

AT R. McKAY & CO'S. FRIDAY, DEC. 10, 1909

A REGULAR MEN'S CHRISTMAS STORE

Our Christmas Stock in the men's section is now complete, comprising one of the finest displays of exclusive novelties to be found in the city. For Friday and Saturday's big selling we call your attention to the following grand special sales. Read:

All Gift Articles Done Up in Pretty Xmas Boxes Free of Charge

Smoking Jackets and Dressing Gowns

Smoking Jackets and Dressing Gowns in dark grey, dark red, green and navy blue, trimmed with cords, braids, satin and silk, and fringes; the best assortment in the city. Be sure and see these before buying elsewhere. Prices \$5.00 to \$15.00.

Pure Linen Handkerchiefs 3 for 50c

Gents' Pure Linen Handkerchiefs, with initial in dainty box, small hem and extra fine quality linen; Friday 3 for 50c

Gents' Fancy Suspenders 50c

Gents' Fancy President Suspenders, all colors, in dainty gift box, 50c pair

Gents' Silk Ties 25c

Gents' Pure Silk Ties, about 50 dozen in the lot, all shades, and the very latest patterns. Your choice Friday for 25c

Corset Cover Embroidery Greatly Reduced for Xmas Selling

Corset Cover Embroidery, in fine Swiss embroidery, in polka dot, eyelet and floral designs, with Valenciennes edging. This Embroidery is worth up to 65c yard, Friday, 8.30 sale 30c yard

Corset Cover Embroidery 15c Yard

Corset Cover Embroidery, in pretty eyelet and solid embroidery designs. Regular 25c yard, Friday sale for 15c yard

Kid Gloves for Xmas Selling

Just arrived, a shipment of Ladies' Real Kid Gloves, in the well-known make of Trefousse. These gloves are manufactured specially for us; fit guaranteed; in all the leading shades, black, white, tan, brown, Cunaud, wistaria, rose, mode and grey; a dainty gift box with each pair; sizes 5 1/2 to 8. Worth \$1.75, Friday \$1.50 pair

Ladies' English Walking Gloves

Ladies' English Walking Gloves, in grey, tan and black, colored stitching. Regular \$1.25 value, Friday 98c

Xmas Suggestions From Housefurnishing Department

Comforters Reduced

Splendid assortment of Eiderdown Comforters, in satene or satin, nice floral designs in all colors, makes a beautiful Christmas gift; prices range from \$4.95 to \$20. We have an unequalled assortment.

White Wool Blankets

Regular \$5.00, sale \$3.75

Regular \$6.00, sale \$4.18

Regular \$7.00, sale \$5.50

Regular \$8.50, sale \$6.43

Regular \$9.50, sale \$7.25

Full size, unshrinkable wool, made from best quality yarn. These are good value and very appropriate for Christmas gifts.

Lace Curtains

High class, Scotch and English, in artistic designs, will wear and launder well.

Regular \$3.00, sale \$1.95

Regular \$4.25, sale \$2.88

Regular \$5.00, sale \$3.47

Regular \$6.00, sale \$4.18

Sale of High Class Curtains

For your best rooms, refined and novelty styles, in floor or sill length, a good range to select from:

Regular \$7.00, sale \$4.95

Regular \$8.50, sale \$5.88

Regular \$10.00, sale \$7.45

R. McKAY & CO.

U. S. OFFICIALS.

Remittance to be Forwarded to Washington.

Complaints From Manitoba About Immigration Inspectors.

Ottawa, Dec. 8.—The Minister of the Interior is getting a report from the Immigration Office at Winnipeg relative to numerous complaints made as to the autocratic and apparently inexplicable manner in which American immigration officials are refusing to let Canadians and other British subjects cross the Manitoba boundary into the United States. Several glaring instances of official stupidity and bullheadedness have been reported to the Ottawa authorities during the past few days, and the facts of these cases, coupled with a remonstrance, will be forwarded to Ambassador Bryce for transmission to the immigration authorities at Washington.

A HARD CASE. Winnipeg, Dec. 8.—The latest victim of petty United States immigration officials is Mrs. Rosenthal, wife of a Fort William merchant, who, with her three children, was en route to spend the winter in American cities on the Pacific coast. She came here a few days ago and made considerable purchases as presents for her friends on the coast, and then left. At the border she was stopped, on the ground that she had not sufficient money to warrant her in crossing the border. She was compelled to return here and to telegraph to her husband for more cash, explaining her predicament. After getting more money she again left on the journey with her children, only to be again stopped on some similar formality, and sent back to this city, where she is at present. One of the children is an infant in arms.

MOB TO JUDGE.

Promises That Negro Will Hang Within 30 Days.

Louisville, Ky., Dec. 8.—Whether the extraordinary circumstances of the trial and sentence to death at Williamstown, Ky., yesterday of the negro, Earl Thompson, will make the proceedings illegal was a subject of discussion in Kentucky to-day.

A mob which had met Thompson at the train when he was brought back from Lexington to answer a charge of

criminal assault, virtually exacted a promise from Circuit Judge Cammack that he would sentence Thompson to hanging within thirty days, and keep him meanwhile in the Williamstown jail. Cammack delivered the pledge from the jail steps.

Within the court house previously Thompson had been tried and found guilty, while a mob overran the court chamber and a member of it lunged at the negro with a knife.

Thompson had entered a strong plea of not guilty. Judge Cammack set Jan. 7 as the date for the hanging.

OVER 16 MILLIONS.

Immense Output of Ontario Mines This Year.

Toronto, Dec. 9.—According to returns made under the mining act to the Provincial Bureau of Mines, the output of the metalliferous mines and works of the Province for the nine months ending September 30, 1909, was as follows: Gold, 1,125 ounces, valued at \$18,026; silver, 18,751,349 ounces, valued at \$79,385,000; cobalt, 427 tons, valued at \$79,450; arsenic, 780 tons, valued at \$39,221; copper, 5,583 tons, valued at \$740,677; nickel, 8,912 tons, valued at \$1,921,263; iron ore, 205,262 tons, valued at \$473,770; pig iron, 294,898 tons, valued at \$4,095,735; zinc ore, 785 tons, valued at \$8,000.

The gross production amounted in value to \$16,762,742, as compared with \$12,185,511 for the first nine months of 1908.

From the mines of Cobalt there were shipped in all 22,218 tons, of which 20,340 tons were ore and 1,878 tons concentrates, as against 16,855 tons of ore and 480 tons of concentrates during the same period in 1908. The silver contents of the shipments for this year exceeded those of last year by 6,170,039 ounces.

The output of nickel was 1,162 tons more and of copper 309 tons less than during the corresponding period of last year. There was an increase in iron ore of 30,174 tons, and in pig iron of 105,411 tons.

According to the returns for the season of ocean navigation at Montreal, which was issued to-day, the season was a satisfactory one. Imports showed a considerable increase and exports were below those of last year, except in cheese and hay, which showed increases, but there was a marked falling off in grain, lumber, cattle and butter. The customs returns show an increase in imports of \$9,012,005, total exports being \$9,514,700.

"Yes, you know Vivian Trevanance. There was a time, when Madame la Comtesse, when I thought you would have written your name 'Mrs. Trevanance,' and lend it a prouder title than all earth had to bestow. Ah, well, Monsieur

A Spanish Beauty

He did. Do not blame him now; he did it for the best. Gerald Desmond did with him, as he would; and I—oh, Rory! could I refuse your father anything in that supreme hour? You were dead, I thought, and it mattered little what became of me. Besides, I hoped my father would be but for a few months at best; I thought I could not live in such utter desolation as that. But, ah, how strong I was! I lived on and on—a living death—abhorring the man who was my husband—seeing my folly too late—ever, ever mourning for you. If you can not forgive me, try, at least, and think me hardly of me. Besides, I hope my father numbered, for the sake of my daughter, whom you love!"

He listened in pale amazement. Then all else was lost in a great and deep compassion for this frail, pale creature, who in heart had been true, after all—whose sufferings had been so much greater than his own.

"It is I who must ask forgiveness, Lady Inez," he said in a tone infinitely gentle and sweet, "not you; for I have greatly wronged and misjudged you all these years. If you think there is anything to pardon, then I pardon it freely, God knows! I see it all now. You have been far more sinned against than sinning. Yes, I mean my sister—I forgive all of our inmost hearts."

He kissed the pale, transparent hands reverently; he looked with pitying tenderness into that pallid, wasted, worn face. Yes, her womanly martyrdom had been long and very hard to bear.

Her eyes shone through her tears, at peace now. They dwelt upon him with an angelic light as that of an affection free from every taint of earthly passion—the gaze of a mother upon a beloved and long-lost son.

"And you will tell me all now—your past!" she said, softly. "And why it is I have met at last?"

He seated himself beside her. Her face glimmered white as that of the spirit in her night as she lay back to listen. He told her all—his escape from prison by faithful Mike Muldoon; that terrible struggle for life on the cliff with the man who was her husband; of his second rescue from death by Mike; of the cruel news of his father's death and her marriage, which had reached him in Melbourne, and which had made him a wanderer and an exile ever after.

He told her of his marriage, of its tragic ending, of his daughter, of the meeting in St. Louis between himself, Trevanance, Mignonette, and poor, wounded Mike.

He told her all—his love for her daughter; his strange encounter with Mignonette; the death confession, and that last interview in the library, so awfully closed.

"She listened, deathly pale, breathlessly interested, but never interrupting until the story's end. Then she strove to rise. "I must go to my husband," she said.

"If he is stricken by the hand of God, my place is by his side." She struggled to get up, but Roderick held her gently back.

"Not yet, Inez. Evelyn is with him, and the orders of the medical man say that no one else save the nurse be admitted. You are able to do nothing. He lies insensible to everything. You must wait until the morning."

She looked at him wistfully as he rose to go.

"Pardon me, Roderick, but how is it you could leave your daughter to struggle alone in those large, terrible cities, young and beautiful as she must be? It is not like you."

"The fault was not mine. She had learned to hate me all her life, and was quite unmanageable in her pride and independence. I can do nothing with her, never. I know someone who can. Ah! a lover?"

"Mr. Vivian Trevanance. He fell in love with her before I met him, and she with him. I rather fancy; but again that indomitable pride of hers held them apart. Besides, he was then engaged to Lady Evelyn. But he will go to America and he will find her, and I shall welcome my late rival as my son."

"How very strange it all is! And this brave, faithful friend—this heroic Mike Muldoon—what of him?"

"His eyes glistened at the name of his true-hearted friend.

"My brave Mike, who has loved me with a love surpassing that of a woman! He and I shall never part more. He shall reign grand seigneur of Clontarf—the great ambition of his life. It was agreed between us, when we parted, that he was to wait until I wrote to him or rejoined him in St. Louis; and he will wait. I write to-night, and I mean to repair and rebuild Clontarf, and he shall be my bailiff there, and the happiest fellow in the three kingdoms. Shall I ring for your maid, Inez, before I go?"

"Good night, Lord Clontarf. Ah, thank Heaven I can call you by that name at last! Go to Evelyn. Do not let her wear herself out. Send her to me when she can leave her father."

He lifted the wasted hand to her lips, passed from the boudoir, and was gone.

CHAPTER XV. "Lady Clydesmore to Madame la Comtesse d'Avignon, Paris.

"Warwick Hall, June 25, 18— "Dearest Veronique, I promised, I think, when you left London last April, to keep you posted on all that transpired here. That I have not written before is simply because I had nothing to say. It is only in books that things keep happening continually, and die—s are interesting reading. In real life the old tread-mill goes round perpetually on—dressing, dining, dancing, flirting, marrying and giving in marriage—all without a particle of romance. But something has happened at last—a living romance under our very roof—the most astounding event of the age! Town and country are ringing with it. It is the topic of the day, the sensation paragraph of the papers. I can scarcely realize it all yet.

FIVE CUPS FOR ONE CENT

is certainly an economical beverage, yet this is all that



costs. One pound will make 220 cups of the purest and most delicious Tea

self dying, hurried, to have two desires left—that his new-found cousin would forgive him for something, and that he would marry Evelyn before he died. He could not leave him out of sight; he would live for hours watching him and the beautiful Lady Evelyn. She was whiter than her robes and veil, but inexpressibly beautiful. And he—oh, Veronique, I sigh to think I shall never see anything like him again! Trevanance was broomsman—I laugh when I think of it—very handsome, very elegant, eminently self-possessed, and with just the gravity becoming the occasion. It did not cost him one pang. I wonder if there be such a thing as a heart in man's anatomy.

"Gerald Desmond died that night, his daughter's husband by his side, his last look on his face, his last word 'Forgive,' and he is buried, and his secret with him, and the new earl and countess, and Lady Inez—she won't be countess-dowager—have left for old Castile. It is the land of mother and daughter; it is the land of mother and daughter; it is there to behold it, and Lady Inez goes there to die. She seems strangely happy, and yet her days are numbered. A peace I never saw in her face before has come there since the hour she discovered this Lord Roderick lived.

"Immediately after the strange, weird wedding Trevanance disappeared. Whether he went he declined to tell, only Evelyn whispered a word to me as she said farewell, 'He goes back to America, for a dark-eyed bride.' I don't know whether it is mere surmise or not; time will tell.

"Dear! what a long letter, and what a budget of news! Never complain of me again as a bad correspondent. I am dreadfully lonely since they all left. I wish you were here, Veronique. But that may not be, and so farewell! Best regards to Monsieur le Comte—a thousand kisses to you from the

"Beatrice."

The amber glow of a sunny September afternoon filled the city, and Vivian Trevanance sat at a hotel window looking listlessly down on the tide of life ebbing and flowing along Notre Dame street, Montreal. The inevitable cheeriness between his lips, the old, longed-for grace was in his attitude, but his handsome, nonchalant face looked worn and pale and very grave.

For his search after Mignonette seemed a well-nigh hopeless thing. He had tried New York and Philadelphia and Washington, and had failed. The stage had lost her. Since she disappeared so mysteriously the previous spring, in St. Louis, none of her theatrical friends had heard of her. Advertisements, large rewards, detectives—all failed. La Reine Rouge had vanished.

Trevanance gave up the chase in the United States and went to Canada. He visited Toronto, Ottawa and finally Montreal. Still in vain; all the means used hitherto had failed as well here. Minnette, the actress, was not to be found.

The very difficulty of the chase gave it added zest; the oftener he was disappointed the more determined he grew. He had never known how dear she was to him until the hope of finding her began to leave him. He grew haggard and pale, and a certain look of nervous anxiety and watchfulness grew habitual to his handsome face.

He sat alone, this silent September afternoon, weary and half-hopeless. What had become of her? Whether had she grown poor, like his own, or whether on life's stormy sea? Ah, if he had been true to his own heart, and made her his while he could have taken her to his bosom and shielded her from shipwreck in the world!

Crowds passed up and down; he only saw a black, moving stream. All at once, though, he started, took the cigar from his mouth, stared again, half in doubt, half in hope and delight. An instant later he had seized his hat and was leaping down the stairs five at a time. Chance had done for him at last what labor and search so long had failed to do.

An elderly French woman stood on the curbstone waiting for a chance to cross the street. With a dozen long strides he was beside her.

"Madame Michaud!" The little old woman wheeled around and recognized her handsome accoster at once with sparkling eyes.

"Mon Dieu! Monsieur Trevanance! Who would have thought—these months!"

"(To be continued.) Our new story will begin on Saturday, 'Saved From the Sea.'"

Christmas Presents in Ebony. Beautiful stock at Gerrie's drug store, 32 James street north, including hair brushes, tooth brushes, hat brushes, mitt brush, tooth brushes, tooth brushes, tooth brushes. Also ebony mirrors, toilet cases, manicure sets or separate pieces. Most complete stock. Lowest prices.

They Thought of That. In Illinois there is an old law on the statute books to the effect that in criminal cases the jury is "judge of the law as well as the facts." Though not often used, once in a while a lawyer with a desperate case makes use of it. In one case the judge instructed the jury that it was to judge of the law as well as of the facts, but added that it was not to judge of the law unless it was fully satisfied that it knew more than the judge. An outrageous verdict was brought in, contrary to all instructions of the court, who felt called upon to rebuke the jury. At last one old farmer arose. "Judge," said he, "we've never judge the law as well as the facts."

"Certainly," was the response, "but I told you not to judge the law unless you were clearly satisfied that you know the law better than I did." "Well, judge," answered the farmer, as he shifted his gun, "we considered that pint."—Argonaut.

A wonderful story, you say. I agree with you; and the most wonderful part, the conduct of Vivian Trevanance. He resigned 'La Reine Rouge' at Clontarf without any struggle whatever. Is it possible he never really cared for her?—that vanity, not love, made him seek her? Gerald Desmond, from the moment he was struck down and knew him-

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"Going Tourist" is the popular way to travel now—days—the berth rates but half those in the standard sleeper—and the accommodation quite satisfactory. Ask for "Tourist Car Booklet."

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Dec. 11 Lake Champlain	Dec. 2
Dec. 21 Corsican (Chartered)	Dec. 17
Jan. 7 Steamer	Dec. 24
Jan. 11 Empress of Ireland	Dec. 27
Jan. 21 Corsican (Chartered)	Jan. 14
Jan. 25 Empress of Ireland	Jan. 17
Third class rate on "Empress \$27.50, and on "Lake" steamers \$27.50 to Liverpool and London.	

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