

## A GIRL IN A THOUSAND

He knew his chances were worthless. The girl's blushes at the sudden appearance of Rex on the scene had given the whole thing away to the Englishman, and while bitterly disappointed at losing the prize, he was grimly determined it should not fall into the hands of the Austrian, whose unsavoury reputation was quite familiar to him, if he could help it.

To his surprise, he found that Rex was already familiar with the intelligence he sought to impart, and that he felt only contempt toward the dashing man from the Danube.

"Of course, I knew you wouldn't be afraid of him in an open affair," said Tremaine, "but I'm well acquainted with his style of doing things, and I imagine he wouldn't stop at anything in order to accomplish his end."

Whereupon Rex felt it incumbent to narrate the miserable fiasco which had resulted from a brilliant scheme. This same Rudolf had sprung in London, whereby he hoped to profit as a modern knight, but, owing to the stupidity of his driver, came upon the scene after another had rescued the beautiful maiden.

Tremaine was compelled to laugh, it struck him as so very comical. Of course, this conversation took place in subdued tones, and the rattling of the train effectively prevented those at the other end of the compartment from catching a syllable of what was said.

Nevertheless, it appeared that some inward monitor, ordinarily yeelped conscience, must have given the unhappy Austrian somewhat of an inkling regarding the subject of their subdued movement, for he often looked over that way and frowned like a pirate of Blackbeard's time.

Rex was quite conscious of the fact that Miss Madge's drowsiness had long passed off, and that her half-veiled eyes watched Tremaine and himself with something of girlish humor, as though she understood, and was quite content to recline there, taking little peeps at these two gallant gentlemen, who vied with each other in her service.

The afternoon slipped away. They were approaching the resort where the ladies anticipated stopping a short time en route to far-famed Venice on the line Adriatic—the peaks of the Jura Mountains were but a memory in the distance, and their course now led them over fertile plains, and anon among craggy hills.

Everywhere the scenery was superb, whether it consisted of thrifty farms, roaring streams, that ran, howling through deep defiles, or of picturesque little Swiss chalets, that clung tenaciously to the steep sides of the elevations.

Perhaps Miss Chester appreciated its grandeur, for surely it was quite lost upon those others who were playing the game of cross-purposes. In imagination, Rex pictured himself gliding over the divine waters of old Venice, in company with Madge Moore, the full moon gliding canal and palaces, and gondola with a silvery sheen, the sweet tinkle of an Italian lover's guitar breathing softest music on the perfumed air; surely Venice, above all places, is the ideal spot on all the earth's romance and courtship—the very air seems to hold a spell that steals over the senses and arouses the holiest yearnings of the human heart.

And so Rex anticipated and dreamed of the hour when he might tell this sweet maid the olden story that is ever young, at the same time confessing the little deceit with regard to his identity, and that he was in actual truth the cousin whom Miss Chester desired to marry in order to inherit Uncle William's legacy of half a million.

Soon they would be at Lucerne, and in the break of day their eyes would behold from pension window the blue painted lake that lapped the shore, and the picturesque houses dotting the landscape.

Rex had been there before and knew it all by heart; still, he believed this look among the Swiss mountains would have an added beauty in his eyes since Miss Madge had deigned to bestow her presence there.

It was all a very delightful dream—the only discordant element was Count Rudolf, who was in a most unhappy mood, and did not care who knew it. Madge addressed a portion of her remarks to him, but while he answered civilly enough, he refused to be drawn into the general conversation.

Darkness had come. Rex was a little skeptical about the speed made by this express train. It seemed as though they fairly crawled up steep inclines, though rushing the down grades fairly well; in due course of time they would doubtless arrive at their destination, not that he was at all anxious for this agreeable experience to reach a conclusion, only that Madge gave evidences of weariness.

And then the unexpected happened, as it often does. With the night had come heavy clouds, as though a storm was in prospect. At this late stage, with the frosts of fall upon the face of vegetation in many places, it was most unusual for a storm to sweep over this high altitude, but, evidently, this must have been delayed from appearing in the regular season, when tourists filled the mountain hotels and pensions.

At any rate, it swooped down with a vim that was surprising, and the thunder made so deafening a noise amid the surrounding hills that Miss Chester clapped her hands to her ears and emitted little feminine shrieks of terror. Madge gave gasp, but she handled the lightning unusually well whenever the lightning flashed; it may have been the result of the electricity, but really the awful din was quite enough to shake the stoutest feminine nerves.

Somewhat he felt as though he would give a great deal for the privilege of reassuring her, of shielding her when danger menaced; but in the case of the storm this was impossible. "An hour, perhaps, and we will be there," shouted Tremaine, in answer to a question from Miss Madge as to their probable arrival.

She sank back, possibly with a sigh, and covered her face with her hands, as though to shut out the awful glare that wrapped the whole valley in its embrace with each electric bolt shot down from above.

ling impact, a fearful crash, a confusion of sounds, such as even an inspired pen could never portray, and as the car reared up and toppled over, as though fate had determined to bring affairs to a climax, Rex found the charming figure of Miss Madge tossed into his very arms.

CHAPTER XXXIV. Under more favorable conditions, Rex would have deemed it a most delightful experience to thus take the lovely girl from New York in his arms, but in the midst of a train wreck, with the car they occupied turning over and over down some sort of embankment, it was quite another matter.

Besides, our young bachelor friend was not accustomed to having the ladies throw themselves at him; such bombardment might be more in the line of Count Rudolf, who had long enjoyed the reputation of a heart-smasher. Nevertheless, he unconsciously held fast to what the fates had given him, perhaps under the impression that he might be able, in his feeble way, to ward off some of the threatening ills that seemed to overwhelm them.

It was a dreadful moment—the coach made some sickening plunges, during which those in the compartment that had been under no special supervision were tumbled about in a most demoralizing and reckless manner.

Seconds appear as centuries at such a dreadful time; but at last, to the intense relief of Rex, whose heart seemed nearly in his throat, remembering some of the awful situations they had rushed by when crossing that spur of the Alps lying between France and Switzerland, the sickening motion ceased, and he knew they had reached bottom, wherever that might be.

Here was an occasion for him to show what he was made of, to render assistance to those who might have suffered far worse. Confusion could hardly describe the scene at this time—it was bedlam broke loose.

Men shouted, women screamed, and the thunder rolled, so that taken all in all, seldom had a more remarkable phantasmagoria been conjured up in the mind of a sensational reporter than this smash-up on the train for Lucerne.

Miss Chester's treble notes rose gloriously to the occasion—Rex could have choked her with a good will, knowing she could not be hurt beyond a few trivial bruises, for they had come off remarkably well in their middle compartment; he feared, from the groans and shrieks of pain without, that others had been less fortunate.

"Tell me, are you hurt?" he asked, bending his head until his lips were close to the curly head that reposed within his arms, and he made out to hear the negative answer she gave. Strange to say, he forgot to release her.

"We must get out of this," he shouted. "Yes, yes, follow me!" roared Tremaine, who, not having any lady to look after, was able to act the part of leader and courier.

Already he had started to kick out the remnant of a door—broken glass lay around, and had given them a few cuts, but these, fortunately, were of a trivial nature.

Under such vigorous treatment an opening was forced, through which Tremaine crawled. To him Rex passed up the young girl, but apparently Miss Madge was not of a mind to be handed about like a piece of baggage for she insisted upon standing as soon as released.

"Help, auntie!" she cried, and Rex was not only surprised, but pleased to find that even under such fearful conditions she retained her presence of mind, as though she were indeed a girl in a thousand, the one altogether lovely.

They managed to get the hysterical old maid out of the opening, and the count made ludicrous haste to follow suit, since he had no heart for such scenes of disaster.

When Rex gained terra firma he found that it was a serious piece of business indeed, for the cries of the wounded were heard on all sides, and when the lightning flashed, it showed what a terrific smash had occurred.

At one time Rex had studied for a doctor, and his professional zeal was stirred by these cries. "You will excuse me temporarily, won't you?" he called to Miss Madge, whom he had wrapped up in one of the large travelling robes. "I'm something of a physician or surgeon, you see, and there's need for professional help here. Tremaine will stay by you—I'm content to leave you in his charge."

He pressed the hand she laid on his arm. Much as she wanted his help, she remained at her side, she proved the usefulness of her nature.

"Yes, go and help those who have been less fortunate than ourselves," she said. "What this is dreadful! dreadful!" wailed the elder lady, availing like an Eskimo in a heavy travelling robe, which the rain could not easily penetrate; and yet there were sorely wounded, perhaps dying, travellers all around them. Selfishness crept out at such a time—for instance, the dandy Austrian had monopolized another rug, and was making himself as comfortable as the circumstances allowed, while Tremaine stood hunched in the rain, endeavoring to alleviate the discomforts of the ladies, and Rex was darting hither and yon, seeking to save.

Miss Madge had eyes only for the latter, and whenever the lightning flashed she eagerly searched their surroundings for his figure.

Apparently Rex had won his battle, and was on velvet, so to speak, since he had captured the citadel of a woman's heart, long defying the siege laid by such a Count Rudolf.

The young man found much to do. Where no wounds save contusions existed, the passengers were hysterical, and needed to be brought to their senses by a sharp reminder concerning what was at stake. He had already assisted several to see a man stand there and shriek at the top of his voice when he should have been busily engaged dragging some of the less fortunate out from under the splintered carriages farther forward.

for he remembered that dear old Bridgewater had left Paris in the company of this girl and her father. "Where are they—show me, quickly!" he cried.

She ran to the nearest portion of the wreck. It looked serious, indeed; the car had been badly smashed, and while it seemed a miracle that one had come out of the wreckage alive, it would be expecting too much to even hope the others did not lie there under the twisted and torn timbers, seriously maimed or dead.

Horried at the thought, Rex bent down. There was a hole by means of which Nance had crawled from the debris—all beyond was a blackened, distorted waste.

"Bridgewater! Hello, are you there?" he cried, his heart in his throat with suspense. To his intense delight, he caught an answering shout from the tangle before.

"Rex, old boy, I'm here, still alive, but pinned down by some timbers. Get me out, that's a good fellow—deuced unpleasant fix, I assure you. But, tell me, have you seen Nance?"

Rex assured him the girl was safe, and, laying hold on the first man who came along, he impressed him into the service of helping to raise the roof of the car so that Bridgewater might emerge like a rat from a trap.

(To be continued.)

### TIMES PATTERNS.



A GIRL'S DRESS.

No. 3385.—A frock that will look well in silk or cloth, for the young miss. The dress for girls that has a plaited skirt is always jaunty and effective. The model here shown may be trimmed with soutache or fancy braid or bands of self or contrasting material. The front is laid in a box plait over the centre and has square revers trimming pieces that extend to the neck edge. Gibson plaits give breadth to the shoulder. The sleeves are laid in tucks to simulate box-plaits at the wrist. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.

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### TWO THOUSAND ILL.

Entire Population of Pennsylvania Town Suffering.

Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 21.—According to an official estimate made to-day by a chemist representing the State Board of Health and the local health authorities, there are 2,000 persons ill in Bellevue, a suburb of this city.

As a result of drinking raw river water, furnished by a water company, should the estimate be correct, practically the entire population of Bellevue now is suffering from a nauseous illness which may develop into typhoid fever.

Public charges, which have not been denied to the effect that the water company's filter apparatus failed during the latter part of last week, and in an endeavor to maintain the supply of water to their customers the raw river water was pumped through the pipes without warning.

It is believed the present situation is responsible for orders issued this week by the State health authorities to the city of Pittsburg, located above Bellevue, to install immediately a new system of sewage disposal. This will cost Pittsburg between \$15,000 and \$20,000.

CASTORIA The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

MRS. HUBBARD'S TRIAL.

Uno Park Woman Charged With Writing Threatening Letters.

Whitby, Jan. 21.—Mrs. Hubbard, who was arrested at Uno Park, north of Hamilton, by Detective Greer, received a preliminary trial here to-day before Police Magistrate Harper. One or two other witnesses are to be examined in the morning, but the Magistrate says he purposes committing Mrs. Hubbard for trial before the County Judge. Mrs. Hubbard is alleged, in addition to threatening to dynamite Mr. Wakelin, of Cannington, to have also sent similar letters to Mr. Adams, banker, of Port Perry, and other citizens of that town.

Because the word "union" in relation to the wage clause was struck out, the Toronto Board of Education rejected a tender for printing, and gave the contract to a higher tenderer.

Mr. E. K. Stow was honorably acquitted at Toronto on the charge of perjury.

AT R. McKAY & CO'S. SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1909

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## McKAY'S GREAT HALF-YEARLY INVENTORY SALE

Take Advantage of the Savings and Shop Early in the Day

EVERY WOMAN who wants to save should by all means take advantage of these special Saturday Inventory Sale Prices, offering to you the highest quality material at less than manufacturers' prices. Will you be one of the fortunate to-morrow? If so, shop early in the day.

Elastic Belts, Worth Regularly \$1.25, Inventory Sale Price 69c Each. 10 dozen Elastic Belts, in navy, brown, tan and green; nicely studded with steel and finished with very special pretty steel buckles; very special price 69c each.

Plaid Silk Stock Collars, Worth Regularly 69c, Sale Price 25c Each. A rush-out sale of Plaid Silk Stock Collars at mere fraction of real worth. Take advantage of this special Inventory Sale at each

Swiss Embroidered Handkerchiefs at Half Price. On sale to-morrow 500 dozen Swiss Embroidered Handkerchiefs, with plain and scalloped edges. It's just your chance to supply your present and future needs at half regular.

## Challenge Sale of Misses', Girls' and Women's Suits, Coats, and Skirts

The most sensational reduction in the history of the city. It is the most astounding sale in point of low prices that we have ever announced or you have ever heard of.

Children's Ulsters \$1.98. Light and dark colors, pretty patterns, in Tweeds and Cheviots. A good assortment of sizes and styles to select from. Regular \$5.50 and \$6.00 values, on sale Saturday at \$1.98.

Women's Coats \$2.98. 25 only to offer at \$2.98. Makeover selections early. Light and dark colors, 3/4 and 3/2 lengths, in semi box and tight fitting styles. Regular \$9 to \$12, on sale Saturday morning at \$2.98.

Tailor-Made Suits \$4.98. 15 only Tailored Suits, in a nice assortment of shadow checks and stripes, semi fitting Coats. Skirts pleated and gored, made with fold, regular \$15.50, on sale Saturday morning, while they last, at \$4.98.

## Challenge Sale of Furs

The most sensational values ever given by any Hamilton house.

### Fur Coats

\$75.00 Persian Lamb and Mink Coats, former price \$125.00. \$80.00 Military Persian Lamb Coat, former price \$130.00. \$29.50 Fur-lined Coats, former price \$50.00. \$22.50 Astrachan Jackets, former price \$40.00.

## Selling Out the China at Half Regular

Come To-morrow and Secure Your Share of the Bargains. You have never been privileged to buy such pretty China for so little money. Beautiful Hand-painted and Carved China Sets and Pieces from Austria, France, Holland, and clearing at half regular. China, as you know, is not one of our regular lines; purchased specially for the holiday selling; hence the great reduction.

## Beautiful Suitings at Half Price

Are you taking advantage of this splendid Inventory Sale of the season. Newest and exclusive Suit Lengths. Every woman who loves pretty materials should take advantage of this sale. Come to-morrow. No two alike.

## Splendid Inventory News from the Glove Section

French Kid Gloves, Worth Regularly \$1.00 to \$1.50, Sale Price 69c Pair.

To-morrow we will clear out splendid quality Kid Gloves at a ridiculous price. 2 dome fasteners, assorted shades, also black and white.

English Walking Gloves, Worth Regularly \$1.00, for 79c Pair. Tremendous sale of English Walking Gloves, in the new and wanted shades of tan, worth regularly up to \$1.00, sale price 79c pair.

Women's and Misses' All Wool Gloves Reduced. Women's and Misses' Ringwood Gloves, worth regularly 25c, for 19c pair. Women's and Misses' Ringwood Gloves, worth regularly 35c and 45c, for 29c pair. Long Wool Mitts and Gloves, worth regularly 50c each, price 29c and 39c.

## Balance of Ostrich Boas and Stoles

At Half Price To-morrow

To-morrow will be an opportune time to procure an Ostrich Boa or Stole of extra quality at half and less than half price. Black, white and a splendid assortment of evening shades. Some very fine curl. Worth up to \$22.50, at clearing sale price 12.25.

## Big Sale of New White Lawn Waists

\$4.00 Waists for \$2.79. \$2.00 Underskirts for \$1.25. New, Dainty Persian Lawn Waists, made with dainty Swiss all-over embroidery fronts, long directorio sleeves, daintily trimmed with tucks and insertion, pointed cuff, edged with Valenciennes, worth regularly \$4.00, Saturday's sale price \$2.79.

Black, Navy and Brown Taffeta Underskirts, rustle like Heather-bloom, made with deep embroidered flounce, worth regularly \$2.00, Saturday's sale price \$1.25.

## Infants' Department

50c Silk Bonnets for 25c. Infants' White Silk Embroidered Bonnets, trimmed with swansdown and silk ties, worth regularly 50c, Saturday's sale price 25c.

2 dozen only Ladies' White Circular Shawls, worth regularly \$1.25, to clear Saturday for 49c.

## Whitewear Bargains for Saturday

65c Covers for 19c. A few only fine Nainsook Covers (slightly soiled), trimmed with deep lace, yoke, beading and edging at neck and sleeves. Regular 65c, for 19c.

Ladies' Fine Cambric Drawers, umbrella style, with deep full frill, trimmed with tucks, also lace, to clear at 25c.

Because the word "union" in relation to the wage clause was struck out, the Toronto Board of Education rejected a tender for printing, and gave the contract to a higher tenderer.

Mr. E. K. Stow was honorably acquitted at Toronto on the charge of perjury.

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