

AT R. MCKAY & CO'S. MONDAY, OCT. 18, 1909

700 Yards Plain and Shadow Stripe Suitings

Worth Reg. 90c. Monday Sale Price 75c Yard



Come to this store Monday and take advantage of one of the best selling events from our great Dress Goods Section of the season.

54-inch Two-Tone Stripe Suitings, Worth Reg. \$1.25, Monday Sale Price 79c Yard

Every woman should see this grand bargain for Monday's selling; 54 inches wide and comes in a splendid weight for fall and winter suits.

Big Purchase Sale of Pretty Wool Delaines

75 pieces Wool Delaines on sale Monday at almost half regular. Comes in light, mid and dark grounds with neat spots and floral designs.

Now is the Time to Buy Winter Suits and Coats--A Particularly Good Suit at \$15

In rain, blue, green, brown, black and a splendid assortment of stripes and checks. Coats are semi and tight-fitting models, nicely tailored and trimmed.

Women's Winter Coats \$5.98 Children's Coats \$2.98

25 only to offer at the above price. Black, blue, brown and assorted colors in tweeds, semi and tight-fitting models. Regular \$10.00 and \$12.00.

Women's Skirts \$2.98

Navy, black, brown and a good assortment of stripes. All new up-to-date models; assorted sizes. Regular \$5.00, on sale Monday morning at \$2.98

Monday Specials in Ribbon Department

25c, Regular 50c

5/8 inch plain Ribbon, large variety of colors, in demand for girls' hair bows, sashes and millinery purposes; regular 50c quality, for 25c

Bargains in Auto Veiling for Monday

Chiffon Auto Veiling, Reg. 35c, Monday 25c Yard

20 pieces Chiffon Auto Veiling, with chiffon border, in black, brown, navy, sky, pink and white, regularly 35c, sale price Monday 25c yard

Monday Millinery Greatly Reduced

Trimmed Hats \$4.98

Untrimmed Hats \$1.49

Handsome French Fur Felt and Velvet Covered Hats, assorted colors and styles, copies of our French models. Do not fail to come and see these hats on Monday, worth up to \$12.00, Monday \$4.98

Exceptional Values for Monday from Jewelry Dept.

Pearl Setting Blouse Pins 25c

Jet Hat Pins 10c Each

10-inch Fancy Hat Pins 5c, Reg. 15c

Blouse Pins, gold plated, in pearl setting, makes a nice collar or Blouse Pin. Regular 50c, Monday we will close this line for only 25c

Interesting News from Our Staple Section

Flannelettes

Factory Cotton 10c

Table Cloths \$1.29

Sheeting 25c

36-inch White Flannelette, soft, warm finish, worth 16c, for 11c

40 dozen Odd Napkins, 3/4 size, hemmed ready for use, special for 7 1/2c

36-inch Apron Check, firm, close weave, worth 11c, for 8 1/2c

72-inch Plain Unbleached Sheet, round, heavy thread, bleaches easily, worth 29c, for 25c

"House Beautiful" Dept. Offerings

Sale of Madras Muslins

Sale of Irish Point Curtains

Wool Blankets Reduced

Imperial Lace Curtains

These beautiful Double Thread Curtains, of English and Scotch manufacture, in white, cream and ecru, 2 1/2 and 3 1/2 yards long, good wearing and good laundering, on sale Monday as follows:

Regular \$1.35 pair, Monday 97c pair

Regular \$2.25 pair, Monday \$1.18 pair

Regular \$3.00 pair, Monday \$1.65 pair

Regular \$4.00 pair, Monday \$2.89 pair

Regular \$3.50 pair, Monday \$2.78 pair

Regular \$5.00 pair, Monday \$3.95 pair

Regular \$7.00 pair, Monday \$4.95 pair

Katharine's Sacrifice

"You have come at last, have you?" he greeted her with a sneer.

His eyes went savagely to her face, and a frown came as he looked at her. His mother was right, and she was ill; yet all as she was, she was as cold and silent as she had ever been.

"Get on your hat. I am going out," he said, sharply.

Katharine paused for a moment, then her astonishment found a vent even in her dazed condition.

"Going out?" she repeated, vaguely. Gordon threw off the silken coverlet that lay across his legs, and pushed himself into a sitting position on the couch.

"Yes, going out. Don't the doctors? They would keep me boxed up here for always. Ring the bell; I shall go for a drive. What is the use of having servants and horses if you do not use them. I am sick to death of lying here; the only thing that carries me down and puts me in the broughie, or whatever they call the thing, I want you there, too; and for Heaven's sake put some different expression into your face! You look sulky enough to make a man cut his throat."

"I am ill," Katharine murmured, feebly. "Can not go. I cannot!"

Another curse escaped Gordon Smythe's lips.

"Ill!" he said, with a short laugh; "ill, indeed! I have another world for you. You are languishing, longing for your lover, the lover who will never be yours. Well, the sooner you cure yourself the better you will please me."

Katharine turned away, groping for the door like a blind person. Any one with a scrap of heart must have felt an agony of pity sweep over them as they watched her go. Not so Gordon Smythe. He was thoroughly without a heart; he was the core, pity was unknown to him.

When Katharine's maid went up to her mistress's room half an hour after, she found the girl in a dead faint on the floor, from which she was roused with much difficulty.

"Say nothing of this," Katharine commanded, as soon as she could speak, while the woman fanned her, and put scent on her white face. "I am only tired."

The maid, an old domestic of the house, was silent; but she thought the more she had just come from watching the operation of carrying Mr. Smythe from his room to the carriage, and something like the real solution of Katharine's strange, cold manner had been discovered by such of the household who, like herself, had been present at the scene.

Rarely had such a fearful exhibition of temper, such horrible language, desecrated the venerable halls of Charlton Abbey, and the girl who, thus debased himself to the brute level, was even then scarcely out of the grasp of death and danger.

"You must not fret, ma'am," the woman said, offering what she imagined might be sympathy under the circumstances. "Mr. Smythe was put in most comfortably; old Thomas is driving him, and he has got his valet, too. I don't think he can come to any harm—at least, we will hope not. It was a strange fancy; but then invalids do have strange fancies, you know, and they often know what is good for them, ma'am."

Katharine was too weak to make any reply just then, and so the maid, after doing all she could to make her comfortable, withdrew softly, feeling drawn irresistibly to the girl whom, all through the past week, she had almost grown to dislike.

How long Katharine lay in silence and quiet she never knew; it might have been moments, it might have been hours, but all of a sudden she was aroused from the dim, mazy dream into which she had fallen. The door was flung violently open, and in came some one who clutched her knees, wildly, madly crying to her at the same time, in tones of frenzy:

"Oh, Katharine! My boy! My boy! My son, Gordon!"

Dazed and almost stunned, Katharine staggered back, and Lucy Smythe dragged herself to her feet.

"Come," she almost screamed. "Come, we may not be late! They exaggerate, don't they? Bad news is not always true! Come, let us go to him at once—at once! Katharine, why do you hesitate? Are you his wife, and yet you do not rush toward him now?"

"What has happened?"

"The words came from her lips mechanically, but the answer she received, given gravely and quietly by her maid, awoke all her slumbering senses.

"The horses had taken fright at a traction engine, the carriage had been overturned, and Gordon Smythe, insensible and horribly mutilated, had been carried into the Brexley Asylum, which happened to be close at hand. The old coachman had been killed on the spot, and the valet was terribly shaken and frightened, but he had nevertheless ridden back with all the speed he could to tell the news at Charlton Abbey. It transpired that the coachman had entrusted Gordon to permit him to turn back half an hour before the accident happened; but with strong and strange perversity Gordon had refused; he seemed possessed with a desire to drive past the Brexley asylum, and nothing would move him from this. The result of his obstinacy was death and destruction to himself and others."

The village doctor sent word that if his mother and wife would see Gordon Smythe alive once more, they must drive to Brexley village as soon as the news reached them.

Katharine heard all this without a murmur. She was trembling in every limb with the sense of horror that had fallen on her; but even ill, worn as she was, she once again sacrificed herself to think of another. Turning to the poor mother, she flung her arms about her neck and drew her for one moment into a tender embrace.

"Be brave, dear; be brave!" she whispered, calling up all her strength and courage to give comfort to this tortured heart. "All may not be so bad. Come, we will drive over to him at once. Lean on me, dear, and keep up your heart. We will soon be there!"

"Oh, Katharine! My boy! My boy! My darling boy!"

Lucy Smythe clung to the girl's slender form, weeping bitterly, wildly. She was scarcely sane at this moment.

Katharine gave her orders as quietly as she could, and then, with her arm still round the poor woman, drew her down stairs, the maid following her.

"Only one instant did the girl falter, and then the maid interposed hurriedly: "Do you think you are fit to go, ma'am? you are so ill."

But Katharine was firm. "My place is with her," she said in her faint, low tones; "but you can come, if you will, also, Marshall."

The long, dreary drive was accomplished at last; Lucy Smythe, worn out with weeping, lay back exhausted on the cushioned seat, but Katharine's erect, her hands clinched tightly together, a bright crimson spot burning fiercely on either cheek, making her face seem illumined with some new strange beauty.

Marshall watched her carefully, and felt a pang go through her at the torture and misery in those beautiful eyes.

The doctor met them at the entrance. Without a word Lucy Smythe looked up into his face, then with a groan she rushed past him, and ran into the room where they told her her son was.

"You must be prepared for the worst, Mrs. Smythe," the physician said to Katharine. "Your husband cannot possibly survive his injuries! In his condition it was simply madness to have attempted any exertion, much less take this long drive. I am convinced, even if the accident had not happened, the consequences of such exertion must, in any case, have been dangerous, perhaps fatal."

Katharine grasped the door with her right hand. She had faced the fact of Gordon's death often during the first days of the accident, but now the awful reality struck her. He was going out of this world, going without having cleansed his soul from the terrible, the ghastly sin that had laid on it during the past months. She had no feeling of respect for the coward who had so cruelly persecuted her, but the thought of his death, unshriven, unconfessed, was to her most awful.

"Let—let me go to him!" she gasped, urged by the tumult of feeling to rush to him, and on her knees implore him to repent and ask pardon before it was too late.

"He has asked for you many times. He seems to have something on his mind. I can't quite understand what it is, he wants; but he keeps asking for some person who he says lives here in the asylum. Perhaps you can help us, Mrs. Smythe."

Katharine made no answer, but followed the doctor with slow, faltering steps, into the chamber of death. With her eyes she saw the heap on the floor, beside which Lucy Smythe was crouching, clinging to it with trembling hands. She saw some one in a nurse's garb, and another man's figure, who was standing gazing vacantly at the scene, with wide, staring blue eyes, from under a shock of white hair.

The nurse moved up to the doctor swiftly.

"We have discovered who it is he wanted to see here," she said in low tones to the doctor. "I sent upstairs for some lint, and they gave it to number thirteen to bring down, and directly Mr. Smythe saw him he gave a scream, and exclaiming: 'You here! You here! You here!' fell back in this swoon, from which I can not rouse him, sir."

The doctor knelt down by the dying man, and Katharine, leaning back against the wall, watched him with distended eyes, feeling her heart grow cold and colder within her.

Suddenly Gordon moved, his eyelids opened, and he saw Katharine. There was a scintillation of expression in them which the doctor translated.

"I think he wants you, Mrs. Smythe," the girl drew near, and bent low over the prostrate form of her husband and her son.

"The pallid lips opened and a whisper came from them: "Pray for—forgive—Katie. I—I am sorry! Be—be good—to—him!"

Katharine's eyes were full of tears.

"Yes, yes; I forgive you, Gordon," she answered, quickly. "Do not think of me; think of yourself, dear. Will you ask God to pardon you? Oh, Gordon! Gordon! Before it is too late, will you not do this?"

There was a spasmodic movement of the head, then a moment's silence; then three words, uttered in a husky voice, with a glance at the strange man's figure, wide staring, vacant eyes, and whitened hair.

"He—is—Craven!" The rest died always; and as a Kathleen turned suddenly and gazed at the creature, they called Number Thirteen, Gordon Smythe gave a broken sob, and with his mother's arms clinging about him, passed away from the world and his sins forever.

With outstretched hands, Katharine staggered back. The mother's cries of agony were ringing in her ears; that strange, weird face, so like, yet so unlike, that boyish one that had glared at her from the darkness of the Brexley Asylum, was still, dead form on the floor. All that remained of the living, handsome Gordon; these, one by one, slowly faded from her senses, and there came instead a great rush of darkness, a singing in her ears, and then—oblivion.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Once more an August sunshine poured its golden radiance on the land. Brexley village was again en fête to celebrate the birthday of its lady head and ruler. All was bustle and confusion, just as it had been twelve months before, and Barbara Mostyn, surrounded by a throng of guests, posed, talked, and patronized in her old familiar style.

"Are we not to see your fair neighbor, the young widow, with the romantic history, Barbara?" Lady Clara Lennox asked in a casual way, as she sat down to another woman in Toronto.

Barbara drew her thin lips still tighter.

"I do not receive persons of her calibre," she replied, curtly.

"Why?" Lady Clara opened her sleepy eyes to their fullest extent.

"Be brave, dear; be brave!" she whispered, calling up all her strength and courage to give comfort to this tortured heart. "All may not be so bad. Come, we will drive over to him at once. Lean on me, dear, and keep up your heart. We will soon be there!"

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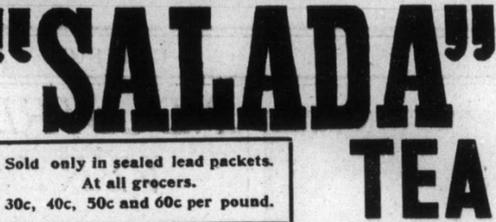
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THE FINEST TEA THE WORLD PRODUCES



Sold only in sealed lead packets. At all grocers. 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per pound.

If I had my way, I would sweep all such people out of the land!"

Lady Clara hummed softly to herself. She began to see daylight.

"By the way, my dear, when do you expect Lord Otway to return?"

Barbara's face changed, and she cast down her eyes demurely.

"He did not say exactly when in his last letter," she answered.

Lady Clara was silent for a moment.

"He is a good correspondent, isn't he?" she remarked.

Barbara's brows contracted for a second, and then she replied, smoothly: "Yes, very; but then he has so much to say to me, you know, Clara."

Lady Clara pursed up her lips as she sauntered on alone, some one having come to claim Barbara.

"What strange things men are! Now, what can be the attraction in Barbara Mostyn for such a nature as Lord Otway's. It is very odd—almost as odd as the manner in which he threw up his career last year, and went out as a missionary to China. I could have wished him a better ultimate fate than marriage with Barbara Mostyn!"

Lady Clara sauntered on and on until, somehow, she had reached the skirts of Brexley Hall, and was looking out on the village road. As she stood there, deep in her thoughts, a smart little carriage, drawn by a pair of pretty ponies, came toward her, and in the slender, black-robed figure of the lady driving Lady Clara was quick to recognize Katharine, Mrs. Gordon Smythe.

A flush mounted on our heroine's lovely cheeks, and then a smile came as, at a gesture, Lady Clara motioned her to draw up, and then went forward gracefully, with her hand outstretched in greeting.

"I am delighted to meet you, Mrs. Smythe," she said, warmly and truthfully, for she had both liked and admired Katharine, and Barbara's spite had only deepened this feeling. "You remember me, of course?"

"Perfectly," Katharine answered, with a smile.

Not a trace of the serious illness that had fallen on her after Gordon's death remained to mar her beauty; but for the sad expression in her grey eyes, she looked as she did the first night we saw her. Life was now very different to her; she was revered, beloved, and admired by all around her; she had everything that money could procure; her purse was ever open to alleviate suffering and the distressed. By every means in her power she was trying to wipe away from Craven Adair's saddened life the memory of the cruel wrong from which he had endured so much. Her path lay clear and bright before her, with only one shadow upon it, and that one a shadow that would never pass—the bitterness of her hopeless, never-ending love for one who had considered her not even worthy the name of woman.

Lady Clara chatted on briskly.

"I hope you will let me come and see you, Mrs. Smythe," she said after a while.

"I shall be so glad," was Katharine's reply, given in her simple, unaffected manner. "We are very quiet. I have only my cousin, Mrs. Smythe, an old friend, Miss Weston, and Mr. Adair and his sister staying with me; but I will give you none the less a hearty welcome."

"I shall drive over without delay," Lady Clara's eyes were fixed meditatively on Katharine for a moment. "By the way, how is poor Mr. Adair nowadays—better? Ah, I am glad, and so will Lord Otway, when he hears the news. I must let Barbara be sure and write to him."

The older woman noticed in an instant the quick flush followed by the deadly pallor, and at that instant she had fathomed the real meaning of Barbara's insolence and hatred toward her fair neighbor at Charlton Abbey.

(To be Continued.)

STRUCK BY WOOD.

Reeve of Greenock Township Dies as Result of Injury.

Walkerton, Ont., Oct. 15.—A. C. McKee, reeve of Greenock township, was accidentally killed to-day. Mr. McKee, who owned a sawmill on his farm, about two miles from Pinkerton, was running a circular saw, when a small piece of wood flew off and struck him on the left side of the neck. The neck commenced to swell, but no dangerous results were anticipated. However, the swelling continued, and he died at three o'clock this afternoon.

Mr. McKee has twice been reeve and served many years as a township councillor. In the County Council he was chairman of the Road and Bridge Committee. He took an active interest in politics and was regarded as one of the leading Conservatives of the county.

HE'S A BIGAMIST.

Toledo Woman Openly Accuses Her Husband.

Toledo, O., Oct. 15.—A decided sensation was created in local society circles here to-day when it leaked out that Prof. Albert Kemp, a prominent musician of northwestern Ohio, had mysteriously disappeared from his home here for more than a week. Mrs. Kemp reported the matter to the local police to-day, and openly declares that her husband is a bigamist. Mrs. Kemp states that she has positive knowledge that her husband was married about a year ago to another woman in Toronto.

She says her brother, William Parrish, of Detroit, will reach here to-morrow, to assist her, and that he has the evidence of Kemp's marriage in Toronto. Mrs. Kemp states she was married to Kemp at Detroit on March 1, 1908, and that shortly afterwards they came to Toledo.

George F. Lovering, a lumberman, was found dead in bed at his residence in Barrie yesterday morning. He was a son of John Lovering, Cobowater, and was about 35 years of age. A wife and two children survive.

RAILWAYS

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Thanksgiving Day

Return Tickets at Single Fare on Sale OCTOBER 22, 23, 24, 25th

Between all stations in Canada; also to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Suspension Bridge and Black Rock, N.Y. RETURN LIMIT OCTOBER 27TH.

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OCTOBER 21ST TO NOVEMBER 6TH TO MUSKOKA LAKES, LAKE OF BAYS, ETC. Return limit December 4th, or until close of navigation, if earlier, to points reached by steamers.

Secure tickets and further information from Chas. E. Morgan, City ticket agent; W. G. Webster, depot ticket agent.

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RETURN TICKETS AT SINGLE FARE Stop-over Anywhere

OCT. 15th to NOV. 6th To all stations Mattawa to Port Arthur, also points in Quebec and New Brunswick OCT. 21st to Nov. 6th To stations Sudbury to "See." Muskoka points, etc.

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