

## Katharine's Sacrifice

"Yes, send, my dear, and let me persuade you to come home with me. My name is Caroline, and I will make you as comfortable as I can. The sight of your sweet young face will more than repay me."

Lord Otway gave the little old maid one of his brightest smiles, while Katharine turned to murmur her thanks.

All at once she felt she could bear no more. The horrible strain she had had to endure during the last two days had worn her nervous system to a thread. How she had lived through them she could not tell. All she could remember, with horrible clearness, was the shrill death scream, that boy's white face, as it was swallowed up in the pit's darkness. She had returned to Rose Cottage as in a dream; she had gone through the ghastly face of eating, moving, and speaking, as though nothing had come to alter the monotonous tenor of her life. She had dimly heard Gordon's whispered words, giving her directions how to act before he rushed up to London, greatly to his mother's disappointment, who little knew what important business it was that should thus cut short his unexpected visit.

Katharine, as she paced her small bedroom, during the long, terrible night when all was still and quiet—went over and over again the horrible scene which would be stamped on her memory forever, and wondered vaguely how it was her brain still lived and worked at such a time. It all flashed back to her again as they lay with closed eyes on the cushions in the railway station.

The intolerable bursting sense of fear that Gordon's crime would be discovered, and the mother's heart be torn with anguish, shame, and despairing grief; the effort to keep her emotion hidden from her cousin; the growing loathing and horror at the man for whom she was about to sacrifice herself. Then the hurried note from Gordon, telling her he had arranged everything; the license was taken, the one day necessary had expired, and he was awaiting her in Northminster for the fulfilment of her promise that was given him as they parted. London had been impossible. Katharine could not have gone there without curiosity. She occasionally went over to Northminster to shop for Mrs. Smythe and herself, as Gordon knew. Therefore the marriage was fixed to take place at the registrar's office eight hours that elapsed before the note reached her, not a sign of the murdered man came forward to convict and condemn the murderer; and now Gordon Smythe was safe this hot July afternoon, as he was whizzed through the country to London. For Katharine Breverton had not failed. She had kept her word, and was his wife—wife to a man who was to her the most horrible thing in the world!

With this burdening her heart and brain, was it a wonder that when her accident came, and she found herself compelled to stay in Northminster, that Katharine's endurance broke down, and that she clutched at the kindly services these two strangers offered her.

"Thank you, thank you!" was all she could murmur, and Miss Weston cheerfully refused to hear any protest, and chatted on warmly how she and her old servant, Dorcas, would soon nurse the poor little foot well again.

"And you must send for your friend. Let me see: what can we do? You say she is frightened at telegrams—and no wonder, the nasty things! I hate them myself! Well, could we not send a note by the guard of the next train?"

"I have a better plan," said Lord Otway, quietly. "I am just going to send for Dr. Stewart's carriage, as he suggested, and then, when you have been comfortably settled and left in this kind lady's most generous care, I will give you my friend's address. I will go over to Ledstone, explain matters, and bring her back with me to-night. No! Please don't think, and—and don't, please, don't cry. I can't bear it!"

With that the young man turned away hurriedly, and, having dispatched a porter to see if the carriage was coming, walked to and fro till the answer in the affirmative came; and then, in the easiest and most charming way, he insisted on lifting the girl's slender figure, and carrying it, alone and unassisted, to the brougham.

Words of gratitude trembled on Katharine's pale lips, but she was in such pain she could only muster up strength to give Mrs. Smythe's address, and whisper him not to frighten the gentle little creature. Then she fell back on the soft-cushioned seat with closed eyes, as the horses started away slowly, leaving Lord Otway standing, hat in hand, staring after the brougham like a man in a dream.

Simmonds, the porter, recalled him to himself.

"The racket's ere, my lord," he said, respectfully. "It come to the last train, more nor an hour ago."

Lord Otway started suddenly.

"I had forgotten all about it, Simmonds," he murmured, hurriedly. "You must take it up to Maple-Tree House, after all. There is something for your trouble; and here, Simmonds, I am scribbling a few lines on a page of his note-book, 'tell Marshall to give that to Lady Blanche, and say she is not to be alarmed if I am not home till late.'"

And then, utterly regardless of his costume, Lord Otway walked into the booking office and took a ticket for Ledstone. He suddenly felt a curious sensation come stealing over him that he would take a ticket for Kamschatka, or the world's end, if thereby he might secure the exquisite delight of gazing into Katharine's lovely eyes.

CHAPTER V.  
The doctor's large, roomy brougham went through Northminster's wide, picturesque streets at a nice, even pace, but notwithstanding all the coachman's care, the jolting caused Katharine most terrible pain, and good-hearted Miss Weston was growing quite anxious as she gazed at the sweet face, all drawn and contracted with suffering, the palor increasing every moment.

She regretted then that she had not permitted Lord Otway to accompany them in the drive to her house, but she had urged him to start for Ledstone instead, diving rightly that the girl was in great anxiety that Mrs. Smythe should be spared all alarm about her, and that she would rather send her than enlist Lord Otway's further services on her own behalf. Still the little old maid, brave and kind as she was, could not help regretting that the nice young man had not come with her, and it was with

extreme joy that she discovered Dr. Stewart standing on her doorstep as the carriage pulled up, and she said, "I am in excellent time," he said, coming forward to open the door. "I just met the porter running up with a message for Lord Otway, to the Maple-Tree House, and he told me you had kindly come forward to this young lady's rescue; now, would you like to make any arrangements first, before my man and I lift her out, because I should wish to have her kept perfectly quiet when we have placed her down, so—"

"I will speak to Dorcas," was Miss Weston's reply, and she tripped up the spotted steps, and after a brief interview with her old-fashioned maid, returned quickly.

"Everything is quite ready; I always keep my spare room aired and prepared. Dorcas will lead the way. Oh, Dr. Stewart, I am very glad you are here. Poor child, poor dear, she looks so bad!" "Oh, she will be all right in a day or two. Now, if all is ready."

And then Katharine found herself lifted out and carried through a low, wide hall, and up a quaint, old staircase. She had just a fleeting vision of the sweet, east-looking bedroom in the world, a vague sense of a delicious aroma of lavender stole to her nostrils, and then came excruciating pain, and she lost consciousness once more.

It was long before the fainting fit left her, but when at last she lifted her deep-fringed eyelids she found herself in a dainty white-hung bed, enveloped in an old-fashioned night-dress, which had been taken from her kind protectress's wardrobe; her long, brown hair unbound and strewn over the fragrant pillow, a sense of indescribable comfort and delicate luxury surrounding her, and two kind faces bending anxiously over her, from either side of the bed.

Her first real sensation was a curious one. She missed something—what was it? Her eyes went round vaguely yet eagerly to catch the tender gaze of those deep-blue orbs that had been bent over her just now, her ear waited to catch the frank, manly tones; she started as a voice came to her.

"There, my dear, you are better now, aren't you? See, this is Dorcas, who will nurse you; she is the finest nurse in the world, is Dorcas, and—"

But recollection had suddenly returned to the girl; she put out her hand and drew the other's worn one to her lips.

"How good you are! How good!" she murmured, as two tears rolled down her cheeks and fell on the white linen sheet. "There, there! You must not excite yourself—must she, Dorcas? And don't worry about your friend. Lord Otway started off to fetch her at once. The last train from Ledstone reaches here at half past ten, so we can't expect them to arrive till then. Now, Dorcas, what do you say to some of your nutritious beef tea?" And so Miss Weston chatted on, trying to cheer the girl's spirits which she thought were affected by the pain of her injured foot.

If the gentle little lady could have penetrated into Katharine's heart, and read the horror, the agony that lived there, she would have been rendered speechless with amazement and pity, but no one could ever know the truth; it was her task to bear it alone, to suffer as she did suffer, so that no suspicion should fall on Gordon; no danger should come to him through her, nothing should happen to the one being who gave life and happiness to Lucy Smith. The pain in her foot, bad as it was, was nothing to the pain in her heart.

"If father can see me now, what torture he must be enduring; his only child, his little Katie linked for life to a black-hearted, treacherous murderer, having the memory of that poor, slain boy forever on her mind; her peace, her happiness gone, unutterably gone! Ah!" thought the girl, bitterly, miserably, as she lay with closed eyes in what Miss Weston imagined was a nice sleep. "Ah, far better that death should come, and end it all; far better that I should have been killed this afternoon! Why did he not leave me on the track? He would have done far more for me than by saving my life!"

And then came a strong wave of self-reproach, and she felt a pang go through her aching heart as she recalled the gentle words, the strong comfort of his presence, and felt, once again, his deep, tender gaze melt, as it were, into her very soul.

And, with that memory waking a curious sensation in her troubled breast, Katharine gradually dropped into the first real sleep that had come to her since her trouble came.

Lord Otway had no difficulty in finding Rose Cottage. He picked his way through the narrow streets, taking, with great good nature, the somewhat disagreeable chaff and jokes the factory hands flung at his attire as he went. He was used to the wit of the lower classes by this time, and was completely free from vanity, or he might have been rendered uncomfortable by the fact that he did look rather odd in his slouched, clerical hat and tennis coat. He was met at the gate of the Rose Cottage by a delicate-looking lady, small and faded now, but whose face, beneath the white widow's cap, must once have been remarkably pretty.

"Oh, something has happened to Katharine! I know it! I know it!" she cried, as the young man asked her if she was Mrs. Smythe. "Oh, tell me, tell me quick, is she dead?"

In an instant Lord Otway had reassured her and explained all, and the color flickered back into Lucy Smythe's pale cheeks.

"I tried to persuade Katharine not to go to Northminster to-day; it was so hot, and I had a sort of presentiment something would happen, but she would go. She is so good; she wanted to make me a cool dress, and we get things better at Northminster than here. Is she very much hurt, poor darling? It is so good of you to come, but Katharine always thinks of everything; she knows how stupidly nervous I am—and, oh, please come in and rest! And will you have something to eat? Sarah has laid supper; we were waiting for Katharine. I will get ready at once, and go to her, dear child. She is so sweet. I love her as if she were my own daughter. Do come in and have some supper," and, talking hurriedly, with tears springing nervously to her eyes, Mrs. Smythe drew Lord Otway up the path, despite his protests.

At R. McKAY & CO'S., Thursday, Sept. 16th

# FALL OPENING

## R. McKay & Co.

### Announcing Their Autumn Opening Display Days THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY

This bright store, Hamilton's great fashion centre, extends an invitation to one and all to be with us to-morrow and following days on the occasion of our Grand Autumn Opening Display of authoritative and exclusive styles in Millinery, Ready-to-Wear Garments, Dress Goods, Silks, Hosiery and Gloves, Underwear, Home-furnishings, etc., gathered together from every quarter of the globe in endless varieties. Our foreign and home buyers have spent months of hard labor in preparation for this great event. Come and view the delightful new styles, the prettiest decorated store in all Canada, and enjoy the music.



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### The Finest Millinery Display Ever Attempted in Canada

Representative and exclusive models from Paris, London, and New York, confined exclusively to the McKay store and lovers of pretty and fetching headgear should visit this section of the store where you will find on parade one of the most gorgeous displays ever attempted in any store outside of New York City. Take the elevator to third floor.

### Grand Display of Model Suits and French Dresses

Never in the history of this store have we ever displayed such a magnificent array of women's chic wearing apparel. Exclusive models from Paris, London, Berlin, Austria, New York and home manufacturers. While in the store don't miss this grand display. Exclusiveness and moderate prices will again place the McKay store in a class by themselves.

### Parading the New Dress Goods and Silks

in endless varieties, made and confined to the McKay store one of the largest and most exclusive showings of Dress Fabrics ever attempted by this store.

#### Leading Colors

Wistaria, ashes of roses, amethyst, ramier, pheasant, card, smoke, brown and black.

#### Leading Effects

Plain Broadcloths and Venetians, shadow and two-toned stripes in smooth and rough surface, Voiles, Henriettas, Palette de Chine, Satin Chamoreaux, S. tin Crepe, etc.

### Complete Showing of the New Lace and Dress Trimmings

Pay this section of the store a visit. You will be delighted with our display and values.

### New Model Shirtwaists From Paris and New York

Situated on the 3rd floor you will find displayed in splendid style exclusive Shirtwaists of every description from Paris, New York and home manufacturers, also a grand range of Kimonos and House Robes, made exclusively for the McKay store.

### Don't Miss the Fine Display

Every department throughout this big store is leaning over with new goods for Fall and Winter and once more we will demonstrate to you that the McKay store leads all others in Hamilton for large selections, exclusive style and moderate prices. Come to-morrow, the first day of the opening display.

# R. MCKAY & CO.

the pretty little cottage, where Mrs. Smythe, having first encoined him in the dining room at the dainty table, fled to the kitchen to tell Sarah all about it.

Lord Otway rose from his seat as soon as he was alone.

She lived here. This was her home. There stood her work-basket with the pile of unfinished sewing peeping out. There the little old piano with her songs strewn on the top. The little kitten that came purring about his feet had been kissed and caressed by her.

It was only a simple country home, but it seemed beautiful to him, haunted as it were by that lovely face, those marvelous eyes, the exquisite purity of the whole countenance. He knew he had not guessed wrong; it was a delight

to feel that she was just what he had imagined. Lucy Smith's tender love and adoration of her came as a testimony to him and he needed one.

(To be Continued.)

#### VESUVIUS ACTIVE.

Rome, Sept. 15.—A despatch from Portici, on the Bay of Naples, to the Giornale d'Italia, says that Vesuvius is again active. Guides report rumblings followed by slight seismic shocks. The small internal craters have been unusually active in the last few days.

The under dog generally gets our sympathy, but we are all apt to hit the pillow when it is down.

#### WATERS CALLED HIM.

Jumped the Brooklyn just Because He Couldn't Help It.

New York, Sept. 14.—The man who jumped from the Brooklyn bridge into the East River last Wednesday and afterward gave his name as E. L. Mudd was Eugene McCarthy of Dorchester, Mass., according to his story, told in Police Court to-day. He was arraigned on a charge of attempted suicide and was discharged after promising that he would not repeat his attempt.

McCarthy said he came to spend a vacation in New York, and while crossing the bridge felt an unmanageable desire to jump from it and learn whether or not it would kill him. He said he

### RAILWAYS

#### GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

##### New York and Return

\$14.10 from Hamilton via Niagara Falls, Sept. 22nd to 30th, inclusive. Return limit, Oct. 10th, 1909. Account

##### Hudson-Fulton Celebration

Through car service via Grand Trunk and Lehigh Valley Railways

##### ANNUAL WESTERN EXCURSIONS

SEPT. 16, 17, 18, 1909

From Hamilton to	Return fare
Port Huron Mich. ....	\$4.20
Detroit Mich. ....	5.70
Chicago, Ill. ....	11.50
Bay City, Mich. ....	6.00
Cleveland, Ohio, via D. & C. ....	5.15
Cleveland, Ohio, via D. & C. ....	5.20
Grand Rapids, Mich. ....	6.50
Saginaw, Mich. ....	6.50
Minneapolis, Minn. ....	25.40
via Chicago ....	31.90
St. Paul ....	31.90
via Sarnia ....	31.90

Return limit, Oct. 10th, 1909. Full information from city agent and depot agent.

### The Road for BIG GAME

MOOSE, BEAR, CARIBOO, DEER All Varieties of Small Game

Are found nowhere in greater abundance or under more favorable conditions than on the Canadian Pacific Main Line between Matswa and the Manitoba boundary. Ask for "Open Season for Game and Fish," "Sporting and Shooting," "Sportsman's Map," etc.

City ticket office, cor. King and James streets.

### T. H. & B. RAILWAY WESTERN EXCURSIONS

September 16th, 17th and 18th, 1909.

To	Return fare
Detroit, Mich. ....	\$ 5.70
Chicago, Ill. ....	11.50
Bay City, Mich. ....	6.00
Grand Rapids, Mich. ....	5.45
Saginaw, Mich. ....	6.50
Cleveland, Ohio, via D. & C. ....	5.15
Cleveland, Ohio, via Buffalo & D. & C. ....	5.15

Tickets good returning to and including Oct. 4th, 1909. Further information on application to A. CRAIG, T. Agt., F. F. BACKUS, G.P.A. Phone 1909.

### STEAMSHIPS

#### NORTHERN NAVIGATION CO.

##### GRAND TRUNK ROUTE

Lake Superior Division.

For Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur, Fort William and Duluth, steamers: Sarnia every Mon., Wed., and Sat. at 3 p. m. Westward and Sat. steamers through to Duluth. Special train service between Toronto and Sarnia wharf.

Georgian Bay Division.

For Sault Ste. Marie and Way Ports, Fall Sailings, each Wed. and Sat. 11, Collingwood 1.30 p. m. 14, Owen Sound 11.45 p. m.

Midland-Penitang Parry Sound Div. Regular sailings each week day up to Sept. 11th, inclusive. Service discontinued thereafter.

Tickets for all Ry. Agents.

H. B. Gildersleeve, Mgr., C. H. Nicholson, Collingwood, Ont. Traf. Mgr., Sarnia

### White Star-Dominion Royal Mail Steamships

MONTREAL-QUEBEC-LIVERPOOL

Laurentic, triple screw; Megantic, twin screw; large 4 and most modern steamers on the St. Lawrence route. Latest production of the ship-builders' art; passenger elevator serving four decks. Every detail of comfort and luxury of present day travel will be found on these steamers.

OTTAWA	Sept. 18	Oct. 23
CANADA	Sept. 25	Oct. 30
LAURENTIC	Oct. 2	Nov. 6
DOMINION	Oct. 9	Nov. 13
MEGANTIC	Oct. 14	Nov. 18

The regular steamer "CANADA" is also again scheduled to carry three classes of passengers. While the fast steamer "OTTAWA," and the comfortable steamer "DOMINION," as one-class cabin steamers (called second class) are very attractive, at moderate rates. Third class carried on all steamers. See plans and rates at local agent's or company's office.

118 Notre Dame Street, West, Montreal. At King Street East, Toronto.

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VERY LOW RATES via steamer "BELLEVILLE," leaving Hamilton at 12, noon every Tuesday.

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We are making a special offer to prove our claim of a PURE WHITE and FLAWLESS DIAMOND of rare beauty, set in 18k gold any size or style of ring, mounted in our own factory.

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