

Katharine's Sacrifice

"Hallo!" was Jim's response, turning his head to look backward.

"Jim!" A woman emerged with a bundle of wet rags she had been washing in her well-worn hands. "Jim, he's orful bad to-night."

"I heard 'im," replied Jim. "What's he doin' now? Is he a-sleepin', missis?"

The woman wrung out her rags of garments and flung them on the hedge to dry. She shook her head.

"No, he's in one of them faint like. Jim, I don't feel comfortable about 'im. He don't get no better, and that's just the blessed truth."

Jim scratched his head, took out his pipe, and put it back again between his teeth.

"Well, what's to be done, Marie? We can't chuck the poor covet out-ere to die. We've done our best for him so long, we might go on a little while longer."

The woman wiped her brow with her apron, but she looked undecided.

"I tell you I ain't comfortable like, Jim. It was all very well at the beginnin', we expectin' every minit as he'd be better and himself agin, but what are we to do if he gets no better then? We can't put no funeral, and that yer know as well as I does, Jim."

Jim smoked on quietly, and hammered at his chair for amusement, then he looked up again.

"What's to be done, Marie?"

"The woman pined."

"I'll tell you," she said, slowly, as with an air of person arrived at a conclusion after much deliberation. "You'll just march down to the village and fetch up the doctor-chap, and then we'll put 'im," with a jerk of the thumb backward, "into the work-us infirmary, or the asylum. I know there's one 'ere."

Jim was silent for another spell, was ed out of the room, and returned with the chair and surveying it with much satisfaction. "I suppose you're right, as per usual, Marie, and after all we've stuck by the top so long it's only fair some one should take a turn now. Here, shoot us over my coat; I'll be off to the village at once; we must get it settled right away."

He pushed his long arms into the non-descript garment clothed by courtesy a coat, then lifting the child up kissed it before giving it into the mother's hands, and with his pipe still between his teeth, turned down the lane and was soon out of sight.

The woman occupied herself with setting everything for the night—bundled the horse more securely, saw that the tarpaulin was still covering the baskets and brooms from any chance of rain, and then sat down with a sigh of fatigue on a seat just within the doorway.

The air outside was still, save for an occasional croak of a toad, the munching of the horses, or the buzz of the insect world seeking its rest; but inside there was the continual sound of some one in pain—a perpetual low moaning, then a feeble, hoarse cry:

"Help! Help! I am—help!" and then the moaning again.

The woman's face softened as she sat alone.

"Poor chap!" she muttered once, and going in she moistened a handkerchief in some water, and bent over the rough, make-shift of a bed. By the dim evening light could be seen a long, attenuated frame that was not still an instant, and a head with a shock of white hair that yet, somehow, did not seem to belong to an old face. It looked like hair blanched suddenly by some awful, some horrible crisis. The light did not show up the face clearly, only two eyes gazed out from under the white hair, and shone like coals of fire blazing into nothing.

The wet bandage seemed to soothe the sick man.

"Poor chap!" the woman muttered again, as he grew quieter, and she went back to his seat. She gave a short sigh. "If it weren't that times was so hard I'd cut off my 'and and sooner nor let 'im go; but it's too much for us; we can't find bread for our children, and how are we to keep 'im?"

She sat, lost in thought, till an hour had gone, and at last voices and footsteps told her that her husband was returning.

She rose as he came forward with a gentleman and a woman in a sort of gaily liveried, like a nurse's.

"I've told this gentleman all about 'im, Marie," Jim said by way of introduction, and then the doctor, a keen-faced, middle-aged man, mounted the steps and entered the caravan.

In another moment he came back.

"There is acute inflammation of the brain; the poor fellow is in a desperate condition. I am amazed that he has existed all this time. How long ago, exactly, is it since you picked him up?"

"More nor three weeks, yer honor," and then Jim went over the whole story again, how he was travelling in Atholshire, and one evening put up at a place called Fraser's Mine, near Ledstone, and just as he was fixing everything for the night he heard a groaning coming from somewhere about the mouth of the pit, and, having conquered his fright, he had leaped over the old shaft, and looking down with his lantern, had seen a man clinging with all his strength to a broad beam, part of the woodwork that had been built up near the top, and how he had shouted encouragement to the poor creature, and he and his wife had flung stout ropes over the edge, and by the greatest difficulty managed to drag the wretched man to the surface, where he had fallen down in a faint, and then had gone on growing worse and worse, until they feared that he could last no longer.

The doctor listened attentively.

"But why do you not carry him back to Ledstone? No doubt he is an inhabitant of the place; you would have saved yourself much trouble if you had done this."

"Well," confessed Jim, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, "it were like this: My Missis and I both got the same notion into our 'eads as he was cove as was a-hidin' for somethin', and so, 'd ye see, sir—"

"So you thought you would give him a helping hand to escape?"

The physician smiled; then he turned and spoke to the nurse in a low voice; and then addressed Jim again.

"I will have him conveyed to the People's Hospital at once. It is lucky you came to me to-night, for there is such a run on the place by to-morrow the bed might have been filled. He will be well cared for there, and we can send and make inquiries at Ledstone. You must remain here, however, as it

will be necessary for you to state this story to the parish authorities. Just give me a hand; we'll lift him into the ambulance cart; it will jolt him a bit, but I expect he has had some of that lately the van."

A covered cart was drawn up in the lane, and into this the sick man was carried by Jim and the doctor, not without much trouble; then, with a parting admonition to Jim to come up to the village early the next morning, the cart started off at a slow, steady pace down the lane, not bathed in the red rays of the fast dying sun.

"It is a curious tale," mused the doctor to himself as he walked along by the side of the cart, while the nurse sat by the sick man and soothed him as best she could through the journey.

"From the little I can see, the poor fellow looks a gentleman; might be very young, but the doctor's hair does not match his face. Well, I must do what I can for him, and perhaps in a few days he will be able to speak for himself; that is, if my theory about his belonging to Ledstone should prove to be incorrect."

The cart passed through the village, and stopped at a building that bore unmistakably its character and nature written by its walls. Above the doorway flashed a lamp, and by its swinging light might have been seen a square piece of white stone let into the wall, bearing an inscription engraved on it. The words of this inscription were as follows:

"This hospital was erected by Squire Charles Hugh Mostyn, of Brexley Hall, Brexley village, in commemoration of the fifteenth birthday of his beloved and only child, Barbara Weston, and presented by her said Squire Charles Hugh Mostyn to the inhabitants of Brexley village as a gift."

Then followed the date, which told that the hospital was now about four or five years old, and beneath the date was inscribed an appropriate text.

The doctor, a kind-hearted man, whose interest and sympathy were keenly aroused by the unusual case that brought thus suddenly under his notice, made every arrangement for the invalid's comfort, and helped himself to carry the poor senseless form up to one of the private rooms set apart for extreme cases like this.

And so, while Lord Otway was searching in every direction, while Gordon Smythe, back in his old haunts, was endeavoring to stifle conscience, and fear at one and the same time, while Lady Blanche Bellairs and the poor deformed Marlan were waiting anxiously for news, and Katharine Brexton lay with wide, agonized eyes and beating brain, thinking—always thinking—of the same awful subject, Craven Adair, the cause of this search, this fear, this grief, and this hopeless despair, was carried into a shelter that was suggested by the indifferent charity of a very fortunate woman by name Barbara Mostyn.

Such is the irony of fate!

CHAPTER IX.

The old proverb of man proposes and God disposes came true once again to Katharine. As she had lain—wretched, weak, and all—in bed after that interview with Lord Otway, she had determined that, come what might, she would leave Northminster at once. The thought of seeing poor Marlan Adair, being a witness to her grief, was more than she could bear, she said to herself passionately. She would return to Ledstone for a few days, and then—well, then? Katharine had no settled plans, only the rugged determination that henceforth she would call Lucy Gray's house her home no longer. With her modest fifty pounds a year she could not starve, and she had brains and hands to make more.

All this she had settled in her mind, and was just on the point of telling Mrs. Smythe they must prepare to start for Ledstone the next day, when the latter rushed into her room, full of excitement.

"Oh, Katharine, love, I am afraid I must leave you, and go home at once. I have just had a telegram from my darling; he has run down for a few days, and so, you see, I must go. You don't mind, dear, do you?"

Katharine had shuddered at the mere mention of Gordon's name.

How dare he, how could he go so close to the scene of his horrible cruelty, his crime? Was the question that forced itself into her mind.

Mrs. Smythe repeated her eager words, and Katharine roused herself to answer. "No, no! Go, dear, go!" she said hurriedly. "I am better! Don't think of me! Go!"

Her tone was rather short and curt, but Mrs. Smythe did not notice it, she was so full of delight at the thought of seeing her boy again, and in less time than can be imagined, she had bustled off to the station, and caught a train to Ledstone.

"Dear soul!" said Miss Weston to Katharine. "How she loves that son of hers! It is to be hoped he is worthy of her great devotion."

Katharine lay staring out at the twilight sky, and made no answer to this. No tongue could tell the unutterable pathos of the words. She had heard of her for Gordon Smythe. The horror she had for Gordon Smythe, the horror she had in her own sight, inasmuch as she had permitted herself to become his wife and save him from a shameful death.

Over and over again the memory of her beloved father would rise, and a pang would go through her heart at the naturally sad eyes, she had grown to love this beautiful-faced girl, and to appreciate her broad, intellectual character, her noble, generous heart, as something rare and exquisite.

"The girl is not happy," she would wish to herself. "I wish I could brush away those clouds from her face. I wish I could give her happiness."

She was thinking this as she sat knitting by the window of Katharine's bed, and cast a glance over and again at the silent figure on the white-curtained bed, and after a while when she met the straight gaze of those two preternaturally sad eyes, she shaped this thought into words.

She began chatting to Katharine in her most cheery way, telling all that had occurred at Lady Blanche's garden-party, and then she drifted on to the loneliness of her life, and then she came and sat

down beside the bed, and stroked Katharine's hand.

"If I had your sweet face always before me I should be grateful indeed," she said, softly. "Katharine, do you think you could be happy with me? I should not have said so if I had not known that you are an orphan, and that were you to leave Mrs. Smythe's she still has her boy to fall back upon, but I have grown very fond of you, my child. I am a rich, lonely old woman, and if you care to make your home with me, why—"

Katharine carried the kind, wretched hand to her lips suddenly, while two hot tears rolled down her cheeks and dropped on it.

"Dear, dear friend, if only I could say 'yes,' but I cannot," she said, with deep emotion.

How could she live beneath this roof, bearing such a secret as she did within her breast? How bring the taint of murder, of sin, in this pure, fresh home? Besides, she could not rest in Northminster—she must get away—miles away—from any chance of meeting Marlan Adair, miles away from Ledstone and the horrible past.

She let Miss Weston see some of this eagerness in her next words, which dwelt on her determination to put an end to her hitherto lousy life, and to earn her living.

Miss Weston stroked the beautiful hair from the girl's brow.

(To be Continued.)

ELOPED WITH HER.

Pittsburg Youth Stole Girl From Toronto Convent.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 19.—One of the most sensational marriages in years was brought to light here to-day, when the family of Fred Mugele, one of the whiskey kings of Pittsburg, announced the successful elopement of Fred Mugele, jun., aged 17, with Miss Stella M. Talbot, of Niagara Falls, N. Y., also aged 17. The elopement is admitted by the family to have taken place from a convent at Toronto where the young girl and heiress was at school. Young Mugele is the son of Protestant parents, while his intended wife was a Roman Catholic, and it was necessary to get a special dispensation for the marriage, but this the youthful lover, himself a student at the Bellefont, Pa., Academy, got around in some way, and last Wednesday morning the couple were quietly married by Rev. Father J. J. Roach, of the Sacred Heart Church at Niagara Falls. The ceremony was performed in the study of the pastor.

The very young couple then went to Buffalo, where they sent a message to the bridegroom's father at Pittsburg asking forgiveness. Mr. Mugele sent a message telling the young couple he would spank them both. When the father reached the house he was disappointed the punishment, bringing them both to Pittsburg, where they are now. Mrs. Talbot, mother of the bride, who lives at 955 Niagara avenue, Niagara Falls, N. Y., has declined, to date, to reply to tearful messages asking forgiveness from her daughter.

Miss Talbot's bride, she is said to be in line to inherit about million dollars. She is the daughter of a former famous Buffalo physician, who died twelve years since. Fred Mugele, the whiskey king, who is worth \$1,000,000 himself, declares to-night that his son must go to work to-morrow morning to support his wife.

NIMBLE AS CATS.

Birmingham Suffragettes Led Police a Merry Chase.

Birmingham, Sept. 18.—Ten suffragettes were brought up in the Police Court to-day for connection with the disturbances of Mr. Asquith's visit and immediately afterwards a cleghman was summoned to the aged groom's bedside, and the ceremony was performed. This afternoon the following notice was given out in explanation:

"Married—On September 19, by the Rev. Norton T. Houser, assistant rector of St. Peter's Protestant Episcopal Church, Charlotte E. Lister, third daughter of the late James Lister, M. D., M. R. C. S., of London, England, to John H. Osborne, of Auburn. The ceremony was to take place at the home of D. E. K. Stewart at Madoc next month, but was quietly performed at Mr. Osborne's residence this morning, his physicians deeming it advisable not to postpone the wedding because of the serious condition of Mr. Osborne, who is ill of heart trouble."

The groom is 77 and the bride's age was not given out. The Osborne home is one of the most beautiful in this part of the country.

MURDER FEARED.

Body of Man Found in Little Sturgeon River.

North Bay, Sept. 18.—The body of a man aged about thirty-five years was found in Little Sturgeon River near North Bay, and on being taken from the water, evidences of murder were found. There was a gaping wound in the neck, evidently a stab wound.

The body was observed first by a brakeman on a train passing over the bridge, and a sectionman was notified, and he brought the body ashore. Provincial Constable Connor took charge of the case, and an inquest is being held by Coroner McCormick. Nothing was found on the body to identify it, and the pockets were bare of money or other valuables.

Various theories were held, one that the man was killed and thrown from the railway bridge, and another that he met his death at some lumber camp farther up the river, but nothing definite can be ascertained until identity is established.

Rev. H. P. Plumtree preached his first sermon as rector of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, on Sunday.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams*

FELL FROM BRIDGE.

George N. Ward, of Tillsonburg, Killed at Detroit.

Detroit, Sept. 19.—While at work painting the iron girders on Belle Isle Bridge yesterday afternoon, George N. Ward, aged 27, of Tillsonburg, lost his balance and fell to the roadway, 20 feet below, fracturing his skull. He was taken to St. Mary's Hospital, where he died this morning without regaining consciousness. The young man's parents arrived here to-night from Tillsonburg and took charge of the body. Ward was unmarried.

AT R. MCKAY & CO'S. TUESDAY, SEPT. 21, 1909

Magnificent Showing of the New Fall Styles

Make your selections now, while stocks are at their best. This store has never been in such a splendid position before to supply your every demand for fall and winter. Come to-morrow and view the new styles, also come and save on the following:

1,000 Yards Rich Stripe Chiffon Taffeta Ribbon, 50c yd. Worth Reg. \$1, Sale Price

On sale to-morrow, a big purchase of Stripe Ribbon; has a very rich effect and the quality is grand, suitable for millinery, cashes, etc. Now come and see this ribbon, and come and save half. Worth regularly \$1.00, sale price .50c yd.

Black Moirette Underskirts Going at 98c

100 only Black Moirette Underskirts, just the kind for fall and winter, purchased by our buyer at a sacrifice; made of superior quality, deep lapped flounce, dust frill, etc., worth regularly \$1.50, sale price Tuesday .98c each

Newest Autumn Dress Goods on Sale

Swell New Autumn Suitings, Very Special Tuesday 75c yd.

In both plain shadow stripes and two tone stripes, the very newest shade goods at a popular price on sale Tuesday, 3 different lines in rich styles of wistaria, grey, Burgundy, navy, myrtle, brown, Copenhagen and black, decidedly Hamilton's best showing at a popular price, only 75c yard

Reg. 75c Venetian Suitings for Tuesday 59c yd.

On sale in perfect shades of navy, brown, myrtle, greys, ashes of roses, wistaria, red, Burgundy, taupe and black, guaranteed pure wool with a nice finish, on sale Tuesday per yard .59c

Opening Sale of Suits

The Greatest Saving Event in our history of Suit business. Do not fail to take advantage of this opportunity. It won't come again.

Tailor Made Suits \$4.98

25 ONLY SAMPLE SUITS, beautifully tailored and trimmed, light and dark colors; they without doubt the best bargains ever offered; regular \$15.50 and \$18.50, sale price \$4.98

Children's Reefers \$2.98 **Ladies' Coats \$3.98**

A splendid assortment of light and dark colors, nicely braided and trimmed, assorted sizes; make your selection early; regular \$5.50, sale price \$2.98

Covert Coats, in light and dark colors, also navy blue cloth, strictly tailored garments, regular \$9.00 and \$10.00, clearing price \$3.98

Our Quick-Selling Prices are Strongly Evidenced by Rapid Sales of New Fall Carpets and Rugs

New Rugs Carpet Values

At Prices Like These That Will Find Quick Appreciation

Are values you will not match elsewhere.

Tapestry Rugs, size 3x3 1/2, fine range of styles; worth \$10.00, for \$8.50

Brussels Carpets, borders to match, elegant colorings; worth \$12.50 and \$13.50, for \$11.25

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Wilton Carpets, borders to match, clearing line, rich colorings, worth \$1.65 \$1.19

Amxminster Rugs, size 3x4 yards, heavy pile, excellent range of patterns; worth \$33.00, for \$27.50

Velvet Carpets, new colorings, elegant colorings; worth \$1.40, for \$1.29

All Wool Carpets, heavy two-ply make, serviceable colorings; worth 95c, for 75c

Wool Rugs, size 2 1/2 x 3 yards, reversible, serviceable quality; worth \$4.25, for \$3.75

R. MCKAY & CO.

ON SICK-BED. \$250,000 FIRE.

Aged Auburn, N. Y., Millionaire Weds Madoc Lady.

Auburn, Sept. 19.—Miss Charlotte E. Lister, of Madoc, Canada, who has been housekeeper for John H. Osborne, the millionaire retired manufacturer of harvesting machinery, was wedded to her employer under unusual circumstances to-day. The fact became known when an urgent call for a license was made on City Clerk Hanlon this morning and immediately afterwards a cleghman was summoned to the aged groom's bedside, and the ceremony was performed. This afternoon the following notice was given out in explanation:

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The groom is 77 and the bride's age was not given out. The Osborne home is one of the most beautiful in this part of the country.

STEAMER SUNK.

Lackawanna in Collision With Two Vessels.

Port Huron, Mich., Sept. 20.—The steamer Lackawanna, of Buffalo, sank in twenty-four feet of water in the St. Clair River, near the Canadian side, on Saturday, after a collision with the barge Chieftain, of Bay City, and the barge Hall, of Port Huron.

The Lackawanna was coming down through the upper rapids at the head of the river, when her steering gear gave way. She sheered against the Hall, which was tied to a dock, glanced out into the steam, and struck the bow of the Chieftain, which was upbound. In tow of the steamer Shenandoah. The collision with the Hall did little injury, but the Chieftain sustained considerable damage, and the Lackawanna had a big hole torn in her starboard bow when she struck the Chieftain. No one was injured in the collisions.

Port Huron, Mich., Sept. 20.—The steamer Lackawanna ran foul of a couple of barges in the St. Clair River, off Sarnia, and was sunk.

BLOODSHED IN MARTINIQUE.

Political Feeling Runs High—Mayor Shot by Policeman.

Fort de France, Island of Martinique, Sept. 18.—The local political situation here is serious, and factional feeling runs high. Yesterday evening at 8 o'clock, Frederick Norbert, Mayor of Le Marin, a town thirty miles from Fort de France, was shot to death on the street by a policeman. The election of members of the Grand Council are set for Sept. 25 and further bloodshed is feared. Men are threatening to go to the polling places with revolvers in their hands.

Leaped from Window.

Montreal, Sept. 19.—Frightened by the explosion of a gas stove, Theodore Variate and his wife jumped from a third storey window this morning on Notre Dame street. The man was instantly killed and the woman was injured.

Nowhere in Canada

Can you get better DIAMONDS or better values in DIAMONDS than from THOMAS LEES. We carefully select every stone, pay spot cash for them and sell at the very lowest prices.

THOMAS LEES
Reliable Jeweler
5 James St. North.

EARRINGS

Are very fashionable just now and every lady should have a pair. We have them in pearls, corals and jet for pierced or unpierced ears. Call and see them.

F. CLARINGBOWL
Jeweller and Optician.
22 MacNab Street North.

FOR SALE CHEAP

Plasterers' Scaffolding, Garbage Tanks, Metal Hods for mortar and brick, Blasting, Tiling, All kinds of Roofing, Valleys and Flashings.

JOHN E. RIDDELL
Phone 827. 257 King Street East.

STEAMSHIPS

White Star-Dominion Royal Mail Steamships

MONTREAL-QUEBEC-LIVERPOOL

Laurentic, triple screw; Magnolia, twin screw; largest and most modern steamers on the St. Lawrence route. Latest production of the ship-builders' art; passenger elevator serving four decks. Every detail of comfort and luxury of present day travel will be found on these steamers.

CANADA Sept. 25 Oct. 30
LAURENTIC Oct. 2 Nov. 6
DOMINION Oct. 9 Nov. 20
MAGNANTIC Oct. 14 Nov. 13

OTTAWA Oct. 22

The popular steamer "CANADA" is also again scheduled to carry three classes of passengers. While the fast steamer "OTTAWA" and the comfortable steamer "DOMINION" as one-class cabin steamers (called second class), are very attractive, at moderate rates. Third class carried on all steamers. See plans and rates at local agent's or company's office.

115 Notre Dame Street, West, Montreal.
41 King Street East, Toronto.

RAILWAYS

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Winnipeg \$10

Via Chicago and Duluth from all stations in Ontario, Sept. 24th.

NEW YORK AND RETURN \$14.10 from Hamilton

VIA NIAGARA FALLS.

Sept. 23rd to 30th inclusive. Return limit Oct. 10th, 1909.

ACCOUNT

HUDSON-FULTON CELEBRATION

Through car service from Toronto and Hamilton, via Grand Trunk and Lehigh Valley Railways.

LOW COLONIST RATES

VANCOUVER \$41.05
SEATTLE PORTLAND
SAN FRANCISCO LOS ANGELES SAN DIEGO \$42.50

Via Chicago from Hamilton. Daily until Oct. 15th, 1909. ONE-WAY SECOND-CLASS.

Secure tickets and further information from J. D. McDonald, D.P.A., Toronto, Ont.

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MOOSE, BEAR, CARIBOO, DEER All Varieties of Small Game

Are found nowhere in greater abundance or under more favorable conditions than on the Canadian Pacific Main Line between Mattawa and the Manitoba boundary. Ask for "Open Seasons for Game and Fish," "Fishing and Shooting," "Sportsman's Map," etc.

City ticket office, cor. King and James streets.

T. H. & B. EXCURSION

NEW YORK

(HUDSON-FULTON CELEBRATION. Going September 23-30th. Returning October 10th.)

\$14.10 for Round Trip

Further information on application to F. F. Backus, G. P. A.; A. Craig, Ticket Agent, Phone 1000.

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All the News

If you are out of town for the summer months, telephone 368 and have it sent to your address

Plumbing and Heating Contractor

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DIED TOGETHER.

Tragic End to Sunday Sail of Two Brothers.

Toronto, Sept. 20.—Locked, it is supposed, in each other's arms, two brothers were dragged down to death by the weeds of the lagoon at Centre Island yesterday afternoon. The tragedy occurred about two o'clock, and the victims were Joseph Gilding, one of the city firemen who is attached to Portland Street Fire Hall, and his younger brother, Charles Gilding. The death of the former was due to an effort to save the latter from death.

The two brothers, with a party of friends, including three men and two ladies, set out shortly after dinner to enjoy what might perhaps be the last fine day for sailing of the present summer. W. C. Spofford, of 130 Howland avenue, was at the helm and the elder brother was looking after the sails. They reached Centre Island and sailed up the lagoon.

For some reason not disclosed the younger Gilding stood up in the boat, and just as he did so a sudden gust of wind swung the boom around and knocked him overboard. He attempted to swim and his brother called out to him to know if he could reach the boat. Presumably the weeds had caught his legs, for he made a sign as though in trouble and Joseph Gilding at once jumped overboard to rescue him.

The bodies were dragged for until darkness fell, but without result.

GASOLINE LAUNCH BURNED.

Mount Clemens Youth Drowned—Others Had Narrow Escape.

Mount Clemens, Mich., Sept. 18.—Theodore Eriklander, Jr., aged 18, son of the pastor of the local German Lutheran Church, was drowned last night. Ray de Kay and Ray Groesbeck were badly burned about the hands, and 22 seniors of the Mount Clemens High School, many of them girls, had a narrow escape from death when the 44-foot gasoline launch Saratoga, on which the party was returning from a picnic at Tashmoo Park, burned to the water's edge in the mouth of the Clinton River.

BLANCHFORD & SON FUNERAL DIRECTORS

57 King Street West. Established 1848. Private Mortuary.

Collar Pins

We have just received a new line of Dutch Collar and Belt Pins square and oval shapes, beautifully finished in gold or silver.

The most popular is a perfectly plain dull finish with bright bevelled edges. They range in price from

75c up

We will engrave initials on any of these pins without extra charge.

KLEIN & BINKLEY

35-37 James St. North
Issuers of Marriage Licenses

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Fort de France, Island of Martinique, Sept. 18.—The local political situation here is serious, and factional feeling runs high. Yesterday evening at 8 o'clock, Frederick Norbert, Mayor of Le Marin, a town thirty miles from Fort de France, was shot to death on the street by a policeman. The election of members of the Grand Council are set for Sept. 25 and further bloodshed is feared. Men are threatening to go to the polling places with revolvers in their hands.

Leaped from Window.

Montreal, Sept. 19.—Frightened by the explosion of a gas stove, Theodore Variate and his wife jumped from a third storey window this morning on Notre Dame street. The man was instantly killed and the woman was injured.

Nowhere in Canada

Can you get better DIAMONDS or better values in DIAMONDS than from THOMAS LEES. We carefully select every stone, pay spot cash for them and sell at the very lowest prices.

THOMAS LEES
Reliable Jeweler
5 James St. North.

EARRINGS

Are very fashionable just now and every lady should have a pair. We have them in pearls, corals and jet for pierced or unpierced ears. Call and see them.

F. CLARINGBOWL
Jeweller and Optician.
22 MacNab Street North.

FOR SALE CHEAP

Plasterers' Scaffolding, Garbage Tanks, Metal Hods for mortar and brick, Blasting, Tiling, All kinds of Roofing, Valleys and Flashings.

JOHN E. RIDDELL
Phone 827. 257 King Street East.

AT R. MCKAY & CO'S. TUESDAY, SEPT. 21, 1909

Magnificent Showing of the New Fall Styles

Make your selections now, while stocks are at their best. This store has never been in such a splendid position before to supply your every demand for fall and winter. Come to-morrow and view the new styles, also come and save on the following:

1,000 Yards Rich Stripe Chiffon Taffeta Ribbon, 50c yd. Worth Reg. \$1, Sale Price

On sale to-morrow, a big purchase of Stripe Ribbon; has a very rich effect and the quality is grand, suitable for millinery, cashes, etc. Now come and see this ribbon, and come and save half. Worth regularly \$1.00, sale price .50c yd.

Black Moirette Underskirts Going at 98c

100 only Black Moirette Underskirts, just the kind for fall and winter, purchased by our buyer at a sacrifice; made of superior quality, deep lapped flounce, dust frill, etc., worth regularly \$1.50, sale price Tuesday .98c each

Newest Autumn Dress Goods on Sale

Swell New Autumn Suitings, Very Special Tuesday 75c yd.

In both plain shadow stripes and two tone stripes, the very newest shade goods at a popular price on sale Tuesday, 3 different lines in rich styles of wistaria, grey, Burgundy, navy, myrtle, brown, Copenhagen and black, decidedly Hamilton's best showing at a popular price, only 75c yard

Reg. 75c Venetian Suitings for Tuesday 59c yd.

On sale in perfect shades of navy, brown, myrtle, greys, ashes of roses, wistaria, red, Burgundy, taupe and black, guaranteed pure wool with a nice finish, on sale Tuesday per yard .59c

Opening Sale of Suits

The Greatest Saving Event in our history of Suit business. Do not fail to take advantage of this opportunity. It won't come again.

Tailor Made Suits \$4.98

25 ONLY SAMPLE SUITS, beautifully tailored and trimmed, light and dark colors; they without doubt the best bargains ever offered; regular \$15.50 and \$18.50, sale price \$4.98

Children's Reefers \$2.98 **Ladies' Coats \$3.98**

A splendid assortment of light and dark colors, nicely braided and trimmed, assorted sizes; make your selection early; regular \$5.50, sale price \$2.98

Covert Coats, in light and dark colors, also navy blue cloth, strictly tailored garments, regular \$9.00 and \$10.00, clearing price \$3.98

Our Quick-Selling Prices are Strongly Evidenced by Rapid Sales of New Fall Carpets and Rugs

New Rugs Carpet Values

At Prices Like These That Will Find Quick Appreciation

Are values you will not match elsewhere.

Tapestry Rugs, size 3x3 1/2, fine range of styles; worth \$10.00, for \$8.50

Brussels Carpets, borders to match, elegant colorings; worth \$12.50 and \$13.50, for \$11.25

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Wilton Carpets, borders to match, clearing line, rich colorings, worth \$1.65 \$1.19

Amxminster Rugs, size 3x4 yards, heavy pile, excellent range of patterns; worth \$33.00, for \$27.50

Velvet Carpets, new colorings, elegant colorings; worth \$1.40, for \$1.29

All Wool Carpets, heavy two-ply make, serviceable colorings; worth 95c, for 75c

Wool Rugs, size 2 1/2 x 3 yards, reversible, serviceable quality; worth \$4.25, for \$3.75

R. MCKAY & CO.

ON SICK-BED. \$250,000 FIRE.

Aged Auburn, N. Y., Millionaire Weds Madoc Lady.

Auburn, Sept. 19.—Miss Charlotte E. Lister, of Madoc, Canada, who has been housekeeper for John H. Osborne, the millionaire retired manufacturer of harvesting machinery, was wedded to her employer under unusual circumstances to-day. The fact became known when an urgent call for a license was made on City Clerk Hanlon this morning and immediately afterwards a cleghman was summoned to the aged groom's bedside, and the ceremony was performed. This afternoon the following notice was given out in explanation:

"Married—On September 19, by the Rev. Norton T. Houser, assistant rector of St. Peter's Protestant Episcopal Church, Charlotte E. Lister, third daughter of the late James Lister, M. D., M. R. C. S., of London, England, to John H. Osborne, of Auburn. The ceremony was to take place at the home of D. E. K. Stewart at Madoc next month, but was quietly performed at Mr. Osborne's residence this morning, his physicians deeming it advisable not to postpone the wedding because of the serious condition of Mr. Osborne, who is ill of heart trouble."

The groom is 77 and the bride's age was not given out. The Osborne home is one of the most beautiful in this part of the country.

STEAMER SUNK.

Lackawanna in Collision With Two Vessels.

Port Huron, Mich., Sept. 20.—The steamer Lackawanna, of Buffalo, sank in twenty-four feet of water in the St. Clair River, near the Canadian side, on Saturday, after a collision with the barge Chieftain, of Bay City, and the barge Hall, of Port Huron.

The Lackawanna was coming down through the upper rapids at the head of the river, when her steering gear gave way. She sheered against the Hall, which was tied to a dock, glanced out into the steam, and struck the bow of the Chieftain, which was upbound. In tow of the steamer Shenandoah. The collision with the Hall did little injury, but the Chieftain sustained considerable damage, and the Lackawanna had a big hole torn in her starboard bow when she struck the Chieftain. No one was injured in the collisions.

Port Huron, Mich., Sept. 20.—The steamer Lackawanna ran foul of a couple of barges in the St. Clair River, off Sarnia, and was sunk.

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