

The Earl's Mistake

Suddenly he heard some one stumble down the companionway and struggle to the door. It was Williams, the skipper. "For heaven's sake, come on deck, sir," he shouted—there would have been little use in whispering in such an uproar. Gerald Moore closed the door after him, and staggered on deck, and Williams seized his arm. "We have lost our rudder!" he shouted in Gerald's ear. "We are drifting on the rocks. The vessel is lost! Look! Look!" and he pointed to the shore, as a flash of lightning lit up the scene with a lurid gleam. Gerald Moore saw the white foam breaking on the rocks in front of them—saw in the one instant they were drifting from the harbor line, saw, in a word, death grinning in front of them. The men saw it too, and a deep groan seemed to burst from their very hearts, but not a word of complaint or fear. "The boats!" he shouted. The skipper shook his head. "No good, sir; they couldn't live a minute! Ah! the lady, sir—the lady!" Gerald had thought of her long since. "Get the long boat ready!" he cried in the man's ear; then he went below. She was sitting up, her face white and strained, but with a strange look of calm on it. "Zenobia!" he cried, "come on deck; don't be alarmed—be calm, for heaven's sake! There is danger!" She smiled an awful smile. "I know it! You have come to tell me we are lost! I should die. Did I not tell you I knew I should die?" "No, no!" he cried desperately. "Come on deck!" And, half carrying her, he took her up the stairs. "No time—not a moment!" shouted Williams, seizing her. But she clung to Gerald's arm with a clutch of steel. "I will not go! I will not leave you!" The vessel lurched, Gerald holding the mast and clutching her, remained with her on deck, but Williams was washed overboard. By a flash of lightning they saw the long boat break away from the ship's side, saw the men in her pick up the skipper, then all was dark. "Leave my arm free!" he cried in an agony. "Let me bind you to this spar! Zenobia, are you mad? I can save you yet." With a wild cry that rang above the roar of the waves, she lunged on him still more tightly. One awful moment of waiting, one awful, dreadful instant that seemed like years, and then, with a crash, the man was overboard, with the two helpless creatures clinging to it. CHAPTER XXXIII. The crowd grew thicker on the shore. For three hours the storm had raged as it had not been known to rage on that coast for years. Amidst the pealing thunder could be heard the resolute clanging of a voice, a voice, a voice firing of rockets, the shrieks and yells of excited men and women. Every living soul in Sandgate stood on the shore, and every eye was strained upon the ship that lay heaving its heart out against the treacherous rocks that in fair weather lay hidden under the smiling sea, but now gaped out upon the doomed ship like beasts waiting their prey. In the midst of the crowd stood the group from the hotel; a little way apart Philippa, Willie and Lord Cecil, and even Carrie, wrapped in a thick shawl, and clinging to her arm. Every now and then, as they could hear the doomed vessel beating her ribs against the rocks, a shudder ran through the crowd, and a voice would gasp up, "She's gone—she's gone!" But once more she rose, but to dash with greater force on the white breakers. "Ah," sobbed Carrie, "how dreadful! Think, think, dearest, if any one we know or cared for were in her!" Philippa was silent; no one as yet had mentioned the name of the ship, and yet a horror was growing upon her. At last, illumined by a flash of lightning, the moment came. With a sound like the tearing of iron from wood, roar from afar, the doomed vessel broke in two, and was flung, a shattered mass, almost at the feet of the spectators! Almost at the same moment the long boat, with the skipper and the crew, was tossed on the beach, and a roar of thanksgiving and relief rose from the excited crowd. But suddenly it changed to a shout of dread. What were those two figures still in the trough of the waves? A yell went up, and a hundred men, women and children dashed down the beach, and, spite of the fierce raging waves and blinding spray, some of the men rushed into the water. As they did so, repulsed again and again, a cry went up, "They have got them! They have got them!" And moved by an irresistible impulse, Carrie dragged Lord Cecil's arm. "Come, Cecil, come! I must go and see! Come!" He went, Philippa following, and there on the beach lay a man and a woman. Her white face was upturned in the light of the lanterns swinging in the hands of the men who surrounded them, and, with a cry, Lord Cecil saw that it was Zenobia. Her hand was clinched on the coat of the man, and could not be released even when they turned him over to see his face; it was Gerald Moore. They were both dead, but from beyond death Gerald Moore sent a message to the girl he had loved and so nearly ruined. They found in his pocket the note he had written in the morning, and brought it to her, and with her hand in Lord Cecil's, her head on his shoulder, she read it. "Forgive me! Deep as my love was, great as was my temptation, my punishment will be deeper and greater. Once more, forgive me, and when in the future you shall, from the safe haven of your husband's arms, give a thought to Gerald Moore, pray to Heaven that he may have learned to forget! Farewell!" (To be Continued.) TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. W. F. GROVE'S signature is on each box. An Explanation. "His breakfasts are immensely popular among the Bohemian set." "Yes, so many folks get dinners. People can't live on one meal a day, you know."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

TIMES PATTERNS.



Home Dress for Misses or Small Women.

Nos. 8380-8378.—Composed of misses' waist pattern No. 8380, and misses' skirt pattern No. 8378, both cut in sizes for 14, 16 and 18 years. The waist has a shaped front, opening over a tucked chemise or shield. The fullness is arranged in tucks over the shoulders. The sleeve may be finished in elbow or full length. The skirt has a plaited front panel and is plaited at the sides and back. Brown cashmere with trimming of green soutache and green and brown covered buttons and with chemise and lower sleeve portions of net, was here combined. A pattern of this costume will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

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

It will take several days before you can get patterns.

SALOON MURDER.

GEORGE B. M'KINNON KILLED AT ST. CLAIR, MICH.

Shot Down by Capt. Ralph Pringle, a Well-Known Lake Captain—Pringle Accused McKinnon of Flirting With His Wife.

Port Huron, Mich., April 18.—George Birell McKinnon, aged thirty-one years, of Mooretown, Ont., was shot by Capt. Ralph Pringle, of St. Clair, in the latter town shortly after midnight this morning. McKinnon died this afternoon at 4 o'clock, after remaining in an unconscious condition almost until the last. According to eye-witnesses, Captain Pringle entered the saloon known as the "Hole in the Wall," and seeing McKinnon talking to a woman whom he declared that the town was not big enough for both of them. The two men entered a side room, and an instant later three shots were fired and McKinnon fell to the floor unconscious. Captain Pringle told the officers when brought to the jail here that McKinnon had flirted with his wife three years ago, and that he had vowed to get even. Neither of the men were intoxicated at the time. Captain Pringle is a well-known lake captain. This year he expected to sail the steamer William A. Young. McKinnon had sailed for two years as a first mate. Last season he was on the steamer Rose Mount, of Montreal, and this year he had agreed to sail on the steamer Adriatic. Before leaving his last at the hospital McKinnon said that Pringle had no reason for shooting him. He would have said more, but he was too weak. He died before he could be revived. Pringle is a son of Captain J. C. Pringle, and is one of four boys, all of whom are sailors. The Pringle family is well known. Mr. McKinnon was a son of Dr. W. McKinnon, of Courtwright.

WOMAN'S SUICIDE.

Mrs. Edler, of Pilkington, Wanders Away From Her Home.

Elora, April 18.—During a temporary fit of insanity Mrs. George Edler, of the township of Pilkington, near Bethel, wandered from her home on Saturday last. A futile search for her was made until today, when it was found she had been drowned in a creek which runs through the Edler farm. The body was discovered by a neighbor, Mr. Moses Auger. There is every reason to believe it was a case of suicide. She leaves a husband and family of five, the youngest being about ten years of age.

GANDER ATTACK.

Little Girl's Neck Broken at Munroe, Mich.

Windsor, April 18.—Hearing his baby girl scream out in the yard while he was eating supper, William Winkelman, of Monroe, Mich., rushed out and found the child lying motionless on the ground, with a large gander standing nearby. Investigation showed that the child's neck was broken, and it is believed the gander had beaten the little one with its wings so severely as to cause the injury.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

John Love, a Toronto contractor, is dead.

AT R. MCKAY & CO'S. TUESDAY, APRIL 20, 1909

WAIT FOR CLOVER DAY WATCH FOR CLOVER DAY

Reg. 25c New York Dress Muslins for Tuesday 15c Yd.

Another shipment of pretty muslins on sale to-morrow, consisting of white ground effects, very popular this season, with hair line stripes and overchecks, lovely sheen and will make up very effective summer dresses; good values at 25c; Tuesday sale price 15c yard. A splendid purchase of new patterns in White Vesting enables us to make this splendid offer for to-morrow. Fill your summer shirt waist needs here to-morrow and save; worth regularly 22c, sale price 15c yard.

Watch and Wait for Clover Day. Bear this in mind, it is important to you. We will announce the date in to-morrow night's issue of this paper.—R. McKay & Co.

Tuesday Sale of Silk and Wool Black Dress Fabrics

Manufacturers' Stock of Rich Quality Black Silk and Wool Dress Goods; Worth Regularly Up to 89c Yd.

Possibly this store has never offered a finer collection of lovely Black Dress Goods, consisting of a London manufacturer's lot who caters to the best trade on sale to-morrow at a price that is bound to cause a flutter in our Black Dress Goods Section to-morrow. In the lot you will find beautiful dress lengths of Silk and Wool Voiles, Eolienes, Crepines, etc., in plain, shadow stripe, ribbon stripe and many other fancy designs, new and up-to-date in every detail; just the kind of material for rich summer gowns at a most extraordinary sale price; worth regularly up to \$1.75; sale price 89c yd.

Special Values Here for Tuesday

Nainsook 18c Huck Toweling 20c. 42-inch Union Nainsook, soft, silky finish, thoroughly shrank, worth 25c, for 18c. 21-inch Huck Toweling, heavy, absorbent, worth 20c, for 15c.

Bleached Damask 67c. 72-inch Bleached Damask, fine satin finish, choice designs, worth \$1.00, for 67c.

Nearlino 20c Tea Towels 12 1/2c. Nearlino, for suits and skirts, worth 20c, for 15c. Bordered Tea Towels, hemmed ready for use, clean absorbent weave, worth 12 1/2c, for 10c.

Now for Another Big Day in Waists. Don't Miss This Grand Opportunity of Procuring One of These French Waists.

We will put on sale Tuesday morning balance of French Hand Embroidered Waists, worth regular \$3.50, Tuesday for only \$1.49.

Floor Covering Bargains. Splendid Reductions for Tuesday

Table listing various floor coverings like Tapestry Room Rugs, Brussels Room Rugs, Velvet Room Rugs, Wilton Room Rugs, Brussels Carpets, Velvet and Other Carpets, and Inlaid Linoleum with their respective prices.

R. MCKAY & Co.

CONVICTS BUILD ROADS. Western States Use Them in Making Great Highways.

The list of States now using convict labor on the highways is too long to mention in detail, says Popular Mechanic. In Colorado, New Mexico and Wyoming are using such labor to construct a great highway which will run through the three States, and Washington, Oregon, North Carolina and Georgia, as well as several other States, have gangs at work.

The southern part of Colorado numbers eighty-eight men. They wear no distinguishing badge in the way of clothing, and no armed guards are to be seen anywhere. If a man wishes to escape from such a camp it is conceded that he can easily do so, but that he may be overtaken elsewhere follows as a matter of course, and the penalty—dreaded by any convict who has had a taste of open work—means that his activities will from then on to the end of his term be confined within the prison walls.

Only five officers are in charge of the camp, which is composed of tents. The convicts sleep in one big tent, and during the day they are divided into five gangs, each officer having charge of a gang. Eight hours of road work constitute a day's labor, and the men must go to bed promptly at 9 o'clock every night except Saturday, on which they are allowed an additional hour.

Amusement is provided to all in the camp. Some of the convicts own and play musical instruments. Cards are also allowed. Some spend their time pitching quoits, and a ball game is usually played every evening before darkness sets in.

The method of guarding the convicts working on the roads in the State of Washington is a little more strict, but amusements are just as numerous. The provision allowing the convicts to do such work in that State was passed in 1907, and the point selected for making the first experiment was one of the most remote from the penitentiary, the idea being to give the new system the most severe test possible.

The work selected was the building of a wagon road along the face of a nearly perpendicular rock bluff, the work involving the handling of a large amount of dynamite by the convicts. The character of the rock encountered was extremely hard, making drilling very slow. Nevertheless, the average daily work accomplished by each man amounts to 2.42 cubic yards of solid rock moved and one cubic yard of earth and loose rock moved.

As the lowest bid received for moving the rock was \$1.50 per cubic yard and for loose rock and earth 40 cents, the average daily work of a convict was valued at \$4.03. The camp established for the care of the prisoners consisted of a stockade 90 by 125 feet, inside of which was erected a barracks 18 by 48 feet. On the outside of the stockade and adjoining it was built the guardhouse. The number of convicts employed at the

camp has never been more than thirty, guarded by five officers.

ALAS, THE POOR BURGLAR! He Lost His Plunder by a Bit of Bungling.

London, April 17.—There was a dramatic little incident in a London bus a couple of days ago. A working woman who was carrying a brown paper parcel, sat next a man similarly equipped. The woman left the bus and on arriving home and opening the parcel that she thought was hers found that instead of soap it contained jewelry and other valuables worth over \$2,000. She took her find at once to Scotland Yard.

The police are now anxiously searching for the loser, whose omission to come forward is explained by the fact that the jewelry was immediately recognized by the police as the proceeds of a recent burglary. The feelings of the burglar when he got home and opening his parcel found it to contain only soap may be left to the imagination.

DIMINUTIVE FARMS. Those in Portugal Cut Up Into Very Small Portions.

The Portuguese are an extremely conservative people. Every man follows rigidly the methods employed by his father and grandfather, in very many parts of the country the old wooden plows are used. When a man dies instead of one of the heirs taking the whole property and paying the remaining heirs for their parts the whole property is divided into as many parts as there are heirs. More than this, each separate part of the property is thus divided.

This is a property consisting of ten acres of pasture land, eighty of vineyard and ten of grain land, and there were ten heirs, each heir would receive one acre each of grain and pasture land and eight acres of vineyard. This process has been going on for a very long time, so that now in the most fertile part of Portugal the land is divided into incredibly small portions.

The immediate result of this, according to the United States Consular Reports, is that the product of the land is barely sufficient at best to sustain its owners. South of the River Tagus, on the other hand, there are enormous tracts of excellent land lying unused, but it has been found impossible to induce the farmers of the north to move into this region and take up large holdings.

Canada Pushing to the Front. Paris, April 18.—The annual report of the British Chamber of Commerce calls attention to the extent to which the trade of Canada was hampered during the past year, prior to the ratification of the Franco-Canadian treaty, to which great importance is attached as showing how the Dominion is coming into the forefront in the battle for the world's trade.

STEAMSHIPS

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Lauretic, triple screw; Megantic, twin screw. Largest and finest 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. MONTREAL-QUEBEC-LIVERPOOL. CANADA: May 15, June 12, July 11, LAURENTIC: May 15, June 12, July 24, DOMINION: May 22, June 20, July 31, MEGANTIC: May 29, June 26, July 24, OTTAWA: May 29, July 10, Aug. 14, VANCOUVER: Aug. 5. The popular 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 class and rates at local agent's or company's office. 118 Notre Dame street, West, Montreal, 41 King street east, Toronto.

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It will pay you to use the Want Column of the Times. BUSINESS TELEPHONE 363.

Dragged by Runaway Horse. Kingston, April 17.—An automobile frightened a horse driven by Mr. John Lawless, of Dufferin, Pittsburg township. It bolted, upset the rig and threw Mrs. Lawless against a barbed wire fence. She was dragged along the road for some distance. Great gashes were torn in her face, requiring thirty-one stitches. She is now in the Hotel Dieu. Her husband escaped serious injury.

Poor Old Nere. "I have concocted an anecdote about a mean man, but I don't know of any mean man to hitch it to." "Hitch it to Emperor Nero. He has no friends."—Louisville Courier Journal.

RAILWAYS

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Next Homeseekers' Excursions All Rail Via Chicago April 20th

VIA RAIL AND BOAT. Steamer leaves Sarnia 3.30 p. m., April 21st, weather permitting. WINNIPEG AND RETURN, \$42.50. Proportionate rates to other points in Western Canada. Tickets good for 60 days. Secure tickets from Chas. E. Morgan, C. P. & T. Agent, W. G. Webster, depot agent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

GOING WEST?

Take advantage of the Homeseekers' Excursions, by special train from Toronto, April 20, and every second Tuesday until Oct. 21. Tourist Steepers, 30-day return tickets to principal Northwest points at very low rates. Ask agent for pamphlet. DURING APRIL ONE WAY SECOND CLASS TICKETS TO VANCOUVER - \$41.05 VICTORIA - \$41.05 SEATTLE - \$41.05 and other points. For full information see W. J. Grant, agent, corner James and King streets.

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TOO MUCH. The maid-of-all-work in the service of a Potville family, the members whereof are not on the most amicable of terms, recently trod her resignation, much to the distress of the lady of the house, who was loath to part with so excellent a servant.

"So you are going to leave us?" asked the mistress, sadly. "What's the matter, Mary? Haven't we always treated you like one of the family?" "I'm going," said Mary, "and I've stood it as long as I'm going to."—Harper's Weekly.