

HIS LORDSHIPS ROMANCE

"Are you obliged to go?" she asked, gently, as he for the first time clasped her hands in his own.

"Obliged? Yes," he replied; "urgent affairs call me there. Need I say that I will let them all go—no, I would give my very life itself for one word from you, my beloved. One word from those lips would mean more to me than any other. Tell me, shall I go or stay?"

He drew her to him, and kissed the beautiful, girlish face that dropped upon his shoulder.

"Tell me," he whispered. "Decide for me. Shall I go or stay?"

The breath of the summer wind was not more sweet than the voice that murmured "Stay."

Then he told her how dearly he loved her. Surely never did human lips tell a more passionate or beautiful love story than those of Count Rinaldo—how her face had haunted him in his sleep by night and his thoughts by day; she was always there, dreaming, in his own room, the sound of her voice never left him; how he would be contented to throw away title and position, all his hopes of future fame, and live only in the sunlight of her eyes.

Such a tale, so eloquently told, while the soft, sweet wind wafted to them rich fragrance, and the golden sun seemed to smile upon them, would have moved a far harder heart than that of Inez Lynne. All the poetry and romance of her gifted nature were aroused. Who ever listened to a first love story unwept? Not the beautiful, lovely child who had longed all her life for love. Her heart thrilled with a new and delicious happiness, too vague and dreamy for words. She sat in silence, while he weaved his tale of love and romance, and when he had told it, the dark, love-lit eyes were raised to his face, and a little white hand, resting on his arm, said: "You will love me, despite all, though I may have to conceal our love, and hide it from all human eyes," said the count. "You will be true to me, darling, while I live?"

"I promise," she replied; and in after years the words of that betrothal came back to her with stronger force.

"Give me one more promise, Inez," he continued. "Assure me that you will tell no one this secret of our love."

Without the least hesitation she pledged her word. Torture and death would never tempt her to break it; and so she took her first step in the thorny path she had to tread.

"I shall come earlier to-morrow," said the count, "and stay longer. I have much to say to you, Inez. Think of me, beloved, until we meet again."

There was no need to tell her that. When he had said that, he turned to her since the evening she had seen him first. Now all her dreams were true, her visions were realized; the handsome, the bravest, the noblest of cavaliers, loved her. How true and disinterested he must be, she thought to love a lonely child, whom all the world had forgotten. She did not know the other side of the picture; it never entered her mind that there was anything dishonorable in stealing the heart and love of a trusting, innocent child, in so coloring and distorting plain honest truths and facts, that what was underhand and deceitful appeared simple and honest, and what was wrong seemed right, and even praiseworthy. There are men who can so distort truth—and Count Rinaldo was one of them.

These things never struck Inez. In her passionate love-dream all was beautiful and true; her life had been a dream, and she had dreamed of this, but never hoped to see. He loved her as knights of old loved the ladies who crowned them. What mattered to her now the cold English father who had "given her away," or the stern gloomy guardian who knew and cared so little for the longing of a young girl's heart? She was indifferent to all, now her life was full of a golden light.

"I cannot think what has come over that child," said Madame Monteleone to herself. "She grows more lovely every day. I never saw anything like those eyes. No wonder she is done. She cannot remain married here. I will wait two months longer, and then, if I am no better, I will write to Lord Lynne. These two months spoiled the life of Inez Lynne."

On the morning Count Rinaldo came. He had so much to say. First of all there was a pathetic history to be given of his family, the Montaleis of Venice—how in a political crisis that had happened only twenty years before, when he was a child in his mother's arms, they had lost their whole fortune, and how it was confiscated, and given to one of their most bitter opponents. The blow had killed his father, and his mother had lived until he was twelve years old. Her small income then became his own, and so that he had subsisted, living always in the hope that at some future day his lost possessions would be restored to him. So far, all was true; but here Count Rinaldo diverged from the broad line of truth into a narrow line of fiction.

His friends, he said, were anxious to bring about a marriage between him and the only child and heiress of the man who held his estates, the young and beautiful Veronica di Giotto. Here again truth was interwoven with fiction. Veronica di Giotto really existed; but her father would sooner have seen her dead than married to the son of one whom he considered as a traitor and a rebel. Such a marriage, the count said, would ultimately restore him to his proper position. No doubt of his story crossed the young girl's mind.

"And you," she said, looking at him with her shining, love-lit eyes, "you give all this up for me? How much you must love me!"

He clasped her again to his heart, and told her how much he loved her. Still, she said, looking at him, she would have seen doubt and hesitation in his eyes, indecision in the quivering of his hot, dry lips. He hardly dared to breathe the subject he had intended to decide this evening.

"Better do it," he thought. "While the tale I have told is fresh and vivid—it is my only chance."

"So you will understand, my beloved," he said, "why I beg your silence, at least for the present. I should be both proud and happy to proclaim to all the world that I had won the great treasure of your love. But if it were known just now, it would ruin my cause forever. Those friends who have espoused it would cease to feel any interest in the matter. In another year or two it will not signify. I wish our love to remain a secret; and yet, Inez—my love, my darling—I want you to save me from Veronica di Giotto."

"How can I do that?" she asked, with a smile.

"Mind me fast to yourself," he replied. "When my friends renew the subject, let me have it in my power to say that I am married."

"But that would ruin your prospects," she said sadly.

"Not in that case," he said. "You must understand, they suppose me to be a stranger to their intentions; if they hear of my approaching marriage, they will interfere to prevent it. If they know nothing of it until they open those negotiations with me, they cannot feel either surprise or offense if I tell them I am married; they will think of some other way to serve me."

He saw no smile on that beautiful young face; it wore a bewildered expression.

"I cannot quite understand you, Count Rinaldo," she said. "You wish our love to be a secret, yet you wish to be married. How can you manage both?"

His answer, whispered in a low, tender voice, brought a bright crimson to her face, and for some moments she made no reply.

CHAPTER IX.

In some parts of his story, Count Rinaldo had adhered strictly to the truth. The Montaleis were an honorable and noble old Venetian family, and time had been when their name was of fragrance, and the golden sun seemed to smile upon them, would have moved a far harder heart than that of Inez Lynne. All the poetry and romance of her gifted nature were aroused. Who ever listened to a first love story unwept? Not the beautiful, lovely child who had longed all her life for love. Her heart thrilled with a new and delicious happiness, too vague and dreamy for words. She sat in silence, while he weaved his tale of love and romance, and when he had told it, the dark, love-lit eyes were raised to his face, and a little white hand, resting on his arm, said: "You will love me, despite all, though I may have to conceal our love, and hide it from all human eyes," said the count. "You will be true to me, darling, while I live?"

Such a tale, so eloquently told, while the soft, sweet wind wafted to them rich fragrance, and the golden sun seemed to smile upon them, would have moved a far harder heart than that of Inez Lynne. All the poetry and romance of her gifted nature were aroused. Who ever listened to a first love story unwept? Not the beautiful, lovely child who had longed all her life for love. Her heart thrilled with a new and delicious happiness, too vague and dreamy for words. She sat in silence, while he weaved his tale of love and romance, and when he had told it, the dark, love-lit eyes were raised to his face, and a little white hand, resting on his arm, said: "You will love me, despite all, though I may have to conceal our love, and hide it from all human eyes," said the count. "You will be true to me, darling, while I live?"

Without the least hesitation she pledged her word. Torture and death would never tempt her to break it; and so she took her first step in the thorny path she had to tread.

"I shall come earlier to-morrow," said the count, "and stay longer. I have much to say to you, Inez. Think of me, beloved, until we meet again."

There was no need to tell her that. When he had said that, he turned to her since the evening she had seen him first. Now all her dreams were true, her visions were realized; the handsome, the bravest, the noblest of cavaliers, loved her. How true and disinterested he must be, she thought to love a lonely child, whom all the world had forgotten. She did not know the other side of the picture; it never entered her mind that there was anything dishonorable in stealing the heart and love of a trusting, innocent child, in so coloring and distorting plain honest truths and facts, that what was underhand and deceitful appeared simple and honest, and what was wrong seemed right, and even praiseworthy. There are men who can so distort truth—and Count Rinaldo was one of them.

These things never struck Inez. In her passionate love-dream all was beautiful and true; her life had been a dream, and she had dreamed of this, but never hoped to see. He loved her as knights of old loved the ladies who crowned them. What mattered to her now the cold English father who had "given her away," or the stern gloomy guardian who knew and cared so little for the longing of a young girl's heart? She was indifferent to all, now her life was full of a golden light.

"I cannot think what has come over that child," said Madame Monteleone to herself. "She grows more lovely every day. I never saw anything like those eyes. No wonder she is done. She cannot remain married here. I will wait two months longer, and then, if I am no better, I will write to Lord Lynne. These two months spoiled the life of Inez Lynne."

On the morning Count Rinaldo came. He had so much to say. First of all there was a pathetic history to be given of his family, the Montaleis of Venice—how in a political crisis that had happened only twenty years before, when he was a child in his mother's arms, they had lost their whole fortune, and how it was confiscated, and given to one of their most bitter opponents. The blow had killed his father, and his mother had lived until he was twelve years old. Her small income then became his own, and so that he had subsisted, living always in the hope that at some future day his lost possessions would be restored to him. So far, all was true; but here Count Rinaldo diverged from the broad line of truth into a narrow line of fiction.

His friends, he said, were anxious to bring about a marriage between him and the only child and heiress of the man who held his estates, the young and beautiful Veronica di Giotto. Here again truth was interwoven with fiction. Veronica di Giotto really existed; but her father would sooner have seen her dead than married to the son of one whom he considered as a traitor and a rebel. Such a marriage, the count said, would ultimately restore him to his proper position. No doubt of his story crossed the young girl's mind.

"And you," she said, looking at him with her shining, love-lit eyes, "you give all this up for me? How much you must love me!"

He clasped her again to his heart, and told her how much he loved her. Still, she said, looking at him, she would have seen doubt and hesitation in his eyes, indecision in the quivering of his hot, dry lips. He hardly dared to breathe the subject he had intended to decide this evening.

"Better do it," he thought. "While the tale I have told is fresh and vivid—it is my only chance."

"So you will understand, my beloved," he said, "why I beg your silence, at least for the present. I should be both proud and happy to proclaim to all the world that I had won the great treasure of your love. But if it were known just now, it would ruin my cause forever. Those friends who have espoused it would cease to feel any interest in the matter. In another year or two it will not signify. I wish our love to remain a secret; and yet, Inez—my love, my darling—I want you to save me from Veronica di Giotto."

"How can I do that?" she asked, with a smile.

Without the least hesitation she pledged her word. Torture and death would never tempt her to break it; and so she took her first step in the thorny path she had to tread.

"I shall come earlier to-morrow," said the count, "and stay longer. I have much to say to you, Inez. Think of me, beloved, until we meet again."

There was no need to tell her that. When he had said that, he turned to her since the evening she had seen him first. Now all her dreams were true, her visions were realized; the handsome, the bravest, the noblest of cavaliers, loved her. How true and disinterested he must be, she thought to love a lonely child, whom all the world had forgotten. She did not know the other side of the picture; it never entered her mind that there was anything dishonorable in stealing the heart and love of a trusting, innocent child, in so coloring and distorting plain honest truths and facts, that what was underhand and deceitful appeared simple and honest, and what was wrong seemed right, and even praiseworthy. There are men who can so distort truth—and Count Rinaldo was one of them.

These things never struck Inez. In her passionate love-dream all was beautiful and true; her life had been a dream, and she had dreamed of this, but never hoped to see. He loved her as knights of old loved the ladies who crowned them. What mattered to her now the cold English father who had "given her away," or the stern gloomy guardian who knew and cared so little for the longing of a young girl's heart? She was indifferent to all, now her life was full of a golden light.

"I cannot think what has come over that child," said Madame Monteleone to herself. "She grows more lovely every day. I never saw anything like those eyes. No wonder she is done. She cannot remain married here. I will wait two months longer, and then, if I am no better, I will write to Lord Lynne. These two months spoiled the life of Inez Lynne."

cup of happiness. Day by day she grew fonder of the handsome, kindly man, whose every word seemed like a caress. Only once did she ever ask of the future, and then he told her that, when all need for secrecy was ended, he should go to Madame Monteleone, and claim his bride. It was easy for the skillful, accomplished man of the world to deceive that innocent child, and make everything plausible to her.

Never in his life was the Count Rinaldo constant to any one so long as to his wife. Had she been rich, he would perhaps never have tired of her. As it was, when the first wild infatuation began to wear off, and the future looked him in the face, he said to himself that he had done a rash and foolish deed; yet he was never anything but kind and gentle to her; he never relaxed his visits, or spoke less tenderly to her.

But difficulties began to press upon him. In his first eager pursuit of Donna Maria he had involved himself largely in debt. While all his thoughts and energies were with her, they could feel either surprise or offense if I tell them I am married; they will think of some other way to serve me."

At his mother's death the count came into possession of her small fortune, and on that he managed to gain the reputation of a gay and gallant man of the world. He had talents of a certain kind. He had no inclination whatsoever for work of any kind. He played well at cards, and managed every year to make a pleasing addition to his narrow income. To sum up the count in one word, he was a fortune-hunter. He did not intend to make money either by the labor of his hands or by that of his brain. He had a handsome face, a gay and gallant manner, a dignified bearing, and a musical voice. On these advantages he intended to make the most. There were wealthy heiresses in the world, and he intended to woo and win one.

Yet the count had not been very successful in his love adventures so far. He had been rejected by a rich heiress of American birth. He had felt secure of her, and had already borrowed money on the strength of his prospects when the lady suddenly gave the preference to a poor English captain, and they were married at Rome. In short, the count had not been very successful in his love adventures so far.

CHAPTER IX.

In some parts of his story, Count Rinaldo had adhered strictly to the truth. The Montaleis were an honorable and noble old Venetian family, and time had been when their name was of fragrance, and the golden sun seemed to smile upon them, would have moved a far harder heart than that of Inez Lynne. All the poetry and romance of her gifted nature were aroused. Who ever listened to a first love story unwept? Not the beautiful, lovely child who had longed all her life for love. Her heart thrilled with a new and delicious happiness, too vague and dreamy for words. She sat in silence, while he weaved his tale of love and romance, and when he had told it, the dark, love-lit eyes were raised to his face, and a little white hand, resting on his arm, said: "You will love me, despite all, though I may have to conceal our love, and hide it from all human eyes," said the count. "You will be true to me, darling, while I live?"

Without the least hesitation she pledged her word. Torture and death would never tempt her to break it; and so she took her first step in the thorny path she had to tread.

"I shall come earlier to-morrow," said the count, "and stay longer. I have much to say to you, Inez. Think of me, beloved, until we meet again."

There was no need to tell her that. When he had said that, he turned to her since the evening she had seen him first. Now all her dreams were true, her visions were realized; the handsome, the bravest, the noblest of cavaliers, loved her. How true and disinterested he must be, she thought to love a lonely child, whom all the world had forgotten. She did not know the other side of the picture; it never entered her mind that there was anything dishonorable in stealing the heart and love of a trusting, innocent child, in so coloring and distorting plain honest truths and facts, that what was underhand and deceitful appeared simple and honest, and what was wrong seemed right, and even praiseworthy. There are men who can so distort truth—and Count Rinaldo was one of them.

These things never struck Inez. In her passionate love-dream all was beautiful and true; her life had been a dream, and she had dreamed of this, but never hoped to see. He loved her as knights of old loved the ladies who crowned them. What mattered to her now the cold English father who had "given her away," or the stern gloomy guardian who knew and cared so little for the longing of a young girl's heart? She was indifferent to all, now her life was full of a golden light.

"I cannot think what has come over that child," said Madame Monteleone to herself. "She grows more lovely every day. I never saw anything like those eyes. No wonder she is done. She cannot remain married here. I will wait two months longer, and then, if I am no better, I will write to Lord Lynne. These two months spoiled the life of Inez Lynne."

On the morning Count Rinaldo came. He had so much to say. First of all there was a pathetic history to be given of his family, the Montaleis of Venice—how in a political crisis that had happened only twenty years before, when he was a child in his mother's arms, they had lost their whole fortune, and how it was confiscated, and given to one of their most bitter opponents. The blow had killed his father, and his mother had lived until he was twelve years old. Her small income then became his own, and so that he had subsisted, living always in the hope that at some future day his lost possessions would be restored to him. So far, all was true; but here Count Rinaldo diverged from the broad line of truth into a narrow line of fiction.

His friends, he said, were anxious to bring about a marriage between him and the only child and heiress of the man who held his estates, the young and beautiful Veronica di Giotto. Here again truth was interwoven with fiction. Veronica di Giotto really existed; but her father would sooner have seen her dead than married to the son of one whom he considered as a traitor and a rebel. Such a marriage, the count said, would ultimately restore him to his proper position. No doubt of his story crossed the young girl's mind.

"And you," she said, looking at him with her shining, love-lit eyes, "you give all this up for me? How much you must love me!"

He clasped her again to his heart, and told her how much he loved her. Still, she said, looking at him, she would have seen doubt and hesitation in his eyes, indecision in the quivering of his hot, dry lips. He hardly dared to breathe the subject he had intended to decide this evening.

"Better do it," he thought. "While the tale I have told is fresh and vivid—it is my only chance."

"So you will understand, my beloved," he said, "why I beg your silence, at least for the present. I should be both proud and happy to proclaim to all the world that I had won the great treasure of your love. But if it were known just now, it would ruin my cause forever. Those friends who have espoused it would cease to feel any interest in the matter. In another year or two it will not signify. I wish our love to remain a secret; and yet, Inez—my love, my darling—I want you to save me from Veronica di Giotto."

"How can I do that?" she asked, with a smile.

Without the least hesitation she pledged her word. Torture and death would never tempt her to break it; and so she took her first step in the thorny path she had to tread.

"I shall come earlier to-morrow," said the count, "and stay longer. I have much to say to you, Inez. Think of me, beloved, until we meet again."

There was no need to tell her that. When he had said that, he turned to her since the evening she had seen him first. Now all her dreams were true, her visions were realized; the handsome, the bravest, the noblest of cavaliers, loved her. How true and disinterested he must be, she thought to love a lonely child, whom all the world had forgotten. She did not know the other side of the picture; it never entered her mind that there was anything dishonorable in stealing the heart and love of a trusting, innocent child, in so coloring and distorting plain honest truths and facts, that what was underhand and deceitful appeared simple and honest, and what was wrong seemed right, and even praiseworthy. There are men who can so distort truth—and Count Rinaldo was one of them.

These things never struck Inez. In her passionate love-dream all was beautiful and true; her life had been a dream, and she had dreamed of this, but never hoped to see. He loved her as knights of old loved the ladies who crowned them. What mattered to her now the cold English father who had "given her away," or the stern gloomy guardian who knew and cared so little for the longing of a young girl's heart? She was indifferent to all, now her life was full of a golden light.

"I cannot think what has come over that child," said Madame Monteleone to herself. "She grows more lovely every day. I never saw anything like those eyes. No wonder she is done. She cannot remain married here. I will wait two months longer, and then, if I am no better, I will write to Lord Lynne. These two months spoiled the life of Inez Lynne."

On the morning Count Rinaldo came. He had so much to say. First of all there was a pathetic history to be given of his family, the Montaleis of Venice—how in a political crisis that had happened only twenty years before, when he was a child in his mother's arms, they had lost their whole fortune, and how it was confiscated, and given to one of their most bitter opponents. The blow had killed his father, and his mother had lived until he was twelve years old. Her small income then became his own, and so that he had subsisted, living always in the hope that at some future day his lost possessions would be restored to him. So far, all was true; but here Count Rinaldo diverged from the broad line of truth into a narrow line of fiction.

AT R. MCKAY & CO'S, TUESDAY, DEC. 31st, 1907

A Regular Carnival of Under-values For the Last Business Day of the Year

Now let us close the year with a splendid rush of business—a year that has simply been phenomenal in the history of this store—a year that will be placed upon the records of this store as the largest and most satisfactory in every way. But we are not going to stand still. We will keep right on setting the pace towards greater accomplishments—toward a greater store for the people—a store that we feel safe in saying all Hamilton is justly proud of—a store that you feel at home in just as soon as you enter the front doors, and we make you feel at home—YOUR STORE—THE STORE FOR THE PEOPLE, and the store that stands alone in the matter of large assortments and honest values. Our arrangements are almost complete for the coming year of 1908, and you can look to this store for still greater accomplishments for the coming year. With our splendid store system and our grand purchasing reputation we enjoy places us in touch with the markets both at home and abroad, and you can depend upon it just so soon as a new thing appears on the market, this store is the first store in Hamilton to place it before you. That is one of the great secrets of our greatest success.

READ THESE LAST DAY SPECIALS

A Clean Sweep in the China Section

We have decided upon a clean sweep in this section. Have you seen our pretty China? Of course you have. Everybody says it is the loveliest China ever offered to the shopping public. Every piece will go on sale to-morrow at one-third off the regular selling price, and we say to you by all means don't miss this sale. We only carry China for the holiday season. That accounts for this big sale. Every piece and set must be cleared. Come in to-morrow and see the reductions.

Tuesday We Place On Sale a Beautiful Collection of Women's Suits and Coats

\$15.00 Coats \$5.98	\$25.00 Coats \$12.50
-----------------------------	------------------------------

Handsome Imported Tweed Coats in light and dark tints, handsome-ly strapped and trimmed; 3/4 and 3/8 length. Ripple box coat; right up to the minute in style. These coats are worth \$15.00. Tuesday's price **\$5.98**

A handsome assortment of Black Chiffon Broadcloth and Kersey Coats in very fine quality. These coats are beautifully tailored, and represent the season's best styles. They are 48 and 50 inches long, and are positively worth \$25.00. On sale Tuesday at **\$12.50**

\$25.00 Tailor-Made Shirts \$15.00

In a good assortment of colors, including all the new and up-to-date colors, also pretty stripe effects. Prince Chap and tight-fitting styles; and three-quarter lengths. Shirts are beautifully made and all best styles. **THEY ARE WORTH \$25.00, CLEARING AT \$15.00**

Fur Department

\$50.00 Mink Stoles \$37.50	\$25.00 Fur-lined Coats \$35.00
\$55.00 Mink Muff \$32.50	\$30.00 Astrachan Coats \$25.00
\$30.00 Persian Lamb Muff \$22.50	\$37.50 Near Seal Coats \$30.00
\$135.00 Persian Lamb and Mink Coat \$95.00	\$175.00 Persian Lamb Coats \$75.00

Tremendous Reductions in Up-to-Date Tweed Suitings

Regular \$1 and \$1.25 on Sale To-morrow at 47c

To-morrow we will start a grand clearing sale of Tweed Suitings in all this season's latest designs, in stripes, checks, and plaid effects. This is positively the biggest bargain ever offered in the Dress Goods section. Real values \$1.00 and \$1.25, on sale to-morrow at less than half price **47c**

Begin the New Year By Saving Your Money

You cannot save all your money, but here is an opportunity to save half the price on your lace curtains:

250 pairs of Lace Curtains, being the number of fine English Curtains which we are offering at half price, should prove of great interest to every housekeeper. This is a straight saving of \$1.50 while they last. These Curtains are full size, 32 inches wide by 3 1/2 yards long, white, cream or ecru shade, regular selling price \$3.00, special **\$1.50**

Cable Net Lace Curtains

3 yards or 3 1/2 yards long, regular width, dainty patterns, with plain centres, white or ivory shade, regular selling price \$2.75, special **\$1.38**

We make a specialty of Shades to order, any color or size. Be sure to get our prices.

R. MCKAY & CO.

The Paper on Which "The Times" is Printed is Made by the

Riordon Paper Mills Limited

at Merritton, Near St. Catharines

THEY ALSO MAKE BUILDING PAPER AND ARE THE LARGEST MAKERS OF SULPHITE PULP IN CANADA

After the 1st of May our head office will be moved from Merritton to the Fisher Building, Victoria Square, Montreal.

ARRESTED FOR MURDER.

Alleged Slayer of Manitoba Man Held in North Dakota.

Neche, N. D., Dec. 29.—James O'Brien, son of the Deputy American Collector of Customs, was arrested last night for murdering Fred Leclair, whose body was found at Gretna, Manitoba, the head having been split open with an axe. The arrest came suddenly upon the discovery of bloody clothes said to have been worn by O'Brien when he committed the crime. Two hundred dollars were taken from the corpse. It is believed a woman was the cause of the murder. O'Brien was taken to Pembina, bail being refused.

BURIED UNDER WOODPILE.

Terrible Experience of Elderly Man at Ailsa Craig.

Ailsa Craig, Dec. 29.—After being buried 36 hours in a woodpile in the woods of his home, Robert Gray, an elderly retired farmer, was discovered at 6 o'clock Christmas night by neighbors, and is now in a critical condition from exhaustion.

The loud moaning of a cow on the premises attracted attention and an investigation followed, resulting in the finding of the unfortunate man.

Mrs. Gray was spending Christmas away from home.

LAMENTS IN LIEU OF CASH.

Distress in the Poorer Parts of Ireland Made Keener.

Dublin, Dec. 29.—The distress in the poorer parts of Ireland has been made keener by the financial stress in the United States. It has been customary for the Irish in America to forward monetary help to those at home, but this year the letters from America, instead of money drafts, contain laments as to the state of things commercial, and regrets that the usual help is impossible.

EPIDEMIC IN PITTSBURG.

Thousands Suffering From Pneumonia, Grip and Typhoid Fever.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 28.—What is said to be the worst epidemic of sickness since 1889 is being experienced in Pittsburg, and physicians estimate that thousands of persons are prostrated by pneumonia, typhoid fever, and especially the grip. Throughout the city probably every house is affected in some manner, and a scarcity of employees in the large office buildings is seriously felt. The Pittsburg Railroad Company is having difficulty in manning its cars on account of conductors and motormen being laid up with the grip.

Death of Mrs. Maybury.

Ottawa, Dec. 29.—The death occurred here to-day of Mrs. Maybury, wife of Dr. Maybury and secretary of the Ottawa Ladies' Golf Club. Mrs. Maybury, on account of her connection with golf, was well known all over Canada. She was a daughter of Dr. Graham, of Hull, and was married only a year ago.

BLANCHARD & SON, General Directors

57 King Street West

Established 1842. Private Mortuary. BRANCHES—445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 86