

AT R. MCKAY & CO'S., SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1909

July Sale Continues

This July Sale is your buying opportunity. Already hundreds have taken advantage of it. HAVE YOU? If not, come to-morrow as every department of this bright store will contribute strong values for SATURDAY.

Women's New Model Linen Suits

The very spirit of smartness shown in Hamilton for the first time at McKay's. An extremely stunning Linen Suit that Hamilton has not seen before.

Stunning Repp Coats \$2.95

Those decidedly smart English Repp Coats, plain fitting models, nicely trimmed with pearl buttons, three-quarter length. Regular \$4.50. On sale at \$2.95

Specials in Blouses and Kimonos For Saturday--Third Floor

\$1.25 Waists for 59c. Fine, dainty Persian Lawn Waists, made with lace yoke, trimmed with embroidery below yoke, baby back, all sizes, worth regular \$2.00, Saturday's sale price \$1.25

Specials in the Whitewear Department

Corset Covers for 25c. Princess Slips for \$1.98. Fine White Nainsook Corset Covers, and daintily trimmed with torchon

Specials in the Children's Department

50c Slips for 39c. \$1.25 Hats for 75c. Children's Fine White Nainsook Children's White Sailor Hats, all sizes, neck and sleeves edged with lace

Summer Hose and Underwear

Children's 1-1 ribbed Princess Hose, all sizes, fast colors, seamless feet. A line that will wear, Saturday 15c pair, 2 pairs for 25c

Clearing Sale of Gloves

Ladies' Lace Mitts 50c. Ladies' Silk Mitts 50c. Special line Ladies' Long Silk Gloves in pink, sky, Nile, navy, brown, white and black. Regular \$1.25, Saturday sale 80c

Saturday Dress Goods Bargains

\$1 Silk and Wool Eolienne Saturday for 69c Yard. Three pieces of Plain Black, fast color, Silk and Wool Eolienne, 44 inches wide, just the thing for a light weight dress. Regular value \$1.00 yard, on sale to-morrow 69c yard

Inventory Sale of Silk Remnants

To-morrow we will place on clearing sale 600 yards of Plain and Fancy Silks at above price. These Silks include Taffetas, and soft finish, all sound quality, but lengths running from 1 1/4 yards to 8 yards. Entire lot goes on sale to-morrow at, per yard

R. MCKAY & CO.

Love Finds the Way

CHAPTER XXV.

It was the last night of the party at the Towers. Mr. Besant's proposal for immediate flight for Sir Ralph, of course, declared that he must return to Rivershall at once—important business, steward worrying, the home farm going wrong, a dozen sufficient reasons were adduced why he and Lillian could not remain longer.

Lady Melville discovered, a morning later, that she was compelled to be in town, and Lord Harcourt found that it was absolutely necessary for him to put in an appearance at a certain club dinner at the same date.

Misses Dalton and Amot, at last fully persuaded that his lordship and Claude Ainsley had neither hearts nor taste—in fine, would not be captivated by the glass darts;—also intimated that their mothers were growing anxious.

Lord Harcourt shook his head and was about to make some slighting allusion to Lady Melville, but a glance at the dark face kept him silent. The new Claude was a very different person to the old—a great deal sadder and a great deal wiser.

"Dinner, my lord," said the footman, and the two gentlemen strode off arm in arm.

That evening, by some management, Mr. Besant was seated next to Lillian. Claude Ainsley, who was quick at reading faces, noted that Lillian was not altogether delighted by the arrangement.

She was no quieter than usual, but a keen observer might have traced a shade of wistful sadness upon her brow, and a slight tremor of almost fearful timidity about her lips.

Mr. Besant paid her every attention and most markedly—too markedly, perhaps, for Sir Ralph, as he heard the self-assured tone in which he pressed Lillian to partake of such and such a dish, or advised her to sit a little farther this way from the draft, or to be careful that the glare of the light did not make her head ache, frowned with doubtful displeasure.

Surely the master of the Towers made too certain of his prize!

With Sir Ralph frowning, and the Misses Dalton and Amot dull, not to say sullen, the dinner was scarcely a success, and it was not to be wondered at that the ladies were glad to escape. But it was out of the frying pan into the fire; Miss Dalton grew from sullen to amiably spiteful, and chose for a first victim, quiet, inoffensive Miss Lucas, who was seated in her usual corner, bent over the usual piece of embroidery.

"What an elaborate strip that is of yours, my dear Miss Lucas," said the young lady, smiling sweetly as she examined it; "what a time it must have taken you!"

"Yes," said Miss Lucas, monotonously, without raising her head or looking up from her work. "A very long time."

"It must be interesting, oh, very, I'm sure; dear me, you never do anything else! Pray do you think you will have finished it?"

"About the same time as the completion of the pair of slippers you were so kind as to commence for Lord Harcourt, my dear Miss Dalton," retorted Miss Lucas, with a fixed, expressionless look.

The tormentor flushed hotly under this application of her own flumbeur, and with a glance of infinite scorn and hate bent a retreat.

Miss Lucas smiled deeply and looked up to see if her bosom friend would take her part, but Miss Amot thought discretion the better part of valor, and left the Tartar alone.

Lillian was at the piano when the gentlemen entered, and Mr. Besant, who was longing to practice his new role, walked towards the instrument at once, and Lord Harcourt, who followed him with his eyes, shot a quick glance of meaning towards the graceful figure of Lady Melville, who was very comfortably nestling among the sofa cushions, beating time with her white, tapering fingers to the waltz Lillian was playing.

Lord Harcourt dropped into a vacant seat beside her ladyship and leaned forward to murmur, in a low voice, "See where the present master of the Towers and the future lord of Rivershall stands?"

Lady Melville's eyes flashed and the delicate hand clinched for a second. "Be not too sure," she murmured back; "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

"A pleasant proverb," he retorted, with covert sneer. "But it will need more than a slip, nothing but a dash from his hand will keep the Besant flag from the Rivershall turrets. Does he not look like winning? He looks as if he had bought the poor girl in hard cash and had the receipt in his pocket. Come, even you pity her—eh?"

The beautiful woman breathed hard. "Why should I?" she asked between her teeth. "He is good-looking, rich, and—but it will not be."

"Will not?" he repeated, softly. "Shall not?" she retorted, unguardedly. His keen eyes fastened on her face with the piercing scrutiny of a hawk.

Lady Melville paled beneath it slowly and distinctly. "Mr. Dalton calls you," she said, suddenly, unable to endure his fixed regard longer.

Lord Harcourt rose and left her, but his eye wandered back once or twice while he stood talking at the farther end of the room, and the question was revolving in his brain: "How far will she dare to go?"

The room was hot and the conservatory was tempting.

From the piano Lillian strolled thitherwards on Mr. Besant's arm.

They were seated in a delightfully cool corner which Mr. Besant had hoped to secure for Lillian and himself.

"Ah, my dear fellow!" said Claude Ainsley, jumping up with a positive air of relief. "Finished your song, Miss Melville? It was too short, you must get Mr. Dalton to write you another verse."

"Yes, I have finished," said Lillian. "Is it not warm? Miss Amot, Lady Besant is seeking you everywhere. I am so sorry to disturb you, but a promise is a promise, and I offered to help her. She

wants you to sing the 'Maid of Athens.' Miss Amot devoutly wished the 'Maid of Athens' and Lady Besant at Jericho, but smiled sweetly and glided off on Claude Ainsley's arm, convinced now that it would never be her fate to call that arm her own.

Claude Ainsley seated his charge at the piano, turned over the leaves, and strolled out onto the lawn.

It was a beautiful night, with just enough moon to soften the stars and sharpen the outlines of the trees and shrubs.

The man of the world looked above and around him. It was all very beautiful for it jarred with his inner self.

Four years ago such a sky—Wow—well, it was very beautiful, but his heart refused to rejoice in it; he saw it all through a glass darkly; the green spectacles were ever before his eyes. Such a night as that could only remind him of the old, waking dream, the dream that never came.

If she had been all his heart fondly painted her! If the sweet flower had no poison worm hidden at its core!—"Is that you, Mr. Ainsley?" came the voice that still found its answering chord within his heart.

"Yes," he said, turning to where the woman he had loved came half hesitating over the velvet lawn.

"I thought so, and yet you were so motionless I fancied it was one of the statues."

"No," he said; "it is I, living flesh and blood."

"Living flesh and blood!" she repeated, with a subtle emphasis. "And you are looking at the stars?"

"Yes," he replied. "They are beautiful, are they not?"

"I hate them!" she said, and her eyes flashed upon his.

"Why do you ask me such strange questions?" he asked, striving to be calm, and in consequence speaking with more than his ordinary coldness.

"Because they are cold and fierce. See, is there one that does not change?"

He remained silent and his head drooped slightly.

She came a step nearer and laid her hand gently upon his arm.

"Why do you avoid me, Claude?" He moved his arm.

"You are going to the East?" "I am," he said.

"Why do you fly from me? Am I poison?"

The word had slipped from her tongue before she knew it. Strangely, she had unconsciously given it a marked emphasis.

He started slightly and turned to her. "Why do you ask me such strange questions?" he asked, striving to be calm, and in consequence speaking with more than his ordinary coldness.

"If I avoid you, if I fly from you, is it without a cause? Answer me!"

She shrank from the stern words and the still sterner eyes which she knew were bent on her.

"You know," of the marriage, she would have said, alluding to the compact which Lord Harcourt was going to make with the baron, but she faltered, and he took up the thread with a blither voice.

"I know of your shame! I know all, and I fly from you!"

Her hand could not stop him, though the agony with which it trembled upon his arm was a prayer in itself.

Jerking it from him with a groan, he strode away, and the beautiful and charming Lady Melville, who looked as if she never had a care in the world, returned to the drawing room.

That night the young Miss Lucas' head was marked and rapid.

That young lady listened for a while, and then with a gleam of light in her usually lack-lustre eyes, she stole up the stairs. Not to listen this time.

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