

AT R. MCKAY & CO'S. MONDAY, SEPT. 20, 1909

Many Monday Special Sale Events Selected From Our New Autumn Importations

After the openings the new Autumn goods have the call and for Monday's big selling this bright store places before the women of Hamilton many splendid buying chances.

Remarkable Values from the Big Dress Goods Section

Reg. 75c Worsteds Suitings for Monday 39c yard

Sharp at 8.30 Monday morning this store places on sale a shipment of imported Suitings, very effective material for good style suits for fall and winter.

Reg. \$1.25 Venetian Suitings Newest Style Shadow Stripe Suitings, Monday 75c yard

...ow come and save on your new suit length: this cloth is very popular again, 54 inches wide and has a lovely pearl finish, perfect shade of smoke grey, Burgundy, wistaria, ashes of roses, navy blue, brown, myrtle and black, on sale Monday, per yard 98c

Fall Opening

A peep through the curtains as they open upon the scene of autumn's daintiest raiment discloses the McKay fashion exhibition in all its glory.

Aristocratic Fall Suits, Actual \$25.00 Value \$18.50

Sparkling, brilliantly styled fall costumes, designed by artists alive to every amendment of the initial autumn styles, and faultlessly tailored to develop all the niceties of the new style points.

Seven-Eighths Fitted Coats

Every new feature is delightfully brought out, showing the long graceful coats in all their new beauty. Plain tailored models. Skirts showing the new pleated models. Materials embracing every new fabric that fall fashions endorse.

New Underwear and Hosiery For Women Specials for Monday

Fall Weight Underwear at 25c

In white and grey, full weight. Vests button front, neatly trimmed, gusset sleeves; drawers both styles, ankle length, special Monday ... 25c

Unshrinkable Underwear 50c

In full range from the most reliable makers, in white and natural, full fashioned. Vests neatly trimmed; Drawers, both styles, special Monday ... 50c

Select Your Millinery Now

Immense selling followed our grand opening display. At all times McKay's for exclusive Millinery. Of course, you saw our fine opening display; if not, come Monday. Will be delighted to show you the new styles. Work-rooms working overtime. Leave your orders now.

800 Yards of Black and Colored Silk Moirettes 39c

An opportunity to buy your Drop Skirt and Linings at very little cost. About 800 yards of guaranteed quality Silk Moirette in a splendid variety of colors. Several quantities. Worth regular 60c to 85c yard. The lot goes on sale Monday at per yard ... 39c

SPECIALS FROM "House Beautiful" Dept.

75c Art Madras at 47c yd Two Lace Curtains Snaps

Beautiful colored Madras for hangings for windows, in a fine variety of design and colorings. Now is your opportunity to get a snap in these goods. Monday only.

45c Cream Madras 19c yd

Double width, finished on both edges. Two pieces only to be cleared at the price. A great snap for Curtain use.

Extra Values in Carpet Department

TAPESTRY RUGS \$0.75—Size 4 x 3 yards, splendid patterns, serviceable quality, quick selling price ... \$0.75

BRUSSELS RUGS \$1.75—Size 4 x 3 yards, handsome patterns, fine quality, quick selling price ... \$1.75

VELVET RUGS \$1.75—Size 3 1/2 x 3 yards, seamless, elegant patterns, best quality, quick selling price ... \$1.75

AXMINSTER RUGS \$26.50—Size 4 x 3 yards, heavy pile, rich colorings, quick selling price ... \$26.50

HEARTH RUGS \$2.25—Axminster make, full size, heavy quality, quick selling price ... \$2.25

DOOR MATS 98c—Smyrna, Mahair and Axminster, extra value, quick selling price ... 98c

R. McKay & Co.

Katharine's Sacrifice

as a brother," Ormande replied, sadly. "We only met in late years, Miss Brereton. Circumstances had occurred to separate our boyhood. His mother was my father's sister, and consequently, sister also to Lady Blanche; and when she married Conroy Adair, she was considered to have brought disgrace upon herself and the house of Inneacourt. Poor Aunt Anne! Here was a troubled life. I do so regret, Miss Brereton, that it was not in my power to have assisted her in her sorrow, but this was an impossibility; firstly, because I knew absolutely nothing about her beyond the fact that I had an aunt named Anne; and secondly, because my father and Aunt Blanche were so determined and severe in their treatment of her, and kept her rigidly out of my reach. I might never have known anything more of her had not fate thrown poor Craven and myself together accidentally."

He paused, and Katharine drew a short, sharp breath; her hands were trembling involuntarily; the very mention of that name, Craven Adair, seemed to pierce her heart like a sword thrust, yet she longed to hear more, to hear the end. "It was at the Marsh Lea, a small watering-place on the south coast. I had run down there for a few days' rest and change of air, and chance brought me face to face with my aunt and her children. It was at a meeting, Miss Brereton, for the mother was in a dying condition, and, indeed, expired three days after. She had made herself, her poverty, and her anxiety known to me. I tried hard to bring about a reconciliation with my father and Aunt Blanche, but I was too late. I could do nothing but to enlist their sympathy for Craven and Marian. When all was over I think Aunt Blanche would have given her right hand to have seen and kissed her sister once again before she died. She never said much to me, for my aunt is such a proud, richly-spirited woman, but I knew by her face that she was writhed. She wrote at once and told Craven he must look on her house as his home, and that Marian henceforth should be to her as her own daughter."

"Well!" breathed Katharine, hurriedly. "Lord Otway shook his head. "Alas! it was not well, Miss Brereton. Craven absolutely refused to have anything to do with Lady Blanche or my father. He resented their treatment of his parents, and stoutly declared that his sister and he would battle the world together. He, too, was such a proud nature—a real Thaneocrat."

Katharine shivered. She had before her eyes at that moment the image of that fair, frank, honest face—a face on which shame or disgrace could never have written one line. Her cheeks grew a shade paler, but Ormande was gazing steadily ahead, and he did not even look at her face. "He seemed to have forgotten that Katharine was a stranger to him; it did him good to speak out about his sorrow, and although she said nothing, there was a vague yet extraordinary sense of comfort in her very presence."

With my only word Craven's face momentary brightened, and after a moment's pause, "He had grown fond of me, thank Heaven! and looked to me as he might have done to a brother or a father for affection and advice. We saw a great deal of each other, despite the anger of my family, for Aunt Blanche and my father were considerably incensed with Craven's independence, and I think—I hope—I was able to help him. Marian, poor child, is a permanent invalid. She is deformed, and she worshipped Craven as something higher than the sun. I shudder when I think of her grief now."

Katharine's two small hands clenched either side of her chair; the tension on her nerves was so great she felt almost as if she must shriek aloud in her pity and ask him to stop; and still she would hear no more—she must know all. "Where—where is she?" she forced herself to ask, her voice sounding hollow in her own ears. "She will be to-night," replied Ormande, brushing his hand surreptitiously over his moist eyes. "I shall wait till she comes, and then go up to London and search for Craven myself."

"But"—Katharine's whisper was almost inaudible—"did—did you not say that he—he was dead?" "I repeated what I have been told, Miss Brereton. This morning Aunt Blanche received an agonized letter from poor Marian, telling how, nearly three weeks ago, Craven left her one morning—so he said—on important business. When she asked him further what this business was, he laughed and said he was a secret, but she should know when he returned. Although he laughed, Marian seemed to gather that he was uneasy, urged to this thought more especially as of late he had been very depressed and wretched. This the child attributed to the fact that he could get nothing to do. He had been in a moderately good city, but this he should not tell."

"Alas! Alas! Poor Katharine knew only too well. In her ears rang the poor boy's complaint to Gordon Smythe: 'I have been discredited through you! Ruined by you!' She moistened her lips with her tongue, and dropped her head with interlarded shame and pain, that she, her father's beloved little Katie, should be so linked to this sorry tale of woe."

"I have been kept so very busy in my parish the last few months," Lord Otway said, with self-reproach and sadness in his voice. "I was not able to see my cousin as often as I should have liked; but I, too, in the few times we met, saw that Craven was not happy. I feared then, as I fear now, that he had got into a bad set—not willingly, poor boy, but by some mischance. I remember once his telling me, with much elation, that he should be a millionaire before long, and when I pressed him to explain, he laughed and put me off. I knew he had a little capital—the money, in fact, which they both inherited from their mother, who, as a daughter of the Earl of Thanecourt, of course had her own dowry when she married; and remembering this money, I contented myself with feeling assured Craven and Marian could never starve. Poor Marian's letter undid me this morning. But I must not bore you too much, Miss Brereton; you are looking very pale."

Katharine waved her hand. "Please go on," she said, huskily; "I am deeply interested; I want to hear more. Your cousin; what—what of his death?" "How—" Ormande's face wore a perplexed and sad look.

"Craven has mysteriously disappeared. Marian has waited day after day for him to return, but not one sign of him, dead or alive, has come to her. At last, driven to desperation by fear, grief and poverty—for the child had not a penny in the world, having always looked to Craven for her support—she wrote off yesterday to my aunt, entreating her to help her. I have this very instant despatched a maid to London to bring Marian here direct, and she will arrive here this evening. I wanted to go myself, but Aunt Blanche had some whim on this subject, and refused to let me do so, saying she needed me at home more."

"And—and you are sitting here with me?" "It was a simple, commonplace sentence, but could Ormande have known the torture it gave Katharine to utter it, he would have been amazed and distressed. As it was, he was ignorant, and he colored up quickly as he answered, "Oh, Blanche will forgive me. Miss Brereton, especially when she knows how much comfort your sympathy has given me."

"Oh, if I could do something! If I could only do something!" The cry broke from Katharine's lips involuntarily. Ormande's eyes grew tender; he knew he had not been mistaken in the beauty of this girl's nature. "There is much for your noble heart to do," he said, softly, "when Marian comes. You will let me bring Marian to you, Miss Brereton—"

"No, no! Oh, Heaven, no!" interrupted Katharine, losing all self-control at the bare thought of standing face to face with the sister while her mind was filled with the memory of her brother's murder; but a glance at Ormande's startled expression recalled her to the necessity of crushing down her agitation before this man. "I beg your pardon, Lord Otway," she said. "I forgot what I was saying. I moved my foot without thinking, and—"

"Then more hurriedly, "Heaven grant I may be allowed to help and comfort your cousin in her sorrow! Heaven grant it!" A prayer that came from the depths of her agonized heart. Ormande looked at her anxiously. "I know I have tired you out, Miss Brereton," he said, remorsefully. "You will never let me come again. I wish I could do something for you."

Katharine shivered slightly, and passed one of her cold, trembling hands over her burning eyes. "I—I think I will go in now, Lord Otway; I am very tired."

"Tired? Ay, that she was, weary with struggling against the horrible, the intolerable mountain of pain that grew greater every moment. Katharine did not smile or make any conventional protest, but lifting her eyes for a moment to his, she said feebly, yet with an eagerness which, if he had but noticed it, must have struck strangely on his sense. "This—this disappearance of your cousin need not necessarily be death. People have vanished before, and yet come back."

"If it be given to human hands to trace him, Miss Brereton," was Ormande's reply, "mine shall be the one to do it. As I said just now, I cannot bring myself to think that Craven is dead; and were it not for poor Marian's pitiful certainty on this point, I should not allow the notion to exist for a moment. Of course, it is horribly strange; particularly so in connection with Craven, whose love for his sister was so great that he never hourly left her for more than an hour together. But like you, I shall not let I have seen his dead body, or at least his last resting place."

Katharine shuddered, her hands clasped themselves together with a convulsive movement. Was not that grave riveted in her mind forever? Should she be able to turn her eyes without shuddering at that yawning pit, with the agonized young face standing out with ghostly clearness from the blackness? Ormande mistook the shiver for one of fatigue. "You must really go in now," he said hastily. "I will send Dorcas as I pass the window—you would prefer her help to mine, I think. Good-bye for today."

Katharine put one of her small, trembling hands to her forehead. Was not that grave that she would take his aid into the house he was disappointed. "Good-bye," she said, with a faint smile. "Good-bye."

Lord Otway paused a moment, then gestured with his hand and turned on his heel. When he reached the edge of the lawn he looked back, and his brows contracted as he saw that she had buried her face in her two hands, as though she were weeping bitterly. For another moment he hesitated, the crimson down the wild incitation to rush to her side and entreat her to accept his aid and comfort, he turned again, gave the necessary message to Dorcas, and then went on his way to join Lady Blanche's garden party, which it had been impossible to postpone, foremost among whom was Miss Barbara Mostyn.

CHAPTER VIII. When Lord Otway called the following day at the Lawn, he was met by the intelligence that Katharine was extremely ill, and was compelled to remain in her room. The young man was bitterly disappointed and remorseful; he reproached himself with having been the cause of this increasing illness, and he felt quite low-spirited at leaving Northminster without another glimpse at the lovely face that was daily, hourly growing so dangerously dear to him. He had sounded his poor little Cousin Marian, so far as it was possible, and now, having seen her safely, and it must be added, tenderly cared for by Lady Blanche, who never did things by halves, Ormande was going to devote the remainder of his holiday in searching for Craven Adair. Lady Blanche was vexed, yet she could offer no reasonable objection to this; but Miss Mostyn declared her intention of starting out at once to pay a visit to a school friend who possessed, to Lady Blanche's uneasiness, a handsome and penniless brother. However, she could do no more than

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