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Beginning on Thursday, December 14th; and continu-  
ing until the New Year.

All our Stock of Winter Millinery will be marked  
down to half price or less. **Bona-fide Bargains.**

**THE MISSES YOUNG**

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Sardines in cream sauce, also Norwegian  
Sardines, Peanut Butter, Cream Cheese,  
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Children's Coats, ages 2 to 5 years, choice for \$2.00.  
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Ladies' Coats, many at half price.  
Ladies' Skirts, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.25, etc.  
Ladies' Suits, choice for \$9.98.  
Children's Bonnets, 20 cts. to 40 cts.  
Children's Overall Gaiters, 25 cts. up.  
Ten to seventy-five per cent. off mostly all winter ready-  
to-wear goods

**R. L. BLACK - - York St.**

## THE RECALL

There was a rain-washed sky above  
and the air was vital and heady, tast-  
ing like wine to the palate. Every-  
thing on the burgeoning earth seemed  
to leap and stir, and a miraculous  
haze hid the black holes of the brig-  
alows at the edge of the swelling  
plain. Two turkeys rose in front of  
the man as he rode, and buzzed over  
his head into the vault above him,  
but unheeding he galloped along with  
loose rein, exulting in the sense of  
freedom in his soul that seemed to  
coincide with the day and the wide  
spaces of the cattle country he was  
going to leave.

"He who loves and rides away," he  
thought.  
But there was no room in his mind  
now for any shame or self-reproach.  
He would break it to her gently, per-  
haps lie a little to soften the edge of  
things, for he was one of those who  
have made love lightly from their  
youth. Round a curve came two  
teamsters with heavy loads of wool  
from further down the river, big men  
with sunburnt faces and the brand  
of the bush in their eyes. The first  
one reigned up his sweating team and  
gave Lamont greeting.

"Selling out, Rod? They've got it  
along the road that you've closed  
with Grant's offer."

"Who said that?" said Lamont,  
quickly.

"Everyone. Mike Williams told me  
at the shanty. These things travel  
faster than a man rides."

A shadow flickered across Lamont's  
face.

"Well, it's true enough," he said  
curtly. "I'm cutting clear."

He jabbed the spurs into his horse  
and cantered off again. She would  
know, then, before he could tell her,  
she would draw her own conclusions.  
He might not have allowed it to  
happen like that, for it was due to  
her to be given the news first. His  
conscience convicted him of a course  
of acting that was graceless, and cut  
across his ideas of honor. But that  
cloud did not remain long. His brain  
was inflamed just now with thoughts  
of a world of dress suits and the chat-  
ter of his equals in clubs and coun-  
try houses—all the old, familiar life  
just was now his inheritance. Back  
along the road the teamster paused  
to straighten a loafing horse in the  
shafts.

"He's going to leave that little  
girl," he muttered, reflectively.  
"Well, there are better men."

But Lamont, feeling the joy of life  
in every fibre, had no time to philo-  
sophise. He had liked this life passing  
well, but it was not part of him as  
was Boxley Hall and the intimate  
things of his boyhood. It had not  
the first call on his affections now.  
In time to come he would remember  
the long morning rides through grass  
that reached to his horse's withers;  
the noons of hot racing on the cat-  
tle camps along the creek, the camp  
fires and the starry nights, and the  
men, who had been his mates. Es-  
pecially he would remember the white  
pisa homestead he was going to now,  
and the girl whose eyes had looked  
into his among the oleanders in the  
garden; but all this was already given  
him his earliest memories and  
sunk its roots deep down in his soul.

"She belongs to these plains," he  
thought. "She could not be trans-  
planted, even if she wished. It is  
Fate, and not I, who has made the  
decision."

His imagination could not connect  
her with Boxley Hall or in any of the  
ways in which he would walk famili-  
arly, which called him back now. He  
let his horse fall into a rolling can-  
ter, and began flicking idly with his  
whip at the young mulga shrubs that  
grew beside the track. So preoccu-  
pled was he that he did not notice  
that the girl was riding across the  
plains to the right of him. They  
were within speaking distance before  
he heard the click of her horse's  
hoofs.

"Rod!" she said as she joined him.  
He started a little, and his mount  
shied away from her.

"I was just coming over to see  
you," he began.

His eyes took in her lithe beauty  
her brown face, and the soft grace  
that enfolded her. There was just  
that poise in her every word and  
movement that came from her being  
one with the things about her, with  
the rough cattlemen as well as with  
the shimmering magic of the plains.  
It was that which had appealed to  
him a year ago; it was that which  
showed him plainly that she would  
not fit in with his visualised future  
now.

"You're selling out," she said.  
"The boys told me."

"Yes," he said. "I meant to have  
told you before, but things were mix-  
ed."

They rode for a while in silence.  
"I'm glad it is Grace who is tak-  
ing the place over," she said.

"He was there when the letter  
came," Lamont went on jerkily. "You  
know I've come in for property in  
England. Grant made me a good of-  
fer, and I closed."

He looked at her stealthily, but her  
face was as it had always been. How  
quarrelously he had misjudged her in  
thinking there might be a scene!

"I wonder if he'll put the horse  
down at the back of the run," she  
said slowly. "The place would easi-  
ly carry another thousand head if

there was anything like a decent  
flow."

"I was calculating on fifteen hun-  
dred," he said.

It was they together who had de-  
cided on the spot where the drilling  
was to be begun. He remembered  
that ride home in the twilight, their  
horses walking neck to neck, and the  
way his future seemed to lie in these  
brown plains and swelling foothills,  
aglow somewhere with the dusky  
gentleness of her presence. Queer the  
change of perspective a few months  
could bring!

"Grant's not very venturesome,"  
she said. "He may not like to take  
the risk of putting it down at first."

He had a queer feeling that they  
were trying with difficulty to talk in  
a foreign tongue. There was an odd  
unreality about his own voice and  
the things that he said.

"She takes it well enough. . . ."  
he thought.

And with this came a desire to en-  
dow the parting with still more grace  
and amenity. They rode on and on.  
The glamor of the coming dusk soft-  
ened the outlines of the hills, and  
everything was zealously quiet under  
the blue sky; but their own silence  
lasted so long that it seemed like a  
cord drawn taut. He said at last,  
with a jerky laugh.

"I suppose I'll be back in a year."

At once the impersonal look passed  
from her face. Her eyes flashed and  
her hands clutched a little more ten-  
sely at the reins.

"Why do you say that?" she said.  
"It isn't true. You know it isn't  
true."

"I'll be wanting to get back," he  
stammered. "It isn't easy to leave  
here, only—"

"Duty of course," she said, with a  
twisted smile. "One must follow  
that path at any cost."

Her eyes had an ironic look now  
she could not hear the throbbing of  
her heart. Somehow the old charm  
laid its fingers upon him; he sat still  
in the saddle, watching the blood  
come and go beneath the brown of  
her face, and of such metal was he  
made that she appealed to him more  
than if she had been crushed and ut-  
terly broken. A wave of emotion  
swept over him, and he said, thickly.  
"Lexie! I was going, but—you have  
only to ask me, and I'll give it all  
up."

He leant towards her, filled with  
the glow of renunciation, and he saw  
something leap into her eyes. But it  
was only pride. The delicate fibres  
of her soul had been bruised so com-  
pletely before that they were proof  
now against his weakness or his un-  
stable strength.

"I?" she said with a laugh. "Oh  
no; it isn't for me to ask you. Be-  
sides—I should have told you before  
—I am going to marry Grant. Good-  
bye, and good luck."

She flicked the horse with her whip  
and cantered off, never once stop-  
ping to look back. Only when a grove  
of brigalows shut her off from his  
sight did she dismount and fling her-  
self down to bury her face in the  
grasses. The dusk was kindly, and he  
would never know.

## THE DUKE'S VISIT

New York, Jan. 20—Society is  
keenly expectant over the approach-  
ing visit of the Duke of Connaught,  
governor general of Canada and his  
Duchess, with their daughter Princess  
Patricia who are to arrive here on  
Monday morning from Ottawa for a  
four days visit with the ambassador  
to the court of St. James and Mrs.  
Whitelaw Reid. Mr. Reid will hold  
the distinction of being the first New  
York hostess to entertain British  
royalty as house guests. It is really  
the first time that personages of  
such rank in England, ever paid this  
country a visit since the year 1860,  
when the Prince of Wales, the late  
King Edward VII was a much feted  
visitor.

As the visit of the regal party is  
purely social, there will be many en-  
tertainments crowded into the four  
days of their stay here. The social  
plans which have been arranged by  
Ambassador and Mrs. Reid for the  
entertainment of their distinguished  
guests and which include several din-  
ners and a dance will be augmented  
by several other smaller affairs, prin-  
cipally luncheons.

Chief Factory Inspector Davis of  
Chicago has issued statistics show-  
ing that the enforcement of the ten  
hour law for women in Illinois has  
cost Chicago hotel men not less than  
\$50,000 a month since July 1 when the  
law went into effect. The half dozen  
big department stores in Chicago,  
according to the statistics, obeyed  
the law at an extra expense of \$1500  
a day during the holiday season be-  
ing compelled to employ 1000 addi-  
tional persons.

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