

AT R. MCKAY & CO'S. MONDAY, NOV. 15, 1909. 100 Women's Tailored Suits AT \$11.98. Of broadcloth and serges, black, navy, grey and brown, in the newest models, perfect fitting, all sizes, actually worth \$25.00; they are truly wonderful values, all kinds of new materials; coats are satin lined; skirts newest American models; these Suits are worth \$25.00, on sale Monday at \$11.98.

Dress Goods Remnants on Sale Monday 25c. 300 Remnants of Dress Goods, Worth Regularly 50c Up to \$1.00 Yard, Clearing Monday at Per Yard 25c. 300 ends of all this season's best selling materials, comprising broadcloths, Venetians, serges, Panamas, cashmeres, crepe de chine, delaines, etc., in lengths from 1 1/2 yds. up to 5 yds., goes in a big clean up sale Monday. This is a grand opportunity to secure children's dresses, coat lengths, blouse lengths, skirt lengths for the winter wearing at a mere fraction of real worth, sharp at 8.30 Monday morning, on sale 300 lengths; be an early bird for first choice, at per yard 25c.

Full Yard Wide Black Taffeta Silk 97c Regular \$1.50 Yard. 600 yards of lovely Black Taffeta, suitable for suits, skirts, etc. A French dyed silk in soft or hard finish. This silk is positively sound and wear assured, full 36 inches wide, regular \$1.50 lines, on sale Monday, 97c.

Quick Selling Prices For Monday. Handsome Velvet Rugs, size 3 x 4 yards, extraordinary value, suitable for parlors, worth \$22.00, Quick Selling Price \$16.00. Art Squares, size 3 x 2 1/2 yards, reversible, seamless, splendid patterns, worth \$4.25, Quick Selling Price \$3.25. Velvet Room Rugs, size 3 1/2 x 4 yds., elegant patterns, suitable for parlors or dining rooms, wonderful bargains, worth \$25.00, Quick Selling Price \$18.50. Art Squares, size 3 x 3 1/2 yards, reversible, seamless, excellent patterns, a great bargain, worth \$6.00, Quick Selling Price \$4.75. Axminster Rugs, size 3 x 4 yards, seamless, high grade quality, handsome patterns, extraordinary value, worth \$35.00, Quick Selling Price \$27.50. Art Squares, size 3 x 3 yards, high grade quality, suitable for bedrooms, extraordinary value, worth \$7.50, Quick Selling Price \$6.00. Axminster Rugs, size 3 x 4 yards, seamless, high grade quality, handsome patterns, extraordinary value, worth \$35.00, Quick Selling Price \$27.50. Art Squares, size 3 x 3 yards, rich colorings, a great snap, worth \$9.00, Quick Selling Price \$6.00.

R. MCKAY & CO.

A Spanish Beauty

Trévanance thought involuntarily, of Queen Guinevere and the laureate's lines: "She looked so lovely as she swayed The rein with dainty finger-tips, A man had given all other bliss, And all his worldly worth for this, To waste his whole heart, in one kiss Upon her perfect lips." "Honor thy father, that the days may be long in the land," thought Trévanance, gazing on that exquisite face. "It would be a pity to disappoint the two governors, since they have set their hearts on the match; a greater pity to give all this perfect beauty to that dull, Amethyst, My peerless Rose of Castile, do you dream, I wonder, that your future husband rides by your side?" And while the cavalier and his lovely lady galloped gaily away toward the setting sun, the beggar in the inky cloak reared himself upright and watched them out of sight with vengeful, tigerish eyes. For twenty years he has prospered. An earl's coronet, ill-gotten, has graced his head; the woman he loved has been his own; wealth and honor and greatness among men, all are his. For twenty years I have been an outcast and a felon, on ill and poor, despised and forgotten, and his daughter flings me alms as she would meat to a dog! Well, it is my turn now, and I'll tear the coronet from his head, the honor from his name, the wife from his bosom! I'll throw that beautiful, haughty head of yours, my lovely Evelyn, to the dust; Roderick Desmond, his bloody grave, shall be avenged at last!

CHAPTER IV. She lay on a low couch before the fire—Inez, Countess of Clontarf. A confirmed invalid, she was always chilly. Accustomed to the tropic heat of her own lovely sunlit land, England, with its cold rains, its westerly winds and damp sea fogs, was only rendered endurable, even in its warmest summer months, by a glowing fire. She lay back amid the silken, rose-lined pillows of her lounge, watching the red glow of the embers, while the gleam of the wax-lights shone down on her pale, dark, delicate beauty—in the velvet depths of the solemn, shining eyes—on the chiseled, beautiful lips, compressed in a hard, thin line of pain. She looked like some frail wren japonica—lovely and fragile, pale as a snow-flake, and with deep lines of suffering and endurance marking the low brow and delicate mouth. Beautiful she must be, even in decay; but it was a worn and weary beauty now, and the rare smile that came and went so swiftly was cold as moonshine on snow. The dainty little bouidoir was all that heart could desire, or wealth procure, or refined taste suggest. Its rose hangings gave a delicate tinge to the velvet and mollieness. Its silver swinging chandeliers; its inlaid toilet tables, draped in lace; its lofty mirrors, framed in Dresden; its gilded vases, filled with rarest flowers; its crystal carafes of perfume; its wondrous beauties, smiling down from the rose-tinted walls; its exquisite furniture, gleaming in the silver light—all were perfect of their kind, and fitted up a chamber for a queen. Lady Clontarf, wrapped in a gold-tinted negligee of softest Indian texture, her long, shining hair unbound, lay and gazed with dark, brooding eyes into the crimson heart of the fire. Outside the rain beat and the wind blew, the tossing trees in the park moaned wearily, and the solemn voice of the mighty, ceaseless sea came borne to her fitfully in the hull of the gale. The last day of September was ending in a wild night. The great house was still. Its inmates had gone to their rooms to dress for dinner. The little silver-voiced oronicle, above her head pointed its golden hands to eight as she glanced up. "She surely must have returned long ago!" she thought, a little uneasily. "Strange she did not come to see me at once!" As the thought crossed her mind, there came a soft tap on the panel, followed by a sweet, young voice. "It is I, mamma. May I come in?" "Come in, my darling," Lady Clontarf answered. "I have been waiting for you."

As the door opened, and her daughter, the Lady Evelyn, stepped before her. In her dinner dress of white silk and gold lace, a coronal of scarlet cushions crowning the rich abundance of blue-black hair, the lofty grace of the regal form, the brilliant light in the violet eyes—ah, not one of the headed beauties, leaning down from the draped walls, was one whit lovelier than the Rose of Castile. "My Evelyn!" her mother murmured, fondly. "I have feared for you, my darling. They told me you had missed your way and got lost." "Foolish mamma!" the radiant beauty bent to kiss the pale, sweet face so close to her own. "They should not have told you. I did lose my way—was attacked by a brigand—saved by a valiant cavalier—overtaken by a violent storm—sheltered in a gypsy camp, and told my fortune by a handsome zithar. Altogether an adventure, dearest mother, was it not?" She laughed softly, and stood up against the white marble of the chimney piece, the mellow glow of the wax lights streaming down on the scarlet coronal and rich floating lace—a picture to haunt an artist to his grave. "Attacked by a brigand, my dearest Evelyn!" her mother cried. "Romantic, mamma, but quite true. Perhaps he was a beggar, not a brigand; but it comes to the same thing, since he seized my horse and demanded money. As I had no money, he demanded my watch and jewels, and would have had them, too, without doubt, only on the instant up rode my cavalier to the rescue, not a moment later. "Your cavalier!" the one of the gentlemen in the house, of course?" "Not at all—a stranger. That is to say—I dare say you remember him—Mr. Vivian Trévanance."

"Ah!" The countess moved impatiently amid her cushions and looked up swiftly in her daughter's face. But that beautiful face was supremely careless—the violet eyes full of laughing light. "You recollect, mamma, he visited us, seven years ago, in Spain. He had forgotten me, but I remembered him at once. He took me for shelter to the gypsy camp, and accompanied me home. As the storm was breaking again when we reached here, I invited him to enter, but he declined. He would have gone on—I believe—in the pouring rain, to Royal Rest, but that Lord Clydeamer and papa chanced to appear, and they really took him captive by main force."

"Ah!" the countess said again, very thoughtfully. "And he dines here this evening? What is he like, this young man?" Lady Evelyn looked at her mother in surprise. "You asking questions, mamma, and interested in the appearance of Mr. Vivian Trévanance? You see I know his name. What will happen next?" "What, like me, my dear?" "What like I can. He is handsome, certainly—a stately and gallant gentleman, with the perfect manners and finished ease of a courtier—but what is the color of his eyes, or the hue of his hair, or the shape of his nose, I am not prepared to say. However, mamma, with her glad smile—as you appear interested in the subject, I will take a mental photograph of my preserver, for your benefit, at dinner."

The countess looked up, with earnest words on her lips, but before she could utter them the great bell upon the windy turret clanged for dinner. "You must leave your mamma. Ah, if you could but come down! It is cruel to leave you here alone." "Better here, my dearest. I would be but the skeleton at the feast, and there is only you to miss me. Go—be happy, and young, and beautiful while you may. Gather life's roses while they bloom. Only come back before you retire."

"With Mr. Trévanance's portrait? Certainly, mamma. Until then—" She kissed the pale brow lightly, then swept from the room, her silvery drapery floating lightly about her, and with all the lofty, beautiful grace of a young deer. Left alone, the countess sunk back among the cushions with a heavy, weary sigh. "She is lovely as a dream! She is hopeful and young—as I was once. Ah, Dios! what a weary while ago it seems! Will they brighten her life, too? Will she love this man to whom they will wed her? She does not know. She speaks of him so lightly, if she only dreamed—my beautiful, proud Evelyn!—that, whether she will or no, she must marry him! He is made of iron—her father. What is she that she should consent to oppose his will? She is heart-free now. Oh, pitiful heaven, let her love this man whom she must wed!" Backward her thoughts were drifting, not to a drearily loveless, bridal-loveliness on her part at least, Roderick Desmond had been a successful man. He had won all for which he had plotted—all. The coronet that had been the dream of his life, the title he had coveted so passionately, the woman he had loved and won, a fierce, burning love, the heiress of his wealth, had restored the greatness and splendor of a fallen name—all had been his! He had taken his seat in Parliament. He had made his name famous as the name of a profound statesman, a stirring orator, a leader among the leaders and law-maker of mankind. His ambition had been satisfied to the full. The Earl of Clontarf was a synonym for all that is great and good. He had endowed hospitals, founded asylums, pleaded for the down-trodden and the oppressed, reformed almshouses, and headed munificently every charitable work; and yet, the fierce fire of his love for the woman he had wed had burned itself out, and that ere the honeymoon month had ended, there was not in all the wide kingdom a more miserable man than this hidden assassin who had slain his friend.

For, dead and in his grave, Roderick Desmond pursued him and outwitted him still. With his first wedded kiss warm on her lips, her lost lover had risked above her head pointed its golden hands to eight as she glanced up. "She surely must have returned long ago!" she thought, a little uneasily. "Strange she did not come to see me at once!"

BULK TEA LOSES FLAVOR. It not only loses flavor, but it takes on new ones, such as kerosene, molasses, onions, coffee, soap, etc., to say nothing of its exposure to sun, dust, dirt and air. To overcome this



is sold only in sealed lead packets—never in bulk

passionless as marble, submitting to his caresses, never, never returning them with one word, one look, one thought of love. It was his punishment—or part of it—his punishment, that dark, violent eye haunted him ever like some avenging ghost. All day long they gazed at him in his daughter's beautiful face, and at night,—oh, Heaven—in the deep, still, solemn watches of long summer moonlight, of wild wintry storm. Roderick Desmond rose up before him—the golden hair dripping with beads, the brilliant azure eyes stony and fixed—pale and horrible from his deep sea grave, until his cold drops rolled down the watcher's livid face, and his hands had clinched in agony. Men wondered why the great statesman's hair had silvered so soon—why, at fifty, he was more worn, and haggard and pallid, and hollow-eyed than men of eighty—and set it down to profound study and ceaseless mental labor. And of all the world—his world—only his wife knew or guessed. For a horrible foreshadowing of the truth had dawned upon her. Had she not heard him, in his fitful and broken sleep, toss his arms and struggle wildly, and cry out, with a dreadful voice of agony that had seethed through the silence of the still night? Had she not heard that one beloved name shrieked in his frenzy? Had she not heard broken fragments that, strung together, told the whole grisly tale?

Up to that time she had striven to do her duty—striven to like him—to overcome her loathing and repugnance—but she never struggled again. She had faced him one morning, after some bitter, insulting words flung at her by him, with a terrible light in her eyes that he had reason to remember all his life long. "Dastard!" she cried in a voice that rang. "Coward and traitor! Women of my race have dealt death for a tithe of what you have dared say to me! Utter such words to me again, and, by all I hold holy, I will give you up to the gallows and the hangman, you murderer!" "Inez!" He had recoiled from her with a gasping cry, livid as a dead man. "You Judas, who sold your master—your Cain, who slew your brother! I know your secret, and I beware of me now! Oh, God! that I had fallen dead in the hour that made me your wife!"

He had crouched down before her, pallid, gasping, the dew of death upon his brow. He had striven to catch her dress to detain her in his first agony of moral fight. She plucked it from him, and no words can describe the horror in her dilated eyes—the loathing, the repulsion the hatred in her face. "Touch me not!" she said, wildly, "I go mad and tell the world all! Never, while we both live, shall you touch my hair with a human hand. I have my hands in a friend's grasp! Oh, surely I am forgotten of God, or I had never been your wife!"

And then she had broken from him, and for many weeks they had not looked into each other's faces again. And she had kept her word. There had been no open scandal, no public separations. The world saw plainly enough there was little love or union between the husband and wife; but in fashionable society that is such a common case. Inez Desmond had kept her word—and her terrible secret. She dwelt beneath the same roof for her daughter's sake, but she and her husband were sundered as far as the poles. She lay here to-night in her luxurious little room, while the ceaseless rain lashed the windows and the wild wind lashed among the trees, and thought of her wrecked, lost life.

There was a world of despair in the dark, melancholy eyes that gazed in the cloudy fire of a settled night of sorrow. She loved her daughter very dearly, that daughter who looked at her with Roderick's own blue eyes—and for her sake she lived and clung to life. But the end was not far off now. An incurable inward disease had held her victim for years. Any day, any hour, any minute, she might be summoned hastily away. "And before I go I should like to tell her the story of the past," the countess thought. "She knows there is some hidden sorrow and mystery in my life. She has asked me to tell her so often. I will tell her—sparing the man who is her father as much as I can, as I have spared him all these bitter, dreary years. They will compel her to marry this man. Well, if she can care for him, as well Vivian Trévanance as another. But before the bridal day she shall know how my life was brightened. Yes, this very night she shall hear my story."

She drew from her bosom a locket, strung round her neck by a fine gold chain. It held a bright ring of golden hair, and a frank, fair, boyish face, smiling and beautiful, looked up at her—the face of Roderick Desmond. "My love! my darling!" she softly murmured. "So faintly slain in your bright youth by the hand you loved and trusted! My life!—my husband!—me! will you join you?"

And then, with that pictured face clasped close, she sank down among the cushions, shutting out firelight and wax-light, and went back over the weary past. Twenty years drifted away—the lover of her happy girlhood came back to her over the gulf, and lay at her feet as in the golden days forever gone. And the hours drifted on. There were laughter, and music, and light, and luxury, below stairs, where her husband and daughter were; but she was a glad, gay girl once more, and the wide universe held but one treasure for her—Rory Desmond's love! (To be Continued.)

PILE CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. FAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c. He that does not honor his wife dishonors himself.—Spanish.

Only One "BROMO QUININE," that is Laxative Bromo Quinine, on every Curra's Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days. Curra & Thompson, 25c.

is sold only in sealed lead packets—never in bulk

RAILWAYS. GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM. TORONTO AND RETURN \$1.15 FROM HAMILTON. With the added for admission to the Ontario Horticultural Exhibition Good going Nov. 15th to 15th, inclusive. Return limit, Nov. 15th.

CALIFORNIA MEXICO FLORIDA. The land of flowers, fruit and sunshine. Excellent service via Chicago. "Low Tourist Rates." For full information see Charles E. Morris, C. P. & T. agent, W. G. Webster, depot agent.

Coast to Coast in a Tourist Sleeping Car. "Going Tourist" is the popular way to travel now-a-days—the berth rates but half those of the standard sleeper—and the accommodation quite satisfactory. Ask for "Tourist Car Booklet."

T. H. & B. Railway. NEW YORK \$9.40. Via New York Central Railway. (Except Empire State Express). THE ONLY RAILROAD LANDING PASSENGERS IN THE HEART OF THE CITY (Grand Central Station). Dining cars, buffet and through sleeping cars. F. F. Backus, C. P. & T. Agent.

STEAMSHIPS. C. P. R. STEAMERS. FROM MONTREAL. FROM LIVERPOOL. Nov. 20 ... Lake Erie ... Nov. 3 ... FROM WEST ... FROM LIVERPOOL. Nov. 28 ... Empress of Britain ... Nov. 13 ... Lake Manitoba ... Nov. 24 ... Steamer ... Dec. 1 ... Corcoran (Chartered) ... Dec. 17 ... Extra steamer from West-Str. John to London; Dec. 8th, Monrovia, carrying second cabin passengers only. Rate \$42.50. Rate for third class passengers to Liverpool or London, \$27.50 and up. To book or for further information apply to the nearest C. P. & T. agent, or to S. J. Sharp, 71 Yonge street, Toronto.

White Star-Dominion-Royal Mail Steamships. MONTREAL-QUEBEC-LIVERPOOL. Meanwhile triple screw; Megantic, twin screw, latest and most modern steamers on the St. Lawrence route. Latest production of the ship-builders art; passenger elevator serving four decks. Every detail of comfort and luxury of present day travel will be found on these steamers. Moderate rate service (called second class): To Liverpool, \$45.00; London, \$47.50. Dominion from Montreal ... Nov. 29 ... Dominion from Portland ... Dec. 23 ... Third class carried on all steamers. See plans and rates at local agents or company's office. 118 Notre Dame Street West, Montreal. 41 King Street East, Toronto.

Christmas Gifts. Everything new in Jewellery. Watches, Cut Glass and Silverware. We have a large stock of Umbrellas and Walking Canes, with gold and silver handles. Make your selections now and have them laid aside till Christmas.

THOMAS LEES. The Old Reliable Jeweler. 5 James North.

WE WANT YOU AS A SUBSCRIBER. YOU CAN ORDER THE TIMES sent to your address by calling up TELEPHONE 368. THE TIMES is a bright, clean home paper. ALL THE NEWS.

Plumbing and Heating Contractor. GEORGE C. ELLICOTT. Phone 2068 119 King W.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT. Lowest price for funerals, because kept plain and simple and yet good quality, personal attention in all cases. GREEN BROS., 119 Green, Proprietor, King and Catherine Streets, Office Tele. No. 22. Residence, 27.