

# A Love Affair

"I listened—yes," she said, almost wildly. "Oh, my lord, you do not understand? I thought I was a thief coming in at that window, and I hid behind the curtains. When I saw it was you I was afraid I thought you would pass through the room, and that I might—You are crushing my arm, my lord!" she broke off, piteously.

He loosened his iron-clutch of her arm, and raised it to the light.

"Forgive me," he said, penitently. "I am a brute. I did not know! And you heard all—all!"

"Yes, everything, my lord," she assented, sadly.

"And what have you learned? What are your conclusions?"

"I do not know. Learned? I have learned nothing. I know nothing, want to know nothing. Let me go, my lord, in a moment," he said, slowly and thoughtfully.

"You must have formed some conclusions. Tell me what they are. I will tell you if they are correct. Tell me why I should admit a man—a man such as you—the credit at this hour, secretly, and give him money; you saw me give him money!"

She made a gesture of assent.

"Well!" he demanded.

"I do not know. I cannot guess."

"Why did you come here at this hour of the night?"

"I came to look for my locket. I have lost it—"

"And you set such value on it that you ventured to come down in the darkness in search of it?"

"Yes," she said, meeting his eyes steadily. "I value it above everything I possess."

Then she flashed upon her the consciousness of the truth that love does not require a long apprenticeship; that often, rather than that it springs into full bloom and vigor at first sight.

She was awakened by the sound of knocking at her door, a knock distinct and imperative, but yet somewhat subdued. She rose, thinking it was the maid, but she saw it was little more than dawn, and, listening with her head pressed to her door, which seemed giddy and bewildered still, could hear no sounds of life in the house.

The knocking came again, and she went to the door and asked who it was. "It is I," came the answer, in Lady Ruth's voice. "Let me in, please! I wish to speak to you."

Lady Ruth entered and turned the key, then confronted Constance, and fixed her sharp eyes upon her. She was fully dressed, but looked as if she had either been to bed or had spent a sleepless night. Her face was pale to the lips, and there were dark marks under her eyes, which glittered with suppressed passion.

Constance, feeling weak and overstrained, stood staring at her helplessly and speechlessly.

"You did well to let me in," said Lady Ruth, in a slow, constrained voice, as if struggling hard to retain her self-possession. "If you had not I—I would have forced the door. What have you to say?"

"What have I to say?" echoed Constance, dully, and still staring at her.

"Yes. Do not repeat my words; there is no time to be lost. I have not come to hand your words to you. It is a degradation to me to have to speak to you at all."

"Degradation!" repeated Constance. "Oh, what do you mean?"

Lady Ruth's white face was distorted by an access of evil malignity.

"Once for all, Miss Grahame, let me tell you that you cannot play the part of injured innocence. Realize that; it will save time to both of us and save pain to you. It will be better for me to speak plainly."

She pointed to the bed and then to Constance's dressing-gown.

"You have not been to bed; you are still dressed. Why?"

Constance's face grew crimson, then white. She tried to speak. Then as it flashed upon her mind that one word—any unguarded word—might lead to the discovery of the marquis' secret interview with the man he had bribed, she closed her lips firmly and stood silent.

"I see," almost hissed Lady Ruth. "You will introduce your own word—'shameless girl'—you shameless girl!"

A shudder ran through Constance's "shameless!" broke in an agony of indignation from her quivering lips.

"Yes, shameless!" repeated Lady Ruth, venomously. "No one but the most shameless would be guilty of such conduct as yours. Did you consider it probable that you could arrange this interview without a chance of discovery? You forget that my room," she pointed over her shoulder, still keeping her eyes fixed upon Constance's face as the serpent keeps its eyes upon the helpless bird it is fascinating to its destruction, "that my room is directly over the drawing room, in which your meeting was to take place."

Constance shrank back.

"Oh, you are a capital actress; I saw it from the first. But spare me your theatricals; they do not deceive me. You have not a lovelier man to deal with now, Miss Grahame, but a woman who knows and—his is yours!"

Constance's breath came in short, quick gasps.

"You have nothing to say? Well, I think you are wise. I've no doubt you would deny the fact that you left your room—at such an hour—to meet the marquis."

"It is a lie!" broke in Constance in her agony.

"No use," she said. "I heard his voice and yours. I saw you coming up the stairs."

Constance hid her face in her hands. Lady Ruth stood leaning her foot upon the carpet.

"May I ask what you intend to do? What are your plans?"

"My plans?" she repeated, in a low, distant voice.

"Yes. They have succeeded marvelously well—up to this point. But now—now that you have succeeded in entrapping your prey, what do you intend to do? I suppose you imagine that there is no obstacle between you and the marquis's coronet. You fool!"

The words were uttered with such malignant scorn that Constance involuntarily recoiled.

"Oh, I read you as easily as a book," continued Lady Ruth, with a laugh. "But, like most women of your stamp, you are too clever and too self-confident. You think the marquis will marry you?" she laughed mockingly. "Miss Grahame, you do not know him quite well enough. He marries you? You! She looked Constance from head to foot with infinite contempt. "Fool as her

may think him, Lord Brakepeare is not fool enough to marry the girl who consents to meet him secretly in his own house at midnight.

"Leave my room, Lady Ruth!" she exclaimed, pointing to the door.

"I knew you would say that, but you will alter your tune. If I were to leave the room, do you know what I should do? I should go straight to the marchioness and tell what has occurred."

"Go!" said Constance. Then, as the results presented themselves, flashed upon her mind, she faltered. What explanation could she give to the marchioness? What could she say that would not lead to the discovery of the marquis' secret. She faltered and changed color, and Lady Ruth followed up her advantage.

"You see, there is no escape for you, and I do not intend that there shall be. You have played your cards well and boldly, shamelessly, but you have not won the game, Miss Grahame. It is I who hold you in my hands, and I intend to dispose of you. Now listen to me. I intend you to leave the castle within an hour."

Constance started.

(To be Continued.)

### TIMES PATTERNS.



**A SMART LITTLE DRESS.**

No. 8451.—This pretty little frock shown in checked gingham, is cut somewhat on the Princess order, and is particularly becoming. A body lining is included in the pattern, but its use is optional. A pretty feature is the large collar that may be of contrasting material as may also be the turned back cuffs and belt. Silk, cotton and the woolen fabrics are all suitable to the design. For a girl of 7 years, 3½ yards of material, 36 inches wide will be required. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 years.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

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

It will take several days before you can get patterns.

An express train running 60 miles an hour without stopping for 25 hours would just travel the distance covered by the packets (placed end to end) sold in one year of "Salada" Tea. Annual sale exceeds eighteen million packets.

### SELLS PICTURES.

**King Leopold of Belgium Says He Needs the Money.**

London, May 12.—An outcry has been raised by the decision of King Leopold to sell his gallery of pictures. He has already sold four pictures in Paris dealers, a Rubens, a Hobbema and two Hals. The others are being offered to big dealers on the Continent and in London. Now that the Congo Independent State does not yield to Leopold the immense sums he formerly received from that source, it is stated that he intends to sell everything he owns for which he can realize large sums.

M. Van der Velde, the Socialist leader, to-day raised the question in Parliament, declaring that the King has no right to dispose of the pictures, which should belong to the nation. He will introduce a bill prohibiting their sale to foreigners.

Rev. J. P. D. Lwd has been appointed Vice-Provost of Trinity College.

### When Your Child Has a Cold

Are you satisfied with anything that sells under the name of cough medicine.

Or do you search out a medicine of proven value such as Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

How few cases of consumption there would be if every child's cold were looked after as it should be.

Did you ever think of it in this way? That neglected cough and cold that leads to the dreadful lung disease sooner or later. From repeated attacks the lungs are weakened and then comes pneumonia or consumption with their dreadfully fatal results.

How watchful parents should be of their children. How careful to use effective treatment instead of trusting to cough mixtures which are often of little value or of harmful effects.

Because it is prepared from linseed, turpentine and other simple but wonderfully effective ingredients, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is particularly suitable as a treatment for children's coughs and colds.

Croup, bronchitis and even whooping cough yields to the influence of this great medicine, and for this reason it is kept constantly on hand in the majority of homes and has enormous sales.

Mrs. John Chesney, Innerkip, Ont., writes: "Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine cured my little girl of whooping cough when the doctor had given her up, and since that we always keep it in the house as a treatment for coughs and colds. It is the best medicine we ever used."

There is no getting round statements such as this, and you want the most effective treatment possible when your child becomes ill. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25c a bottle at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

**AT R. McKAY & CO'S. FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1909**

**Second Day of Our FEATURE SALE**

To-morrow will be Feature Day in the Wash Goods Section. Many special sale events await you here. Read—

**FLOWERED ORGANDIE DRESS** MUSLINS, stylish American materials, in delicate shades of pale blue, mauve and pink, fine sheer quality, extra width; worth regularly 35c yard, on sale at ..... 25c

**WHITE DOTTED MUSLINS** with cross-hgr, also white floral designs, fine sheer quality, very pretty for window draping, sash curtains, dresser covers, etc.; worth regularly 25c, special at ..... 19c

**SCOTCH PLAID ZEPHYRS** in beautiful shadings of tans, blues, greens, black and white, old rose, grey and pink, very fine, smooth finish, good style for children's, misses' and ladies' dresses, 35c, special at ..... 29c

A line of plain and shadow stripe Repp Suitings, shades of tan, brown, pink, blue and cream, good weight for coats, suits, also fitted dresses, firm corded weave, regular 40c, on sale 29c

**The Splendid Sale of Directoire Satin Suitings, Worth Reg. \$1.25, 79c Yard Sale Price . . . . .**

48 inches wide and comes in a nice light weight for spring and summer suits, princess dresses, etc. On sale in the very best shades of navy, brown, myrtle, taupe, wistaria and black; correct style material, at a splendid saving; worth regular \$1.25, sale price . . . . . 79c yard

**Big Drop in Embroidery Frontings and Flouncings** Another Manufacturer's Lot of Embroidered Frontings, Worth Reg. 75c, Sale Price 39c yard

Skirting Embroideries, Worth Reg. \$1.25, Sale Price 69c yard

Take advantage of these two big Friday sale events, comprising very pretty shadow and light effects at positively good reductions.

**Tempting Values for Friday**

**Remnants 8½c**

Remnants White Cotton Linn Cloth, Lonsdale, etc., ends 1 to 3 yards, worth up to 15c, special . . . . . 8½c yard

**Nainsook 10c** . . . . . **Odd Napkins 8½c**

50 pieces fine, soft finish Nainsook, full 36 inches wide, worth 15c, special sale price . . . . . 10c yard

50 dozen Odd Napkins, ¾ size, firm, close weave, slightly imperfect, worth \$1.50 dozen, special . . . . . 8½c

**Cream Damask 67c** . . . . . **Percales 15c**

72-inch Cream Table Linen, firm, heavy quality, double damask finish, worth \$1 yard, special sale price 67c

36-inch Fancy Bordered American Percales, dainty patterns, fast colors, regular 20c, for . . . . . 15c

**Tea Toweling 9c**

Pure Linen Tea Towelling, 20 inches wide, clean, absorbent weave, 12½c value, for . . . . . 9c

**Value-Giving Sale of Carpets and Rugs**

Savings Average 25 to 35 per Cent.

Tapestry Carpets, hard wearing quality, extra choice patterns, worth 80c, Feature Sale price . . . . . 30c

Tapestry Carpet, best 9-wide quality, excellent patterns, worth 95c, Feature Sale price . . . . . 75c

Brussels Carpets, borders to match, reversible patterns, extra choice value, worth \$1.15, Feature Sale price . . . . . 82½c

Elegant patterns Brussels Carpet, hard wearing quality and colorings, worth \$1.25, Feature Sale price . . . . . \$1.00

Heavy Pile Axminster Carpets, new shadings, usually sold at \$1.75, Feature Sale price . . . . . \$1.45

Tapestry Room Rugs, size 4 x 3 yards, excellent patterns, good quality, worth \$11.50, Feature Sale price . . . . . \$9.50

Brussels Room Rugs, size 3 x 3 yards, A-1 quality, good designs, worth \$18.00, Feature Sale price . . . . . \$13.00

Brussels Room Rugs, size 3½ x 3 yards, elegant two-toned effects in crimson and conventional designs, in other colorings, worth \$20.00, Feature Sale price . . . . . \$15.00

Brussels Room Rugs, size 4 x 3 yards, rich colorings, fine quality, worth \$22.50, Feature Sale price \$18.50

Velvet Rugs, size 3½ x 3 yards, best seamless quality, elegant colorings, worth \$24.00, Feature Sale price \$19.50

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**In His Own Way**

(By J. Louis Engdahl.)

An unhappiness, deep, irritating and discouraging, pervaded him.

Yet she was with him, just on the other side of the table. She was putting just a little because of the willful that perturbed slipping from her right shoulder. She caught his gaze, the pout turned to a smile, and then the waiter came hurrying up.

Geo. Adams, at odds with the world, was the order very carefully and correctly, the slip was torn from the many others on the pad, and then they were alone again, the man still very discontented, while the piquant, delightful specimen of approaching womanhood opposite to him became

**R. McKAY & CO.**

She would expect the romance of the play to be his own romance. That was impossible.

Carried away by the irritation of his mind, he noticed the tab that was still lying on the table, held it carelessly for a moment, then instinctively tore it from the hand he had begun at business college they had awarded him several prizes for penmanship, and he could write if he couldn't talk.

And this was the evening during which he had decided to ask her the big question that was troubling the very soul of him!

The fountain pen was now moving hesitatingly across the blank paper, ultimately framing beautiful doves and birds and drawing lines, possessing true curves. Then the hand began to move faster and faster. He looked up for an instant and she was silently watching him. But his hand never wavered. Two, three or four years ago, was it, since he had last done this. It mattered not. It seemed but as yesterday. And then it was all done, all except that central vacant space. There was a place there to write something.

"Joy or sorrow I am by thy side" he remembered the words distinctly from the play. They had made a great impression upon him and he wrote them without a falter.

The slip was torn hastily from the book, slipped gently across to her, and then he was writing again, faster, more enthusiastically, more beautifully than ever. The passion of his entire being was behind it all.

"It is never cold beneath thy smile." He remembered that also, and he made it his own message and it reached her the same as the first, but he dared not look up to see what effect it was having.

For the third time he was filling a piece of paper with the objects of his imagination, inspired with the substance of all his dreams. This was to be the last, he decided, and the words were to be his truly own. The soft, sad, ravishing music of the orchestra nerve him up.

"I love you," he wrote, forgetting that the words were not new, but indeed more ancient than all of the others.

The pen dropped to the table, and with both arms outstretched he lifted the diminutive piece of paper towards her. Her two hands met both in his for she knew instinctively what it all meant, and she was kindly above all other traits.

"Same here, George," she assured him, very bluntly but none the less tenderly and earnestly.

He suddenly wondered how he could ever have doubted her in the least.

**Troubles of the Ancients.**

Prometheus lay chained to the rock. "Still," he said, "it might be worse. I might have to spend a night in the police station."

In this optimistic frame of mind he even smiled at the gnawing vulture.

A short story—"Tim broke."

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MONTREAL—QUEBEC—LIVERPOOL. CANADA . . . . . May 8, 12, 17, 21, 25, 29, June 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, July 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, 31, August 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, 31, September 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, 31, October 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, 31, November 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, 31, December 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, 31.

For full information and tickets from Chas. E. Morgan, 11 James street north, or C. J. Jones, 8 James street south, Hamilton.

**SPURIOUS CHINA.**

London Merchant Spent \$650,000 on His Collection.

London, May 12.—Amazing frauds involving hundreds of thousands of dollars are alleged against a number of well-known Bond street dealers in a suit now being heard before Justice Grantham. The charges are brought by the executors of the estate of late C. J. Dickens, founder of the big dry goods firm of Dickens & Jones, who are suing a dealer named Arthur Ellis. They allege that while Mr. Dickens was suffering from senile decay Ellis defrauded him out of thousands of pounds by palming off on him spurious modern chinaware for Dresden ware alleged to be 150 years old. He is said to have sold to Mr. Dickens for hundreds of pounds pieces of china that cost him only a few shillings.

One of the executors testified to-day that Mr. Dickens' dealings with Ellis alone amounted to \$250,000 value between 1899 and 1907. Mr. Dickens expended not less than \$500,000 on his china collection. The frauds, this witness said, were discovered only when the collection was sent to Christie's for auction on the death of Mr. Dickens. Actions against other dealers are pending.

**HORSE SHOW.**

Montreal, Que., May 12.—The annual horse show opened here to-day under favorable circumstances. The work of judging commenced at 10 o'clock. The preliminary trial of forty-one horses also took place this morning. Several of the big strings entered from outside points arrived yesterday, among them the horses of Mr. Reginald C. Vanderbilt, New York, and Miss Wilks, Galt, Ont. The Governor-General will come down from Ottawa to-morrow to be present when the classes for which he usually offers a prize will be judged. Mr. Vanderbilt, with a party of eight friends, arrived this morning. Miss Wilks also arrived to-day.

**THREE NEW AIRSHIPS.**

Copies of Canadian Aeroplan to be Built in New York.

Halifax, N. S., May 12.—W. F. Baldwin, mechanical superintendent, with Prof. Bell, arrived at Baddeck to-day from New York. While in New York Baldwin discussed with members of the Aero Club and Aeronautical Society plans for the building of three flying machines similar to the Silver Dart used last winter at Baddeck. Prof. Bell, who is now in Washington waiting for Europe, where he will spend a month, returning to Baddeck in middle of June.

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