

AT R. McKAY & CO'S., SATURDAY, DEC. 4, 1909

McKay's Grand Opening of Toyland Takes Place To-morrow



Santa Claus will arrive at 10.30 o'clock. He will leave the Hunter Street Station at 9.45, seated in his chariot. Be sure you see him as he passes along the street in all his glory...

Hundreds of Dolls of Every Description at Special Sale Prices to Celebrate Our Opening Display

- Sleeper Dolls at 19c. On sale at less than half regular.
Dolls' Dishes 29c, Worth Reg. 50c Set. 15 Sets only Dolls' Dishes, prettily decorated.
Grab Bags 5c. Take a chance here and secure one of the great Grab S. Clans has prepared for a gift.
Kid Body Dolls at 25c. A dozen Kid Body Dolls will be passed out to-morrow at half price; worth regular 50c, sale price 25c.

Xmas Umbrella Specials \$1.19

Silk and wool cover, boxwood, bone and fancy handles, warranted fast black, strong and serviceable, on sale at \$1.19. Umbrellas Worth Up to \$2.75, Saturday Only \$1.49.

Saturday Great Xmas Sale of Books

Saturday we are to have a great sale of books, both for young and old, among the children's books are Chatterbox, Chums, Boys' Own, Girls' Own, Hearty books, and about 200 other books, suitable for children. Our Specialty For Saturday is 'The Foreigner' by Ralph Connor, a tale of Saskatchewan, a nice book for a Christmas gift. Regular \$1.50, Saturday our special price \$1.10.

Specials From Corset Department

A special line of new Long Corsets, made with straight front, medium bust and long back and hips, in white or drab, and hose supporters attached at front and hip, sizes 18 to 26-inch, regularly \$1.25, to-morrow 98c. Corsets 49c, Regular 75c.

Pretty Xmas Laces For Xmas Fancy Work

Valencienne Laces and Insertions to match, suitable for hat pin holders and edging, many dainty Christmas gifts, specials for Saturday 25c dozen yards. Torchon Lace and Insertions very pretty fasteners, suitable for trimming dresses, scarfs, tea aprons, fancy work aprons, bags, etc., regular 5c a yard, for 3 yards for 10c.

Silk Vests, With Crochet Tops, for Xmas Gifts

Silk Vests, Crochet Tops, no sleeves, nicely boxed for Christmas gifts, prices range from 50c to \$7.00. Watson's All-wool Underwear, white and natural, Vests and Drawers, both styles \$1.25 each. Turnbull's All-wool Ribbed Vests and Drawers, white and natural, an extra heavy weight for winter wear. Special for Saturday \$1.00 garment.

Toilet Sets for the Baby

Complete Toilet Sets for the baby, in ivory and celluloid handles and backs, prices \$1.25, \$1.75 and \$2.25. French Sachet Powder. French Sachet Powders, in 12 different odors to choose from, in 1-oz bottles; would make a very acceptable Christmas gift, Saturday 50c bottle. Hand Mirrors. Ladies' Hand Mirrors, special lines for this sale, different shapes, oval or round, prices from 25c to \$2.50.

R. McKAY & Co.

A Spanish Beauty

'Look,' she said, touching her lover's arm, 'do you remember that face?' 'The gypsy, by Jove! who told us our fortunes at year ago. Didn't come true—did they—her predictions?' 'I have forgotten what they were,' Lady Evelyn said, carelessly. 'Have you ever had your horoscope cast, Colonel Drummond? If not, now is the time. You will never find a fairer seeress.' 'My fortune was told twenty years ago,' the American officer said, with his grave smile; 'the future I think I can predict for myself. Your dusky sybil might easily tempt a more hopeful man. See that strange figure speaking to her now.' A wretched-looking vagrant, leaning on a stick, his face shaggy with his untended hair, had hobbled up and addressed her. She turned from him and looked up at the grand star with dark, earnest eyes, as though he had spoken of them. The eyes of the vagrant turned, too, in that direction—red, fiery eyes, full of fierce hate now, as they fixed on the face of the Earl of Clontarf. 'Ah, there he stands, the cowardly murderer, the perjured traitor, high in honor among the great, titled, and wealthy, looking down on honest men like dogs. I wonder if he thinks—the mighty Earl of Clontarf—as another of his order once said: 'All men are equal in the turf, and—under it.' There he almost had passed since Kathleen O'Neal and Roderick Desmond found the seas their winding sheets, and still he lives and prospers. And they say there is an avenging heaven after that.' He hobbled away with a last baleful glance of hate. He never looked at the crowd, soliciting alms with the true professional whine of the beggar tribe. As the ladies and gentlemen swept down from the grand stand through the field, the handsome gypsy came suddenly up to them and confronted Vivian Trevannance. 'My pretty gentleman, let the poor gypsy tell your fortune.' Vivian laughed—Lady Evelyn, upon his arm, shrunk ever so slightly back. 'My pretty gypsy, I think I have had the pleasure of hearing you speak for some time, and it was a waste of silver. They didn't come true.' 'But they will come true,' the fortune-teller answered, loftily. 'Redempta speaks but what the stars have written. Let me see your hand.' He laughed again at the imperious tone and yielded. The dark-eyed prophetess bent above it and peered into the womanly palm. When she lifted her head she flashed her eyes fiercely at the crowd, and her hand was raised to her forehead. 'It has come true,' she said, transfixing him with those glittering eyes. 'You have found the love of your life in a land beyond the sea—found her and left her. Redempta knows the past as well as the future. My pretty lady, let me tell you more.' But Lady Evelyn waved her back proudly and coldly. 'No; we have had enough of this folly. Stand aside and allow me to pass on.' 'Ah! you are haughty, my pretty lady, and you will not let me look in that dainty palm because you fear to. Yes, fear, my lady, though fearless blood runs in your veins—you fear the truth, fear your own heart. Your hand is to go to one, while your heart is given to another. My gentleman, shall I not predict for you?' She turned with swift, subtle grace to Colonel Drummond, coming up at the moment with Lady Evelyn. 'A gypsy!' cried her vivacious ladyship; 'and such a pretty one! Oh, I know she can tell the future for certain, and we must have her fortunes told. Cross her palm, colonel, with a piece of silver, and let her predict. I am dying to know what is in store for you, my mysterious man.' A group had gathered—Lord Clyde-more and Lord Clontarf among them. The former paused, smiling at his airy wife's chatter, the latter with an intensity of eagerness under the circumstances quite absurd. And Lady Evelyn paused also, with a sudden impulse of absorbing interest. Colonel Drummond smiled and obeyed. The gypsy took his hand and gazed long and earnestly into the myriad lines. 'Is there a strangely checked past—very bright very dark—very tragic and tragical. A hand has been lifted against your life; some strong and deadly enemy has darkened your past; but the power of that enemy is at an end. The clouds are behind; the sun shines brightly before; the close will compensate for the beginning.' 'Did she speak at random? Or did his face tell her, keenly skilled in physiognomy, that darkened, bitter past? It startled even him. He turned and looked straight into the eyes of that 'strong and deadly enemy.' And the earl was as white as a dead man. Lady Evelyn drew a long, tremulous breath, and her lover felt her unconscious, tightened grasp upon his arm. 'Vague,' he said—'vague as the Delphic oracle, and mysterious—very. I knew there was a mystery, and a tragedy, and a romance, and all that sort of thing, hidden away in Drummond's life, and now—oh, my prophetic soul!—here we have it for a fact. Colonel, I beg to congratulate you upon the brilliant, sunlit prospective spreading before you.' 'But while he spoke, voice and face mutually serene, he was filled with a strange, secret dread. Was it only a chance—this truth she had told himself—and what did Lady Evelyn think of it? He glanced at her; the beautiful face looked still and pale, and kept its secrets well. 'Shall we go?' she said, briefly. 'Oh, must we stay in the hot sun among the crowd, listening further to this folly?' 'I beg your pardon—the fault has been mine. Do you return with Miss Albemarle in the phaeton, or will you ride with me?' 'I will ride, if you wish it.' A vague twinge of remorse shot through her while she spoke. A dim consciousness of her own infidelity of thought to the man she must wed was beginning to dawn upon her. For Redempta's words to him she was far too proud to ask for any explanation, even had she believed them. He led her to a shaded seat under some silver beeches, while the remainder of the party sauntered up. 'We will wait here,' he said, 'until the groom leads round the horses. Ah! with his slight laugh, "the giant colonel is to be my Lady Clyde-more's cavalier on the return journey. My lord

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

Table with columns for destination, time, and route. Includes Grand Trunk Railway, Canadian Pacific Railway, and Toronto Hamilton & Buffalo Railway.

RAILWAYS

Advertisement for Grand Trunk Railway and Canadian Pacific Railway, featuring Guelph and Chicago routes with return fares.

Advertisement for T. H. & B. Railway to New York, featuring a \$9.40 fare.

STEAMSHIPS

Advertisement for Dominion Line Royal Mail Steamships, listing routes to Liverpool and London.

Advertisement for 'We Want You' as a subscriber to The Times, highlighting the newspaper's quality and service.

Advertisement for Klein & Binkley, offering marriage licenses and jewelry services.

Advertisement for Peacemaker Flour, highlighting its quality and health benefits.

Advertisement for Earrings, featuring fashionable designs and quality craftsmanship.