

AT R. MCKAY & CO'S. FRIDAY, OCT. 22, 1909

OUR Hurry-Out Sale

Immense Bargains for the Second Day of the Sale---Come and Save on Your Thanksgiving Needs

Store crowded to the limit all day long, and no wonder, for never have the women of Hamilton and vicinity had placed before them such an array of bargains in just exactly the goods you want for the fall and winter seasons.

Hurry-Out Sale of Blouses and Dressing Jackets---Third Floor

\$2.25 Waists for \$1.19 \$1.00 Kimonos for 60c
Cashmerette Waists, made of good, heavy quality, in navy, blue, and white stripe, brown stripe, and grey and white stripe, made with Gibson tuck over shoulder, all sizes, worth regularly \$2.25, Hurry-Out Sale price \$1.19.

Ready-to-Wear Department

A splendid assortment of dark colors, full ripple cape, three-quarter length, regularly \$6.00, clearing sale price \$3.49
Women's Winter Coats \$7.98

Hurry-Out Sale of Carpets

\$1.65 Wilton Carpets \$1.25
400 yards heavy quality of Wilton Carpets, good colorings, hand-made patterns, worth \$1.65, Hurry-Out Sale price \$1.25 yard.

Hurry-Out Sale of 6,000 Yards Fancy Silks at 29c and 39c Yard

6,000 yards of Dress and Waistings Silks to be cleared to-morrow, mostly fancy designs, in light and dark colors; these Silks were bought abroad at a clearing price, and are warranted qualities, worth up to \$1.25 yard, our Hurry-Out Sale prices to-morrow 29c and 39c.

Bargains in Hair Goods

Regular 25c Wire Hair Pads, sale price, each 19c
Regular 25c Washable Hair Pads, sale price, each 15c
Regular 50c Braids, going at each 39c.

Splendid Hurry-Out Bargains in Women's Underwear

Worth Regularly \$1.25, Hurry-Out Sale Price 59c a Garment
25 dozen Natural Wool Vests and Drawers, vests nicely trimmed and drawers ankle length, come early and get a suit, regular \$1.25, Hurry-Out Sale price 59c garment.

Hurry-Out Specials in Ribbon Dept.

Dresden Ribbon 4 1/2 Inches Wide 14c
Lovely new Dresden Ribbon, 4 1/2 inches wide, suitable for bags, bows, fancy work, etc., a grand opportunity to lay in your Christmas supply. Hurry-Out Sale price, regularly 35c, for 14c yard.

Hurry-Out Sale Prices

Cream Flannelette 9c Table Cloths 98c
Cream Flannelette, sort, warm finish, Pure Linen Cloths, border all around, slightly imperfect, worth special sale price 9c yard \$1.50, for 98c.

R. MCKAY & CO.

Allan Charlton's Secret

"That is her voice," cried Mr. Carey; "she is home two hours earlier than I expected her. You must stay with me while I tell her, Miss Wood, for I promised Mr. Charlton I would let her know to-night."

He looked so imploringly at me, his voice trembled so, his hands shook, and he seemed so helpless, that I stayed; yet I would rather have faced any danger for myself than have sat by while my darling was tortured as I saw her tortured that night.

Blanche laughed gaily when she saw us together. "You look," she cried, with a bright smile, "as though you were two conspirators just found out."

"But you would like to have the velvet again, wouldn't you," he continued—"to be back once more at the old hall watching that grand cedar tree you liked so well? Would you not like some fairy to give you back your old home?"

"That I should," she replied, warmly; "but I am very happy here, papa, with you."

Then he drew her nearer to him, and broke into a wild passion of tears. "Oh, Blanche," he sobbed, "if you like, if you are willing, we can go back to Croome again. Tell her about it, Miss Wood, my heart quakes, my lips tremble; tell her how we can return to the Hall once more."

"What do you mean, papa?" cried Blanche; "what can I do? You know, darling," she continued, caressing the grey head that lay upon her shoulder, "that I would give my life to make you happy again, if it were of any avail."

"Not that," he murmured—"not that. You would be happy yourself, and I should live years longer if I could only breathe Croome air once again. I am dying by inches here—dying of sorrow and privation—and if you will, Blanche, I will be master of Croome once more."

"I may do anything you wish me, dear papa," she answered; "only tell me what it is."

"He turned to me, but I remained silent; my hand should not plunge the dagger in that generous, tender young heart. He did not look into the bright, loving young face bent so tenderly over his own. He clasped those little hands convulsively, as though they would save him."

"You remember, Blanche," he continued, after a few minutes' silence, "that I told you before we left home how I had been obliged to mortgage my estate in order to raise money to pay my debts. It was so large a sum that it took the whole rental of my estate to pay the interest on it."

"I understand all that, dearest," said Blanche, wondering; "you see the man who advanced that money holds Croome in his hands," continued the old man, eagerly; "if he called it in to-morrow, the estate would have to be sold to pay it. We are all in his power, Blanche."

"Indeed we are; he is a terrible ogre," she said, lightly, and still with the same smile.

"I never told you before," said her father; "but it was our good neighbor, our kind friend, Allan Charlton, who advanced that money. He is very rich, and holds Croome in his hands."

He looked at her then with fevered, wistful eyes, but she suspected nothing.

"How strange!" she cried—"that quiet Mr. Charlton! I think I must be more respectful to him the next time he comes, papa; I am often very rude, and do not listen to one-half he says."

She laughed gaily as she spoke, and the grey head drooped again.

"Yes, it is Mr. Charlton," he continued, "and oh, Blanche—let me say it quickly, darling—he loves you, he wants you to be his wife. If you will marry him, he will give you Croome—settle it upon you—and I shall live there again."

"He did not cry out or faint; slowly, the beautiful color died from her face, the rich crimson from her lips, the light from her eyes; a pale startled look of unutterable pain, of hopeless despair, fell upon her, and I turned away, sick at heart. I had seen the wound made in her gentle heart, and I could bear no more."

to-injmy power, to make my father so happy, and I must refuse. He is old and helpless; he is always longing for things I cannot get for him. When I think of his pleasure in going back to Croome, I feel that I must give in. It will be my fate. They are too strong for me."

I felt it would be so. I tried to whisper a few words of comfort to her, but it was in vain.

"Only this morning I was so happy," she said, "and now, whichever way I decide, which he will choose, if I refuse, and my father dies of his disappointment, as I believe he would; even Hugh Mostyn's love could never make me happy again. If I consent—but I cannot—I cannot give up Hugh. Fortune, happiness, life—they may take all from me, but I cannot give up Hugh!"

I should never forget that evening—never, while my mind retains its power of recollection. How I tried, and tried in vain, to comfort the young girl on whom a dark sorrow had fallen so heavily! She could not endure to pain either her father or her lover, she could not give up either of them; never saw any one so sad or so bewildered.

I told Mr. Carey that he must not press his daughter for an answer yet—that she must have time.

When Allan Charlton went next day to the Cottage, he did not meet with a refusal, which he had feared. Mr. Carey told him his daughter had been much startled and surprised, and had asked for time to decide so important a matter.

Allan Charlton was only too happy to have succeeded so far, and he assured Mr. Carey that time was no object; he would never forget that she was willing to wait for her, he was willing to do anything now that the hope of some time winning her was his.

Did no suspicion of the truth cross the mind of Allan Charlton when the old man said eagerly, "I think it would be much better if, for the present, at least, you did not speak to my daughter of love; she is very young, and the news startled her."

CHAPTER III
That night I could not sleep—I could not rest. Blanche Carey and her troubles haunted me. I heard the clock strike one hour after the other; a burning pain seemed to hold my head as in a vice. I went to the stand to look for some cold water, that I might bathe my temples, but to my annoyance there was none. I had never known the servants to be so neglectful before. I had been thought since what a fortunate thing their negligence was, both for myself and those dear to me. Labor the pain as long as I could; then there seemed no other resource, save to grope my way down into the kitchen where there was water in plenty. A lamp, a very little water, was brought to me, so that I could not take a light with me.

I never was a coward, and I had no fear of groping along the many dark passages that lay between my room and the kitchen. I determined to move very quietly, what I dreaded above all things, a fuss and a scene. I found my way safely enough, filled my large jug with clear, cold water, and was in my room, when I heard a slight noise, as of some one coming along the grand passage, as it was called—the one that led to the front portion of the house. I stood quite still, not afraid, but wondering who it could be, when, to my intense surprise, I saw Mr. Prudence, the servant who slept in the haunted wing, as the other servants would persist in naming that closed and dreary part of the house. She was moving stealthily along, and I followed her just as noiselessly.

She went into the kitchen and the lady had a fill-up of a large basket she held over her arm. At the slightest sound she started and seemed uneasy. No one had seen her as I did then, could have thought her either deaf or shortsighted; on the contrary, she looked like a person whose every sense was on the alert. When she left the kitchen, I followed her through the long passages, through the whole of the front of the building, and saw her open the door that led into the western wing.

From that moment a conviction that Woodleigh Grange was the scene of some mystery fastened itself upon my mind. I did not wonder so much at the woman stealing about the house when every one was asleep, but I did wonder why she should have feigned to be deaf and blind. I saw clearly enough now that it all had been a pretence—she was as much in possession of her senses as I was myself. What object could she have? Was it to serve her own interest or that of another person?

Instead of getting rid of my headache, I had simply given myself another cause for tormenting thought. One thing I resolved upon, namely, to tell Allan Charlton what I had seen.

When he came into the school-room the next morning, with the usual inquiries about Helena, I sent her away on some pretext, and told him what I had seen during the night. I am sure his first feeling was one of great fear. I saw his lips quiver slightly, while his face grew pale; then he smiled, and carelessly thanked me for my interest.

"Prudence was, as I dare say you know," he said, lightly, "my nurse; and she considers she has a strong claim upon my kindness. I allow her a room in the western wing—there is none for her here—and she has a free run of the house. She is a great invalid, and probably turns night into day. I know she is in the habit of going to the kitchen for food at all hours. I can hardly interfere with her privileges, although I am sorry she disturbed or alarmed you. You will oblige me very much, Miss Wood, by not mentioning this to any one."

"I said I would respect his wishes. He talked with me on indifferent subjects for a few minutes, carelessly enough, but I detected an under-current of anxiety that he tried vainly to conceal."

I never spoke of this little occurrence again, but it dwelt upon my mind and quickened my curiosity as to the mystery of the haunted wing.

I met the old woman a few days afterwards, and exchanged a smiling nod for food at all hours. I was obliged to shout in her ear, and even then she appeared to have great difficulty in understanding me.

"Are you not frightened at the ghosts in the western wing?" I asked. "She evidently could not, or would not, hear that question at all, but walked away, muttering something about being so very deaf. Yet I felt sure she had heard, and did not know how to answer me."

At the cottage there was a lull after

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The recent tempest. Blanche had asked for a month in which to consider the vexed proposal. Mr. Carey had promised her that during that time he would refrain from speaking of the subject that filled his whole soul. He did not in words, but the wistful look of those pitiful eyes as he watched his daughter's face through the living day was far more pathetic than any words. That silent eloquence went to Blanche's heart as no entreaties, no prayers could have done. Every time she entered he would look up at her, a light coming into his face, as though he hoped she was then and there about to tell him that she would make him happy at last. Allan Charlton called every day, but he remembered the old man's admonition, and, despite his impatience, he never spoke of love. One week of the month had already passed, and neither help nor aid seemed to be coming to save my poor child from her steady advancing fate.

One morning Mr. Charlton asked me if I would look over an old box of papers for him. A dispute had arisen about the right of thoroughfare through one of his fields on the Woodleigh estate, and he wanted an old deed that would set the matter straight. The box was a large one, containing nothing, he said, but deeds and parchments, few of them of any great value.

JOPLING TRIAL

BOLLARD MIGHT HAVE DIED OF CHOLERA MORBUS.

Defence Puts in Evidence—Peterborough Manslaughter Trial Expected to End To-day—What Physicians Say.

Peterboro, Ont., Oct. 20.—The trial of the Jopling brothers, charged with manslaughter in connection with the death of Arthur Bollard, of Toronto, will be concluded to-morrow. All the evidence is now in, and Crown Prosecutor Denison and D. O'Connell, counsel for the Joplins, will address the jury in the morning.

The defence rests largely on the testimony of four doctors, whose evidence was heard this afternoon. They were Drs. Morgan, Young, Carmichael and Boucher, all of Peterboro, and the pith of their testimony was to the effect that Bollard's death was not due in all probability to injuries received in the fight with the Jopling boys. They were also of the opinion that the post-mortem had not been thorough enough. They contended that if Bollard had been injured as was supposed in the first of the encounters with Fred Jopling, he would not have been able to get up right away and engage in a friendly wrestle which afterwards took place.

Dr. Carmichael stated that the fact of Bollard dancing at the evening given by the Joplins and becoming over-heated by dancing on the night after the row and sitting on the grass to cool off would give the impression that he might have contracted cholera nostris or cholera morbus. It was quite possible that Bollard might have had cholera morbus, and that it might have caused his death.

The four doctors called by the defence gave testimony contradictory on the whole to that of Drs. Scott and Greer, who performed the post-mortem on Bollard's body.

Robert Merrill, a Peterboro youth, was the first witness called this morning. He was with Harry Jopling on the morning of the day the fight between Arthur Bollard and the Joplins took place. He heard Harry Jopling make a remark about Bollard's trousers, but did not hear him call him a vile name.

Blake Cullen, of Bridgenorth, was a spectator of the fight. He testified that Bollard and Fred Jopling had shaken hands after the row and fight. He heard Bollard say that he "did not get a fair shake."

TO PROBE ALDERMEN

To Find Out Their Connection With a Paving Deal.

St. Catharines, Oct. 20.—Requests of the City Council for a judicial investigation into the published statements regarding the connection of a majority of aldermen with the Queenston street paving project have been granted by Judge Garman. The enquiry begins on Wednesday next at 10 o'clock.

RAILWAYS

Thanksgiving Day Return Tickets at Single Fare on Sale OCTOBER 22, 23, 24, 25th

GOOD GOING DAILY UNTIL NOVEMBER 6TH TO TEBAMAGI DISTRICT, ETC. RETURN LIMIT DECEMBER 4th, or until close of navigation, if earlier, to points reached by steamers.

CANADIAN PACIFIC GOING AWAY THANKSGIVING?

RETURN TICKETS Between all Stations at SINGLE FARE Good going Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday Oct. 22, 23, 24, 25 Return limit Wednesday, Oct. 27. City ticket office, King and James Sts.

T., H. & B. RY. Thanksgiving Day October 25th

ONE WAY FIRST CLASS FARE for the round trip good going October 22nd, 23rd, 24th and 25th, good returning to and including October 27th, 1909.

STEAMSHIPS

C. P. R. STEAMERS FROM MONTREAL AND QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL. CANADA: Oct. 20 MEGANTIC, Nov. 12 LAURENTIC, Nov. 6 DOMINION, Nov. 20.

White Star-Dominion-Royal Mail Steamships

Laurentic, 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.

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