

AT R. McKAY & CO'S.

MONDAY, JULY 5, 1909

25 Dozen Women's Dutch Collars



Worth Regular 25 and 35c, Monday Sale Price, 2 for 25c

Another shipment of this popular Neckwear for the hot weather will go on sale again Monday at half and less than half regular. We call them pretty Collars; so will you when you see them—decidedly the very latest effects. Every one beautifully embroidered. Come Monday and secure your share of this splendid sale event. Worth regular 25 and 35c, sale price... 2 for 25c

Opportunity Sale Jumper Dresses

Reg. \$4.50 Muslin Dresses for Monday \$1.98

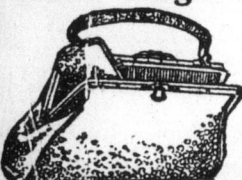
50 Women's Pretty-made Jumper Dresses will go on sale again Monday at a price that is bound to bring you out early in the day. Made of splendid quality of Muslin, with pretty polka dot effects. Lace and insertion trimmed, worth regular \$4.50, sale price... \$1.98

Grand Special in Blouses for Monday

\$2.00 Waists for 98c

Fine quality American Persian Lawn Waists, made with Swiss All-over embroidery front, tucked back, detachable sleeves, all sizes, worth regular \$2. Monday's sale price... 98c

Hand Bags to Go Monday at Half Price



Sharp at 8:30 Monday morning, on sale 15 dozen Women's Leather Hand Bags, with coin purses, at a price that will cause a flutter in this section of the store. Every one worth regular \$1.00, sale price only... 50c each

Lovely Embroidered Linen Handkerchiefs

Worth Regular 25c, Sale Price Monday, 2 for 25c

50 dozen splendid Swiss Lace and Embroidered Handkerchiefs in a Monday clearing sale. Now come and see these Handkerchiefs, the nicest we have placed on sale this season. Out they go 2 for... 25c

Wash Goods Specials for Monday

LINEN and REPP SUITING in plain and with hair stripe; colors brown, tan, pale pink, pale blue, sky, cream and old rose, champagne; excellent style for coat and skirt or for one-piece dress; regular 35 and 40c, for... 25c

CHAMBRAYS, good firm quality, full yard wide; colors pale blue, pink, champagne, Nile, and grey-blue, suitable for children's school or holiday dresses, also house gowns; regular value 20c, on sale... 15c

A LINE of ALL-WHITE MUSLINS, in fancy openwork stripe, also plain stripe, fine sheer quality, very dainty for hot weather blouses or shirt waists, worth 35c, for... 25c

Interesting Values for Monday

White Cotton 10c

26-inch Round Thread English Cotton, clean, even weave, our regular 12c, for... 10c

Sheeting 25c

Plain Bleached Sheet, fine, close weave, 24 yards wide, worth 32c, for... 25c

Nainsook 15c

42-inch Underwear Nainsook, clean, even weave, regularly 20c, for... 15c

Bath Towels 15c

Fancy Striped Bath Towels, firm, absorbent weave, regularly 20c, for... 15c

Tea Towels 10c

Bordered Tea Towels, pure linen, clean and free from lint, 10c, regularly 12c, for... 10c

Monday Housefurnishings Reduced

Three Lace Curtain Snaps

\$1.35 Lace Curtains priced, 50c pair \$2.25 Lace Curtains priced, \$1.37 pair \$3.50 Lace Curtains, priced, \$2.68 pair Note that these Curtains are all strong double thread, will wear and launder well. The designs are carefully chosen and uncommon. All are 34 yards long.

50c Window Shades 25c Each

10 dozen, full size, on good rollers, all colors.

Another Sale of Cushion Forms

Your chance to get a supply of Cushion forms for summer use. Various sizes, soft and will not lump. Prices at cost; 18, 20, 22 and 24-inch, at... 25c, 35c, 47 and 58c each

Sale of Hammocks

Monday sees a general reduction of our Hammocks. You will get fine ones at... \$1.68, \$1.97 and \$3.18 each

Semi-Annual Inventory Sale of Carpets and Rugs

Inventory sale of Carpets and Rugs commences Monday. Our stock is too large and quantities must be reduced in order to effect this price. We are making and lay CARPETS FREE.

Tapestry Carpets, extra heavy quality, splendid patterns, worth \$5 and \$8c, inventory price... 65c
Tapestry Carpets, best 9 wire quality, fine patterns, worth \$1.00, inventory price... 77c
Brussels Carpets, splendid colorings, borders to match, worth \$1.15 and \$1.25, inventory price... 82c
Velvet Carpets, rich colorings, A1 quality, worth \$1.25 and \$1.35, inventory price... \$1.05
Wilton Carpets, elegant colorings, special quality, worth \$1.65 and \$1.75, inventory price... \$1.15
Axminster Carpets, splendid quality, handsome patterns, worth \$1.75 and \$1.85, inventory price... \$1.50
Union Carpets, heavy quality, serviceable colorings, worth 65c, inventory price... 50c
Odd Borders, Tapestry, Brussels and Velvet Borders, worth up to \$1.40 per yard, inventory price... 50c

R. McKAY & CO.

Love Finds the Way

The subject was dropped for that time, but afterwards in the drawing room, Sir Ralph in an undertone asked Lillian if she was tired of her Italian lessons and would like to be rid of her tutor.

"No, no, papa," she said, earnestly. "I should be sorry not to continue. I was only half serious. Mr. Clifford is a very good master."

Meanwhile, the subject of her criticism was pacing silently up and down the picture gallery, his handsome face drooped upon his breast, his hands crossed behind him, his sad, wistful eyes fixed upon the polished floor and looking far beyond the present into the dim past. Even as she declared him too patient, too dovelike and immovable, he was stopping and gazing at the picture of her kinswoman, Lady Anne, and murmuring, with flushed face and quivering lips: "Too beautiful! too beautiful!"

CHAPTER XIX.

Though, as Sir Ralph and that admirable governess, Miss Lucas, had declared, there was positively nothing in Mr. Clifford's conduct or bearing at which to take offence, still for some reason, unexplainable, perhaps to herself even, Miss Lillian Melville was irritated, annoyed, piqued by the over-patience and stonelike immovability of her tutor.

"What is he—flesh and blood?" she asked herself, as she stood before her mirror in her dressing room, during the last few moments of her evening toilette, her chamber adjoining. "Kate is bad enough, but one can endure her because she is a woman, but a man to treat one like a child! It is unendurable."

But her pout suddenly changed to a kinder and more gentle expression.

"Perhaps, poor fellow, he has had some great trouble, something that has changed him from a light-hearted youth to the still, grave and stern man. He—he is very handsome," she continued, musingly, glancing at her own face for the moment. "Perhaps some love affair."

With which conclusion the lovely girl retired to sleep and dream, much to her annoyance, of course, for she was not a girl of a light heart, and her mind was full of the mystery of Mr. Clifford's gravity. But still she was inclined to put it down to an affair of the heart.

It was a singular dream.

She fancied that by some ill fate she was cast out to walk through the darkness of a cold, dreary night with nothing to help or guide her but a small, twinkling, starlike lamp. She dreamed that she had toiled along the top of a large hill, seeking vainly for succor, hoping against hope for light, when a voice, sounding deep, deep below her, called her name.

"Lillian! Lillian! Lillian!"

She looked down into a deep abyss and saw the light of the tiny lamp saw a dark figure, a man's form, whence the voice came again, calling:

"Hold up the lamp, my star. I come!"

She fancied she held the lamp above her head, still looking down, and waited. The figure struggled and fought, his way up a tangled, rock-strewn path, watching him all the while with anxious, beating heart, and that at last he came up and clasped her to his breast.

The lamp grew from a star into a beautiful, light giving moon, and bathed in its rays and the happiness of that embrace she looked up and saw the face of her lover—her tutor!

She awoke, and was very much annoyed, and, womanlike, vented her annoyance upon Mr. Clifford.

He was waiting in the library, as usual, that morning, the Italian books at his elbow and his pen in his hand.

She kept him waiting a quarter of an hour, and when she entered engaged in an interesting conversation with Miss Lucas, which she carried on, as if entirely oblivious of anyone's presence, for an other five minutes.

Then, as if the fact of his standing waiting for her morning salutation had suddenly occurred to her, she turned, sank into a chair opposite his, and with the most nonchalant air, said:

"Good morning, Mr. Clifford. So you think that rose is the prettier of the two, Kate? Well, I will tell John to buy it. You are tired of waiting, I have no doubt, but I have been—let me see, the grammar first this morning, is it not?"

And, without waiting for an answer, she opened her book and set to work.

His grave, handsome face was quite unmoved, his eyes showed no surprise at her unusual shyness—unusual, for she was generally gently polite—and in his ordinary, earnest way he commenced the lesson.

She was not only careless, but irritable, contradicted him on several occasions, always wrongly, said Italian was not half so musical as she had expected, that the grammar was a ridiculous one, and the exercises stupid!

He raised his eyes at the summary of ill and said, with a low and sad voice:

"Italian is the most musical language on earth, this grammar is the best arranged and the most lucid, these exercises are all that could be desired; Miss Melville, the fault, if any, lies with me; I fear I make but an indifferent teacher."

His tone was so sad in its dignified gravity that a flood of tears swept all the caprice from Lillian's heart in a moment.

"No!" she said, flushing a bright crimson that made her look more like an English rose than a lily. "Do not say that. You know it is not true. The books are all right, and so is the Italian, and you try to and would teach me if I could learn. It is I who am stupid, ignorant and ill-natured."

With that declaration, uttered in an uncontradictable tone, she took up her book again, and as was to be expected, finished her task promptly.

His look showed no elation as he put the books together, rose and opened the door; and Lillian's pride, haughtiness, caprice—all it what you will—sprang to the surface again. With an icy "Good morning!" she swept past him.

Miss Lucas followed, and Mr. Clifford closed the door, nearly stumbling over Don, who lay there waiting for him.

He stooped to pat him, and Lillian, looking back at the moment, called the dog:

"Don't come here!"

But Don would not turn his head, and still gazed straight up to his new friend with great, staring, honest eyes.

Miss Lillian was very fond of her dog, and very jealous of his attachment for this tutor of hers. The tears actually

sprang to her eyes as she saw that her favorite had gone over to the enemy, as at that moment in her heart she dubbed Mr. Clifford.

"Don't! Don't!—come here, sir!"

Still the dog did not move, and Mr. Clifford, looking up with something like the shadow of a smile upon his lips, said:

"Go, Don—go, sir!"

The dog rose instantly, and leisurely walked towards his mistress.

Mr. Clifford ascended the stairs, but before he reached the corridor he heard Miss Melville's voice speaking coldly to one of the men servants:

"James, tie Don up to his kennel; he is not to be trusted."

A contraction, almost of pain, swept over the tutor's face, and his lips grew more compressed and stern.

"Capricious, wantonly cruel, proud, haughty, and yet so beautiful—so beautiful!" he murmured, closing the door of his room and sinking on the sofa, "and yet so beautiful!"

He ate his solitary dinner, a frugal one by his express wish, for he had not time to feel the need of luxuries, he had told the housekeeper—and then went for a stroll in the park.

Along the side of the river to a deep, thick copse of fir and beech was his favorite walk, and thither, book in hand, he proceeded leisurely.

The children of the lodges and the farms ran out, as usual, to get his kind word and pleasant smile, and the mothers courted from the open doors at the foreign gentleman, who was so pleasant spoken. Notwithstanding his gravity, he was a favorite with all save Miss Melville.

He stood looking at the river several times during the walk, thinking, in a dreamy, mournful way, and looking drearily at it as it wended down towards the sea, as if it bore something of his own life upon its bosom. Then he resumed his book, and reading and walking, reached the wood.

A little open plain of only a few feet, with some thick growing moss and a fallen tree, was his destination. Here on this unfrequented spot he threw himself on the grass, took the fallen trunk as a pillow and fell to reading. But his thoughts were more interesting or dominant than his subject, for after awhile and grave, musical voice she had been musing over.

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STEAMSHIPS

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Sailing from New York Every Saturday
New Twin-Screw Steamships
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For new standard book of tour and information, apply to HENDERSON BROTHERS, New York or
J. J. Rogers, James and King streets, Chicago, E. Morgan, 11 James street north, or C. J. Jones, 6 James street south, Hamilton.

something in his voice made her afraid to pick her inquiry further.

"You are fond of reading, I have thought that you might be dull and alone in those grim rooms of yours. Pray do you dislike society?"

"No," he said, "but society must dislike me. We have nothing in common, Miss Melville. I am too used to solitude to feel happy in the exchange of the drawing-room civilities and—"

"Falsely," she said, interrupting him with a smile.

"No," he said, "I did not say that."

"You would find us—papa and ourselves, I mean—almost as good as solitude, we are very quiet," she added, with a slight hesitation. "I am sure you are dull upstairs, and papa would be glad of your company, he sees so little change."

She gave the invitation—for invitation it was, and he knew it—in simple kindness of spirit, and her face neither flushed nor was averted before his calm, grave regard.

"I thank you," he said. "If I have remained in my own apartments more than I might have done, it was from a reluctance to trespass upon Sir Ralph's kindness. I will do myself the honor of dining with you to-morrow."

She smiled and said:

"Papa will be pleased. What a beautiful little nook this is! How did you discover it?"

"I do not know," he replied, looking round. "In one of my walks, I generally make it my resting place, it is quiet and shaded. This old tree serves for a leaning place, and the birds are musical."

She looked at him, and it was on the tip of her tongue to say:

"And you are happy here?" but the old something, the nameless, mournful dignity, prevented her. "Well, I almost envy you your retreat."

"I relinquish it on the spot," he said, quite gravely. "It is yours, from this hour, Miss Melville."

"I shall never enter it again," she said, at once, and without hesitation. "I would not break its charm by lessening its solitude. It is yours, Mr. Clifford, and it shall remain so."

There are some hundreds of others equally retired and beautiful.

"Then I shall find it," he said.

"I was going to say that I would take one as a substitute," he added.

"No, this is yours; I would not accept it."

He rose.

(To be Continued.)

MATRIMONIAL.
Happy Event Took Place at Strabane on Wednesday.

RAILWAYS

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
Denver, Col.
Pueblo, Col.
Colorado Springs, Col.
\$45.55
From Hamilton and Return
Good going daily until July 4th. Return limit, Sept. 1st, 1909.