

AT R. McKAY & CO'S. MONDAY, NOV. 1, 1909

Big Sale of Handsome New Net Waists

THIRD FLOOR \$5.00 Waists for \$3.49

Beautiful new Ecru and White Net Waists, made with net yoke and trimmed with insertion, tucked back and sleeves, sleeves and collar edged with lace silk slip, worth regular \$5, Monday's sale price \$3.49

Monday at the Dress Goods Section

Regular \$1.25 Broadcloth and Venetian suitings for Monday 98c Yard

This is one of our best regular selling plain cloth suitings, desirable and wanted material for the season's styling suits, on sale in perfect colors of navy, brown, myrtle, wistaria, Burgundy, old rose, rain, Copenhagen and black. This is a decided bargain for Monday, per yard .98c

Another Line Worth Regularly Up to 75c, Clearing Monday per yard 39c

Careful buyers will do well if they take advantage of the buying chance. Embroidery Satin Cord de Chine, Henrietta, Serges, Satin Cloths, etc., on sale in all the wanted colors. Every yard the season's wanted materials. Come early Monday and save, per yard . . . . . 39c

Stylish and Inexpensive Millinery for Monday

Untrimmed Felt Hats, 98c, \$1.49 and \$1.98

LOT I.—Untrimmed Felt Hats in assorted shapes, and colors, all this season's styles, regular \$2.00 and \$3.00, selling at .98c

LOT II.—Untrimmed fur felt Hats in assorted shapes and colors, such as blue, green, gray, old rose, wistaria, regular up to \$5.00, for . . . . . \$1.98

LOT III.—Untrimmed fur felt Hats in assorted shapes and colors, in blue, green, gray, old rose, wistaria, etc., regular \$4.00, selling at \$1.49

Smartly Trimmed Hats \$3.98 and \$4.98

Smartly trimmed felt Hats, trimmed with velvet, wings, mounts and ornaments, and ribbon, etc., regular \$7.00, Monday's price . . . . . \$3.98

Another line of trimmed Hats, with large velvet crowns, mounts, wings, etc., also with moire silk crown, etc., also a line of smart tailored hats, usual price \$8.00, and \$10, Monday's special . . . . . \$4.98

Wings and Mounts 49c

Assorted French Wings and Mounts, regular \$1.00 and \$1.50, for . . . . . 49c

Bargains in Carpet Department

\$1.65 Wilton Carpets \$1.25

350 yards heavy quality of Wilton Carpet, good patterns, rich colorings, worth \$1.65, sale price . . . . . \$1.25

95c Tapestry Carpets 72 1/2c

300 yards best quality Tapestry Carpets, rich patterns and colorings, worth \$1.05, sale price . . . . . 72 1/2c

\$1.00 Brussels Carpets 65c

250 yards Brussels Carpets, in colorings, crimson, green and fawn, worth \$1.00, sale price . . . . . 65c

65c Tapestry Carpets 50c

300 yards Tapestry Carpet, good colorings and patterns, worth 65c, sale price . . . . . 50c

Monday Snaps in Housefurnishings

Only one day more of the great Hurry-Out Sale. Glance over this list and note the fine array of money-saving items. Many offered for the first time on Monday.

READ THE LIST:

45c Window Shades 25c

Full size, on good spring rollers, in cream, green, terra cotta, etc.; only 25 dozen on sale for Monday.

35c Curtain Net at 20c Yard

30 inches wide, in pretty Point d'Esprit Net, with neat insertion and lace trimmed edge; makes lovely sash curtains for bedrooms. You'll never get a better snap than this. In white only. Till sold out at . . . . . 20c yard

Lace Curtains Reduced

An offer of the better grade Brussels Cord, Diamond Net and fine Brussels effect Curtains; in white, cream or ecru. Beautiful art designs; all in good strong quality. Prices for Monday are:

Regular \$3.00, sale price \$1.95 pair

Regular \$4.25, sale price \$2.88 pair

Regular \$5.00, sale price \$3.47 pair

Regular \$6.00, sale price \$4.18 pair

Wool Blankets Reduced

Warm, comfortable Wool Blankets, well scoured and carded, free from oil or acid. Will not shrink.

Regular \$3.50 pair, sale price \$2.78

Regular \$5.00 pair, sale price \$3.95

Regular \$6.50 pair, sale price \$4.88

Sale of White Spreads

Full size, soft finish; regular \$1.50 each, for . . . . . \$1.18

Full size, Marseilles satin; regular \$2.25, for . . . . . \$1.69

Wash Goods Specials for Monday

All 35c White Satin Finish Ruchings, in pretty stripe, spot and fancy floral designs, 28 inches wide, special for Monday . . . . . 20c

Kimono Cloths 10c

Kimono Cloths, in fancy checks and stripes, in blue, green, brown and mauve, good width, regularly 25c, Monday . . . . . 10c

Wrapprettes 10c Yard

Still a few of those Wrapprettes left, in all colors and designs, in light and dark, good washing colors, worth up to 18c, while they last . . . . . 10c

Interesting Values for Monday

Cream Damask 37c

60-inch Cream Damask, pure linen, dice pattern, splendid for every day wear, 40c value, for . . . . . 37c

Towels 17c Pair

Fringed Huck Towels, good size, firm close weave, special . . . . . 17c pair

Flannelette 10c

36-inch Striped Flannelette, soft, warm finish, neat patterns, 12 1/2c value, for . . . . . 10c

Pillow Cottons

Best quality Circular Pillow Cotton, clean even weave, 42-inch 20c; 44-inch . . . . . 22c

R. McKAY & CO.

A Spanish Beauty

She spoke English perfectly, and all the more charmingly for her musical foreign accent.

With that one curt word, she turned away and swept over to her cousin.

"Senor," she said, with her radiant smile, "you asked me this morning to sign some of our old Castilian ballads for you. I will sing for you now, if you choose."

Gerald looked up in surprise. Suave and swift as his courteous answer came, she did not linger to hear it. She had sailed away once more to the further end of the room, and bent above a tall, old-fashioned Irish harp.

Her slender white hands swept the strings, and grand, masterly chords fell from the room. Gerald stood beside her, a shining, evil gleam in his cold light eyes.

A servant entered the room.

"The earl wishes to see you in his room, my lord," he said to his youthful master.

With a troubled face, Lord Roderick followed him out of the room.

Then Inez d'Alvarez threw aside her harp, and stood erect before Gerald Desmond, with angry, flashing, dark eyes.

"Half an hour ago, senior, when you passed beneath yonder window with your cousin, I stood there, and heard every word. What did it mean? Has he dared to deceive me—Inez d'Alvarez? He told me I had his whole heart. Has he lied, then? Who is this girl who loves him—whom he loves—this Kathleen?"

"My dear Lady Inez—"

"Speak!" she stamped her foot vehemently—"speak, I tell you! I cannot ask him! He has told me once he loved me, but he would not say so again. Speak, sir, I command! Has Roderick Desmond dared to play with me?"

"Dear Lady Inez, no! I think not—I hope not. He loves you now, and you alone. How could he be or any one do otherwise? But Rory is only a youth, and boys are apt to be fickle. Rory's nature is light and susceptible, easily touched, and easily changed. Each fair face makes its mark when we are one-and-twenty. Don't be too hard upon him, Donna Inez. He will always be true to you, let us hope."

Her passionate Spanish eyes flashed fire, her little hand clutched in a paroxysm of jealous rage.

"Madre de Dios! hear him, how he talks! Who is this Kathleen? Tell me! I insist—I command!"

"A peasant girl—beautiful as one of Correggio's smiling angels!"

"Ah-h-h!" She drew a long, sobbing, hissing breath. "And he loves her—his own daughter! He has told me so. Heaven forbid. There has been something mad, something past—nothing more, believe me. And he is handsome, and she is only a silly little loveless fool! Ah, what a pity you chanced to hear! How sorry I am I spoke! Donna Inez, forgive Rory! He is but a lad; forget it. Who could look on a peasant girl, with all the beauty of a Spanish Madonna, after seeing you?"

She turned from him with the swift abruptness that was part of her, laid hold of the harp again, and began to play.

Wild, weird melodies filled the room—old Castilian airs, full of passion and pain, thrilling and unearthly.

In the midst of the strange music Lord Roderick entered, and Gerald Desmond retreated at his coming and left the field to him.

He approached, he bent over her, he tried to take her hand.

"Inez, my love, my own, tell me—"

But she had snatched her hand passionately away, and looked at him with eyes that blazed.

"Release my hand, sir! Let me go. My head aches. I am going to my room."

She was gone like a dream. Roderick Desmond turned his bewildered face round to his cousin.

"Heaven's name! what does it mean?"

Gerald shrugged his shoulders. It was one of his many afflictions.

"Dear boy, who knows? A woman's whim! Beauty is in the sulks to-night; beauty will be radiant in smiles to-morrow. Never try to translate a woman's caprices into common sense. What she has done their best, and failed. Suppose we have a soothing little game of cards! There is nothing like it for quieting the nerves."

So they sat down; and when a little after midnight, Mr. Gerald Desmond went yawning up to his chamber, his nerves were soothed by fifty additional sovereigns in his purse.

"I have won!" he thought, with a complacent smile. "I always do win; and I shall conquer in this other little game, as well as in cards. The trail is laid low. I'll strike the fuse that shall fire it before yonder full moon wanes!"

CHAPTER IV

A small, thatched, solitary cottage, nestling down, all by itself, in the green heart of the wildest and most picturesque of lonely Wicklow glens.

It looked pretty, it looked a study for a painter, but was drearily lonely and forlorn, despite all the wild, rugged beauty of the setting of a gem. It was some where in the afternoon—a grey and sunless afternoon, with a warning of coming storm in the sighing of the sea-fog, in the ominous shrieks of the sea-gull. The sky lay low and leaden on the black hill-tops; the furze and purple heath swept downward beneath the wind, and the moistness of the coming rain was already in the air.

The cheerless light stole through the cottage window—sparkling and bright as the dull green glass could be made.

The little cottage kitchen, with its earthen floor and scant plenching, looked up exceedingly clean and tidy, and a bright turf fire lighted it up with considerable cheerfulness.

Kathleen O'Neal stood leaning against the chimney, the fair, pretty face sadly sombre and overcast. The soft, childlike eyes had a weary look of pain and unshed tears in their misty depths, and her very attitude, as she leaned there, spiritless, wearily, told that hope had gone out of her young heart already.

Facing up and down the small room was a tall, gaunt old man, stooping and silver-haired. His thin, intelligent face, with its sharp aquiline features, had little in common with others of his station, for Hugh O'Neal had been born a gentleman, had been educated as a gentleman, and through the all-potent passion for cards and "mountain dew" and in his old days came to this—a dependent on the bounty of the most noble, the Lord of Clontarf.

"Kathleen, you must marry him!" he was saying now, in a shrill, passionate voice. "I tell you, girl, I am disgraced forever if this becomes known. I thought never to touch cards or whiskey again; I promised you, I know; I took my book oath, God help me, and—broke it. I have lost all, Kathleen—all, all!"

His voice rose to a wild, ear-splitting cry. "This cottage, the gift of our noble patron—the bit of land—all gone, and to Morgan. Oh, Lord of heaven, how will I ever hold up my head again, if this becomes known? and Morgan threatens to foreclose the mortgage within a month. And then, Kathleen, you know what remains—we are thrown upon the world, helpless as two infants. I am disgraced, forever only home to the poor-house. 'No!'—he reared his tall, gaunt form grandly upright, and his blood-red eyes flashed through their tears—"no, it shall never come to that with Hugh O'Neal, whose fathers once reigned kings of Ireland—never while there is water enough in the sea yonder to hide this shame!"

"Father, father!" the girl said, piteously, "for the love of heaven, don't say such horrible things. Oh, why did Morgan ever come here to tempt you to your ruin?"

"The ruin would have come the same without him," the old man said, gloomily. "It was my fate. I was a swindler, you, Kathleen, and this time I will keep my oath, that if you save me now, I will never touch cards or liquor again while I live!"

"You have sworn it so often," she answered, wearily; "and, oh, father, you know how you have kept your word. If I save you! you know I would willingly die to keep you from misery and shame!"

"No one wants you to die," O'Neal said, eagerly. "You are young and beautiful, my daughter, and there is a long and happy life in store for you. You know you promise a long and happy life, even in this world, to dutiful children? You will be rich, and honored, and happy, as Morgan's wife."

"As Morgan's wife!" She stood erect, and the soft blue eyes, so gentle, so tender always, met her father's with a look he had never seen there before.

"Happy as the wife of a man I hate—a bad, crafty, unprincipled man. Father, I will never marry Morgan!"

"Then my blood be upon your head!" cried the old spendthrift, furiously. "I tell you, Kathleen O'Neal, the day that sees Morgan turn us out of house and home, sees my curse, hot and heavy, on you!"

"Oh, father, father!"

"You refuse Morgan, forsooth!—you, a pauper cotta's child—the richest attorney in Clontarf—in the county! But we all know you, you little fool! You're disgracing yourself, and disgracing your father, by your loveless folly for Lord Roderick Desmond. A pretty girl you are—a nice, virtuous girl—to be making an idol of yourself, and the talk of the town, by your madness. You'll disgrace me next—worse disgrace than Morgan can bring us. The neighbors whisper about you already, I can tell you, my lady. Don't you know her's going to marry this Spanish lady—the heiress of a millionaire, with the best blood of Spain in her veins, and the best of the pride of Europe? You want to marry a lord, quotha, and so turn up your nose at an attorney. But I tell you, you little, whimpering simpleton, Lord Rory doesn't think of you half as much or half as often as he does of the hounds in his father's pack, of the hounds in his father's stable!"

"Oh, father, Kathleen cried again in a voice of passionate anguish. "Have you no mercy? Do you want to drive me mad? Oh, I wish—I wish I had never been born!"

"Will you marry Morgan?" stopping in his stride, and standing sternly before her.

"Father, I can not. I loathe. I abhor that man. I would sooner die! Ah, God help me, I think my heart will break!"

"Let us hope not," said a soft voice; and a man's form darkened the doorway. "Hearts don't break in the nineteenth century; we have had them, like our streets, macadamized. What's the matter, the trouble, Kathleen?"

"The trouble," replied her father, with ferocity; "the greatest fool of my age ever breathed. I have told her, as I have told you, Mr. Gerald, how matters stand between me and Morgan, and still she won't consent to marry him."

"No? That lucky Morgan; how you do dislike him, to be sure, Kathleen. What's the reason, my dear? He is not such a bad looking fellow in the main, and he can keep you in clover."

"You know the reason—we all know the reason," said O'Neal, brutally; "and she ought to be ashamed to hold up her head. By the Lord Harry! I'll go up to the castle myself, and make Lord Rory come here and order her to marry the attorney. She'll obey him, may be, since she worships the ground he walks on."

"Oh, Mother Mary!" murmured poor Kathleen, hiding her face, "pity me—help me! Oh, what—what—what shall I do?"

"No need for you to tramp to the castle, my dear, and I'll make Gerald Desmond, coolly. 'Rory wants to see Kathleen himself. There's the deuce to pay up at Clontarf. The donna has got wind of Master Rory's little flirtation with Kathleen here, and double things won't hold her. Lord Roderick bid me ask you a favor, Kathleen—to meet him at eight at the Fairy Well. What answer am I to take back?"

Her heart gave a great throb—that foolish, untrained little heart. Since that eventful evening, six weeks ago, she and her darling had never met.

"Tell him I will go—I will be there!"

She rose as she said it, and glided from the room. Gerald Desmond looked after her, with his slight, child smile.

"I thought you would, and I'll make play with the handsome donna meantime. Don't look so down in the mouth, my dear old governor; all will come right in the end. Rory will talk like a half a dozen fathers to her, and a word from him will have weight. By Jove! it will be as good as a play to hear him pleading Morgan's cause. Keep up your old friend; you'll have the Sassenach for your son-in-law in a month's time."

With which Mr. Gerald sauntered away, whistling softly, and with that cold, chill smile yet on his inscrutable face.

It was a wild and lonely spot, on the wild and lonely mountain side, where the crystal spring bubbled up from the velvet turf. The Fairy Well had its magic charm, and lovers came from far and near to drink its enchanted waters together, and be faithful and true forever.

And here Kathleen stood, while the eerie evening light deepened and darkened, and the night wind blew bleak from the sea.

A great sadness lay on the girl's face,

BULK TEA LOSES FLAVOR

It not only loses flavor, but it takes on new ones, such as kerosene, molasses, onions, coffee, soap, etc., to say nothing of its exposure to sun, dust, dirt and air. To overcome this



Is sold only in sealed lead packets—never in bulk.

A SUGGESTION

It is always difficult to decide "what to give" as a present. The gift of our noble patron—the bit of land—all gone, and to Morgan. Oh, Lord of heaven, how will I ever hold up my head again, if this becomes known? and Morgan threatens to foreclose the mortgage within a month. And then, Kathleen, you know what remains—we are thrown upon the world, helpless as two infants. I am disgraced, forever only home to the poor-house. 'No!'—he reared his tall, gaunt form grandly upright, and his blood-red eyes flashed through their tears—"no, it shall never come to that with Hugh O'Neal, whose fathers once reigned kings of Ireland—never while there is water enough in the sea yonder to hide this shame!"

KLEIN & BINKLEY

38-37 James St. North Issuers of Marriage Licenses

and the blue eyes looked over the darkening landscape with a still, weary despair.

"If I could only die," she thought, "and end it all. Life is so bitter, so long, and the right is so hard to find."

A step came fleetly down the hill-side, and Kathleen's heart gave one great throb. A tall, slender form came springing lightly over her turf, and a second later Lord Roderick Desmond stood before her.

Ah, Kathleen, it was "seeing the kid in its mother's milk" to bring you there to look in that face, beautiful with man's best beauty, to listen to the voice you loved so dearly, pleading the cause of another man.

She looked up once; then her eyes fell, and she half turned away. He saw the change in that poor, pale face—so sunny, so sharp, six short weeks before—and the shariest pang of remorse he had ever felt in his whole life pierced his heart. It was his work, and he knew it.

(To be Continued.)

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blain, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 30c.

FRANCE IS ALARMED

Excess of Deaths Over Births For Year Was 28,205.

Paris, Oct. 29.—Vital statistics for the first six months of the present year show an excess of deaths over births in France of 28,205. In 1908 the excess of deaths was 10,508, and this growing discrepancy has raised again a cry of alarm for the future of the French race, which is the only people of Europe experiencing depopulation.

Dr. Jacques Bertillon, the statistician, proposes a heavy increase of taxation upon families in which there are two children or less.

HEARTBREAKING TASK.

Too Poor to Pay for Having a Grave Dug, He Did It Himself.

Colorado Springs, Oct. 29.—Twelve-year-old Charles Swineford collapsed to-day after throwing a few shovelfuls of dirt on the pine box enclosing his mother's remains in a grave which he had dug yesterday because he was too poor to pay for having it dug.

His mother, Mrs. Corinne Swineford, came here three months ago from Owosso, Mich., a sufferer from tuberculosis. She died two weeks ago and her body was kept in a vault in Crystal Park Cemetery awaiting an order from relatives. The county commissioners had arranged for digging the grave and the cemetery officials did not know when he was digging it, that Richard was the son.

\$4,000 A YEAR.

This is the Highest Salary Paid to a Church Choir Singer.

The highest priced choir singer in the world is Corinne Rider Kelsey, who received \$4,000 a year from the First Church of Christ Scientist in New York for singing once every Sunday nine months in the year. In her single person she is the whole choir and the entire appropriation for vocal music goes to her. In addition, her outside earnings from concerts, it is claimed, bring her total income close to \$20,000 a year.—From Hampton's Magazine.

TOLD HOW TO LEAVE CARS.

School Children Given Practical Pointers by Principals.

The principals in practically all the public schools in the city yesterday delivered short lectures to the pupils cautioning them as to the proper way to board and leave trolley cars, the dangers of stealing rides and playing on the trolley tracks. These lectures were delivered in response to a circular letter addressed to the principals by President Charles O. Kruger, of the Rapid Transit Company, which was cordially endorsed by Superintendent Brumbaugh, and they were but one step in the general plan being followed out by the company in an effort to cut down the accident claim account by educating the public to look out for itself where trolley cars are concerned, his damage account has heretofore constituted one of the heavy drains on the company's gross earnings, and an earnest effort is being made to minimize it in order to achieve the longed-for point of placing the company on a sound financial basis.—Philadelphia Record.

Only One "BROMO QUININE" that is Laxative Bromo Quinine & Malt

Cures a Cold in One Day, Cures in 2 Days

RAILWAYS

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Single Fare for Hunters

To Temagami, Muskoka, Lake of Bays, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, etc.

DAILY UNTIL NOV. 6TH

Return limit December 4th, or until close of navigation, if earlier, to points reached by steamers.

California, Mexico, Florida

Consult nearest Grand Trunk agent regarding low tourist rates.

CHAS. E. MORGAN, City Ticket Agent, W. G. WEBSTER, Depot Agent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

BIG GAME

Hunting along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway is unexcelled elsewhere in America.

Write for particulars of special train service for hunters, maps, literature, etc., to Hamilton office, corner James and King streets. W. J. Grant, agent.

T., H. & B. Railway

NEW YORK

\$9.40

Via New York Central Railway. (Except Empire State Express.)

THE ONLY RAILROAD HANDLING PASSENGERS IN THE HEART OF THE CITY (Grand Street Station). Dining cars, buffet and through sleeping cars.

A. Craig, Agt. F. F. Backus, G. P. A.

STEAMSHIPS

C. P. R. STEAMERS

FROM MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL AND QUEBEC.

FROM ST. JOHN'S TO LIVERPOOL.

FROM ST. JOHN'S TO LIVERPOOL.

FROM ST. JOHN'S TO LIVERPOOL.