

# A Spanish Beauty

"Chateau?" Trevannance repeated. "So that is her name? Is it, at last? We all knew her as Minnette, but until now her other name was a mystery. So she is a Canadian, after all? I might have been sure of it, with those long, almond shaped black eyes."

But Drummond never heard him. His gaze had gone back to the audacious little Amazon queen, so brilliant and so bright before him.

"It must be the child!" he said in the same hushed voice. "But, great heavens! how like her mother!"

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed Trevannance. "So you knew her mother, my friend? Now for Minnette's history, at last! Really, this grows interesting—mysterious as a sensational novel! And you knew the mother of pretty Minnette? Make a clean breast of the whole thing, dear boy."

"Knew her mother?" Drummond repeated, blankly. "Yes. Good heavens, it is like seeking a ghost! She is the living image of Minnette Chateau, as I saw her first, eighteen years ago."

"My poor Minnette," repeated Vivian Trevannance, glancing at him with indolent eyes. "And this is poor Minnette's child! Now, who the deuce, Colonel Drummond, was La Reine Rouge's father?"

"Trevannance," exclaimed the soldier, paying no heed to a word he uttered, "do you know her? Can I see her? I must see her, and to-night!"

"Quite impossible, my dear sir—not to be thought of! Mignonnette wouldn't grant an audience to the Emperor of all the Russias after ten at night."

"Then I will send her a note. I tell you, I must, and at once."

"Do, by all means, if you find it the slightest relief, and will serve to light the manager's cigar. He has orders to burn, unopened, all letters for Mignonnette behind the scenes. You see, my dear fellow, I know from painful experience."

Drummond looked at him earnestly. He was strangely and deeply moved out of the story, and that had grown second nature from long habit. Even now, the momentary excitement was passing off, and outward quietude returning.

"I regret that—no—I do not—I am glad she is so discreet. I can see her to-morrow, I suppose, and to-morrow will do. Meantime, Mr. Trevannance, will you tell me all you know of—"

"Undoubtedly—that all being very little. She is La Minnette; she is of French extraction—Canadian French, of course. She is a charming actress; she is only seventeen years old, and as good as she is pretty. She has an old French woman living with her, going whither-ever she goes—Madame Michaud—a very dragon of propriety and all the virtues. I have never heard a breath against the character of the little queen. She has no lovers—will not listen to a word, though her adorers are legion. Her charities are numberless. She gives with both hands, and the sick in the hospitals here look upon her as an angel of light. So she is—to them. That is the history of Mignonnette."

"Thank you," Colonel Drummond answered, in a suppressed voice; and, under her beard, the keen ear beside him heard a fervent, "Thank God!"

"And now, mon colonel," Trevannance asked, coolly, "one good turn deserves another. I have given you Minnette's history—made you acquainted with all appertaining to her I know. Now, my dear fellow, what is she to you?"

The blue eyes turned full and grave upon him. The calm voice answered, slowly and quietly, "She is my daughter!"

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It was true, then. He was really going to her—going to his bride and bride! She sat for nearly an hour quite still, a little paler than her wont, but otherwise unmoved. Then, drawing out her watch, and seeing the hour, she rose, with a long, shivering breath, and rang the bell.

Madame Michaud, with her brown, ever-smiling face, appeared.

"Madame, she rang?"

"Yes, madame. If Monsieur Trevannance—you know him, I think—calls to-day, admit him."

She turned away, opened her piano, and sitting down, played bravely and brilliantly for nearly another hour.

Suddenly, through the storm of melody, she heard the ting-a-ling of the door-bell.

"Ah!" she said, with another long breath, "at last!"

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For her dead mother's sake! Had some magnetic witchery told him that was the only adjuration she would not scornfully refuse? She stood with the card in her hand, cold and white.

"The gentleman waits, my child," Madame Michaud, puzzled by her changing face, said, and sent him away.

Mignonnette looked up. Her heart, that seemed to have stopped beating for an instant, sent the blood suddenly surging back to her face. She reared her stately little head erect, her lips compressed, her eyes ominously sparkling and bright.

"No. Show the gentleman in at once."

Madame, considerably surprised, left the room to obey. Minnette stood by the window, the card between her fingers, haughty as a young duchess.

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Here, with Madame Michaud, her "sheep-dog," and all work of the most diminutive proportions, to match the establishment, her canaries, her big Canadian wolf-hound, Loup, her books and her piano, Minnette dwelt in her fairy chateau, and entertained her friends. They were not many. The little actress made few intimacies.

One or two of her female theatrical acquaintances, the manager, a few of her convalescent hospital patients, her dressmaker, her music teacher—these were the chief.

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"Ma'm'selle is not at home, monsieur."

Mr. Vivian Trevannance, however, told you all about it. He had been there, you see, more than once or twice, or two dozen times; but ma'm'selle was never at home, although her laughing, roguish face could be seen sparkling behind the lace curtains.

In a low rocker, in her toy parlor, she lay back now, the bright morning sun light streaming in between the curtains on the delicate carpet; her pretty, soft curls, so black, so silky, pushed from her temples; the morning paper lying idly on her lap.

It was a cosy little room, with its profusion of books and birds, and flowers and pictures. Loup lay coiled at her feet, looking up with big, loving eyes at the face of his mistress.

A fine and costly piano half filled the room. Minnette practiced assiduously. She played brilliantly and sang delightfully. Music was her passionate hobby.

It was still not ten at Minnette had been out, and her street dress of black silk, a white band and knot of rose ribbon at her throat, she looked as much like a little nun as the dashing zouave queen of last night.

"Is it true," she was musing, with a very thoughtful brow, "or but a rumor, that he goes next week? He was in his usual place last night, but he threw me no flowers. I wish—I wish—I had never seen his face! How happy I used to be! And now—ah, bah!—and now I'm a little fool!"

She opened her paper impatiently, glanced over its items, and was arrested in five minutes by one brief paragraph:

"The many friends of Mr. Vivian Trevannance will regret his speedy departure for his native land. He leaves next Thursday in the Columbia."

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"The many friends of Mr. Vivian Trevannance will regret his speedy departure for his native land. He leaves next Thursday in the Columbia."

That was all. The paper dropped in Minnette's lap, and she sat staring

blankly at the fireless, old-fashioned grate.

It was true, then. He was really going to her—going to his bride and bride! She sat for nearly an hour quite still, a little paler than her wont, but otherwise unmoved. Then, drawing out her watch, and seeing the hour, she rose, with a long, shivering breath, and rang the bell.

Madame Michaud, with her brown, ever-smiling face, appeared.

"Madame, she rang?"

"Yes, madame. If Monsieur Trevannance—you know him, I think—calls to-day, admit him."

She turned away, opened her piano, and sitting down, played bravely and brilliantly for nearly another hour.

Suddenly, through the storm of melody, she heard the ting-a-ling of the door-bell.

"Ah!" she said, with another long breath, "at last!"

The parlor door opened. It was Madame Michaud, with a card and a puzzled face.

"It is not Monsieur Trevannance, my dear. It is a tall, grand gentleman, pale and handsome, and military and distinguished. He has never been here before, and he bid me give you this. He must see you, he says."

"Must!" Mignonnette rose, stately, from the piano. "Must! Give me the card."

She took it, glanced at the name, and turned white as death; for the name was "Robert Drummond," and in pencil was written:

"I saw you last night. You're Minnette Chateau's daughter. You know who I am. For your dead mother's sake, I conjure you to see me!"

For her dead mother's sake! Had some magnetic witchery told him that was the only adjuration she would not scornfully refuse? She stood with the card in her hand, cold and white.

"The gentleman waits, my child," Madame Michaud, puzzled by her changing face, said, and sent him away.

Mignonnette looked up. Her heart, that seemed to have stopped beating for an instant, sent the blood suddenly surging back to her face. She reared her stately little head erect, her lips compressed, her eyes ominously sparkling and bright.

"No. Show the gentleman in at once."

Madame, considerably surprised, left the room to obey. Minnette stood by the window, the card between her fingers, haughty as a young duchess.

An instant later, and the tall, stalwart form of Colonel Drummond towered in the doorway, which he had to stoop his head to pass, and father and daughter stood face to face for the first time. He was quite white with suppressed feeling; she erect, superb, defiant. And it was her clear, ringing voice that first spoke.

"Colonel Robert Drummond does me an unexpected honor! I knew he was in St. Louis, but I hardly thought he would care to see me."

"You knew, then, who I was?"

"Why, yes, monsieur," Minnette said, carelessly. "I suspected—I thought that Colonel Robert Drummond might be the Robert Drummond who drove his wife and child from him seventeen years ago. That was rather a dastardly act, although, they say, Colonel Drummond, fights well. But physical prowess is often a villain's virtue."

"You know me?" he repeated, slowly, paying no heed to her stinging words.

"You knew I was here? You knew I was your father, and yet—"

Mignonnette broke into a laugh—a low, bitter, derisive laugh.

"What would monsieur have? Was I to go to you, to fling my arms round your neck, to cry out, as we do on the stage: 'My long-lost father, behold your child!' So devoted a husband, so tender a parent, surely deserved no less! I have been cruelly ungrateful, have I not, Monsieur le Colonel? And you very properly came here to chide me for my filial disrespect."

"My child, how bitter you are! Was I to go to you, to fling my arms round your neck, to cry out, as we do on the stage: 'My long-lost father, behold your child!' So devoted a husband, so tender a parent, surely deserved no less! I have been cruelly ungrateful, have I not, Monsieur le Colonel? And you very properly came here to chide me for my filial disrespect."

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CHAPTER IV.

Little Minnette, with a wholesome horror of hotels and boarding houses for such bewitching fairies as herself, had a tiny bison of a furnished cottage in one of the quietest streets of the city—a little dot-house, stony white, with a scrap of garden in front, two lilac bushes its only vegetation, a mimic parlor, and dining-room, and kitchen, and chambers.

Here, with Madame Michaud, her "sheep-dog," and all work of the most diminutive proportions, to match the establishment, her canaries, her big Canadian wolf-hound, Loup, her books and her piano, Minnette dwelt in her fairy chateau, and entertained her friends. They were not many. The little actress made few intimacies.

One or two of her female theatrical acquaintances, the manager, a few of her convalescent hospital patients, her dressmaker, her music teacher—these were the chief.

There were very many callers, very many cards left. Dashing young gentlemen drove up to the little front door by the dozen; but Madame Michaud's shrewd, brown, nut-cracker face, always imperceptibly good-humored, barred the entrance, and Madame's cheery French voice piped to these gay Lotharios ever but one refrain:

"Ma'm'selle is not at home, monsieur."

Mr. Vivian Trevannance, however, told you all about it. He had been there, you see, more than once or twice, or two dozen times; but ma'm'selle was never at home, although her laughing, roguish face could be seen sparkling behind the lace curtains.

In a low rocker, in her toy parlor, she lay back now, the bright morning sun light streaming in between the curtains on the delicate carpet; her pretty, soft curls, so black, so silky, pushed from her temples; the morning paper lying idly on her lap.

It was a cosy little room, with its profusion of books and birds, and flowers and pictures. Loup lay coiled at her feet, looking up with big, loving eyes at the face of his mistress.

A fine and costly piano half filled the room. Minnette practiced assiduously. She played brilliantly and sang delightfully. Music was her passionate hobby.

It was still not ten at Minnette had been out, and her street dress of black silk, a white band and knot of rose ribbon at her throat, she looked as much like a little nun as the dashing zouave queen of last night.

"Is it true," she was musing, with a very thoughtful brow, "or but a rumor, that he goes next week? He was in his usual place last night, but he threw me no flowers. I wish—I wish—I had never seen his face! How happy I used to be! And now—ah, bah!—and now I'm a little fool!"

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AT R. MCKAY & CO'S., SATURDAY, NOV. 27, 1909  
HAMILTON'S MOST PROGRESSIVE STORE



## Hamilton's Best Christmas Store

### Is Now Ready to Serve You Best

All the Holiday Novelties Are Here.  
Many Special Saturday Sale Events.  
Come and Save

Every man and woman should visit the store to-morrow and share in the savings. The store is imbued with the full Christmas spirit. Never were our offerings so large, so beautiful and so reasonable in price. Every department is now ready to serve you best. Sharp at 8.30 to-morrow morning we swing our doors open to a grand array of Saturday specials, selected with great care from our immense new Christmas stock. Read every special sale event contained in their list and shop as early in the day as you can for every special is a hummer. Come and save.

### All New Goods in Drug and Toilet Goods Dept.

See our window display of ladies' and gentlemen's real Leather Cases, of Toilet Sets. Prices range from . . . . . \$3.25 to \$25.00

We carry a fine line of all Ebony Goods, Military Brushes, Clothes Brushes, Hat Brushes, Shaving Mirrors, Manicure Sets, Fancy Bottled Perfumes.

**Hair Brushes 75c Each**  
Pure Bristle Brushes, hand drawn, nice backs, ebony or rosewood, assorted sizes, worth \$1.25, Saturday . . . . . 75c each

**Toilet Powder Holders, 50c to \$2**  
Toilet Powder Holders, for tooth brush, powder, nail polish, nice clean glass, with sterling silver covers, with place for initial.

### Our China Dept. is Now Ready for the Xmas Trade

China department is now open with a good assortment of Irish, Bel-leck, Limoges, Australian, Japanese, old Greek vases and jardiniere and bisque figures and heads.

**One Special For Saturday is:**  
Cups and Saucers, Fancy Bread Plates, Celery Dishes, Salt and Pepper Shakers, Bon Bon Dishes, in different kinds of china, regular 35 and 50c, for . . . . . 25c

**Old Greek Jardiniere 50c**  
Old Greek Jardiniere, good size, well enameled, worth up to 75c and \$1.00, for . . . . . 50c

### Now is the Time to Buy Your Xmas Gifts

#### A Marvellous Sale in Net Waists, Embroidered Kimonos and Bath Robes

**\$2.00 Eiderdown Kimonos for \$1.49**  
Cardinal and grey Eiderdown Kimonos, made with collar daintily trimmed, in all sizes, worth regular \$2 Saturday's sale price . . . . . \$1.49

**\$4 Net Waists for \$2.19**  
Dainty ecru and white net waists, made with yoke and trimmed with insertion over silk slip, all sizes, worth regular \$5, Saturday's sale price . . . . . \$2.19

**Children's Golf Coats for \$1.49**  
Just received a shipment of children's Norfolk Coats in navy blue, with cardinal border, also cardinal, sizes from 2 to 12 years, Saturday's special price . . . . . \$1.49

**\$5 Eiderdown Bath Robes \$3.98**  
Superior quality of Eiderdown Bath Robes, in cardinal trimmed with black, black, black girdle, also grey, trimmed with black, black girdle, worth regular \$5, Saturday's sale price . . . . . \$3.98

### Now For a Great Sale of Jewelry

**Black Jet Hat Pins 10c**  
Black Jet Hat Pins, 10 inches long and regular 25c, Saturday 10c each

**Gilt and Oxidized Belt Pins 75c**  
Gilt and Oxidized Belt Pins, large assortment, worth up to \$2.00, special . . . . . 75c

**Solid Gold Brooches \$3.50**  
Solid Gold Brooches, 10 karat, every Brooch stamped and set with real arls, different designs, a real bargain, regular \$7.00, Saturday . . . \$3.50

**Sterling Silver Thimbles 25c**  
Sterling Silver Thimbles, all sizes. Regular 50c each, for . . . 25c each

### Specials in the Whitewear Dept.

**75c Corset Covers for 49c**  
Fine dainty Nainsook Corset Covers, trimmed with insertion and embroidery, worth regular 75c, Saturday's sale price . . . . . 49c

**\$1.50**