HAMILTON EVENING TIMES, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7 1908.



CHAPTER XLVI.

Honor on the one side th

breast.

denied.

whose depths he had looked again and again until he was dazed, as if with too much gazing at the sun. "Send her away, my darling," she whispered to him, in low, alluring, pas-sionate tones—"she is not Vivian. You know that she is dead, dead, dead! You swore you loved me best, Paul! Do not forget if now!" All oblivious of the agonized watcher within the conservatory, Paul and Lor-naine continued their impassioned love-making, while the hurrying snow flakes beat upon the fair form outside the win-dow, covering her dark hat and cloak with a fleecy mantle of white. But the outside chill du on enertate to a fleecy mantle of white. I outside chill did not penetrate the girl's consciousness now. She was on fire within; she was consumed with a quick fire of jealous fury such as only a woman's heart can know when con-"He

2

nted with so maddening an hour a

This. Furious with anger and despair, Viv-ian attempted to dash through the low window, forgetting, in the tumult of emotion, the thin glass between her and

window, forgetting, in the tumult of emotion, the thin glass between her and the woman who had come between her and the woman who had come between her and the arystal crashed beneath her weight, and in a moment more she had made a ewift and sudden entrance upon the scene, confronting them like a ghostly Nemesis, her white hands cut and bleed-ing the living incarnation of a beauti-ful fury, so completely had the passion of jealousy transformed the gentle, love-ly wife! It was a thrilling tableau—the pas-sionate, hunted, suffering wife; Faul Yane, with his face set in that ghastly stare of horror had never changed; Lor-aine, startled at the sudden intrusion; over all, for that one shocked moment, no sound save the low murmur of the fountain, and the wail of the night wind as it hurried by, sweeping the falling snow into deep difts like graves. No light came from the dull heavens. It seemed as if the pitying angels had veil-ed their faces in their wings at the sad picture.

with deep eyes glowing with silent With deep eyes glowing with since reproach, Vivian Vane gazed at her hus-band, and he stared back at her in hor-ror, fancying her a spectre from another world. It was Loraine who first broke the solemn silence. A fierce spasm of sudden agony had clutched her heart at the first sight of Vivian's face, for she remembered Colonel Fairlie's threats --the threats she had thought but sense--the threats she had thought but sense

"He spoke truth. The girl lives. That rave in Forest Churchward is a lie." grave in Forest Churchyard is a lie," she thought; and with her warm, tropic cal nature all aroused to do fierce battle for her happiness, she sprung forward and faced the bewildered girl.

Ind faced the bewildered girl. "Woman, be gone! This is no place r beggars?" cried imperious Loraine; r a daring scheme had entered her ain. She would deny the identity of is intruder, and if she could get her ray this once from Faul, she would find me means of compassing her eternal ence.

As the sharp, hissing voice, full of itter hate, fell on Vivian's hearing, the girl recoiled momentarily, as if some one had struck her a blow; but her conster-nation lasted only a moment. Then she

print recoiled momentarily, as it some one had struck her a blow; but her conster-mation lasted only a moment. Then she turned with angry eyes and an imperious, bearing to her foe: "It am no beggar, Miss Lisle!" shi reicd, proudly. "I am Vivian Vane! Paul?"—she turned toward him with ex-tended arms—"why do you not speak to me, your own Vivian?" The made no attempt to answer, for Loraine rushed between them, an incri-mate fury, and, waving her back with a threatening gesture, cried out, house-ly: "Vivian Vane died eighteen ronths ago. You are an impostor!" The anguished, violet eyes turn of form pauls face to that of her scornial rival in wonder and dismay. "No, no!" the beautiful lips moar.d. "Sou used to ceall me!" She rushed past Loraine, and flinging herself a this feet, clasped her white arms about his feet, clasped her white mass about his feet, clasped her white arms about his feet, clasped her white mass bout his feet, clasped her white mass bout his feet, clasped her white mass about his feet, loraine looked at her lovely, tearfui face to his with a look that should have meited a heart of since, khie sob after wonder, half in awe—a thrill of wonder at the acts of a just God, for about her forth from darkened ways. A feeling of pity, a tuch of womanhood—the has In the devil swayed her to his own black of read. Then she thrust it from her naak her hashe diver is rear mariled black it. Who won her girlish fancy nor than a year ago! I am Mirs. Vane diver it may fare than a Mirs. Vane diver it may mark the struct in Former to her she with the hashand's feet. The blace were married in Forest Church were weeks ago! Ask him, if you do not here me!''. The blue eyes, wide and dark with horron now, stared up into the mark. "Answer!''.

ned them was dust so long ago, Aunt Sarah murmured softiy some lines of poetry that she had heard Willie Benners reading to her nices Beryl some Buoys e moyer peu qoiux put voit amin hold on her fancy:
 "Here in its envelope, war-worn and tattered,

a flood; Put costly the triumph, ah! dear was the victory,

life-blood." Aunt Sarah drew a gold lockef from he black ribbon about her neck. Touch-ug a spring, it flew open, desclosing a londe face with fair locks waving about nobbe brow. She kissed it, and sighed: "The tender heart that once beat for ne alone, has been dead for years. Yes," he murmured, softly, as her tears fell n the pictured face, "he is dead! "Under the turf, daisy-starred and fresh-springing.

his breast; wanted new angels to praise Him hey

And Lewis, my darling, was called with the rest.'

CHAPTER XLVI. Paul Vane stood mute, while Loraine clung tightly to his arm. His troubled eyes roved from one to the other of those two women who loved him so well. Which would he choose—the glowing tiger-lily on the one side, or on the other the pale, sweet lily of the valley, as he had called her in the auld lang syne? What a world of emotion stirred each girl's heart! On his answer hung their destinies. My poor Lewis, you would not know me now." she sobbed, as she took up a lock of her own bright hair that she had placed in the letter long ago, the plain-tive verses still running through her herd. destines. "He dare not turn from me, his wife," thought Vivian. And Loraine muttered low

"And here is the ringlet whose gold matched my tresses Ere trouble and time changed the

golden to grey; omething about it-a thought of car-

on of either heart. Slowly, cringingly, with a pallid face, turned his eyes from the scraphically cading beauty of the face before his the dark, eager one by his side. The prious Oriental eyes gazed deep into a own, lured him, drew the soul from s breast. Honor on the are side the

And gushes of feeling are shaking my breast.'

he hour, and Aunt Sarah started from er reverie, and put away the memen

her reverie, and put away the memen-toes, sighing: "'Poor ringlet, poor letter, good-bye, lonely pledges That torture my soul with such hopeless regret." She went to the window and gazed

Why did not Vivian die at his feet with the first horror of those cruel words? It is better to die at once of a terrible shock than to live with a thorn in the heart

words? If is better to die at once of a terrible shock than to live with a thorn.
in the heart.
Oh, Love is often a thorny flower:
It breaks, and we bleed and smart:
The blossom falls at the fairest.
And the thorn runs into the heart."
With a cry that neither of those cruel ones ever forgot, the disowned wife thirned in her despair and faced the two who stood before her arm in arm, sile ently defying her claim and her love.
She looked at them one moment in dead, awful silence after that heartpiereing cry, and in that silence her face changed. A moment before it had quivered with love—now it paled with despair and hate.
She drew her slight form proudly erect, and Loraine cowered before the force the force the wronged wife's lips.
"You have both witnessed my humil.

Is a letter from Lewis to-her he loved

best - be

of victory Swelled at the nation's high heart like

the victory, Bought at the price of my darling's life-blood."

it now!" loved me first! Oh, Paul! hav yon forgotten so soon all your vows of love—all our happy past?" Vivian fancied a gleam of relenting in his dep eyes, and made a rush toward him. "Oh, my husband! come with me! Do not peril your immortal soul!"

fresh-springing, dearest has folded his arms or My

n Heaven,

low "He loves me best. He cannot throw off my spell." So they waited for his answer—this man, once so true and noble, now chang-ed into a craven coward by a lorelei spell —a craven coward not worth the dero-tion of either heart. Slowly, cringingly with a nallid face head :

esses-A waft of the perfume he fancied the

best, Fouches the spring of a grief unfor-

The tiny clock on the mantel chimed

eyes upon the other; and for them he gave his soul! "Loraine, I cannot desert you—I can-not throw you off now! Let this woman

She is a stranger-an im-

regret." She went to, the window and gazed through the unshuttered glass out into the stormy night. "God pity, any poor wretches who are abroad to night, for it is dark and gan-gerous," she thought; and her mind turned strangely enough to little Star, her niece Beryl's protege, who had been so sick that day that every heart at Meadow Brook had ached with the fear lest the little one should die. lest the little one should die. "Have I been wrong? Have I been harsh?" she wondered. "I could not

harsh?" she wondered. "I could not help feeling vexed when I came home from looking after my house in Philadel phia and fund that my nephew Hal had brought home a little foundling child, phia and fund that my nephew Hai had brought home a little founding child, and that my sister and niece had taken it into their hearts, expecting me to do the same. When Hal put the little mite into my arms, saying, There, Aunt Sarah, you have been such a kind nurse-to all your little nephews and nieces, I know you will take this one to your kind breast.' I answered, 'Hal, you know my vow of never nursing another child. I've nursed fourteen, and that is my limit As sure as my name is Sarah Mitchell Point I will not have anything to do with this unknown waif!" Hal Meadows had laughed merrily at the standing joke against dear, good, kind Aunt Sarah, which was this: Fannie Bryan and Sarah Point were cousins and dear friends, and when Harry Rupert won Fannie, Sarah re-

cousins and dear friends, and when Harry Rupert won Fannie, Sarah re-joiced in her friend's happiness. As time

went on and the little Ruperts began to show themselves with alarming rapidity, Aunt Sarah spoke to the happy mothe in a sort of mild remonstrance which had no visible effect, for at stated perind no vision the Rupert would cry its baby greeting to the world. Aunt Sarah always delighted in being on hand

AT R. McKAY & CO'S, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1908 **GREAT FEBRUARY SA**

Always selling good merchandise below the prices others charge, has made this store so wonderfully successful.

Because of our great spot cash purchases, our immense outlet, and giving our patrons the benefit of all underpriced purchases, we have grown very fast indeed. Not an item in this advertisement but what, under different conditions, would sell for more than we ask in this February Sale.

Ready-to-Wear Department

3-Hour Sale of Women's Winter Coats from 9 until 12

Saturday Morning

We will offer \$10 and \$12 Coats at \$3.49

Black, dark grey, light and dark handsome stripes and checks, tweeds, rip-ple box, semi and tight fitting styles, % and % lengths, lined with mercerized farmer satin; these Coats are strictly tailored, some are trimmed with braid, others with velvet, all handsome Coats, the best bargain ever offered; they are marked \$10.00 and \$12.00, while they last on Saturday morning at \$3.49

Persian Lamb Coats \$67.50

\$13.50; \$50.00 Mink Stoles \$35.00; \$50.00 Fur Lined Coats

Net Blouses and Underskirts

THIRD FLOOR

\$9.00 Net Waists for \$6.49 \$4 Moire Underwear \$2.49

White Wear Specials

50c Covers 25c

 lar 25c value, special sate

 Persian Lawn 25c

 Extra fine mercerised yarn Persian

 Lawn, bright finish, transparent cloth, for shadow embroidery, Saturday special sale

 25c

 Einglish Prints 12½

 Best English Prints in light and dark colors, full range of new spring patterns, all standard goods, at only 12½

 Persian Lawn, bright finish, transparent cloth, transparent cloth, spring for shadow embroidery, Saturday special sale

 25c

 Plaid Ginghams 25c

Special News to the Housekeeper

Wool Blankets

Flannelette Blankets

Curtains Poles Polished Oak Poles, 4 feet long, complete with ends, rings and brackets White Enamel Poles, 4 feet long, complete with ends and brackets,

 woor Didikets

 compare price and see what you can save on Saturday.

 Regular \$4.25, special

 Regular \$4.75, special

 Regular \$5.75, special

\$32.50; Any Opera Cloak in Stock at Half Price.

\$40.00 Astrachan Coats \$23.50; \$25.00 Fur Lined Capes

Black Cloth Skirts \$1.98

Black Cloth Walking Skirts, beautifully tailored, tucked, strap-ped and trimmed with tailored buttons, very wide Skirts, regular \$4.00, sale price on Saturday

morning \$1.98

75c Covers 39c

India Linen 19c

ong, and cream or re. Regular price \$2.3

Regular \$6.75, special

Ladies' Corset Covers of fine cambric, full f cading and edging at neck and sleeves, Saturday

Great Reduction in

Children's Ulsters \$2.49

urday at \$2.49

Drawers 25c

full front, deep lace yoke with 25c

Silk Muslin 75c

\$67.50

\$2.49

\$2.98

\$3.48

\$4.48 \$5.48

\$1.22

...

Another snap in Children's sters, light and dark^e colors, cluding brown and navy twe light and dark grey, sizes fro to 10 years; these Coats are w \$5.00 and \$5.50, sale price on weben of the start start of the start of the start of the start of the start start of the start of

Saturday's Specials in GLOVES Celebrated Trefousse Kid Gloves \$1.98, \$2.49, \$2.79 pr.

Famous Trefousse Kid Gloves, in fine glace kid, made from selected kins, in tane, browns, navies, greens, resedus, dark reds, flax, blues, greys, hampagnes, also dainty evening shades, in pink, sky, rose, helio, nile, white nd black, range in sizes from 5½ to 8, every pair fitted and guaranteed. 'ome in 8, 12, 16 button length, regular \$2.50, \$3.25 and \$3.50, special for Sat-rday only \$1.98, \$2.49 and \$2.79

Fine French Kid Gloves 79c pr.

Odds and ends of regular stock, in fine French Kid Gloves, in tans, stock, stoc

Clearing Lines in Fur Lined Gloves \$2.19 pr.

Long Silk Gloves 79c pr.

Heavy Silk Gloves, in elbow length, with double tipped fingers, buttoned wrist in black and white only, all sizes, regular \$1.25, for ... 79c pair

27 Black French Taffeta 89c Regular \$1.25

Saturday Bargains for Men

Boys' Soft Front Shirts, in three Ifferent designs, the balance of these in the will be sold Saturday for 19c, Saturday morning \$1.24, regular price 50c. Men's Silk Ties, while they last, price \$2.50. 12c, regularly 50c.

100 dozen Socks, plain cashmere

 2c, regularly occ.
 nor docks, plant cashnere, or docks, plant cashnere, or docks, plant cashnere, or docks, plant cashnere, set docks, plant cashnere, or docks, plant cashnere, set docks, plant cashnere, set docks, plant cashnere, set docks, plant cashnere, or docks, plant cashnere, set docks, plan

 1.00, on sale Saturday
 39c
 Men's Scotch Wool Underwear, all

 Boys' Sweaters, in fancy stripes, egular price is \$1.25, Saturday
 sizes, regular \$1.00, sale price Satur

 Additional stripes
 39c

 Additional stripes
 39c

 Additional stripes
 30c

 Men's Scotch Wool Underwear, all stripes
 30c

 Stripes
 3c

 Aday
 3c

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Housekeepers' Linen Sale

A grand opportunity to replenish your linen stocks. Cloths, Table Dam-asks and Napkins, slightly imperfect, one third less than regular prices.

Napkins **Table Cloths**

Odd Napkins 15c

en, for 15c each, \$2.75 A Nainsook 18c Pillow Cotton 17c

17e

Bearskin \$2.95

Dress Goods Department

To-morrow we will hold our final sale of all our Red Dress Goods, com-ing Cashmeres, Serges, Panamas, Poplins, Wool Taffetas, Venctians, Che-s, Broadclotis, etc. These goods will all be on sale to-morrow, and this be your last chance to secure these materials at these great reductions.

Formerly 50 and 59c, reduced to 29c

Formerly 75 and 85c, reduced to 49c

Formerly \$1.00, reduced to 59e

Formerly \$1.25, reduced to 79e

\$1.25 Priestley's Black Voile for 98c

Formerly \$1.50, reduced to

All Red Dress Goods at Nearly Half Price

horror now, started up horror now, started up deathly pale face. "Answer!" she moaned, in the voice of some wounded wild creature that has dragged itself far away into forest depths to die with the arrow in its heart. He looked down coldly into the beau-tiful face that. Loraine had dragged

from him

is true. Loraine is my wife," he huskily can she be your wife when I

alive, Paul? died eighteen months ago.

"Vivian died eighteen months ago. You are a stranger." She shook off Loraine's cruel hand, and sprung to her feet. "You deny me-you cast me off for this human serpent!" she cried, stormily. "Oh, Paul, think before you do this dreadful deed! There has been some ter-rible mistake! Oh, husband, love, do not turn away from me like this!" But again, cre he could speak, Loraine inter-fered:

"If you were really Vivian, he wo

with a manach shree, and he widy out again into the winty gloom of the stormy night. Like one distraught she flew along, har eyes like burning coals, her checks hot and crimson. Faster, faster, fell the snow; but, unheeding, she tottered for-ward along the countryr oad. Her soaking garments, drenched by the heavy snow, froze upon her weary body, impeding her flight. What a dreadful noise there is in her head! Blindly she dragged herself forward, the white earth scemed whirling about her, and in a moment more she fell face downward in the deep snow, which slowly covered her with its icy mantle. Alone on the open country road, under the dreary sky of night, no friend on earth to care for her, no eye but God's to watch over her, alone with the icy winds whistling about her, the pitfless snow drifting over hed lifeless form, lies Paul Vane's wife.

about may be a set of the set of

CHAPTER XLVII.

The set of the set of

Baby Department 20c Bootees for 10c 45c Fascinators for 25c Red Wool Bootees, worth regular Oc, Saturday's sale price 10c Ladies' White Wool Fascinators 10c worth regular 45c. Saturday only 25c

Big special sale of upholstering and Drapery Tapestries now on, big savings for February. Window Shades, made to order on short notice, all sizes and color McKA

. 890

<text>

Wonderful Reductions in the

FORMER KENTUCKY JUDGE SHOT

lames Hargis, a Prominent Figure in

WHO WAS PHARAOH? Jackson, Ky., Feb. 6 .- Former County

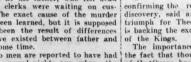
KILLED BY SON. DRMER KENTUCKY JUDGE SHOT. IN HIS STORE. mes Hargis, a Prominent Figure in Breathitt County Feuds, Quarrelled With His Son Beach-Latter Murdered the Old Man. He influence of liquor. Judge Hargis, it is said, spoke to his son about drinking, a quarrel resulted. Father and son tepped behind a counter in the store, where shows no signe of improvement, is falling dead. The Matin states that on account of the influence of liquor. Judge Hargis, it a quarrel resulted. Father and son tepped behind a counter in the store, outped a falling dead. To yourg Hargis was placed in jail. He cers were compelled to drag him to prison. A state of a draw corps to Moreco.

Question.

- FRANCO-CANADIAN TREATY.

Jewels Found at Thebes May Decide the Has Been Adopted by Chamber of Deputies at Paris.

kneel down at her devotions, when she was startled by hearing a slight tapping at the window. "Good Lord deliver us!" cried Amb Sarah, in a startled tone. She moved elowly toward the window and peerd curiously ort into the night. "Why, it's a dog trying to get in poor thing! He will die tonight if left int, and he shall sleep on the floor of the shall sleep on the shall sleep on the shall sleep on the floor shall shall sleep on the result of different the shall sleep on the shall sleep on the content on the store this afternoon apparently under the work aver to cure a floor show floor. The two mean are reported to have the the work aver to cure a floor show floor. The two mean are reported to have the the shall sleep on the shall sleep on the customs to wore aver to cure a floor show floor. The two shall been drink the



udge James Hargis, for many years member of the State Democratic Exceutive Committee, accused of complicity in