

AT R. McKAY &amp; CO'S. SATURDAY, AUG. 7, 1909

# M'KAY'S GRAND SATURDAY SALE BULLETIN

Placing before you the best goods procurable at astonishing sale prices . . . . .

Sharp at 8.30 to-morrow morning we ring in the first Saturday of our August Clearing Sale with some of the most notable bargains of the whole Summer season. Will you share in the value-giving? If so, would advise early shopping. Read—

## The August Clearing Sale of Lovely Dress Goods

Reliable Dress Materials for every occasion, in a great Saturday sale. Worth regularly 50c, 65c up to \$1.00, sale price only 39c yard.

About 500 yards of all this season's best selling materials, such as Voiles, Crepe de Chines, Cashmeres, Taffeta Cloths, also in the lot some silk and wool effects, in fact the kind of goods that will make up stylish and serviceable street, house or afternoon dresses, on sale in the very best shades of navy, brown, reseau, grey, champagne, rose, red, cream and black. All one price Saturday only . . . . . 39c yard

### 300 doz. Swiss Embroidered Handkerchiefs worth reg. 15c for Saturday 4 for 25c

Sharp at 8.30, on sale, a manufacturer's stock of Embroidered Handkerchiefs, at a price that will create a stir in this section of the store. Take advantage of this splendid sale event. Out they go 4 for . . . . . 25c

### Reg. 25c and 35c White Embroidered Wash Belts for 19c each

Another shipment of these fifty Wash Belts, that caused such a sensation a week ago, just arrived, and will go on sale to-morrow morning at, each 19c

### Reliable Gloves—Wonderful Reductions

Lisle Gloves 29c  
Special line of Ladies' Lisle Gloves, lace or plain, in black, white, tan, and champagne, regular 50c value, Saturday sale price . . . . . 29c

Long Silk Gloves 39c  
Clearing sale of Ladies' Long Silk Gloves, in black, white, pink, sky, tan and grey, elbow length, regularly \$1.25, Saturday only . . . . . 39c

Lace Gloves 49c  
Ladies' Lace Lisle Gloves, elbow or wrist length, in assorted colors, all sizes, regularly 75c, Saturday sale . . . . . 49c pair

Gloves 25c  
Ladies' Lisle Thread Gloves, wrist length, two domes, in black, white, mode and grey, worth regularly 35c, clearing at . . . . . 25c

Hand Bags \$1.50  
New assortment of Hand Bags, in brown and black, all newest shapes, regular \$2.00 value, Saturday only . . . . . \$1.50

### August Clearing Sale of Blouses at \$1.19

A quantity of fine Lawn Blouses, some with dainty lace yoke effect; others with all-over Swiss embroidery fronts, directoire sleeve.

Also a line of fine French Blouses, in a pretty design, in hand embroidery fronts, with lace insertion trimming; sleeves well trimmed with tucks and rows of insertion. Worth \$2.50, sale price . . . . . \$1.19

At 98c  
A splendid line of Shirt Waists, made of good Victoria Lawn; with tucked fronts, trimmed with embroidery insertion and some with embroidered fronts and lace insertion. A splendid fitting Waist, on sale . . . . . 98c

Dressing Sacques 79c  
Fine White Lawn Sacques, made kimono style, box pleat in back, tucked front, trimmed with fine wide embroidery, special 79c, regular \$1.25.

P. K. Coats 98c  
Children's Box Coats, made of P. K., with circular collar, trimmed with insertion and embroidery. Sale price . . . . . 98c

Infants' Slips 39c  
Made of fine Nainsook, in short and long length, trimmed with lace or embroidery, your choice . . . . . 39c

### Saturday's Special in White-wear Section

White Underskirts at 98c  
A splendid line of White Skirts, good wide frill of lawn with trimming of torchon insertion and lace to match, good value at \$1.35, on sale . . . . . 98c

Corset Covers 19c  
Made of fine nainsook, trimmed with wide torchon lace, some with narrow lace and insertion to match, good fitting, 19c, worth 25c.

### The August Sale of Women's Stylish New York Wash Suits

Three-Piece Wash Suits \$7.98  
These Suits are beautifully tailored, in colors blue, pink and lavender, with white piping, in tan and white with blue piping; these Suits are wonderful value, and in the latest styles, regular selling price \$15 and \$13.50, a bargain at . . . . . \$7.98

Two-Piece Wash Suits \$13.50  
These Suits are in all the different colors, lavender, pale blue, pink and white, coats handsome trimmed with lace and medallions; skirts plain gored with insertion set in; they have not been advertised at such a low price before, regular \$21.50, for . . . . . \$13.50

Wash Suits reg. \$9.50 for \$4.98  
These are samples and splendid value for \$4.98, plain tailored and lace trimmed, a good assortment to choose from, a bargain at . . . . . \$4.98

## R. McKAY & CO.

SOUL WILL HELP JAPAN.

Pathetic Will Left by Suicide President of Sugar Company.

Victoria, B. C., Aug. 5.—Advices are received from Yokohama that Dr. Sakow, former President of the Nippon Sugar Company, concerning whose suicide after the trials at Tokyo news was sabled, left a pathetic will in which he stated that he had determined on suicide for some time, having been impressed by a newspaper report regarding the suicide of a British earl after the failure of a company in which he was President. Sakow said he had waited until the Nippon Sugar Company's directors could reorganize.

Addressing his children he said he regretted poverty was before them, but he adjured them to "fight vigorously instead of deploring and loyally serve the country." He said his soul would promote the development of agriculture.

### GRAND TRUNK RY. SYSTEM.

Traffic earnings from July 22nd to 31st, 1909 . . . . . \$1,167,337

1908 . . . . . 1,112,566

Increase . . . . . \$ 54,771

### BANDIT CORNERED.

William Haney Said to be in Los Angeles, Cal.

Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 5.—William Haney, who, it is believed, was one of the men concerned in the train robbery at Ducks, B. C., in June, has been cornered by the Los Angeles police. He is desperate, and it is feared will put up a stiff fight with his gun before he can be taken. Haney is thought to be the bandit who escaped when Constable Isaac Decker, of Ashcroft, and another robber were killed in a fight on the Thompson River near Ashcroft. He is believed to have been the constable to Red Gulch, but there eluded the officers. Both the Canadian Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway have offered a reward for his capture.

Blobs—I bought one of those cheap summer suits the other day, and now the trousers are nearly up to my knees. Blobs—Have they shrunk so? Blobs—I can't make up my mind whether it's that, or whether I had my leg pulled when I bought them.

### RATES NOT INCREASED.

Motion Failed to Secure Two-Thirds Majority—Catholic Foresters.

Montreal, Aug. 5.—At to-day's meeting of the Catholic Order of Foresters a motion to increase the rates was carried by a majority, but as it required a two-thirds vote to alter the constitution the motion was lost, and the rates will remain as they are. The following officers were elected: High Chief Ranger, Thos. Cannon, Chicago (re-elected); High Vice-Chief Ranger, F. X. Bilodeau, Montreal (re-elected); High Secretary, Thos. McDonald, Chicago; High Treasurer, Gustave Keller, Appleton, Wis. The next meeting will be held in Cleveland.

### PILES

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for hemorrhoids and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles. It is a sure and safe remedy, and you can use it with perfect safety. It is a sure and safe remedy, and you can use it with perfect safety. It is a sure and safe remedy, and you can use it with perfect safety.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

## Love Finds the Way

To all this Clarence Clifford, with unchanging countenance, bowed profoundly, murmured a few low words of acquiescence and scouted back, perfectly aware of the hundred eyes fixed upon him and the continual whisper, "There's the Clarence Clifford!" as he passed gossiping groups.

Fred Dalton caught his arm and led him to the conservatory, eagerly.

"Spoil my coat sleeve," said Clarence Clifford. "What is it, Dalton? Head over heels again?"

"Yes, confound it," replied Mr. Dalton. "A regular cropper, this time, Clifford."

"And you want me to help you?"

"Well, I'm almost ashamed, but a thousand pounds would set me right. You shall have a bill."

The smile stopped him.

"Thanks, no. Bills are of little use, save as curiosities, and I don't collect, you know. You shall have the money. No gratitude! I don't give it you for that; indeed, I don't; you all know that; I give it you for—"

"Because you are such a jolly good fellow!" broke in the grateful Mr. Dalton. "There ain't another man in our set who would have done it without a bill. But you shall have the money, all right, Clifford, I swear it!" and he held out his hand.

Clarence Clifford took it with a smile, half scornful, half sad.

"Man's friendship and woman's love can always be bought!" he muttered, inaudibly, and then turned aside.

At that moment Lord Harcourt entered the saloon.

"Who is that just entered?" asked Clarence Clifford.

"Lord Harcourt. Don't you know him? Ah, no. I remember he was asking you who you were yesterday. He saw you go by on that iron-gray horse of yours. Lord Harcourt said his mouth watered for it."

"He will drown his teeth and yet not get it," retorted Clarence Clifford, grimly.

"Oh, he is not a bad sort of fellow, is Harcourt?" Mr. Dalton ran on, in very different spirits to those he enjoyed before the interview. "He's a very good sort; regular man of the world, you know. Don't care for women, and all that sort of thing. Look at him, talking to my sister, she's been trying for him these last two years; but she'll never get him. We were staying together at Besant Towers."

Clarence Clifford started, too slightly to attract attention, and his lips shut tightly.

"Where?" he asked.

At Besant's Towers, Harry Besant's place in Berkshire. Do you know Harry Besant? Ah, no, of course not, you only came to town a few months back, and Harry doesn't show in London often. He's a great F. M. H., and is going in for Lily Melville, of Rivershall."

But Mr. Clarence Clifford evidently saw some one at the end of the room to whom he wished to speak, for before Mr. Dalton's sentence was completed he had gone. He passed Lord Harcourt on his way and the eyes of the two men met.

They measured each other's height and bearing with a flash of the eye, and on both sides sprang to life unreasoning instinctive dislike.

"So that is the Mr. Clifford one hears so much about, is it?" said Lord Harcourt, to his companion. "Good air with him, but looks bad-tempered. Where does he come from?"

"Oh, don't know. He's all right, though. Fibbs, the lawyer—Fibbs & Cracknell is the firm—is answerable for him. A certain Mr. Clifford died in Switzerland and left him five thousand a year—some say it's fifty, but it's only five, I know."

"He rides a good horse," said Lord Harcourt.

"Yes, and keeps a good cellar. Young Dalton dines at his chambers often, and draws upon him sometimes. I fancy he has just had something."

"Ah!" said Lord Harcourt. "A money lender, eh?"

"No," said his friend. "No—takes no interest, quite for love."

Lord Harcourt stared—with a sneer: "I can't understand it," said he.

"Yes," replied his friend. "Anyhow, this Clifford is a generous fellow. Look at him now, that is no penniless boy he has just made to the prince, and see, he is talking to the old dowager as cool as a cucumber."

Lord Harcourt did look, and kept his eyes open. He was always suspicious of mysteries.

The room was getting more crammed every half hour.

The prince had arrived and was talking to the prettiest girl in a comfortable corner; the duchess was imploring Mr. Clifford to sing.

"Do?" she begged. "I almost promised the prince he should hear you."

But Mr. Clifford remained firm—obstinate, the duchess inwardly pronounced—when, suddenly, a little girl, who had been clinging to her grace's skirts, caught his hand, and looking up at him with wide-open, beseeching eyes, warbled:

"Do thing, when the pretty lady aeth keth you?"

Clarence Clifford started, and, stooping, caught up the child and looked it in the face.

As he did so his lips trembled and a slight shudder ran through him. The only other child he had held in his arms had died there.

With the bitter memory of that night and the dreadful day preceding it, the man of fortune walked moodily to the piano, and immediately commenced to sing in a low, deep, yet sweet voice, a little pastoral.

The child drew near to him and leaned against his knee.

The prince stopped short in the middle of a sentence, and Lord Harcourt moved that he might see the singer and scowled.

"Hem!" he muttered. "Rides well, talks well, bows well and sings well—a promising lad!"

"Lad!" repeated a voice near him. "He might return the compliment then."

"I am a keen observer, my dear Miss Dalton," he said, carelessly. "Mr. Clifford is not old, though he may look it."

Miss Dalton shook her well-made head and pouted.

"I won't argue, I want to listen. He has a beautiful voice."

But the singer had ceased suddenly. He had been sitting at the instrument in an easy attitude, half on one side to make room for the child, his face toward the entrance to the saloon.

In the middle of the second verse a lady had entered; he had looked up at the slight noise, met the lady's gaze, and the song died upon his lips.

He had thought that only one face had the power to move him, but to his surprise, eye, almost consternation, one other beside that still loved one had; and that one a stranger. He had never seen the face before, not even in his dreams, and yet as his eyes rested on it and met the deep, peculiar expression, half sad, half restless, and wholly proud, a something seemed to knock at his heart and send the blood leaping through his veins.

But he could not sit there, silent, staring, for long.

"Why don't you sing?" asked the child, and with a start, he averted his gaze and finished his song, but in a dreamy, unconscious, absent way that robbed it of its charm and set the disappointed listeners talking again.

The song finished, he rose hastily; but the child clung to him, and, gentle at heart as a woman, although the sneer was so often on his lips and the scorn so ready to his weary-looking eyes, he could not disentangle his arm, but sat down and talked to it until the duchess, having received her last guests, came and took it away, much against the little one's will.

Then Clarence Clifford rose and looked round the room.

The face and its owner were gone. So had Lord Harcourt.

Recalled to his usual calm and indifferent bearing by the thrill of disappointment that ran through him at finding the lady had gone, he sauntered up to Mr. Dalton, who was sitting with a literary celebrity and trying to understand him, and proposed that they should go to the club.

"With my heart," said the young spendthrift, eagerly. "I say, old fellow, how jolly you sang, but what was the matter with the middle verse? Forgot it, eh?"

"Forgot it—yes," replied Clarence Clifford, absently. "Come."

Arm in arm the two gentlemen were leaving the room, when suddenly Clarence Clifford withdrew his arm and said:

"Wait for me half a minute on the stair, will you?"

Then he walked away.

He had caught a glimpse of the face in one of the dimly lit ante-rooms.

What he sought, what object was to be obtained by following her he knew not; he did not even ask himself. He was moved by an uncontrollable impulse, an unreasoning act that which had filled him with dislike for Lord Harcourt.

Pushing aside the curtain, he was about to enter when a voice stopped him. He drew back, not to listen, but simply because he was half unconscious of the object, and, therefore, full of hesitation.

The lady was not alone. It was a man's voice, a gentleman's, a hard, curt, metallic voice that proclaimed as hard and metallic a heart.

"Leonora," it said, "I warn you. The time is drawing near. I will not, if you implore me on your knees, grant you another day over the stipulated one. You know me, you know how I am placed, you know—"

"Enough," came the woman's voice, and at its sound the hand of Clarence Clifford, grasping the curtain, shook and grew cold. "Enough of taunts, enough of warnings. Would I were dead to be beyond their reach!"

"Dead!" sneered the man's voice; "that is an idiot's paradise. Better live and grow wise; better live and do as I bid."

"Silence!" came the woman's voice. "I will hear no more. Keep to your bargain, base bound; the time has not expired; until it has dare not to breathe warning or threat to me, or I—"

"What?" he sneered, as she stepped to gain breath, as Clarence Clifford saw, for she had pressed one trembling hand against her heaving bosom.

"What? Oh, what that is not awful!" she answered him, fiercely.

In the grave, better be an outcast on the world, than live your slave, subject to your taunts, your vile sneers, your viler commands!"

She made a movement as if to leave him, but the man, whoever he was, stretched out his hand and caught her arm.

Thus arrested, Clarence Clifford saw her shudder, shrink as if with loathing and disgust, and heard her utter a smothered cry.

The blood that had been bubbling and careering within his young veins boiled over red-hot at this, and with the spring of a lion, as powerful, bloodthirsty and noiseless, he grasped the man's throat, shook him as he would have done a dog, and buried him back.

The lady staggered for a moment, but by dint of grasping the back of one of the high chairs kept herself from falling or fainting.

Clarence Clifford stood with one hand clinched and ready for a blow, the other hanging at his side, but quite as ready to grasp the throat a second time.

The man had not fallen, and now stood confronting the blazing eyes of his young assailant.

His hard, thin lips were set like iron for a moment, then as a sneer curled them he said, huskily:

"Mr. Clifford."

"Lord Harcourt," retorted Mr. Clarence Clifford, sternly.

"I shall call upon you to answer for this."

"When and as soon as you please, my lord," replied Clarence Clifford. "But I fear that he who is coward enough to attack a lady so brutally as I have seen you attack this lady but a moment since will scarcely have courage enough to receive his punishment from the hand of a man."

Lord Harcourt's face grew livid, but the sneering smile seemed rooted upon his face.

"If you doubt my courage, lad, ask that lady, of whom you have elected yourself protector, how many have faced Lord Harcourt on Calais sands and died for their presumption."

"Good!" said the stern voice. "I feared your courage would have needed a little farther filly and was prepared to give it"—and he lifted his hand significantly. "I wait your summons, my lord."

"And your death!" retorted Lord Harcourt, lifting the curtain and passing out.

(To be Continued.)

Tell a woman she is beautiful and she will forgive you all her sins.

### RAILWAYS

#### GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

#### Seaside Excursions

August 9, 10, 11, 12.

#### Round Trip Rates

From Hamilton to

Old Orchard, Me. . . . . \$16.30  
Kennebunkport, Me. . . . . \$16.65  
Portland, Me. . . . . \$18.05  
St. John, N.B. . . . . \$24.65  
Moncton, N.B. . . . . \$24.65  
Murray Bay, Que. . . . . \$20.15  
Halifax, N.S. . . . . \$26.85  
Summerside, P.E.I. . . . . \$26.85  
Pictou, N.S. . . . . \$26.85

Proportionate rates from all stations in Ontario to above and other points in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Maine and Prince Edward Island.

RETURN LIMIT AUGUST 30th, 1909.  
Full information, tickets, etc., from Chas. E. Morgan, City Agent, W. G. Webster, Depot Agent.

#### CANADIAN PACIFIC

#### THE MUSKOKA LINE

Trains leave Hunter Street Station.

7.40, 10.00 a.m. and 8.15 p.m.

for Bala and all points on the Muskoka Lakes; 10.00 a.m.

and 8.15 p.m. for Parry Sound, Point au Baril, Sudbury and intermediate points.

#### CANADIAN PACIFIC

#### T. H. & B. Ry.

#### New Sleeping Car Service

Trains Nos. 79 and 70 have through Pullman sleepers between Toronto, Hamilton, Pittsburg and Cleveland. See new time cards.

#### INSURANCE

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#### Royal Insurance Co.

Assets, including Capital \$46,000,000

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#### STEAMSHIPS

#### White Star-Dominion-Royal Mail Steamships

Laurentine, triple screw; Megantic, twin screw; largest and most modern steamers on the St. Lawrence route. Latest production of the ship-builders' art; passenger elevator serving four decks. Every detail of comfort and luxury of present day travel will be found on these steamers.

MEGANTIC . . . . . Aug. 7, Sept. 10, Oct. 14  
OTTAWA . . . . . Aug. 14, Sept. 18, Oct. 22  
CANADA . . . . . Aug. 21, Sept. 25, Oct. 29  
LAURENTINE . . . . . Aug. 28, Oct. 2, Nov. 6  
MEGANTIC . . . . . Nov. 13, 17, 21  
DOMINION . . . . . Sept. 4, Oct. 9, Nov. 13  
The popular steamer "CANADA" is also again scheduled to carry three classes of passengers. While the fast steamer "OTTAWA" and the comfortable "DOMINION" are, as one-class cabin steamers (called second class), are very attractive, at moderate rates. Third class carried on all steamers. See plans and rates at local agent's or company's office.

118 Notre Dame Street East, Montreal.  
4 King Street East, Toronto.

#### ANCHOR LINE

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Sailing from New York Every Saturday

New Twin-Screw Steamships  
"California," "Calcutta" and "Columbia"  
(Average passage 7 1/2 days.)  
BALDWIN, \$67.50 to \$125.  
SECOND CLASS, \$42.50 to \$70.  
THIRD CLASS, \$27.50 and \$28.75

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W. J. Grant, James and King streets, Montreal, or E. J. Jones, 6 James street south, Hamilton.

#### R&K Steamer

#### Belleville

Leaves every Tuesday