn, you said, and I learned. If you had told me to kill myself I should have done it unquestionably, as unbelievably; you brought me away and gave me a home, found me employment, and when I begged on my knees that you would give me a chance of showing my gratitude you said simply, 'Wait.' The other day I passed you in the street. I knew by the tones of your voice that the time was near when you would redeem your promise, and let me relieve my heart of something of its burden."

She stopped, paler but otherwise unmoved, and fixed her steely eyes upon his face.

"Kate," he said, "you have learned two things about all knowledge—the command of your feelings and—patience. I am sorry you recalled our little history. Forget it if you can, your gratitude is more than I deserve. Keep your faith in me, it would be cruel to undecieve you"—he added, inaudibly, then aloud, "Well, I said 'Wait,' and you have waited. I am now going to ask you to do me a service."

"I have lived only for that," replied the woman.

He nodded and pointed to Sir Ralph's advertisement. "Read that," he said. She read it slowly and attentively.

"You must be that governess," he said, decisively.

"The woman's face clouded.

"Is that all—no harder to do than that?"

"Stay," he said, with his low, musical laugh. "Not quite all. I am going to leave England—that's a secret."

She inclined her head, and he knew that not all the tortures of the inquisition could wring it from her.

"I am going to leave England, and shortly, but I am interested in one or two matters in the old country—interested in one or two families without their being aware of that interest. You understand?"

"Perfectly," she said, leaning a little forward and breathing more quickly, as if she was drinking in every word, and waiting like a hound, straining at the leash to catch his wish before it was expressed.

"One family is the one mentioned in the advertisement—Sir Ralph Melville and his daughter Lily. You will learn all about them when you enter the household—I need not give you their history. The other person is Lady Melville, the widow of Sir William Melville, who was—"

"Murdered!" said the woman, as he hesitated.

"Yes," he said, stroking his moustache with his firm hand. "Between the baronet and his brother's widow there is a deadly feud. The history of that you will also find out for yourself—perhaps you know it already. Sir Ralph lives at Rivershall—or in London at their address; Lady Melville is an erratic spirit and has no man knows when or whether. Kate, I know you as well as you know yourself; I know that if I ask you to watch these people and let me hear of them I shall see them with your eyes as well as if I were watching them with my own."

A slight flush rose to the woman's face.

"And I am that already; I am watching for you."

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