

## The Earl's Mistake

"I must submit to its implacability then!" he says. "But, come! Think more of it. Eat your ice in comfort and serenity, and then we will together face the dual wrath," and he laughs.

"Not I!" says Carrie. "I shall not go."

He does not reply.

"Give me an ice," he says to one of the waiters.

The man flies; everybody in the room—the waiters included—know who he is. "Then I shall not go," he says, quietly.

"Oh, yes, you must, Lord Cecil. Those people would think you wanted to insult them if you introduced me! I am quite content to remain among the mob. Go and forget me."

"Even if I were to go—which I cannot do without you—I should not forget you," he says, and the waiter being near, he whispers the words.

Perhaps it is the low tone that gives them significance, but they are significant, and for a moment the color dies from Carrie's face.

The waiters surround him obsequiously, and he takes a glass of champagne and drinks it leisurely, as if there were no duces waiting for him at the door.

"Come," he says, as Carrie puts down her empty plate.

"Must I?" she says, raising her eyes pleadingly.

He smiles and offers his arm.

Skilfully, carefully, takes her through the crowded room up to the end where he selected his court.

Watchful eyes follow her, female hearts throb with envy and all uncharitableness, and one manly heart, that of Willie Fairford, aches with jealousy.

Lord Cecil stops before the duchess, and holds the slim, warm, white arm against his side, he makes his bow.

"Eh," says the duchess, putting her jeweled hand—she wears no gloves—to her ear, "who is it?"

"Lord Neville," shrieks Lady Bellairs.

"Ah, yes; how d'ye do, Lord Neville!" says her grace. "Come and sit down. Who is that you have got? Why, it's Handsome Harrington's daughter, isn't it? How d'ye do, my dear? I knew your father. Is he here to-night?"

"Yes," says Carrie, wondering whether she ought to say "your grace."

"He is here."

"Ah, tell him I want to speak to him, will you? Sit down. Somebody make room."

"Somebody"—in the persons of Lady Catesby and two others,—disgritely vacate their chairs.

"How's your father?" shouts the duchess to Lord Cecil.

"Quite well when I last heard from him, duchess," says Lord Cecil.

"Duchess!" thinks Carrie. "I couldn't venture to call her that!"

"Hem! And at the castle, I suppose? Why are you here alone?"

"Would you rather I were?" retorts Lord Cecil, with a smile.

"Eh! Speak louder. I'm rather deaf sometimes."

Lord Cecil repeats his answer, and the good-natured old lady grins.

"Smart. But, you've been abroad, haven't you? People who have been abroad always get smart. I have never left England. And what have you been doing?"

"Nothing," says Lord Cecil.

"Ah, Satan finds some mischief still," eh? and her grace cackles. "You are not married, are you?"

Lord Cecil smiles serenely, though the faces of all around him, Carrie's included, go crimson.

"Not yet, alas," he says.

"Hem, time you were. Your father—knew him well—was married at twenty-one. Better marry."

"I'll think over your advice, duchess."

"Do. Well go and dance. I suppose you can?"

"A little," says Lord Cecil, with an amused smile.

"Well, go and enjoy yourself. I like to see young people enjoy themselves. Always did when I was young. You stop here, my dear, I want to talk to you," and she lays her hand on Carrie's arm.

Lord Cecil bows and asks one of the Donmore girls to dance, and Carrie sees them start, while she is left beside the duchess—the centre of the aristocratic group, the observed of all observers.

"Left school?" demands the duchess.

"Yes," says Carrie.

"Eh? You must speak louder. People seem to whisper nowadays."

"—s—" shouts Carrie, reddening.

"You needn't bellow, child! Have you got any brothers and sisters?" and so on, until Carrie, red and almost hoarse, is fit to drop with exhaustion, confusion, and despair. Suddenly she sees her father close at hand.

"There is my father, your grace," she says. "I'll send him to you."

"Get up farther? Why? Haven't you got room? It's the ridiculous dresses your girls wear!" grunts her grace.

In desperation, Carrie jumps up, and escaping from the circle, makes a grab at her father.

"Oh, papa, save me! Go to the duchess; she wants to speak to you! I am overwhelmed and hoarse with honor. Go and save your child!"

He goes laughingly—like his daughter, he is not afraid of the titled ones alone and unprotected. She is seized upon by a young strapping, and handsome, and as she threads the maze of the "Lancers," and Lord Cecil dancing with the eldest, but one of the Donmores, a tall, not to say scraggy, young person, whose shoulders protrude from her costly, but unbecoming dress.

The ball waxes fast and furious, those who have hitherto held aloof from dancing, pluck up courage, and plunge madly into the whirl. Carrie's card is full, save the last galop. At intervals she sees Philippa, red and tattered, but placidly patient, in the arms of the very young or middle-aged; at intervals also she sees Lord Cecil dancing with one and another of the titled demurettes.

She grows weary and drowsy. Why, she knows not. The band sounds to her out of tune and discordant, and when Willie, poor, patient Willie, comes up to plead for a dance, she can scarcely find a civil word to say to him. The last galop is commencing; most of the aristocrats have faded elegantly away; Mr. Harrington's fly is at the door—it is time to go—when suddenly Lord Cecil appears before her. Though he has been dancing, he is neither red nor hot; the wide expanse of short-front, with its costly solitaire, is uncreased; he looks as calm and cool as when he entered.

"This last!" he says.

Carrie looks up at him.

"I think I am engaged three thick!" she says.

He considers a moment.

"Then as two must inevitably be disappointed, why not three?" he says.

"Come!"

She needs no other argument, and she puts his arm round her and starts.

It is one of Waldteufel's best galops, and he dances it to perfection. Carrie's heart throbs with the music, her blood seems to run riot in her veins, and when the music ceases, and "God Save the Queen" wails out in its usually melancholy fashion, she stops and draws a long sigh of regret.

There is a rush toward the door of the cloak-room, but Lord Cecil holds back.

"We will wait," he says. "Is there anything you want?"

"No," says Carrie. "I wonder where papa and Philippa have got to?"

"Here I am," says Philippa. "It is a beautiful night, or rather morning; and deliciously cool."

"Cool! that sounds nice!" says Carrie.

"How did you get over, Lord Cecil?" asks Mr. Harrington.

Lord Cecil laughs.

"I requisitioned your dog-cart," he says.

"I hope you don't mind."

"Not in the least. But won't you come in the fly—there's room, and there will be company."

"No, thanks," says Lord Cecil. "As to that, will the dog-cart offer any charms sufficient to induce any one to accompany me?"

"And get neuralgia!" says Philippa, with her practical common sense. "No, you will not, papa."

Lord Cecil looks at Carrie.

"Will you come?" he says.

"She would like to answer 'No,' but she cannot."

"Yes," she says.

There is an ugly rush as she answers, and Mr. Harrington and Philippa are borne away.

"I'll take care of Miss Carrie," says Lord Cecil.

"Very well," shouts back Mr. Harrington, and the two are left side by side.

Lord Cecil waits until the crowd thins; then he puts half a sovereign into the hand of a waiter, and tells him to bring his overcoat.

There is no difficulty in distinguishing it, as its tag is stamped with the Fitz-Harwood coronet, and the man brings it in a few minutes.

They go out on the pavement and find the dog-cart waiting them.

Lord Cecil helps Carrie into her seat and climbs up beside her; it is not until they are about to start that Carrie realizes that they are alone.

"Lovely night," says Lord Cecil. Then he glances at Carrie, enveloped in her cloud, and he pulls up, suddenly.

"What's the matter?"

"Only this, that you will catch cold," he says.

"Indeed I shall not; it is quite warm."

"I will not risk it," he says, and he takes off his overcoat.

"You must put this around you."

"But I don't want it."

"But you do," he says, in his quiet way, and he throws it around her. She glances at him.

"And you—who have been ill so lately—oh, Lord Cecil, this is not wise!"

He buttons his dress-coat round him, and laughs.

"I question whether there is a stronger man in Devonshire than I am. Are you ready? The horse is rather impatient. The horse is more than impatient. It is Mr. Harrington's hunter pressed into hack service, and he starts with a leap that sends Carrie into Lord Cecil's arms.

"Steady!" he says to the horse, and no doubt to reassure Carrie, he puts his hand on her arm.

So they start.

CHAPTER XII.

They start, the yellow moon looking down upon the scene, imparting a beam, which falls about Carrie's beautiful and still flushed face, defining her delicate profile, and setting forth the dainty little chin and every one of the long, dark lashes.

Right upright she sits, enveloped in Lord Cecil's overcoat, which, as is always the case when man's attire is donned by the fair sex, seems twice as long for her, the collar rising above her neck behind, and still further disarranging the silken hair already "tumbled and tossed" by the evening's excitement.

It is cool, as Philippa said, after the closeness of the heated ball-room; the nightingales are up and awake; the clear trill and "jug, jug, jug" chiming melodiously with the sharp, decided strokes of the horse's hoofs. It is a lovely night, a night which it is good to share with the nightingale, a night to remember; a night—well, all nights are good enough for love!

Carrie sits silently watching the horse as it swishes its tail and fro, her eyes downcast, her heart beating rather quickly. It has been an evening of triumph for her; she has been singled out for notice by the great duchess, has been seated amongst the grandees; a faint glow of the prettiest dress in the room sits easily on her mind. But it is not of this she thinks; it is of that one waltz—that one delicious waltz—she had danced with Lord Cecil.

And he sits by her side and she is wearing his overcoat! How warm and comfortable it feels! She can feel the soft silk lining touching her white bare arms, and something—the mere thought that he has worn it—makes her blood run swiftly. How courteously, yet how masterly, he had made her take it, how gently he had put it around her.

A week ago she would have obstinately refused to have it, would have struggled against it if he needed, but to-night the mastery in his voice had overcome her. If he had insisted upon her wearing his hat she must have yielded and obeyed!

What was this subtle influence which he exerted over her, before which she hitherto indomitable spirit gave way and knelt like the veriest slave?

And Lord Cecil? He, too, was silent; his heart was running hotly through his veins, and his heart was beating as he had thought, ay, had vowed, it never again should beat!

With him, too, lingered the memory of that waltz; looking not at Carrie, but straight before him, he could see the lovely face as it almost touched his shoulder, could see the long lashes sweeping the cheeks with their shell-like

tint, could see the half-parted lips. What did it mean, this subtle sensation of pleasure which suffused his whole being? Was it caused by her presence so near to him? So near that he could feel her arm, in his coat-sleeve, touch his arm.

Yes! She was perfect—in beauty. She needed only one thing—a heart. If the gods had given her that they would have made a marvel amongst the daughters of men. He could fancy her waking some day to the full meaning of the divine passion, could fancy her leaning against some man's heart and whispering with a little sob—"I love you!" He could fancy—

With a start he rouses himself and looks at her.

"Are you asleep, Miss Carrie?" he asks.

She raises her eyes to his for a moment.

"No," she says, in a low voice, for who could speak loudly on such a night?

"Not asleep, but thinking! Would it be of any use offering you a penny for your thoughts?"

He flushes deepens on her face—if he could but know that she had been thinking of him!—and she laughs softly.

"Not in the least. My thoughts were not for sale. Were you asleep?"

"And leaving the horse to drive him self? No, I was thinking. You shall have my thoughts for a penny, if you like."

"Ball dresses have no pockets."

"Then I must give you credit. I was thinking of you."

She turns her face up to him with a smile, which instantly gives place to a swift shyness that is strange to her.

"Of me! What a shocking waste of time, as papa would say. And what of me?"

(To be Continued.)

### WOMAN'S TRIALS.

Can be Banished by the Rich, Red Blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make.

The health and happiness of growing girls and women of mature years depends upon the blood supply. There is a crisis in the life of every woman, when there are distressing headaches and backaches; when life seems a burden and when some women seem threatened with even the loss of their reason. It is at this period that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills prove a blessing to women. Every dose increases the richness and redness of the blood supply, and this new blood strengthens the organs, enables them to throw off disease and banishes the headaches and backaches and dizziness and secret pains that have made life a burden. There are thousands and thousands of growing girls and women in Canada who owe their health and happiness to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. James McDonald, of Sugar Camp, Ont., is one of these. She says: "I was badly run down, felt very weak, and had no appetite. I suffered from headaches and backaches and a feeling of weakness. I could scarcely drag myself about and felt that my condition was growing worse. I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and got a dozen boxes, but before they were all used I had fully regained my health, and was able to do my household work without the least fatigue. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been a great blessing to me."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People from any medicine dealer or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. If you are weak or ailing, give these pills a fair trial—they will not disappoint you.

### TIMES PATTERNS.



An Attractive Shirtwaist for Misses or Small Women.

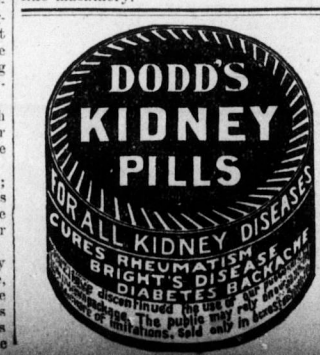
No. 8354—Checked taffeta in blue and white, with white for yoke and sleeve, was used for this model. The yoke may be omitted. The waist will develop equally well in wash or woolen goods. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes, 16, 18 and 20. It requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. The 16-year size, with ½ yards for yoke and cuff trimming of 18 inch material. A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Address, "Pattern Department," Times Office, Hamilton.

It will take several days before you can get patterns.

Barrie's New Industry.

Barrie, March 16.—The agreement between the town and the Webber Engine Co. will be voted upon April 12. The town is to loan \$40,000 on mortgage security for twenty years without interest, the principal to be paid back \$2,000 per year. There are concessions of free light and water and a fixed assessment of \$20,000 during the mortgage period. The company will employ a minimum number of fifty hands. It will manufacture producer gas engines and other light machinery.



## AT R. MCKAY & CO'S., THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1909

— HAMILTON'S MOST PROGRESSIVE STORE —

## Grand Spring Opening Display

Thursday, Friday and Saturday

R. McKay & Co. take pleasure in announcing their Grand Spring Opening Display which takes place to-morrow and following days, and extend to one and all an invitation to be with us on this special occasion.

In the midst of a profusion of lovely floral decoration, within earshot of sweet strains from Lomas' orchestra floating through our big store, you will find yourself looking in wonder at the exquisite and unique selections of what is authoritative in women's wearing apparel for the Spring and Summer seasons.

THIS SEASON we have gone far beyond ourselves in our efforts to lay before you the most strikingly up-to-date and artistic selections procurable from the world's best markets. The result of these efforts, as you will view in this grand store, Hamilton's greatest fashion centre, will appeal tremendously to all women.



## Hamilton's Finest Display of French and American Costumes and Pattern Hats

As for the new importations themselves we need scarcely say more than that (in keeping with the spirit of progress so strikingly in evidence throughout the big store this Spring) no effort has been spared to outdo our own former successes. At great expense we have brought from Paris, London, Berlin and New York the best of these great style-centres have to offer, as well as exclusive masterpieces in head gear from the hands of our own work rooms and best of all at moderate prices.

An Array of French Pattern Hats, Costumes, Dresses, Spring Suits, Dress Goods, Silks, etc., that will make Hamilton Marvel

Up-to-date Methods of Display Always Make Choosing Easy at This Store

EXCLUSIVENESS IS THE KEYNOTE of the entire display and the Hats and Garments you will see here to-morrow and following days embody all the new features of those being worn in the world's fashion centres at the present time.

But you must come and see for yourself. Words are but poor things to describe such beauty as will appear before your eyes to-morrow at this grand store.

THERE IS NO MORE AUTHENTIC DISPLAY of ladies' wearing apparel in the country than here. Our 14 buyers have made frequent trips to the centre of fashions and searched the finest and best makers for up-to-date chic models. Every known fabric for the season's wants is to be found here; every new shade, such as ASHES OF ROSES, PAMBRILL, WISTARIA, BOIS DE ROSE, TAUPÉ, ELEPHANT, ETC., and at most reasonable prices, and can assure you that we will still maintain our supremacy in Hamilton for best goods at fair prices. We invite you to come and look at the goods. Compare the values, wander around in the prettiest store in all Canada and when fatigued sit down and listen to the orchestra. You are under no obligations to buy. Just come and enjoy yourselves.

The New Waists  
The New Gloves and Hosiery  
The New Wash Goods  
The New Home Furnishings  
The New Laces, Embroideries, etc.  
BID YOU A WELCOME  
COME

## R. MCKAY & CO.

### EDUCATION IN DUNDAS.

High School Inspector's Report is Highly Satisfactory.

Dundas, March 17.—The March meeting of the Board of Education was held last evening. The members present were John Douglass, chairman; Wm. Clark, Henry Tyson, W. A. Davidson, A. E. Parker, M. T. Sullivan, J. A. Thompson, W. H. Knowles, Dr. Smith, F. C. G. Minty, Wm. Watt, W. J. Kerr and C. E. Dickson.

The High School report for February showed 92 pupils on the roll, and an average attendance of 86. The number on roll showed a decrease of six, compared with February last year. Fees collected \$70. A fine flag was presented to the school by "Lord Roberts' Boys."

High School Inspector Houston paid his annual visit last Monday, and will no doubt, class the school as an approved school.

The Public School report for February showed 497 pupils enrolled, and an average attendance of 412. Fees collected \$10. The attendance banners were won by Principal Morris' and Miss Foy's classes. The report asked that the rules dealing with the Grafton scholarship be changed, requiring the report awarding the scholarship be signed by the Public School principal and the Public School inspector. This clause was referred to the Internal Management Committee.

as substitute teacher, which was accepted.

W. R. Saunders asked for leave of absence on April 5th to 8th without reduction of salary, he to furnish a substitute. The request was granted.

Miss Hendry asked to have a green window blind for the kindergarten room. Referred to Property Committee.

The High School inspector's report was in good condition—in some respects in advance of former inspections. The board was congratulated on the prospect of a new High School building, a much needed addition to the town's educational facilities. The report was referred to the Internal Management Committee.

The thanks of the board were ordered to be presented to W. O. Sealey for his gift of an up to date Atlas to the school.

The Building Committee was instructed to take steps to have the High School building opened with suitable ceremonies.

It was announced that Miss Latshaw was now teaching in place of Miss Holden, and the Internal Management Committee was instructed to consider the advisability of leaving her in charge for the present, at least.

In reply to a question, it was explained that two windows in the building were to be darkened with inside blinds, as directed by the department in Toronto, after the plans had been approved of.

A number of accounts were passed, and after the board adjourned the Finance Committee met and appointed F. C. J. Minty chairman.

Word has been received from Ottawa that the Government has closed the option it held on the Campbell block for the post office site, and what Dundasites expect is soon to see a handsome building under construction.

Mrs. Davidson, of Toronto, formerly Miss Magdalen Thomas, of Dundas, is visiting friends in town.



On and off with one hand without touching the lenses. Have you seen it? Combines all the advantage of a spectacle without annoying ear pieces. Easily adjusted, neat and comfortable. See it!

I. B. ROUSE, Proprietor, 111 King East, Phone 684.

BLANCHFORD & SON FUNERAL DIRECTORS King Street West Established 1842. Private Mortuary.

### Winslow

His many friends are sorry that Mr. Arthur Caughell, of Bismark, is worse again, after a long illness already.

Mr. Philip Naergarth is still confined to his house.

Mr. Frank Cooper provided his home with a large piano a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Naergarth, of this place, attended Hamilton market on Saturday last.

Mr. William Sorge is pushing business these days, making ready for the erection of a large barn this spring.

The little child of Mr. James Black, who has been a great sufferer from the effects of a burn, is improving nicely for the last few days.

### RAILWAYS

## GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM SETTLERS

Low rates to certain points in Saskatchewan and Alberta, via Chicago or Port Arthur, each TUESDAY DURING MARCH AND APRIL.

## Pacific Coast Excursions

DAILY UNTIL APRIL 30TH.

Vancouver, B. C., Spokane, Wash., Seattle, Wash., Portland, Ore.

\$41.05

ONE WAY, SECOND CLASS FROM HAMILTON.

## To Cobalt and Gow Ganda

The pioneer route is via Grand Trunk and T. & N. O. Ry's.

Full information from Chas. E. Morgan, C. P. & T. A. W. G. Webster, Depot Agent.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC

## HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS

TO Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta

Special Trains leave Toronto 5:00 p.m. APRIL 6, 20, MAY 4, 18, JUNE 1, 15, 29, JULY 13, 27, AUG. 10, 24, SEPT. 7, 21

Second class tickets from Ontario stations to principal Northwest points at

LOW ROUND-TRIP RATES

Winnipeg and return \$32.00, Edmonton and return \$42.50, and to other points in proportion. Tickets good to return within 60 days from going date.

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS on all excursions. Comfortable berths, fully equipped with bedding, can be secured at moderate rates through local agents.

Early application must be made. ASK FOR HOMESEEKERS' PAMPHLET containing rates and full information. Apply to Hamilton Office, cor. James and King streets, W. J. Grant, agent.

Only Direct Line No Change of Cars

## T. H. & B. Railway

TO NEW YORK

\$9.40

Via New York Central Railway. (Except Empire State Express.)

The ONLY RAILROAD landing PASSENGERS in the HEART OF THE CITY (4th Street Station). Dining cars, buffet and through sleeping cars. A. Craig T. Agt. Phone 1060. F. F. Backus, G. P. A.

## ROYAL MAIL TRAINS

Via INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

## Maritime Express

Famed for excellence of Sleeping and Dining Car Service.

Leaves Montreal 12 noon daily, except Saturday for QUEBEC, ST. JOHN, N.B., HALIFAX.

## Friday's Maritime Express

Carries the EUROPEAN MAIL, and lands passengers and baggage at the side of the steamship at Halifax.

Following Saturday, the Intercolonial Railway uses Bonaventure Union Depot, Montreal, making direct connection with Grand Trunk trains.

For timetables and other information apply to TORONTO TICKET OFFICE, 51 King Street East, or GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT, Montreal, N.B.

## INSURANCE

F. W. GATES & BRO. DIRECTOR AGENTS

Royal Insurance Co. Assets, including Capital \$45,000,000

OFFICE—22 JAMES STREET SOUTH. Telephone 1,448.

WESTERN ASSURANCE CO. FIRE AND MARINE

Phone 2584 W. O. TIDSWELL, Agent. 75 James Street South

## STEAMSHIPS

## DOMINION LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS

From Portland for Liverpool

Vancouver... March 27 Dominion... Apr 17 Canada... Apr. 3 Vancouver... May 1

Canada, first class, \$70.00; second, \$45.00; other steamers in moderate rate service called second class. Only one class cabin passengers, \$42.50 to \$45.00, according to steamer. Third class to Liverpool, London, London, Belfast, Glasgow, \$27.50.

St. Lawrence, season 1909. White Star-Dominion Line, Royal Mail Steamships.

Laurentine, 12,340 triple screw; Megantic, 12,000 largest and finest steamers sailing from Montreal also excellent one class cabin service, called second class. Apply to local agents, or White Star-Dominion Line, 113 Notre Dame street, Montreal.

## Buy the Best

The best plated tableware made is "Community Silver" with a guarantee of 35 years wear in ordinary household wear; handsome in design and finely finished. We sell it.

F. CLARINGBOW

Jeweler 22 MacNab St. North

THE BEST WAY TO INCREASE YOUR BUSINESS IS TO PLACE AN AD IN THE TIMES.