

AT R. MCKAY & CO'S. WEDNESDAY, NOV. 24, 1909

Tremendous Purchase of French Dresden Silks

Worth \$1.25 and \$1.50 Yard, on Sale To-morrow for 69c Yard

Better have a look at these high class Silks—over 3,500 yards of the loveliest effects in silks ever offered at any price, new designs, also colorings, guaranteed qualities, nothing prettier for dresses and waists, and silks that are regularly worth \$1.25 and \$1.50 a yard; on sale to-morrow and two following days

On Sale Wednesday Regular 75c

Venetian Suitings, Sale Price 49c Yard

On sale to-morrow, 200 yards pure Wool Venetian Cloth Suiting at a price that will command quick selling, perfect colors of navy, brown, myrtle, Wistaria, taupe, red and black, will make up pretty and serviceable suits, separate skirts, etc., worth regular 75c, sale price 49c yard

Ready-to-Wear Department

Sale of Tailor-Made Suits and Coats Tailor-Made Suits at \$8.98

Black, navy, brown, green and a good assortment of stripes in light and dark colors. Three-quarter length coats, all strictly tailored and strapped. Some of the coats are silk lined. The quantity is limited; 25 only. Make selections early. Regularly \$18.50 and \$20.00, while they last at \$8.98

Tailor-Made Coats at \$7.98

A splendid assortment of colors to select from, dark tweed, diagonal cloth and kersey, semi and tight-fitting models; three-quarter length coats, nicely tailored and braided. These coats are manufacturers' samples, and are worth from \$12.50 to \$15.00. Clearing sale price \$7.98

Snaps for Wednesday's Selling in the Housefurnishings

Elegant Lace Curtains

Strong, good wearing and good laundering Curtains, in most artistic and pleasing designs, all full width and length, in colors of white, cream and ecru. Prices for Wednesday are—

Regular \$3.00, Regular \$4.25, Regular \$5.00, Regular \$6.00, \$1.95, \$2.88, \$3.47, \$4.18

Sale of White Bed Spreads

Reg. \$1.50, Reg. \$1.75, Reg. \$2.00, \$1.18, \$1.48, \$1.69. Full size, soft finish; a very good laundering spread.

Portiers for Doors

Damask, in fancy floral designs and Tapestry, full length, ready to hang, \$3.50, for \$2.47. Furniture Upholstered and Recovered. Workmanship guaranteed.

Art Denim in Different Colors

Regular 55c, at 25c

Regular 45c, at 20c

Reg. 20c & 25c Cretonnes 12 1/2c

12 rolls English Cretonnes, in fancy colorings and designs, suitable for coverings, hangings, etc., 30 inches wide, 20 and 25c, at 12 1/2c

Special Prices in Carpets and Linoleums

95c Tapestry Carpets 72c 10 patterns English Tapestry Carpet, good patterns and colorings, worth 95c, special only 72c

\$1.15 Scotch Inlaid Linoleums 98c 200 yards best quality Inlaid Linoleums, floral, tile and block patterns, worth \$1.15, special only 98c

\$1 Brussels Carpets 60c 250 yards old lines of Brussels Carpet, in colorings of crimson, green, fawn, worth \$1.00, special only 60c

60c Union Carpets 49c

1 patterns Union Carpet, well seamed, reversible patterns, full yard wide, colorings crimson, green and fawn, worth 60c, special only 49c

55c Scotch Printed Linoleums 47c

300 yards Heavy Scotch Printed Linoleum, hard wearing quality, well seamed, in floral, tile and block patterns, worth 55c, special only 47c

85c All Wool Carpets 75c

5 patterns 2-ply All Wool Carpet, full yard wide, reversible patterns, worth 85c, special only 75c

R. MCKAY & CO.

BARRIE FIRE. IS IT FRAUD?

Knew Little of Miss Meeks, Whose Trunks Were Sent Away.

Daughter of Proprietor of Music Hall Testifies.

Barrie, Ont., Nov. 22.—The Police Court could not accommodate the crowd which gathered this morning to hear the evidence in the enquiry into the circumstances of the fire which last Wednesday destroyed the Music Hall and the Guthrie home. Jessie Montgomery, adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Guthrie, was the first witness. She was closely examined as to her acquaintance with a certain Miss Meeks, who, Mrs. Guthrie stated in her evidence, accompanied her to Alandale when she made arrangements for the shipment of Miss Meeks' trunks to Elmville. She said she did not know Miss Meeks in Peterboro. Although she slept in the same room with her for one week, three weeks ago, she knew her but slightly. After examining the trunks, which had been seized, she said she might be Clara Guthrie's, but she was not sure. She identified a quilt in one trunk as belonging to the Guthrie family, and an album as Clara's, but she could not satisfactorily explain why Miss Meeks should take these away.

Syrians Obtain Large Quantities of Goods.

Merchants at Toronto, Mitchell and Montreal Interested.

Fredericton, N. B., Nov. 22.—Private detectives and other officers of the law all over Eastern Canada have been engaged for some weeks past on an alleged fraud case, in which a combination of Syrians, working with Grand Falls, N. B., as their headquarters, have obtained goods to the value of upwards of \$25,000. Already one arrest has been made in the case, several thousand dollars' worth of goods have been seized and the detectives are scouring Boston, New York and other American cities in an endeavor to locate those who were concerned with William J. Ayoub, the man under arrest. In the perception of the alleged fraud. Some months ago Ayoub and his associates ordered goods to the value of \$25,000 or more from the firms, buying mostly on thirty days' credit, and when the time was up the drafts were not paid. Some of the firms then became suspicious, and warrants for seizure under the bouncing debtors' act were issued. It then developed that most of the goods, which had been shipped to Grand Falls, had been reshipped away by Ayoub, and in many cases to fictitious addresses; some of the goods had not even been opened. Later on the arrest of Ayoub followed at Canterbury, York county, and he is now out on \$1,000 bail.

Vapo-Cresolene

Established 1879 FOR WHOOPING COUGHS, CROUP, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, CATARRH, DIPHTHERIA, Croup, Whooping Cough, the proximate cause of Whooping Cough. Ever dreaded Croup tincture exists where Cresolene is used. It acts directly on nose and throat, making breathing easy in the case of colds, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough. It is a boon to sufferers of Asthma. Cresolene is a powerful germicide, acting both as a curative and a preventive in contagious diseases. Cresolene's best recommendation is its thirty years of successful use. For Sale by All Druggists Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet. Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets, simple and soothing for the throat. Looming, Miles Co., Limited, Agents, Montreal, Canada.

A Spanish Beauty

The sick man drew from his neck a little silk bag, and from the bag the dingy remains of the letter. It was soiled and torn, and the ink was faded, but the bold, clear characters were still perfectly distinct.

"Read it for yourself, 'mam'selle,'" Mike Muldoon said. "It's the first and last I saw from him. I know no more than the dead what became of Lord Rory!"

The girl took it. The fading light was dim, but with the first glance at the writing, she recoiled as though she had seen a ghost.

With an exclamation of amazement, or consternation, she tore it open, and read rapidly.

"Dear Old Mike,—When your honest eyes see this, I shall have left 'Melbourne' forever. I have had news from Ireland—news that you, too, have heard, doubtless, long ere now. My father is dead. He reigns in the old man's stead, and she is his wife! My trust in man and woman has ceased forever. I do not tell you whether I go. I hardly know myself, and it matters little. God bless you, my brave old Mike, and good-bye! I will never return to the old land. I am a felon and an outcast, as you know, and can claim no legal rights. I hardly think I should try, if I could. Let the friend I trusted, the woman I loved, be happy if they can, and enjoy their new hours in peace. They will never be disturbed by me. I have discarded the old name with the rest, and I sign myself by the new one, under which I begin a new life.

"Robert Drummond."

As she read the last word—the name—a low, wailing cry broke from the pale lips of Mignonne, the black eyes were dilated, the dark face white and wild.

"Robert Drummond!" she repeated. "Robert Drummond! And I know all at last—at last!"

CHAPTER II.—The sick man half raised himself on his elbow, and stared at her. The face of the little actress, in the luminous dusk of the silvery spring evening, was white as his own, her black eyes dilated, and blankly staring at the faded and crumpled note she held.

"What is it, 'mam'selle' Mignonne?" Mike Muldoon asked, suspiciously. "Did you ever meet Lord Roderick Desmond?" Mignonne looked at him, aroused from her startled trance, and broke into a laugh—a laugh that was strangely different from the silvery, girlish laughter he had often heard form those pretty lips.

"Did I ever know Lord Roderick Desmond? You star, old simple fellow! Where should I—Mignonne, the actress—ever meet a live lord? Oh, no. I never knew your Lord Roderick, your handsome paragon of perfection—but I did once know a Robert Drummond."

"Mam'selle!" "There, there! easy, my brother. Don't jump so; you'll do yourself mischief. Yes; I once knew a Robert Drummond. A very handsome man, too, my good Mike, but not in the least like your brave, your magnanimous, your heroic Lord Rory! Come! I'll tell you all about him. One pretty story deserves another. She sat down by the bedside again, the deepening dusk hiding her face and its expression entirely from the anxious eyes of the sick man.

"Nearly eight or ten years ago, Mike—the time corresponds, you see—only another odd coincidence, of course—there came to Toronto a young gentleman who called himself Robert Drummond. I say gentleman, because this handsome Robert Drummond, I have heard since, looked more like an exiled prince than an every-day Christian, and teacher of English and mathematics in the Toronto Commercial and Classical Academy—which he was.

"He spoke like a courtier and bowed like a king, and carried himself with a grace and lofty carriage that was the awe and admiration of all who knew him. Where he came from, what his past history might have been, were dead secrets. He was the most silent and retiring of men, and his dazed, questioner, the haughty stranger, who looked with such a proud, grand seigneur glance upon all who came near him. They set him down for an Englishman; but even that was only supposition.

"Well, this handsome and haughty teacher of English and mathematics boarded in the house of a Toronto mechanic—a poor man—a Frenchman named Chateaufort, because, I suppose, he was too poor to board at a hotel. Monsieur Chateaufort had one daughter—beautiful as all the angels, so I have heard—just seventeen—my age now, Mike—impressed, headstrong, wayward—of the wildest and reckless of wild, if you will. She saw this beautiful English prince every day, and she fell in love with him—these passionate, fiery natures will love madly. And he—she looked at her with great, blue, weary eyes—eyes that saw her beauty—eyes that thought of any more than if it had been wax or wood.

"That drove her to desperation, and she—it was a mad and unwomanly thing to do, my good Mike—she soon changed all that. She made him look at her; she made him love her; she made him love her. She was as a firebrand. If she loved him, she should die for him. "Monsieur Robert Drummond listened to the frantic girl before him in pale amazement. He was grave and startled for a moment, then he broke into a faint, strange sort of laugh.

"What does it matter?" he said. "I might as well, and she's really very pretty! Thanks, my beauty! This is an unexpected honor; but if it will make you happy, why, I dare say I might as well marry as not. Only, I warn you, I'm a poor man, and likely to remain so all my life. If that is your service! A strange wooing, was it not, Mike? And three weeks after, Mademoiselle Chateaufort, looking beautiful in white and orange flowers, went to church and became Madame Robert Drummond.

"It was an odd marriage. It should have been a happy one, since she had the desire of her heart, and he was too much of an aristocrat ever to be anything but kind and courteous. He did not care for her—no; not one straw—and tossing in his dreams at night, he called upon another name—a woman's name—not hers. And over his heart, sleeping and waking, he carried a woman's picture—a face far more lovely than her own. For this jealous wife looked at it while he slept, and her love turned to bitterness and hate. He was colder to her than ice. Even when their child was born, he just glanced at

it with those weary, indifferent eyes, then away and out into that unknown world he had left behind him. The insensate picture in his breast was dearer to him than wife and child.

"She grew reckless after that—bitter, desperate. I told you there was wild blood in her. Before he had ever met her she had run away from home and joined a troupe of strolling players, who took her for her beauty and her voice, for she sang—oh, heavenly! Her father went after her and brought her back, and her husband never knew.

"When her recklessness reached its height—when his coldness, his insulting indifference could no longer be borne—when he had driven her mad with jealousy—she took her child one day and fled far from him—far from home—a desperate wanderer, resolved rather to die than ever look upon his stony face again. She did not die. She went on the stage once more. She was not much of an actress, but she was so handsome, and sung so sweetly, that managers accepted her, and paid her a pittance, upon which they lived—she and her child. And when years went by, and the little one grew up, she went on the stage also and mother and daughter wandered over the world together.

"Many years after, when the daughter was nearly sixteen, they came back to Toronto. The unloved wife came back to die; her heart had broken. She was a worn-out, aged woman, with white hair, at thirty-three.

"She was dying of a terrible pulmonary disease—and dying, the old love came back; and she longed, with unutterable longing, to see her husband once more, to hear his voice, to feel his kiss upon her dying lips. She had never heard of him from the hour she had left home. It had never struck her, nor her, very likely. What did he care for her or her child—whether they lived or died? She went back to Toronto, to find her father and mother dead years before, and her husband gone, no one knew whether, immediately after their death.

"That blow killed her. Three days after she died in her daughter's arms."

The soft, low, French-accented voice of Mignonne paused suddenly. With the last words she rose to go. "It is time I was at the theatre, Mike," she said, in a totally different tone, pulling out a tiny watch. "See how late it is! I must leave you now. I must leave you to-night, and I wish you a good night's rest. To-morrow, early, I will be back to write a letter to your mother in Ireland."

"But, 'mam'selle,' the sick patient gasped, eagerly, for heaven's sake stay a moment! You must write Drummond Lord Roderick Desmond!" The little actress laughed—the same strange laugh as before her story. "He wasn't mine, Mike. I'd be sorry to own him. And he wasn't your Lord Roderick, of course. The Robert Drummond of my story was a cold-blooded, ingrate villain, who would stab at his wife!" slowly, and with clinched teeth, "while your young lord was a sort of Irish archangel. He would never break a loving wife's heart by coldness and cruelty, and neglect, would he?"

"No, 'mam'selle,' she would not. But, from your own words, I'm hanged if I don't think the fault was the woman's, from first to last! She was no better than she ought to be. That's my opinion, 'mam'selle,' begging your pardon, if she was any friend of yours. She made him marry her, whether he would or no, and I'd see any woman do such a thing before she'd do that with me! She didn't ask beforehand, that she had no right to raise the deuce about it after. And, so you say, he was always civil and kind to her, and still she ran away from him, without rhyme or reason!" "No, 'mam'selle,' she would not. But, from your own words, I'm hanged if I don't think the fault was the woman's, from first to last! She was no better than she ought to be. That's my opinion, 'mam'selle,' begging your pardon, if she was any friend of yours. She made him marry her, whether he would or no, and I'd see any woman do such a thing before she'd do that with me! She didn't ask beforehand, that she had no right to raise the deuce about it after. And, so you say, he was always civil and kind to her, and still she ran away from him, without rhyme or reason!"

"Mignonne's dark face flushed with angry impatience, and her black eyes flashed. Still she laughed—a trifle bitterly. "Of course! Trust a man to judge a woman! You are all alike—hearts of stone. The best of you can't understand us—hardly to be wondered at, perhaps, when the best of us can't understand ourselves. But, Mike!"

"Yes, 'mam'selle.'" "I want to put you a question, I feel interested in your ill-fated Lord Roderick. You told me he was an Englishman?" "His only son, 'mam'selle—the Earl of Clontarf."

"The earl is dead, I suppose?" "Years ago, little queen—died of a broken heart. And your own father, I'm hanged if I don't think he would be Earl of Clontarf now!"

"He would, 'mam'selle. More's the pity and the shame that he's not."

"Well, suppose he was—suppose he had married you, Mike, and I would bear a title, and be presented at court in train and diamonds, and have the best in the kingdom at her feet?" "She would, 'mam'selle. There isn't older or better blood in the three kingdoms than the Desmonds of Clontarf. And she would be a beauty, too. Lord Rory's daughter could not help it."

"Mignonne laughed again—that laugh which sounded so strangely to honest Mike from her lips. "No doubt. Well, his cousin, you holds the title and estates? This wicked Gerald Desmond—is that how you called him?—is Earl of Clontarf to-day?" "He is."

"And has he a daughter?" "Ay, that he has, and a wonderful beauty, I've heard say, too. Her mother, they tell me, was that before her. She must have been, or Lord Rory would never have loved her as he did. I don't know her name—was her name Inez, Mike?" "Mam'selle!"—again the sick man started up in amazement—"are you a witch? I never told you her name."

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"Sure, then, you'd puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to-night, 'mam'selle. I'm no conscience! I believe you know more of what I've been telling you than I know myself. If you do—"

"Nonsense, Mike! I know nothing—nothing. I tell you! I never mind me. The moon is at the full, that is all. It affects half idiots, you know, and I'm one. I grow more of a little fool every day. Good-night, Mike—pleasant rest. I'll write the letter to-morrow."

And, with these words, she flitted out of the ward.

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USE ELECTRICITY.

C.P.R. to Adopt New Power For Moving Trains in Montreal.

Montreal, Nov. 22.—The Canadian Pacific Railway will shortly take an important step toward the abatement of the smoke nuisance in so far as it is caused by railway trains being drawn into the city. The means proposed is to transfer power at Montreal Junction from steam to electricity, so that all trains entering the Windsor station will be brought in by high power electric engines. The time taken to make the transfer from steam to electric power at the junction would be no more than two minutes.

CIGAR A DRUG.

Judge Morson's Ruling on a Vexed Question.

Toronto, Nov. 23.—The case before Judge Morson was an appeal by Mr. W. H. Lee, a druggist, who was fined in the Police Court, under the provisions of the Lord's Day Act, for selling a cigar on Sunday. Defendant's contention in the lower court was that a cigar is a drug, and his counsel, Mr. J. W. Curry, K. C., made quite a fight on that point, but did not succeed in convincing Magistrate Kingsford. Before Judge Morson yesterday, Professor Heebner, Dean of the Faculty of the Ontario College of Pharmacy; Dr. Graham Chambers, lecturer and demonstrator of medicine in the College of Pharmacy; and Dr. R. J. Dwyer, of the staff of St. Michael's Hospital, all declared that tobacco generally, and when questioned a cigar in particular, was a drug. It was commonly prescribed for some internal troubles, they said. Judge Morson's finding was: "On the evidence I find that tobacco is clearly a drug, frequently prescribed by physicians in the form of a smoke, and therefore conviction on the ground that tobacco is not a drug is wrong. If it could be shown that a cigar was sold by a druggist, not as a drug, but for the pleasure of a smoke only, I think that it would be an offence under the Lord's Day Act. But it is the duty of the Crown to prove this. There is no duty, in my opinion, imposed upon the druggist to inquire for what purpose the cigar is sold, any more than in the sale of any other drug."

Where the honey is, there are the bees.—Danish.

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