

Sweet Norine

"The man whom she chooses to fall in love with of her own accord," returned Clifford Carlisle, boldly.

The keen eye of the blacksmith met and held the dark, glittering eye of the handsome stranger for a moment. Then the old man answered, slowly:

"The young do not—cannot—know all that is wisest and best for 'em, as we old uns do. Left to herself, with her romantic nature, she might fall in love with a scamp, a white-handed villain, an' I'd rather see Norine dead an' in her grave, lyin' in the same mound that holds her father an' her poor young mother, than wedded to one like that."

Clifford Carlisle bit his lip in vexation, as though the names, scamp and white-handed villain, had struck unpleasantly near home. He said no more on the subject to the blacksmith, but he made up his mind to surmount all and every obstacle that they might put in his path to see the beautiful Norine again.

Slowly mounting his horse, and nodding to the old blacksmith, Carlisle plunged down the snow-beaten road in quite the opposite direction from the Barrison home. He wanted quiet, but an opportunity to think.

Although Mrs. Barrison had received him warmly, not to say enthusiastically, she had not fallen in with his plan of advancing more money at once for the gold mine.

"My money is so invested that I shall not be able to lay my hands on a single dollar in ready cash for at least six weeks," she explained. "Your plans must be put off for that length of time, Clifford."

Six weeks! Before half that time he would be a ruined man unless he could raise money. He nearly dared not figure it. Before leaving New York he had been living a very fast life. The large remittances Mrs. Barrison sent him for the gold mine were swallowed up almost as soon as they were received. A pair of fast horses, life at the Waldorf Astoria, champagne stippers and a bevy of beauties of stage fame, had helped him to squander it; and in a reckless hour, when funds had run low, he had fallen into a terrible temptation, just such a pitfall as the one which he was usually filled with—he had forged a note for a large amount. That note would fall due in exactly three weeks, and then there would be a frightful expose. The officers of the law would be placed upon his track, and he would be hunted down. To let Mrs. Barrison know of his dilemma, the terrible crime which he had deliberately committed, would be to lose a cool million of money. No, it must be kept from her at all hazards.

The question which confronted him now, was how was he to raise the money? How?

So deeply engrossed was he in this subject, he did not see a small figure approaching upon the white road until his horse suddenly stopped short with a little whinny, of apparent welcome, and suddenly raising his eyes, he beheld Norine.

In an instant he was standing knee-deep in the snow beside her, hat in hand.

"Fate is kind to me, Norine—Miss Gordon, I mean. My ardent wish has been granted. I have met you once more. Have you thought, since last we lay 'drin', a-kin' me to alius look after the child, and—"

The ardent glance in those brilliant, flashing eyes caused the blood to mount to the pretty Norine's red cheeks, making her more really red than before, and seemed to compel the word "Yes" to fall shyly from her ruby lips.

"I imagine you are going to the shop, to escort your old grandfather home—I remember you told me that, when I called every word that fell from your lips. May I be permitted to walk as far as the turn in the road with you? Lady-bird will follow."

"Certainly," she murmured, Norine, feeling a strange, new, delicious spell stealing over her.

"Like? Ah, that is a poor word for it, Norine," he whispered. "Pray, let me call you that. I shall be delighted, honored beyond expression, to walk with you, as far as years went, but he was twice as old as that in the ways of the world, its follies, vices and all the methods used in winning a woman's love. Scores of beautiful girls had already fallen madly in love with him, and more than one wrecked life lay at his door.

He chatted on so gaily, so carelessly, that little Norine quite forgot that he was a stranger, and she forgot, too, of old grandmother's warning at home—to always beware of strangers, and chattered thoughtlessly enough to him of the old folks at home, and how lonely it would be of an evening if Joe still happened in to read the daily paper to her grandfather, or to have a little talk with her grandmother about the way the village school children were progressing.

"And see Miss Norine," commented Carlisle, "Oh, no," laughed the girl. "Joe does not come to see me. What a funny idea."

"Not at all," declared Clifford Carlisle, frowning a little. "You may depend upon it, you are the magnet that draws him there so constantly."

He did not tell her of the conversation he had had with her grandfather concerning this Joe. He would leave that until later on.

At the bend in the road they parted, but he would not release Norine's little hand until she had promised to meet him at the same place the following day.

Clifford Carlisle stood a little still in the road, watching the girl until she disappeared from sight. "A rare little beauty," he muttered. "But what a fool I am to be lingering here, for her sake, when I can never marry her. Marry her! Bah! What an absurd idea, draws him there so constantly."

When Clifford Carlisle marries, it must be for the glittering gold, and heaps of it."

worrying over the heavy cold poor Joe contracted on the night he brought her home, risking his own life to save hers. He kept up until he heard my voice, and knew assistance was at hand; then he knew no more until he opened his eyes and found himself safe in the warm little sitting-room of our cottage. His first thought on returning to consciousness was of Norine. "Is she safe?" he whispered in a fearful terror. I shall never forget the joy that overspread his white, anxious face when I answered, "Yes, my lad, and she owes her life to you."

Norine's usually voluble tongue was silent for the first time as they walked along the snowy road homeward together.

There was nothing to warn him that the girl by his side, whom he loved better by far than the apple of his eye, was keeping her first secret from him.

Clifford Carlisle had exacted a promise from her that she would not mention to her grandfather, or indeed any one else, that they had met that afternoon, or intended seeing each other the following day. Norine was so much of a child, so unpractical in the ways of the world, that she quite believed, it is the jolly lark that he represented it to be—to become well acquainted, and then spring that fact upon her old grandfathers, who always declared most emphatically that she should never know any young man but Joe.

"It would be the richest kind of a joke," Carlisle declared, gaily, and looking at the matter in the light in which he pictured it so laughingly to her, it was no wonder, indeed, that Norine fell into the trap set so cunningly for her thoughtless, unwary feet.

Even the old grandmother noticed how preoccupied Norine was during the frugal evening meal.

"Grandpa, what can be the matter with Norine?" she exclaimed, thoughtfully, as the old people sat by the kitchen fire long after the girl had picked up her candle and gone to her little room under the eaves. "She talked so much about that lad, and her spectacles and look at her in wonder."

The old blacksmith looked at his wife with a smile of amusement. "Norine is only a child," he murmured, softly; then after looking meditatively into the glowing coals for a spell, he asked suddenly: "What was the little gal talkin' about that gave you that notion, Betsy?"

"She wanted the tucks let out of her red dress, that it might come down to the floor, instead of to her shoe tops, as it does now; and I've been wonderin' and wonderin' what could have put such a thought into Norine's head."

After knitting a few moments silently and energetically, she went on: "Norine reminded me that she was quite sixteen, so you see, grandpa, she is not so much of a child as you think. It was just Norine's age when I saw and fell in love with you, Daniel."

"Why, bless my soul, I believe you are right, Betsy. It was so very long ago, so you see, grandpa, she is not so much of a child as you think. It was just Norine's age when I saw and fell in love with you, Daniel."

"Don't recall that scene, Daniel—don't," whispered Betsy, huskily. "Let us talk of something else. Is there any news in the village? I don't hear any since Joe has been laid up at home with that heavy cold," she exclaimed, anxiously, as her mind quickly into another channel.

"Yes," he answered, "there's a good bit of travel over the new stage line that runs from the Black Bear Mine through here to Spokane; it's crowded, so you see, grandpa, she is not so much of a child as you think. It was just Norine's age when I saw and fell in love with you, Daniel."

"He asked about Norine, and I gave him to understand that I wasn't pleased at his inquiring for her. I don't like his face, nor his ways, nor his sneering tongue, for that matter."

"What is he like?" asked the good wife, carelessly. She was not in the least interested in the stranger, but it was better to lead him on to talk of, think of, anything else than their dead only boy.

"Look like?" repeated Daniel, thoughtfully; "that is just what I have been trying to settle in my own mind ever since I laid eyes on him to-day, and, by gracious, it just comes to me now. He is dark and handsome, like—well, do you remember that handsome villain that held up the stagecoaches hereabouts and robbed 'em so audaciously some twelve or fifteen years ago? They afterward caught the chap and hung him up to the limb of a tree; that ended his career. We heard the report afterward that he had left a little boy, and that the lad had been adopted by some well-to-do people, or something of that kind. Well, this chap has just those features. I'll never forget him as I saw him a-bagin' to the old hickory tree."

But who is the young man, and where is he stoppin'?" asked Betsy.

"I don't know, an' I don't care. More'n likely he's some wealthy man goin' along with the rest to invest in the mine. All the interest I take in him is that he's a young man, and that he's a stranger."

"What nonsense, Daniel, to imagine that he has given one thought to our Norine. Great gentlemen fall in love with their own kind."

"No, alius, Betsy," he muttered, thoughtfully. "Not at all."

Then their conversation drifted around to Joe (as it always did after Norine had left them for the night) and the future—advising with each other as to when they should tell their darling of the young man's devoted, patient love for her, and the hope he had long since confided to them, that one day he hoped to make little Norine his bride, if he could win the treasure of her love, and they were willing that it should be so.

Each had taken one of the young man's hands and kissed it reverently, whispering to him that his desire was theirs as well, and that they could go down to the grave, which could not wait much longer for them, and so happy, if they could, but see Norine's wife.

They talked of Joe's prospects, and

how hard he was striving to win a name and a position to offer their darling.

"It is so hard that he has been taken with this heavy cold, keeping him to his bed at this particular time," remarked the old blacksmith, anxiously. "This is the week the great sum of money comes to his express office to pay off the miners, and there is no one whom he could trust to take it over to the mines—no one he would dare tell about it save you and me, and Norine."

"I don't know Norine know about it," said Betsy.

"Yes, don't you remember him sitting here the night before the storm a-tellin' us about it? Norine was listening, too, for she remarked: 'Aren't you afraid to have so much money about you, Joe?'" and answered: 'I would be, if people knew I was to carry so much money over on the stage to the mines a week from to-night, and to tell the truth, I have such a strange presentiment about it, that I haven't been able to sleep well nights since. I was informed that it was to be shipped here and placed in my charge. It is such a great sum—a great many thousand dollars.'

"Joe is far from feeling well to-night, but Heaven bless the plucky lad, he is going to get up from his sick-bed and take the stage over to the Great Barrison mine to-morrow night to deliver that money in safety to the miners. Ah, Betsy, if I wasn't so old and infirm a man, I'd volunteer to go in Joe's stead, poor fellow."

(To be continued.)

SEVEN CONDEMNED.

TERRORISTS SENTENCED TO DEATH AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Two Women Among Them—Ten Out of the Fifty Captured Red-Handed a Week Ago Given Speedy Trial Before Court-martial.

St. Petersburg, Feb. 27.—A military court, sitting in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, under the presidency of General Mikiforoff, today condemned to death seven of the terrorists charged with complicity in the attempt last week in this city upon the lives of Grand Duke Nicholas Nikolaievitch, a second cousin of the Emperor, (Catherine's son), the Minister of Justice, and sentenced three others to fifteen years' imprisonment at hard labor.

Among those upon whom the death sentence was passed is a supposed Italian journalist, (Catherine's son), sentenced in St. Petersburg La Vita of Rome and Il Tempo of Milan. He spurned the aid offered him by the Italian embassy, and all efforts on the part of the court to induce him to disclose his real name and status proved unavailing.

Two women were among those sentenced to death, and one among those sentenced to imprisonment. The accused all refused counsel, but were represented by four civilian lawyers appointed by the court, which also delegated two military advocates for the defence.

The indictment against the ten prisoners, which constituted the first batch of the fifty or more terrorists captured by the police on February 20, charged them with membership in the northern flying column of the Social Revolutionists, and with active participation in attempts to assassinate Grand Duke Nicholas, Nikolaievitch and M. Chtcheglovitch, and narrated the circumstances of their arrest on the very day sent for the assassination with the instruments for the commission of the crime in their possession.

The prisoners acknowledged membership in the Social Revolutionary body, and acknowledged also that a plot had been organized to kill M. Chtcheglovitch, but unanimously and strenuously denied any intention to murder the grand duke, or any of the other members of the cabinet, or the Minister of Justice.

The details of the trial established the allegations of the police, with the exception that they were unable to adduce evidence of a plot against Grand Duke Nicholas Nikolaievitch.

Hamilton's Headquarters

For shaving supplies is Gernie's Drug Store, 32 James street north. Most complete stock, including Gillette razors, 85¢. Gem safety \$2.50. With safety \$1.50. Every-day safety \$1. King Shaver and carbide-magnetic (best sold) \$2. King Cutter \$1.25, and many other kinds; also razor boxes, clippers, Adonis Red-Rub, June clover, and an immense stock of high-grade razor strops.

PERHAPS HEART DISEASE.

Doctor's Evidence at Inquest on Brockville Horseman.

Brockville, Ont., Feb. 27.—The inquest on the body of James G. Warnock, the ex-Ottawa horseman whose two alleged wives are fighting for his property, resumed to-night before Coroner Dr. Jackson, for the purpose of taking the evidence of Doctors Horton and Harding, who performed the post-mortem on Monday last.

Dr. Horton swore that the body presented no marks beyond those made during the embalming process. Until the nature of the finding was known, Dr. Horton was not prepared to state positively the cause of death. He found nothing in the report of the Provincial analyst will be submitted.

The certificate of death gave apoplexy as the cause, but there were no traces of a cerebral hemorrhage. He added that the diseased state of the heart might have been the cause of Warnock's sudden death.

Dr. Harding concurred in the evidence of Dr. Horton, and the inquest adjourned until Wednesday, March 11th, when it is thought the report of the Provincial analyst will be submitted.

CASTORIA.

The Kid You Have Always Bought

Escaped From Woodstock Jail.

Woodstock, Feb. 27.—John Henry Thomas, a prisoner in the Woodstock jail, has escaped, and his fate is causing the authorities no end of anxiety, not because his detention was owing to any serious crime, but because the man went away insufficiently clad, and being half-witted, is not capable of looking after himself.

Mrs. Sophie E. Johnson is using the services of the Book Publishing Company, Toronto, for \$200,000 bond the company and secured by the bank.

AT R. MCKAY & CO'S., SATURDAY, FEB. 29th, 1908. HAMILTON'S MOST PROGRESSIVE STORE



Immense Undervalues

For the Last Day of Our February Sale

To-morrow is the last day of our great February clearing sale and we intend making it a memorable sale day in the history of this store by offering to you bargains in wanted and dependable merchandise at little cost—goods you will need for present and future use in many cases, on sale at a fraction of their real worth—but you must come early if you want to share in some of these bargains. Come at 8.30.

A Word About Our Half-Yearly Silk Sale

By all the signs and sayings of those who should know—by all the evidence already to be gathered from sales in this store—it appears certain that Silks will again be the favorite dress material for spring and summer wear. Our foreign buyer has been most fortunate in gathering together at his own prices some of the swiftest dress silks of high quality ever offered to the women of Hamilton, and by all means don't miss the first day of the sale, that is, if you want a handsome dress length for little money. Come down to-night and see our window display. Sale starts to-morrow morning at 8.30. Be on time.

Special Purchase Sale of Black Dress Goods

Worth \$1.25 and \$1.50 on sale to-morrow your choice per yd. 89c

To-morrow we place on sale 200 Dress Ends of very high class Dress Materials, in lengths from 6 yards up to 10 yards each, comprising Plain and Embroidered French Voiles, Silk and Wool Crepe de Chine, Silk Eolienne, Taffetas, Marquessette, Poppins, etc. Every yard worth \$1.25 up to \$1.50. By all means don't overlook this opportunity to secure a length of these fine materials at this great reduction. On sale to-morrow at 8.30.

Annual Silk Sale

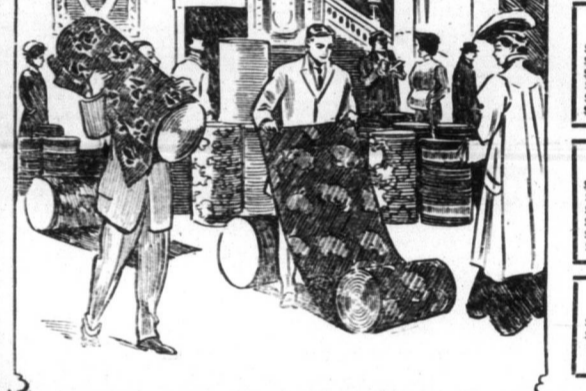
3,000 yds. of high-class French Silks at less than half value

Guaranteed qualities up to \$1.75 yd. for 59c to 89c yd.

To-morrow will start the GREATEST SILK SALE in our history. Hundreds of new and beautiful effects in HIGH CLASS FRENCH SILKS at only a fraction of their proper values. Our guarantee slip goes with every length. The entire lot was purchased at a clearing price, therefore we offer, starting to-morrow and for the coming Silks worth up to \$1.75 yard, for 59c, 69c and 89c.

Only One Day More to Buy Rugs at 33 1/2 Per Cent Discount

This great rug sale will be over on Saturday night. COME EARLY. We have still a well-assorted lot to choose from



Brussels Rugs \$14.50 Brussels Rugs 2 x 2 1/2 yds. for \$10.00 \$20.00 Brussels Rugs 2 1/2 x 3 yds. for \$12.00 \$22.50 Brussels Rugs 2 1/2 x 3 yds. for \$15.00 \$25.00 Brussels Rugs 1 x 1 1/2 yds. for \$16.50 \$26.00 Brussels Rugs 1 x 3/4 yds. for \$21.75 \$27.00 Brussels Rugs 1 1/2 x 2 yds. for \$22.50	Wilton Rugs \$25 Wilton Rugs 2 x 2 1/2 yds. for \$18.75 \$25 Wilton Rugs 2 x 3 yds. for \$22.00 \$17.50 Wilton Rugs 3 1/2 x 3 yds. for \$12.50 \$19.50 Wilton Rugs 4 x 3 yds. for \$14.50 \$20 Wilton Rugs 4 x 3 yds. for \$14.50 \$20 Wilton Rugs 4 x 3 yds. for \$14.50
All-Wool Rugs \$12.50 All Wool Rugs 2 1/2 x 3 yds. for \$8.50 \$12.50 All Wool Rugs 2 1/2 x 3 yds. for \$9.75 \$16.00 All Wool Rugs 4 x 3 yds. for \$11.25 \$18.50 All Wool Rugs 4 x 3 yds. for \$12.75 \$20.00 All Wool Rugs 4 1/2 x 4 yds. for \$14.25 \$22.00 All Wool Rugs 5 x 4 yds. for \$16.00	Tapestry Rugs \$7.00 Tapestry Rugs 3 x 3 1/2 for \$5.00 \$8.50 Tapestry Rugs 3 x 3 for \$6.00 \$10.00 Tapestry Rugs 3 1/2 x 3 for \$7.75 \$11.50 Tapestry Rugs 4 x 3 for \$9.50 \$13.00 Tapestry Rugs 4 x 3 1/2 for \$10.75
Axminster Hearth Rugs \$2.25 Axminster Rugs 27 x 63 inches for \$2.50 \$1.50 Axminster Rugs 20 x 63 inches for \$2.25 \$1.00 Wilton Rugs 27 x 63 inches for \$1.00 \$1.00 Wilton Rugs 27 x 63 inches for \$1.00	Brussels Sample Ends 100 Brussels sample ends, 1 1/2 x 2 yards long, extra choice, patterns worth \$2.00 and \$2.50, your choice for \$1.00 each.

Saturday Bargains in Gloves

Cashmere and Ringwood Gloves 19c Pair

25 dozen of fine Cashmere and Ringwood Gloves, in brown, grey, navy, heaver, black, white, our regularly 25 and 35c, on sale Saturday ... 19c pair

Cashmere and Kid Gloves 29c Pair

40 dozen of fine Cashmere and Silk Lined Cashmere Gloves, in the new two tones, also fine Woolen Kid Gloves in all shades, including black and white, our regularly 50c, on sale Saturday ... 29c pair

Long Silk Gloves 59c Pair

Full Elbow Length Silk Gloves, in white, cream, black, just in small sizes, regularly \$1.00, on sale Saturday ... 59c pair

Long Silk Gloves 98c Pair

Our spring shipment of Elbow Length Silk Gloves, buttoned at the wrist, double tipped fingers, come in tans, browns, navies, greys, pinks, skins, black, whites, all sizes, regularly \$1.50, on sale Saturday ... 98c pair

Fownes' Kid Gloves 69c Pair

Clearing out sale of Fownes' French Kid Gloves, in two tones, suede and glaze, come in tan, brown, grey, champagne, pearl grey, black and white, all sizes, worth from \$1.00 to \$1.65 pair, on sale Saturday ... 69c pair

Saturday Bargains in Wash Goods

English Prints 12 1/2c

Light and dark ground Imported English Print, standard weight—fast colors, good assortment patterns, spring range ... 12 1/2c

Check Waisting Muslin 19c

Plain and broken checked White Waist Muslins, even weave, worth 25c, our leader at ... 19c

Victoria Lawns 15c

40-inch White Victoria Lawn, even thread, linen finish, worth easily 20c, special purchase price now only ... 15c

Dress Dimity 12 1/2c

50 pieces white ground Dress Dimity, black and sky and pink spots, figures and stripes, Irish goods, worth up to 22c, a genuine bargain at ... 12 1/2c

Leading Shades in Taffeta Ribbons 25c Yard

Bright finish Chiffon Taffeta Ribbons, in beautiful shades of tans, browns, blues, greens, etc., 5 inches wide, suitable for millinery purposes, regular 35c, for ... 25c

Called Embroidered Handkerchiefs 10c Each

Manufacturers' cuts in fine Swiss Handkerchiefs, slightly damaged, come in scalloped edge, and 1/4 inch hemstitched buses, beautifully embroidered, worth up to 35c, on sale ... 10c ea.

3 Big Specials in the Blouse Dept.

\$6.00 Net Waists for \$3.49

Beautiful new Eru Point d'Esprit Fine White Lawn Waists, made with Waists, made with kimono sleeves and trimmed with insertion, baby lace, collar and cuffs, trimmed sleeves, worth regular \$6.00, on sale Saturday for ... \$3.49

\$1.50 Waists for 98c

Swiss allover embroidery front, baby lace, open front or back, worth regular \$2.00, Saturday's sale price ... 98c

\$2.00 Waists for \$1.49

Dainty White Lawn Waists, made with Valenciennes lace yoke, embroidery front below yoke, baby lace, collar and cuffs, worth regular \$2.00, Saturday's sale price ... \$1.49

Baby Department

\$2.50 Serge Dresses for \$1.98

Children's Navy Blue Sailor Dresses, trimmed with braid and red tie, in and Silk Bonnets, with silk ties, with sizes 2, 3 and 4, worth regular \$2.50, Saturday's sale price ... \$1.98

75c Bonnets 49c

Children's Embroidered Cashmere, without or with back, worth regular 75c, Saturday's sale price ... 49c

NOW For Men NOW

We expect Saturday will be one of the best days ever known in our Gents' Furnishings. We are going to sell 500 Fancy Vests at a wonderful reduction. These Vests are worth \$2 and \$2.50. They will be sold Saturday for 60c. This will certainly save money for you. Come in and see them, whether you purchase or not; also watch for them in window.

Another special line we are offering: Look at this: Pure Silk Ties, 25 in our Men's Soft Front Shirts for Saturday. Listen the price, 35c, worth 50 and 75c; new spring styles.

Men's Scotch Wool Underwear, sizes 34 to 38, regular \$1, Saturday ... 59c

Men's Black Cashmere Socks, seamless feet, regular 35c, Saturday 23c

Specials in White Wear

85c Covers for 49c

Ladies' Corset Covers, in fine cambric and maironok, trimmed with embroidery and lace insertion, leading and edging at neck and sleeves, regular 85c, Saturday ... 49c

65c Drawers 49c

Ladies' Drawers, of cambric and maironok, umbrella style, deep full trim, trimmed with embroidery and lace, regular 65c, Saturday ... 49c

\$4 Dresses for \$1.49

Children's Dresses in plaid and blue serge, all wool material, nicely trimmed with velvet ribbon and stitching, Regular \$4.00, Saturday ... \$1.49

Extraordinary Values in Women's Garments

We invite you to join with us to-morrow in extraordinary value-giving in balance of our stock of Winter Mantles and Furs. Never have we offered such values as we intend offering Saturday.

\$40.00 Astrachan Coats ... \$20.00

\$175.00 Persian and Mink Coats

\$52.50 Fur-lined Coats ... \$30.00

\$60.00 Mink Stole ... \$25.00

\$25.00 Persian Lamb Sets ... \$12.50

\$37.50 Mink Tie ... \$25.00

Children's Ulsters \$1.98

Another snap in Children's Ulsters, light and dark colors, a good assortment of sizes, all up-to-date styles, regular \$4, clearing at ... \$1.98

Black Cloth Coats \$4.98

10 only Black Cloth Coats, all wool materials, box and tight fitting styles, all well tailored, strapped and stitched. They are worth \$10.50 and \$12, clearing at ... \$4.98

R. MCKAY & CO.