

AT R. McKAY & CO'S., THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1909 HAMILTON'S MOST PROGRESSIVE STORE

Ten days of remarkable selling. Shop in the forenoon

Shop in the forenoon. Come at 8.30 Tremendous Bargains

OUR SEMI-ANNUAL HURRY-OUT SALE STARTS TO-MORROW

Ten Days of Wonderful Value-Giving in Goods of the Right Sort

Sharp at 8.30 to-morrow morning we throw our doors open to one of the greatest clearing sales ever attempted in Hamilton...



The Great Hurry-Out Sale of Fine Embroideries

1c 5,000 yards Fine Swiss and Cambrie Embroideries and Insertions, worth 5c and 8c, Hurry-Out price 1c

Sharp at 8.30 a great Embroidery sensation, 1 to 3 inches wide, lovely fine Swiss and Cambrie Embroideries and insertions...

Corset Cover Embroidery Ends, worth Reg. up to 50c, Sale Price 10c End

Hundreds of ends of fine Corset Cover Embroidery in length from 1/2 yard up to 1 yard in each in both Swiss and Cambrie, pretty shadow and eyelet effects...

Regular 65c Allover Embroideries, Hurry-Out Sale Price 25c Yard

Yards and yards of lovely quality Allover Embroideries, in pretty eyelet designs, very desirable for Summer blouses at per yard

Important Hurry-Out Bargains in the Jewelry Section Sharp at 8.30

10 Dozen Black Jet Brooches, worth reg. 25c, 9c ea. Hurry-Out Sale Price

Guaranteed perfect new goods, in pretty effective new Jet Brooches, the kind in greatest demand now...

Regular 50c Gold Plated Brooches, 20c ea. Hurry-Out Sale Price

Guaranteed Gold Plated Brooches, with brilliant settings, perfect new goods...

Oxidized and Gilt Brooches, worth reg. 15c ea. 50c, Hurry-Out Sale Price

15 dozen oxidized and Gilt Buckles, wonderfully reduced for to-morrow, the first day of the sale...

Remarkable Millinery Hurry-Out Sale News

Regular \$4.50 and \$5, Trimmed Hats, Hurry-Out Sale Price Thursday

Guaranteed all this season's new style Hats, prettily trimmed with flowers, foliage and ribbon...

300, All This Season's New Style Untrimmed Hats at 25c and 49c

A manufacturer's lot of Untrimmed Hats, all the newest shapes and different colored straws...

A Clean-Up in Flowers and Foliage

Hundreds of bunches of Flowers and Foliage will be cleared to-morrow at reckless sale prices...

Shop Early for These Hurry-Out Bargains

Lace and Chiffon Frilling, Former Price 25c and 35c, Sale Price 8c Yard

800 yards new Frilling, will pass out quickly at the above little price, on sale in white and colors...

Regular 25c Wash Belts for Thursday 10c Each

15 dozen Embroidered Linen Wash Belts, with pearl and gilt buckles...

15 Doz. Cushion Tops, worth reg. 25c and 50c, Sale Price 15c each

Great Hurry-Out Sale of Cushion Tops, in light, medium and dark colors, on sale to-morrow...

The Hurry-Out Sale of Dress Goods

Every woman who wants correct style Spring dress materials should not fail to visit this splendid section of the store to-morrow...

Regular 50c and 75c, New Spring Regular 75c Ven-tian Cloth Suit-Dress Goods for Thursday 25c Yd. ings for Thursday 50c Yard

Comprising all the season's importations. In the lot you can select a perfect cloth for the new style...

300 Yards Pure Wool Delaines, Worth Regularly 50c, Sale Price Thursday

Splendid material for house dresses, children's dresses, etc., in light, mid and dark grounds...

Look for the Hurry-Out Sale price cards, they will be here and there all through the store...

Immense Hurry-Out Sale of Handbags

5 dozen superior style Hand-Bags at bargain prices for the first day of this great Hurry-Out Sale...

R. McKAY & CO.

A Love Affair

"You seem to have a great affection for this fellow-soundrel," he said, with a sneer.

"Don't call names, Mr. Fenton," he said, hoarsely. "He was always worth two of your so-called honest men at the worst of times..."

"You have had money from him?" asked Rawson Fenton, keenly.

"Yes. He gave it to me without the asking—a lot, and I—I'm a cursed fool—I lost it."

"How can such a chap as me get a living?"

"Difficult, I darsay, if you want to keep out of jail. Well, for the sake of old time—he smiled—I will help you. I will tell you what I will do. Take my offer or leave it. If you take it, we remain good friends; refuse it, and—"

"That's all right," remarked Rawson Fenton. "And now I think our pleasant little interview may be brought to a conclusion..."

"The Marquis of Brakespear, an outlaw and a felon, and in his power!"

"A footman in plain, but handsome, lively was waiting to receive him, and deferentially assisted him with his coat and hat..."

"The cards are in my hands," he muttered, "but they need playing. One false lead and I may lose. Yes, the election will account for my presence here, and divert any suspicion Constance may have..."

"I shall be able to see her frequently, every day, the woman who is to be my future wife. My wife!"

"A week had elapsed since the dinner-party, and Constance had seen nothing of Rawson Fenton, and gradually her mind grew more at peace."

"She had almost, if not quite, forgotten her persecutor, when one morning, as she and Wolfe and Arol were riding into Berrington, she saw a huge blue plumed, starting from a wall, with 'Vote for Rawson Fenton,' in large letters."

"The Marquis pointed to the placard with his whip, and laughed. Fate, however, seemed to frown that morning, for as they rode into the lane leading to the moorland, a horseman came riding toward them; and Constance, even before the Marquis, saw that it was the new candidate."

"I see you have set to work, Mr. Fenton," said the marquis.

"Yes," he said, "I have commenced by making Berrington hideous, but whether I win or lose, I promise to have all the bills washed off."

"That will be showing more consideration than most candidates display. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"You are very kind, Lord Brakespear. If you will allow your name to appear on my committee, I shall feel extremely obliged."

"Certainly, certainly," assented the marquis, who was in the frame of mind to grant anything.

"And perhaps you will be so good as to speak a few words some time or other."

"Yes, I will, but I'm a wretched speaker."

"I see my opponent is hard at work also," said Rawson Fenton, as a pony-carriage drove by, in which were two ladies wearing yellow rosettes.

"Rawson Fenton took a handful of small rosettes from his pocket, and held them out laughingly."

"If I could persuade Miss Grahame to wear my badge!" he said, his eyes flashing on her face.

"I shall wear neither," said Constance, in a low, distinct voice.

"I am satisfied," he said. "It is some consolation to know that if you are not for me you are not against me, Miss Grahame."

"I must not keep you. Good-morning!" and he rode on.

"The election was to take place in the month of October—that is, at the end of October—and though several most important things had been allowed to stand over for the marquis's convenience, for Mr. Rawson Fenton had promised Lord Brakespear's promise that he would speak, and had chosen that he should speak at this large meeting."

"I should be the last to want to go," she put in, with a smile. "Yes, I will go, if Lady Brakespear wishes it."

"Well, dearest," he said, "glad it's all over and you are at home!"

"I detest the whole of it. You won't speak again, Wolfe?"

"No," he replied, with a laugh; "but I suppose I shall be mixed up in the affair more or less. Unless," he added, "I cut it all and get away."

"You are going away," she said, trying to speak calmly; but her voice faltered miserably if we got married!"

"Well, I thought of it. He said, speaking as naturally and easily as he could. "You see, I should escape all this election nuisance, as you suggest."

"Yes, you would," she assented; but her heart sank, lover and lover.

"The only objection is that I don't care about going alone," he resumed, in the same tone as before.

"Not! Is there no one who could go with you?"

"Well, yes, there is one person I should like as a companion. But I don't know—"

"You don't know whether he would go? Have you asked him? No? Why not do so?"

"I will," he said, in a low voice. "It isn't a 'him,' but a 'her,' and her name is Constance Grahame."

"I? Wolfe?"

"Yes," he said, coolly, though his heart was beating fast; "why not? But—"

"But what?" she asked. "Where is the difficulty? Can not two persons be legally married in October?"

"But—but," she murmured, her heart craving to say "Yes! yes, oh, yes! But the time is so short. My—my dresses!"

"My dear little maiden, we will, if you like, go out one morning for a walk, like the couple in Dickens' novel, and I'll say, 'By George! here's a church. How would it be if we got married?'"

"Not quite like that," she said in a low voice. "I know what is due to you, Wolfe."

Then she glided from his passionate embrace, and left him to think over his happiness. The marchioness' door was open, and as Constance passed the old lady called to her.

"Constance went in, and sank down on the great leopard skin in which the marchioness' chair was placed before the huge wood fire, and hiding her face in the old lady's lap, told her what had passed."

"I am very glad, my dear. It is better for you both, and better for me. You love each other dearly, and I want to see you back soon, both in your right place here at the castle. In a fortnight—"

"Three weeks," said Constance. "Very well, dear. We shall have to work hard—"

"But it is to be a very quiet wedding," said Constance, looking up earnestly.

"That is for you and Wolfe to decide. Which means that he will do just as you please. And now you must tell me whom you would like to have here, dear."

Constance started, and her face grew red.

"I forgot!" she murmured. "I—I can not be married from here!"

"Well, it is not usual, but I don't think it matters in the very least, dear. You see, this is your home."

"I might go to London," she said.

"No, my dear, not that. All the Brakespears for years past have been married in their own church, and I should like Wolfe and you to plight your vows at the old altar."

"What is to be done?" murmured Constance, her eyes filling. "I have no friend—"

"Don't say that, dear. You have so many. Ah! why, yes, of course!" she broke off, her placid face lighting up. "The duchess will be only too delighted."

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