AT R. McKAY & CO'S. MONDAY, DEC. 13, 1909

# Select Your Gifts From This Splendid Monday List and Save

Ready sharp at 8.30 Monday morning with a grand array of specials that will interest every thrifty buyer. Commence the week by coming to this store. No matter what is on your list you can fill your wants here to the best advantage by selecting your gifts from the best assortments, right styles and honest values. If your gift comes from McKay's it will be all the more appreciated. Shop in forenoon.

## Toy Department Specials For Monday

About 2 dozen Kid Body Dolls, light or dark hair, will go to sleep, shoes and stockings, all shades. These Dolls are regularly 85c each; Monday will go on sale for ... 69c

Also, another line of Kid Body Dolls, etc., not quite as large, regularly 75c, for ... 59c

1 dozen Beautiful Large Kid Body, Jointed Dolls, light or dark, curly hair, regularly $2.25, for ... $1.89

Hair Stuffed Dolls, regularly 25c, for ... 19c

Kid Body Dolls, with celluloid head, non-breakable, regularly $1.50, for ... $1.25

Toy Dishes, with tray ... 12½ to 25c set

Enamel Dishes ... 75c to $2.50 set

Doll Buggies, from ... 25c up to $5.50

Boys' and Girls' Sleighs ... 25c to $4.50

Rag Dolls, regularly 50c, for ... 35c

Beautiful French Dressed Dolls ... 75c to $10.00

Dolls' Furniture, Chairs, Rockers and Suites ... 25, 35 and 50c

Dolls Cradles from ... 25c to $2.50

Dolls' Folding Beds, draped and canopy tops, with fancy muslin, at ... 35c to $2.00

All kinds of Mechanical Toys, prices from ... 15c to $3.00

## Xmas Suggestions From Glove Dept.

### Kid Gloves $1

See our range of Ladies' Real Kid Gloves at $1.00 pair, made by the well-known makers, Perrin, Revillian & Rouillion. These Gloves are made from fine quality, selected real French kid, and guaranteed perfect fitting, in shades of black, white, mauve, Tuscan, ivory, pink, tan, mode and grey; sizes 5¾—8; worth $1.25; every pair in neat gift box; Monday ... $1.00

### Mocha Gloves $2

Ladies' Mocha Gloves, silk lining throughout, fur-trimmed tips, strap wrist, with neat dome. This Glove, while having good wearing qualities, would make an excellent gift. In tan and grey, all sizes, worth $2.50, Monday ... $2.00

### Misses' Gloves

Full range of Misses' Kid Gloves, in real French kid, or Walking Gloves, 1 and 2 dome styles, all sizes, tan only; just the thing for the little miss, in neat box ... 75 and 85c pair

## Men's Phoenix Mufflers 29c

Men's Mercerised Phoenix Mufflers, about 25 dozen in the lot, assorted colors, fastens close to the neck, with dome fastener, worth 75c, special for Monday ... 29c

### Silk Ties 25c

75 dozen Men's Silk Ties, all colors, and the very newest patterns, regular 50c each, to clear Monday for ... 25c each

### Pure Linen Handkerchiefs

Men's Pure Linen Handkerchiefs, extra fine quality, 3 in dainty box, for ... 50c

## Take Advantage of These Dress Goods Bargains

### Second Day of the Great Christmas Sale of Dress Goods

Let your gift be Dress Goods; nothing nicer to give and always very acceptable, on sale positively the very latest style suitings and dress fabrics at a mere fraction of real values. Come Monday and select from the following:

### Regular $1 Venetian Suitings Going Monday 49c Yard

On sale sharp at 8.30, swell new shadow stripe and plain Venetian Suitings at less than half regular value, perfect colors of brown, navy, taupe, myrtle, wistaria, ashes of roses, red and black, at, per yard ... 49c

### Reg. 75c Cheviot Serges For 59c Yard

Very popular at present for suits and dresses, on sale in navy, brown, myrtle, cream and black, a splendid line for children's wear, worth regular 75c, Christmas sale price 59c yd.

### Nifty Voiles and Crepe de Chines 75c, Reg. $1 Yd.

On sale in perfect colors of pale blue, pink, wistaria, pale grey, rose, reseda, cream, brown, navy and black, has a lovely self silk stripe, one of the season's novelties, Christmas sale price ... 75c yard

### Reg. 50 and 60c Dress Goods, Monday 29c Yard

Another decided bargain from the Christmas sale of Dress Goods, comprising Cashmeres, Panamas, Serges, Crepe de Chine, etc., on sale—all the popular colors in the lot, firm materials for house dresses, children's dresses, etc., at, per yard ... 29c

## Monday Bargains From Neckwear Dept.

### Lace Ties 25c

Lace Ties, in cream and ecru, made of net, with pretty medallions on ends, would make nice Christmas presents, regular up to 75c, to clear Monday for ... 25c

### Elastic Belts 25c

Elastic Belts, in black, brown, navy, green, with pretty dark buckles, regular 50c, for ... 25c

### Handkerchiefs 5c Each, 55c Dozen

All-over Embroidery Handkerchiefs, hemstitched edge, a nice gift for children, regular 10c, Monday 5c each, or ... 55c dozen

## Specials in Kimono Cloth For Monday's Selling

Reversible Cotton Eiderdown in dark shades, with light colored facing, nice heavy quality, 27 inches wide; regular 25c, Monday ... 18c yard

### Crossbar Muslin 15c

A very special line of crossbar Muslin in all the new fancy bars and checks, good width, nice fine quality; worth 20c yard, for ... 15c

Fancy Vestings and Kimono Cloths, done up in blouses and kimono lengths, in fancy gift boxes, all prices. Be sure and see these while we have a good assortment.

A small deposit will secure any of these for Christmas. Third floor.

# R. McKAY & CO.


# Saved From the Sea

CHAPTER I.

What a mad night it was! Great heaven! what a fierce, mad gale it was that raged that night all along the south coast. The wind shrieked and tore up channel like a pack of demons yelling and whirling in the hideous orgies of a dance of death, driving the flood-tide on before it, tossing up the angry sea into mountains of foaming breakers, that lifted themselves like the monsters of a fevered dream, poising above their prey, then hurling the white-capped mass of water down upon their fated victims, whether that were rock or beach, human handiwork or human lives.

It had blown a gale all day, and in the early morning some of the Brighton boatmen had said "the wind would sink at sunset—it was just the last gasp of the September gale;" but when night came, black as pitch, and wilder than ever, they were forced to change their note, and men and women, in the scattered crowd that began to gather all along the sea frontage, looked at each other, and many a careless lip, that perhaps rarely whispered a prayer, breathed a deep, hushed "heaven help those at sea to-night."

Hark! What was that? The deep boom of a gun out at sea, heard through all the roar of wind and water—once—twice—that awful sound of woe that made those men who had till now remained in-doors spring to their feet with blanched cheeks, and rush forth to swell the crowd without.

"Girls, I'm off! I can't stand that signal of distress!" cried a gentleman who, with two fair young girls, had been watching the gale from a handsome front sitting room in the Bedford Hotel. "I am physician still, if I am retired, and I may be of use. Give me my fur cap, my daughter; and, Blanche, hand me out that brandy flask—quick! Thanks."

And Dr. Roland Clifford hurried out. His thews and sinews might be of use as well as his skill, for he was a fine, powerfully built man of the Danish type, and not more than four or five-and-forty.

It was a densely dark night, and the wind drove the foam in a blinding white mist of spray right in-shore. That and the pitiless fury of the gale made it an absolute battle with the elements to make headway at all to the beach—such of it as was still uncovered—below the green opposite Brunswick Terrace. But as thither the people were streaming, on that part also Dr. Clifford bore down as best he could.

Flambeaus were almost impossible, and men with lanterns moved about, throwing a fitful, luri dglare here and there, which only deepened the darkness around.

"But where is she—the vessel?" asked Dr. Clifford of an old boatman. "Nothing can live long in such a boiling sea as this."

"No, sir; I'm afeared nothing can. They made three tries to launch the life-boat afore they could get her off, and now heaven only knows where she or the vessel are! They sent up rockets here when the gun went, and we could just make her out, sir, straight afore us here, dismasted, her funnel bent, and she just beating her life out on the bar—a biggish craft, too—a Red Star liner, I reckon."

"I thought I saw something black on the foam just now!" said Clifford quickly.

So did others.

The crowd surged, then watched breathlessly; then a wild cry of excitement burst forth:

"A boat! a boat struggling for life!"

Up from the coast-guards' post went a flaming rocket wh-z-! into the howling wind's eye.

"She's close! To the rescue!" shouted the stalwart doctor, rushing forward with a score of gallant fellows, all ready to wade out the moment the boat was near enough to be aided.

Now she sunk deep into the trough, anon she was lifted high and half cwamped; now she is close, but on the very crest of a breaker, and the brave rowers are fighting every inch of way.

Ha! a crash, the cry of men, the frantic shriek of women! The little craft is capsized, and they are flung into the sething waters as the wave rushes on to the shingles.

Before it can retreat, dozens of men have rushed in, while others hold aloft lanterns; and a great cheer breaks out as man after man struggles back to shore with some poor creature rescued, and they are carried up and delivered over to the eager, kindly cares of the women and doctors, and the hospitality of residents.

Meanwhile, there was breathless watching for the life-boat.

"She's got a splendid crew in her," one man said to Clifford, who remained on the scene of action, dripping, but ready to lend a hand fifty times more. "There was one hand short, but a gentleman pushed through the crowd and volunteered. "It didn't matter to any one whether he lived or died.' I heard him say; and he went. Ah! another rocket. Look, sir! there she is. What an awful sea to fight against! Did you see how full she is of human souls?"

It is scarcely possible to describe adequately the next few minutes of watching. A thousand lives seem to each to be crowded into that short span of time, as they caught glimpses of the long life-boat, now down, now up; pitching, tossing, lost, it seemed, one second; the next she poised on the crest of the incoming billow, and the captain's order was heard above all the roar of the elements:

"Now, men, give way!"

It is in such moments that Heaven gives brave men double strength—in such moments, perhaps, washes out the stain of many a sin.

The gallant crew obeyed as one man; the boat rushed on on the flood; fifty strong men shrung forward to meet her as she was half dashed, half grounded on the beach. They pulled her higher ou, helping out the exhausted passengers, and carrying the women—five ladies.

"My husband!" Clifford heard one of them sobbing, wildly. "He's the captain. Oh, save them! There were four men with him and the stewardess. She was so brave!"

"Yes, that's all true," said the life-boat officer. "We couldn't take even one more, and they got off in the gig as the vessel broke up."

"There's the gig, close!" cried one—the man who had volunteered into the life-boat; and the next moment a wild cry went up:

"Great Heaven, she's capsized! They're all in this mad sea!"

Several men, when the life-boat was approaching, had lashed long ropes round their waists, in readiness; and now these rushed into the sea, amidst such cheering as did one good to hear. Then breathless moments of suspense. One was drawn back, bruised, half insensible himself, but clutching a man's form, still alive, perhaps; then another and another.

Oh, how the crowd cheered as the five men were brought up into the ambulance, long since ready!

"Where is the woman?" cried some one near Dr. Clifford. "There is something, surely, battling out there; but nothing mortal can get to it!"

"Launch the boat again!" was the cry; but a tall, slight man—the gentleman who had volunteered into the life-boat—sprung past them all.

"Too late for that!" he cried. "But, by Heaven, a woman shall not drown while I live!"

"No, no, sir!" exclaimed a man; "you've done hard work enough. You'll only be drowned, too!"

"Stand back!" the other said, fiercely; and, as the sea's back current receded, rushed in.

"Lord, Lord! he's a dead man!" said a woman, piteously.

"Who is he?" asked Dr. Clifford, striving to pierce the gloom.

"A stranger here, they say, sir a passing visitor. Looks youngish and handsome; but between the darkness and the flare of the lanterns one can't see faces much."

"The man must be a desperate swimmer and diver, too, or he hasn't a chance," said the doctor, under his breath. "He doesn't care for his life one bit; he's a splendid fellow!"

Now, indeed, the crowd watched with bated breath and agony of suspense; but only when the rockets were sent up could the keenest sight catch, or fancy it caught, a glimpse of that daring man fighting with the sea for a human life.

Will he save it, or even reach the still floating form he sees before him? Ha! ha! he is close—now swept back—driven a little—is close again! A woman's form, one arm still wound about a small boat stretcher, her kerchief drawn half across her face by the motion of the water. One desperate stroke of almost more than mortal strength, and he reaches his object, grasps it firmly, and strikes out for the shore, swept now on the flood-tide.

Terribly exhausted, he can not do much more than keep afloat, and reserve his remaining strength to try and save their being hurled by the breakers on to the beach—to save his unknown charge, if indeed the poor creature were still living.

Of all that awful night, the most awful time was while they watched and waited, "hope deferred, doubt depressed," for this desperate attempt's failure or success. Heaven! they are ingulfed—lost! No—a wild shout, mingling with women's sobs. He is seen once more, close now on a foaming billow.

"There must have been some mistake, sir, in their saying this poor young creature is the stewardess. Why, she isn't five-and-twenty, and a lady—a real, well-born lady as ever blue blood owned."

"Yes," said Dr. Clifford, "but it was the captain's wife who said she was the stewardess—utterly incongruous though it seems." He shook his head, puzzled. "Queer—certainly very queer."

"Ay, just look at her face and her hand, ir; why, they're like a bautiful marble statue's—such delicate, tapering fingers, and a wedding-ring, too," pityingly touching the broad gold circlet. "Perhaps her husband was on board, or maybe she was coming over to rejoin him."

"She can't have been long married, poor thing!" whispered Mimie Clifford. "Ah, she stirred!"

A tremor of the slender hand, a quiver over the palid, fine-cut features, which in their most locked repose as of death, neither Clifford noted looked restful or at peace, but were marked with the indelible stamp of pain and endurance; then there was a restless movement of the head, covered with a rich mass of dark, curling locks that clustered above brow and temples, and waved down behind them on to the neck; the next minute a pair of glorious dark eyes opened straight into Roland Clifford's face with that wild, strained gaze of painful intensity when the mind is struggling to regain its powers against the physical prostration that has forced it into abeyance—a look the physician knew well enough and had expected.

"Well," said he, smiling, "you don't quite know me, do you?"

Her lips moved. He bent over her, signing to Mrs. Barclay, who went at once to the fireplace.

"Who—where am I?"

"Safe with friends. A little brandy in the broth, please, Mrs. Barclay. Thanks. Now drink this."

He lifted the curly head on his arm, and took the little cup from Mrs. Barclay.

"She will fetch round now," he said, as he presently gave the empty cup to Minnie, and laid his patient back on the pillow, her eyes going wistfully from face to face.

"The others!" she breathed. "Are they—"

"All hands are saved, and with friends, too!"

"Ah, thank Heaven!"

The whisper was so fervent that Mrs. Barclay said, aside:

"She was a passenger, after all, sir, and had friends on board."

They were all perhaps a little startled to hear answered, and not in a whisper, very feebly, still, but oh! what a sweet, low voice of music:

"No—gone in the world."

"Try to sleep now," said Clifford, a trifle huskily. "We are your friends, at any rate."

"You are all too good—to a stranger," she said, with a grateful look, that was reward for any trouble, and she obediently closed her eyes, but with a long-drawn, shivering sigh that told its tale; then she sunk into slumber, and Dr. Clifford sent Mrs. Barclay away to bed, made his daughter lie down on the sofa, and himself took a large easy-chair, to sleep, as he said, with one eye open, though he did not expect his patient would wake for several hours.

The gale began to lull its violence at dawn, and by eight o'clock had sunk, leaving a dull, leaden stretch of sky above, and the gray sea tumbling sullenly on the shingles, as if half afraid, half proud of the mischief it had wrought. It had struck eight when Clifford awoke, and, turning instinctively at once toward his patient, met the gaze of those great, velvet-dark eyes shining with the full, steadfast light of reason and recognition. She stretched out both hands to the doctor, as he came to the bedside, and clasped his.

"You have tended, nursed me back to life, and may Heaven reward you! Was it you, also, who saved me from that terrible sea?"

"Not a bit of it," said he, deeply moved, but, man-like, seeking to hide it under a light tone—"not a bit of it; the man who swam out for you was, I heard, a handsome young fellow. I only took you from him and brought you here to my daughter Mimie. He, your preserver, had volunteered into the life-boat as well—a very daring fellow."

"Is he safe—is he safe?" she almost cried out; "my life is not worth another's loss."

Mrs. Barclay, just entering the room with a tray, answered quickly:

"He's quite safe, ma'am, whoever he is, for he sent a lad here about three this morning to ask if you were better; the boy said the gentleman was leaving here early. Now, ma'am, here is some breakfast; and, Doctor Clifford, I'll see to the lady, while you and the young ladies go in to yours."

Mimie, who had woke up, interposed:

"Dear Mrs. Barclay had plenty to do with her duties, and her father's patient was her guest. She would attend to

There is a ringing cheer. Clifford and a dozen others rush forward, and as the waters pitch themselves over, they drag the daring rescuer and his charge out of danger. He is half blinded, his strength spent; but the doctor lifts the slender, ineless form of the woman he has saved from his arms into his own, as he says, huskily:

"Men, see you to him; I will take the lady to my daughter. I am a doctor."

He does not see what the man is like. How should he, in the darkness and blinding spray and excitement? Nay, the crowd has pushed between them directly, as some of them bring a stretcher to bear his charge away to a hotel, and he leads the way.

The man, meanwhile, whom they have seated on an upturned boat, drinks the brandy which the coast-guard officer holds to his colorless lips. He is dazed, utterly exhausted, and for some time he seems scarcely conscious of those anxious faces till the officer speaks.

"I'll call a fly, sir, for you ought to get these drenched things off. Drink this, sir; it won't hurt."

"Thanks—no cab." The young man rose slowly, pausing; then his lost vitality rallied its forces. "I am all right now. Don't fuss, please, for I'll soon walk to my hotel; it's better than riding, when one's drenched, you know. Where have they taken the lady?"

"To the Bedford, sir. They say she isn't dead.'

"Heaven grant it, whoever she is, poor thing!" the rich, soft voice answered. "Good-night, friends."

He was moving on, the crowd, puzzled, giving back.

"But, sir, your name, please? You were in the lifeboat, and——"

"Bah, what matter? No name. I hate a bother and fuss about nothing."

"Nothing to save a life like that!" said a woman, as he strode away. "Bless the man! I reckon the lady won't call it nothing."

"Queer customer!" said another—"don't mean to have his sov. or society medal neither."

"Guess he's rich," added a third. "Did you see his togs and the ring on his hand?"

Who and what was this stranger—this unknown rescuer of an unknown woman? Only the stewardess of the hapless vessel—nothing more to him or any one else, as far as he knew.

(To be Continued.)


PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.


### Our Queer Language.

When the English tongue we speak
Why is "break" not rhymed with "freak"?
Will you tell me why it's true
We say "sew," but likewise "few";
And the maker of a verse
Cannot cap his "horse" with "worse"?
"Beard" sounds not the same as "heard";
"Cord" is different from "word";
"Cow" is cow, but "low" is low;
"Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe."
Think of "hose" and "dose" and "lose";
And of "goose"—and yet of "choose."
Think of "comb" and "tomb" and "bomb;"
"Doll" and "roll," and "home" and "some."
And since "pay" is rhymed with "say,"
Why not "paid" with "said," I pray?
We have "blood" and "food" and "good";
"Mould" is not pronounced like "could."
Wherefore "done," but "gone" and "lone?"
Is there any reason known?
And, in short, it seems to me
Sounds and letters disagree.

### Sentencse Sermons.

The virtues never vaunt themselves.

Faith should give meaning to the forms of religion.

He cannot keep his friends who fears to have foes.

Good manners are the clothes worn by good morals.

It is a good thing for the oak to look often at the acorn.

When a sermon gets thin it is sure to spread itself out long.

Your size in heaven will not depend on your sighs here.

Ignorance is the weakest protection possible to innocence.

When a man's faith is dead he is always zealous for its bones.

Progress seldom comes on a track; she makes her own way.

Moral blindness is often due to pressure in the money nerve.

The power to comfort others does not come from consoling yourself.

You never get any higher than the things you put on top in your life.

He who dare not be misunderstood never says anything worth understanding.

As we paint the pictures of imagination we make permanent those of memory.

No man is worth anything to his age who does not sometimes get angry with it.

The difficulty of representing religion would be halved if its misrepresenting friends would all die.

Adversity often works prosperity, but that does not acquit the man who brings it on another.

The dollar will never be worth much to any man until every man is worth more than the dollar.

It is always easier to sing of golden boulevards than it is to make streets as that crookedness cannot hid in them.

Dr. Koch, the bacteriologist, has reported the successful experiments made with cats for the eradication of rats in plague-infected and plague-menaced harbors of China. In Hongkong orders have been issued providing for the maintenance of one cat in every house. The Governor of the German colony of Togo has ordered cats to be kept in all the schools, hospitals, prisons and other public buildings where natives congregate.


HILL-GROWN TEA

Tea grown at an elevation of 5,000 feet and upwards, where soil and climate combine to give that delightful fragrance and delicious flavor, is used in

"SALADA"

Its purity and strength make it much more economical to use than other teas


## TRAVELERS' GUIDE

### GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Niagara Falls, New York—*2.27 a.m., *5.57 a.m., †9.05 a.m., *10.05 a.m., 5.57 p.m., *7.20 p.m.
St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo—*5.57 a.m., †9.05 a.m., *10.05 a.m., †11.20 a.m., *2.20 p.m., *5.57 p.m., †5.45 p.m., †7.20 p.m.
Grimsby, Beamsville, Merritton—†9.05 a.m., †11.20 a.m., †5.45 p.m.
Detroit, Chicago—*1.17 a.m., *8.50 a.m., *9.05 a.m., *2.45 p.m., *5:45 p.m.
Brantford—*1.17 a.m., †7.05 a.m., †7.55 a.m., *8.50 a.m., *9.05 a.m., †1.55 p.m., *3.45 p.m., *5.45 p.m., †7.10 p.m.
Woodstock, Ingersoll, London—*1.17 a.m., †7.55 a.m., *8.50 a.m., *9.05 a.m., *3.45 p.m., *5.45 p.m., †7.10 p.m.
St. George—†7.55 a.m., †3.22 p.m., †7.10 p.m.
Burford, St. Thomas—†9.05 a.m., †3.45 p.m.
Guelph, Palmerston, Stratford and North—†7.55 a.m., †3.22 p.m.
Galt, Preston, Hespeler—†7.55 a.m., †3.22 p.m., †7.10 p.m.
Jarvis, Port Dover, Tillsonburg, Simcoe—†9.05 a.m., †9.15 a.m., †5.50 p.m., ‡†6.00 p.m.
Georgetown, Allandale, North Bay, Collingwood, etc.—†7.10 a.m., †4.05 p.m.
Barrie, Orillia, Huntsville—†7.10 a.m., *11.15 a.m., and *9.05 p.m.
North Bay and points in Canadian Northwest—†11.15 a.m., *9.05 p.m.
Toronto—†7.00 a.m., †7.50 a.m., *9 a.m., *10.45 a.m., †11.15 a.m., †11.50 a.m., *2.20 p.m., *2.40 p.m., †5.35 p.m., *7.05 p.m., *8.55 p.m., *9.05 p.m.
Burlington, Port Credit, etc—†7.00 a.m., †11.30 a.m., †5.35 p.m.
Port Hope, Cobourg, Belleville, Brockville, Montreal and East—†7.50 a.m., *7.05 p.m., *3.55 p.m., *9.05 p.m.
Lindsay, Peterboro—†11.30 a.m., †3.40 p.m., †5.35 p.m.
*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday. ‡From King street depot.

### CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

7.40 a.m. for Toronto, Lindsay, Bobcaygeon, Tweed, Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Sherbrooke, St. John, N.B., Halifax, N.S., also for Alliston, Coldwater and Bala, and all points in the Maritime Provinces and New England States.
8.35 a.m. for Toronto.
10.00 a.m. (daily) for Toronto.
12.25 p.m. for Toronto, Guelph, Elmira, Milverton and Goderich.
3.15 p.m. (daily), for Toronto, Myrtle, Lindsay, Bobcaygeon, Peterboro, Tweed, Brampton, Fergus, Elora, Orangeville, Owen Sound, Arthur, Mount Forest, Harriston, Wingham, Coldwater and immediate stations.
5.05 p.m. for Toronto.
8.15 p.m. for Toronto, Peterboro, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Sherbrooke, Portland and Boston, also for Alliston, Coldwater, Bala, Parry Sound, Sudbury, Sault Ste. Marie, Fort William, Winnipeg, Canadian Northwest, Kootenay and British Columbia points.
Trains leave Toronto 7.50 a.m., (daily), 9.30 a.m. (daily), 1.15 p.m., 3.45 p.m., 5.20 p.m., (daily), 7.10 p.m., 11.10 p.m.

### TORONTO HAMILTON & BUFALO RAILWAY.

| Arrive Hamilton | | Leave Hamilton |
|---|---|---|
| *2.05 p.m. | Niagara Falls and Buffalo Express | *8.55 a.m. |
| *8.05 p.m. | Buffalo and New York Express | *10.35 a.m. |
| *9.55 a.m. | Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York and Boston Express | *6.25 p.m. |
| **7.35 a.m. | Buffalo accommodation | **4.55 p.m. |
| **12.20 p.m. | Buffalo & New York Express | **3.15 p.m. |
| | Buffalo, Pittsburg and Boston Express | **2.20 p.m. |

Sleeping car and parlor car on train leaving Hamilton at 6.25 p.m., and on train arriving at 9.55 a.m. Dining car and parlor car on trains leaving Hamilton at 8.55 a.m. and arriving at 2.05 p.m. Pullman parlor cars on all through trains.
Train leaving Hamilton at 8.15 p.m. daily, except Sunday, has Pullman sleeping car, Hamilton to New York.

| Arrive Hamilton | | Leave Hamilton |
|---|---|---|
| *8.30 a.m. | Detroit, Chicago and Toledo Express | **8.55 a.m. |
| **12.20 a.m. | Brantford and Waterford Express | **10.40 a.m. |
| **9.52 p.m. | Brantford, Waterford and St. Thomas Express | **6.30 p.m. |
| **3.05 p.m. | Detroit, Chicago, Toledo and Cincinnati Express | **3.05 p.m. |
| **7.40 p.m. | Brantford, Waterford and west | *8.20 p.m. |

Sleeping cars on Michigan Central connecting at Waterford and west.
*Daily.
**Daily, except Sunday.

### HAMILTON & DUNDAS RAILWAY.

Terminal Station—*6.15, *7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 a.m., 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 p.m.
Leave Hatt St. Station, Dundas—*6.00, *6.15, *7.15, 8.05, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 a.m., 12.15, 1.15 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, *11.15 p.m.
*Daily, except Sunday.

### HAMILTON RADIAL ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Hamilton to Burlington and Oakville—*6.10, *7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 a.m., 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, *11.10 p.m.
Burlington to Hamilton—*6.00, *7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00 a.m., 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, *11.00, 12.00 p.m.
Oakville to Hamilton—7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a.m., 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, *10.30, 11.30, *12.30.
*Daily, except Sunday.

### BRANTFORD & HAMILTON RAILWAY.

Leave Hamilton—*6.30, *7.45, 9.00, 10.30 a.m., 12.00, 1.30, 3.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.00, *11.00 p.m.
Leave Brantford—*6.30, *7.45, 9.00, 10.30 a.m., 12.00 1.30, 3.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.00, *11.00 p.m.
*Daily, except Sunday.

### HAMILTON, GRIMSBY & BEAMSVILLE ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Leave Hamilton—*6.10, *7.10, *8.10, 9.10, 10.10 11.10 a.m., *12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, *10.10, *11.10 p.m.
Leave Beamsville—*5.40, *6.40, 7.40, 8.40, 9.40 *10.40, 11.40 a.m., 12.40, 1.40, 2.40, 3.40, 4.40, 5.40, 6.40, 7.40, 8.40, *9.40, *10.40.
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