

AT R. MCKAY & CO'S. THURSDAY, OCT. 28, 1909

STRIKING EXAMPLES OF VALUE-GIVING IN FALL AND WINTER MERCHANDISE OF QUALITY

THE HURRY-OUT SALE

Greater crowds than ever swarming the big aisles of the bright store again this week. Remember, only three days more to take advantage of these Hurry-Out Sale prices...

Women's New Fall Gloves

Small Ladies' French Kid Gloves, made of perfect skins, in all the fashionable shades, neat stitched points, pique sewn, all sizes, in black, white, tan and smoke. Regular \$1.25, Hurry-Out Sale Price .80c

Children's Ringwood Gloves 25c Pair

Children's new warm Ringwood Gloves, in all shades and sizes, well shaped and worth 55c pair. Thursday .25c pair

Tremendous Dress Goods Selling

These at Hurry-Out Sale Prices for Thursday 2 Grand Specials at 45c and 69c yard

New Suitings, worth up to \$1, Sale Price 45c Yard. New Shadow Stripe Suitings Going at 69c. Fetching Venetian and Broad-cloth Shadow Stripe Suitings, in perfect colors of wistaria, taupe, elephant, Burgundy, prune, resin, brown, navy, myrtle and blue, worth regular up to \$1, sale price .69c yard

Startling Bargains from Lace Dept.

Linen Torchon Lace and Insertions in good width, suitable for centre piece edgings, dresser covers, etc. Regular 8c yard, Thursday 50c dozen or 5c yard. Appliques, Regular Up to \$1.50, for 49c. Appliques, all shades and worth up to \$1.50 per yard, Thursday Hurry-Out Sale price .49c yard

An Alarming Announcement

Just arrived, a shipment of Nickel-plated Alarm Clocks. If you find it hard to waken on time, here is your remedy, a dependable Alarm Clock, lever to instantly close alarm, a strong, reliable German movement, regularly \$1.00, Thursday, Hurry-Out price .69c. Real Cut Jet Hat Pins 10c. Real Cut Jet Hat Pins, 10-inches long, regularly 25c, Tuesday sale price 10c

Thursday Special Bargains for Hurry-Out Sale

White Vesting in stripes, spots, and pretty floral designs, good wide width, worth up to 25c yard, Thursday Hurry-Out Sale price 19c yard. Velocet Cloth 25c Yard. Velocet Cloths in blue, green and red grounds, with fancy colored stripes, just the thing for fall and winter blouses and splendid washing material, 28 inches wide, special 25c yard

Interesting Hurry-Out Prices From Embroidery Dept.

Corset Cover Embroidery 15c Yard. 300 yards Corset Cover Embroidery, in many beautiful eyelet designs, worth up to 25c yard, Thursday Hurry-Out sale 15c yard. Edging and Insertions, Reg. 10c, for 5c Yard. Embroidery Edgings and Insertions, embroidered in fine nainsook, from 1 to 8 inches wide, and regularly 10c yard, for 5c yard. Also a fine lot of Nainsook Embroideries, in pretty patterns, from 1 to 4 inches wide, for 5c yard

A Sacrifice in Real Cut Jet Buttons

Thursday we will place on sale another lot of Real Cut Jet Buttons, all sizes and diamond or square cut; come and see our splendid assortment at our Hurry-Out Sale, half price. Now for a List of Every Day Needs. Best Needles, 2 pkgs. for 5c. Collar Supports .15c each. Dress Shields .15c pair. 60-inch Tape Measures .3c each. Hooks and Eyes, 3 cards for 5c. Hair Pads .10c each

Tremendous Bargains in Suits and Coats

\$15.50 Winter Coats \$5.98. Black, brown, navy and a good assortment of dark tweeds, in semi and tight fitting models, beautifully tailored garments, 3/4 and 3/8 lengths, regular \$15.50, Hurry-Out Sale Price \$5.98. \$17.50 Tailored Suits \$9.98. Navy, black, green, brown and fancy mixtures, semi and tight fitting coats, nicely tailored and trimmed; skirts newest models, regular \$17.50, Hurry-Out Price \$9.98

Hurry-Out Sale of Cashmere Waists

\$3 Waists for \$1.49. THIRD FLOOR. Just received, a shipment of fine Cashmere Waists, tailored style, made with back and front daintily tucked, in cream, navy, grey, cardinal and black; these are traveller's samples, worth regular \$3.00, Thursday's Hurry-Out Sale Price \$1.49. Only one allowed to a customer.

1,100 Yards of Black Taffeta Silk at Hurry-Out Sale Price 29c

The sale price on this Silk will be for to-morrow only: over 1,100 yards of good Black Silk Taffeta, suitable for foundations, skirts, etc. soft and hard finish, regular 30c yard, Hurry-Out Sale Price 29c

R. MCKAY & CO.

A Spanish Beauty

CHAPTER I.

The September sun was setting stormily down there on the Wicklow coast. Far off, the purple mountains were fast losing themselves in the double darkness of coming night and storm. Nearer, over moor and meadow, the low-lying sky brooded darkly, and the rising wind sighed fitfully, sweeping up from the Irish Sea. Westward, lurid bars of blood-red showed where the fiery sun had gone down, and the black cloud-rack came rapidly trooping up, like a fleet of misshapen piratical crafts, over the blue of the evening sky. Black and angry heaved the sea, under that ominous canopy, and the white-capped surf crashed already on the shingly shore with the dull roar of a beast of prey.

A lonely scene and hour. Away to the east, the fishing village of Clontarf nestled under the rocks; to the left, the tall Tudor turrets and peaked gables, rising above the trees of the park, Clontarf Castle reared its hoary head—the one of the statelyst and oldest houses in Britain. Curlews and sea-fowls screamed and whirled away in dizzy circles over the black waters; high and dry were drawn up the fisherman's fleet, and the one moving thing on darkening earth and storm-tossed sea was a girl and a yacht.

The girl—to begin with the lady—stood on a lofty boulder, gazing seaward, making a picture of herself, outlined against the blackening gloaming—a brightly pretty girl, very fair, very youthful, with a thoroughly Irish face—eyes as blue as her Wicklow skies, and as sunlit; cheeks like radiant June roses; hair, thick, rich, abundant, of the truest golden-brown, a low brow, and a mouth like a veritable rosebud. A face for an artist, a study for a pre-Raphaelite, standing there, in vivid relief against black sky and dark sea, the brown hair and picturesque red cloak streaming in the rising wind.

The yacht lay a mile away, rising and falling in the long groundswell—the trimmest little craft imaginable—a picture in its way, as well as the girl—all white and green—an emerald banner with the Sunburst of old Ireland (when the fairest isle of all islands had a flag) flapping from its mast-head. In golden letters on the stern, was the name, "Nora Creina."

"The girl looked impatiently at the darkening sky, at the heaving vessel, then glanced behind her with a little, petulant frown. 'How long he is!' she said, tearing up the tall sea-moss by the roots, in girlish impatience. 'They expected Mr. Gerald this evening, but I don't see why that should keep him. Ah!—' She stopped suddenly, her pretty sunburned face brightening; for a boat was lowered from the 'Nora Creina,' and two men rowed rapidly shoreward. 'He will come, then, after all!' she cried in a joyful, breathless sort of way, a rosy flush of intense delight glowing through the golden tan of her fair skin. 'That tall-tale little proconsul! The old, old story, you see, to begin with. The pretty peasant-girl waited there, in the twilight, for the rising of her day-god—the coming of her lover!'

A step came rapidly down the rocky path—a step light and fleet, and a rich, melodious voice rang down the stillness, singing a ringing hunting song. The girl started nervously, reddening to the roots of her fair brown hair; but she turned half away, and drew closer to the tall shelter of the rock. She waited for her darling, but she was too thoroughly a woman to let his mightiness know that.

'A southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaim it a hunting morning!' chanted the full, rich voice; and then the singer came into view, with the light leap of a stag over the bowlders, and stood balancing himself in midair, on the topmost peak of a lofty crag, twenty feet over the water. He was a tall young man—nay, youth—of scarce one-and-twenty, a 'foot-son of Anak,' lithe and long of limb, straight as an arrow, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, golden-haired, and austere. A magnificent young giant—the wildest dare-devil in the three kingdoms, with the face of an Archangel Raphael—a mad-headed, hot-brained, reckless young man, who yet looked at you with eyes as blue, and smiling, and innocent as the eyes of a month-old babe. He was dressed in the colors of his first and only love—the idol of his heart—his graceful 'Nora Creina,' there afloat on the waters—white trousers, green jacket, and with a bold band set jauntily on his handsome golden head. He stood poised on the dizzy peak, looking seaward, with brilliant, cloudless blue eyes.

'There you are, my beauty, my darling!' he cried, apostrophizing the trim little barge. 'And I don't give you a spanking run in the teeth of this gale before morning, I'm not my father's son. We'll make King's Head in four hours, with this stiff breeze. A glorious race before midnight, my darling 'Nora!'

'Oh, my Nora Creina, dear, my charming, bashful Nora Creina! Beauty lies in many eyes. But love in yours, my Nora Creina!'

He sang gaily, his voice floating out on the breeze to the boat, dancing like the cockle-shell it was over the breaker, and answered by the man on board with a hearty Irish cheer. 'Lord Rory!' He had turned to leap down, agile as a cat, never seeing the red cloak and the pretty face so near him, when the girl, starting up, called; and as he turned with a bewildered 'Halloo!' called again. 'Lord Roderick!'

'Fore George, it's Kathleen!' He was beside her with a bound. 'Standing here like a Wicklow fairy, or a banshee, or a goddess of the storm, or anything else you like. Come with me off, Kathleen! How polite of you!'

yacht gazed. There was a moment of inexpressible peril and suspense; then the woman was lifted in the stalwart young arms of Lord Clontarf's son and laid in the bottom of the boat. But that moment was fatal. The white face of the man vanished, as a huge wave dashed him brutally into its depths. Over the wild, madly sea one last agonized cry rang out: 'Oh, God, save me; save my life!' 'Back to the yacht, Fitzgerald—back for our lives!' Lord Roderick shouted. 'The man has perished! Back! Give me the oars!'

The little boat, urged by those strong-skulled rowers, shot back to the 'Nora Creina' as if invisible hands guided it through the tempestuous sea. They reached the yacht, and a great shout of joy and thankfulness rose as the young heroes passed up the rescued woman and came on board. The burning ship blazed steadily to the water's edge, then went headlong down, and an awful blackness reigned. Of all her living crew, only this one woman remained to tell the tale. She lay on the deck where she had placed her, still as one dead. Lord Roderick lifted her in his arms, carried her into the lamplit cabin, and laid her upon a couch.

She was dripping wet, and her hair long as a mermaid's, clung about her. Her eyes were closed; the face was marble white. Cold and still she lay there before him in a dead swoon. And the young Lord Roderick stood above her, a brandy-flask in his hand, gazing down on that white, still face. For, in all the one-and-twenty years of his bright, brief life, Lord Clontarf's only son had never looked on anything half so lovely as this unknown girl he had saved from death. (To be Continued.)

MARIA'S EXPERIMENT

She Tried Matrimony Twice With Sad Results.

Winnipeg, Oct. 26.—Maria Harasym, a comely young Assyrian woman who came here from Fort William some months ago, and later married P. Baerkovski, was arraigned in the police court to-day on a charge of bigamy, preferred against her by Jan Harasym, of Fort William, who asserts that she was married to him legally in 1907. Both husbands were in court to-day and seemed of one mind, to have their mutual wife punished if their concerted efforts could achieve that end.

She, on her part, announced that she would rather go to jail than live with either of them again. Sheupon they left court and await the arrival of the priest from Fort William who performed the first marriage, and will, therefore, be an important witness.

QUEBEC SUNDAY LAW

Hull Magistrate Cannot Find Anything to Prohibit Picture Shows.

Ottawa, Oct. 26.—The Lord's Day Alliance has lost a test case that it brought against A. B. Charron, of Aylmer, Que., for keeping a moving picture show open on Sunday. Magistrate Rainville, of Hull, dismissed the case with costs, declaring that he could not find anything in the statutes which would justify conviction, as a moving picture exhibition could not be classified as a labor, a business or a theatrical performance. An appeal will be taken by the Lord's Day Alliance.

GIRL MISSING.

Flossie Ferguson, Toronto, Disappears From St. Catharines.

St. Catharines, Oct. 26.—Flossie Ferguson, a twelve-year-old Toronto girl, who has been visiting her uncle, J. J. Murray, Niagara Falls, Ontario, is missing since Monday. She came with her uncle's hired man, who had a load of pork to Meyer Bros., packing establishment, and went into the office to warm herself while the pigs were being unloaded. She was not seen afterwards. The hired man told Mr. Murray when he arrived home that he gave Flossie in charge of a lady on the Niagara Falls trolley, who promised to see she got off safely at the Falls.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Toronto, Oct. 27.—The strengthening hold obtained by Sunday school effort upon the attention of the Church was made evident at the sessions of the forty-fourth annual convention of the Ontario Sunday School Association, which opened yesterday in High Park Avenue Methodist Church. Not only was this shown in the splendid mass gathering of women in Victoria Presbyterian Church last night. It was equally manifested in the reports of advance in different lines given by representatives of city, county, district, and township associations in the afternoon session.

CROSSMAN SET FREE.

Friends of St. John Man Affected Settlement at Detroit. Detroit, Oct. 26.—Arthur H. Crossman, the young St. John, N. B. man, who made a sensational attempt to carry off a \$250 diamond from a jewelry store here last Saturday night, and was captured after he had been chased by a mob through the downtown streets, was given his liberty yesterday after his friends had effected his release. With his bride of two weeks Crossman left for the east immediately afterwards.

King as Coin Collector.

Rome, Oct. 26.—The Tribuna announces that King Victor Emmanuel will shortly publish a book on the history of numismatics, written by himself. His Majesty has been a coin collector for years and has already written a treatise on the subject, which was issued for private circulation among his friends. The book, which is richly illustrated, is the result of long study by the monarch.

TO-NIGHT Arcarets

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. Niagara Falls, New York—2.27 a.m., 4.57 a.m., 7.06 a.m., 9.06 a.m., 11.29 a.m., 1.29 p.m., 3.29 p.m., 5.29 p.m., 7.29 p.m., 9.29 p.m., 11.29 p.m. Toronto—1.17 a.m., 3.47 a.m., 6.17 a.m., 8.17 a.m., 10.17 a.m., 12.17 p.m., 2.17 p.m., 4.17 p.m., 6.17 p.m., 8.17 p.m., 10.17 p.m., 12.17 p.m. Hamilton—1.17 a.m., 3.47 a.m., 6.17 a.m., 8.17 a.m., 10.17 a.m., 12.17 p.m., 2.17 p.m., 4.17 p.m., 6.17 p.m., 8.17 p.m., 10.17 p.m., 12.17 p.m.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

7.40 a.m. for Toronto, Lindsay, Boboyak, Towed, Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Sherbrooke, St. John, N.B., Halifax, N.S., also for Alliston, Coldwater and Bain, and all points in the Maritime Provinces and New England States. 1.30 a.m. for Toronto, Tottenham, Weston, Alliston, Coldwater, Bain, the Muskoka Lakes, Parry Sound, Port au Port, Parry Sound and Sudbury. 12.25 p.m. for Toronto, Guelph, Elmira, Milverton and Goderich. 2.15 p.m. for Toronto, Peterborough, Myrtle, Lindsay, Boboyak, Peterboro, Towed, Brantford, Fergus, Elora, Orangeville, West Simcoe, Arthur, Mount Forest, Harrison, Wingham, Coldwater and immediate stations. 6.05 p.m. for Toronto, Peterboro, Ottawa, Myrtle, Quebec, Sherbrooke, Portland and Boston, also for Alliston, Coldwater, Bain, Port Huron, Sudbury, Sault Ste. Marie, Port William, Wingham, Canadian Northwest, Kootenay and British Columbia points. Trains leave Toronto 7.30 a.m. (daily), 9.30 a.m. (daily), 1.15 p.m., 3.45 p.m., 5.29 p.m. (daily), 7.10 p.m., 11.10 p.m.

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STEAMSHIPS

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