

Lola's Secret.

A Romance.

It was a bright, beautiful morning, when Miss St. Ange left the chateau. How like thought and idea, browned into her mind as she passed through the forest. The fancied cries of the madwoman, and the death-scream of the child would have been nothing to her, she knew worse fates than these. She walked through the dim woods, where the snakes hissed and rustled in the long grass. The Belgian had taken her luggage to the railway station of St. Hilaire-Ribaut. She had her good-bye after a stolid fashion of his own, and stood watching the train until the last carriage had disappeared.

"The most beautiful woman in the world," he muttered to himself, "the most mysterious and the most beautiful, too. Still, I will remain here as she has told me, and think no more again than I can help."

Meanwhile, Miss St. Ange learned back in the comfortable compartment of a first-class carriage and closed her eyes. She would not look at the beautiful country through which she was passing—the vineyards, the hills crowned with myrtles, the laughing streams, the quiet old towns and gray church-towers. No beauty of land or sky should distract her heart. She hardened herself against it. What if the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, and the golden sunshine flashed upon green meadows and silver streams? It was all less than nothing to her—a woman whose heart was hardened.

Presently a sound roused her and sent the color in a hot flush to her face. It was the noise of the waves in the chateau. She opened her eyes, and in their depths there was a look of keen pain.

A few minutes later she was on board The Queen of the Seas. An elderly lady, plainly dressed, she passed up the stairs. How vividly she remembered the time when, from the moment she had stepped on board until she had left the steamer, she had been the one great attraction. All that was now, she had, as it were, been dead and buried all these long years.

The waves beat against the vessel, and the winds waited for her onward. While Miss St. Ange's heart, each moment grew harder and colder.

The white cliffs rose before her at last. She alone knew why it was that she trembled and faltered when her feet touched the deck of the ship.

On landing she took a ticket to London, intending, after resting one night there, to go to Deeping in the morning. It was so strange to hear English spoken as in the chateau, and the English faces again. She felt bewildered.

"I have been so long," she said to herself, "I feel like one risen from the dead."

Arrived in the metropolis, she went to an hotel that long years before Mme. de Ferras had made her home. It had changed since those days, and the proprietor had little time to spare for the plainly-dressed elderly woman who asked for a bed-room and wanted nothing more.

By the earliest train in the morning Mme. St. Ange went on to Deeping. There was no closing of the eyes now. She sat quite upright, watching the familiar scenes. She knew every field, every clump of trees; she saw in the distance the Feilden woods, the gray tower of St. Hilaire, and the forest near Deeping Hurst. Ah, Heaven, the pain that rent her heart was like the stinging of a poisoned arrow! River anguish filled the dark eyes, she expressed on the changed countenance was one of mute misery. Once, with some of her old impetuosity, she threw herself back in the carriage.

"I cannot bear it!" she said, "I was mad to come!"

But she had more to suffer yet. She stopped at the station, every brick of which was familiar to her, and on the platform of which, when, as a child, loving mother, she had been hundreds of times, always happy, triumphant, brave and gay. Now she came to it alone, unloved, with the seeds of death and a life-long hate in her heart.

There was an omnibus waiting to take passengers to Deeping. The conductor looked at her as she entered. "Where to, madam?" he said, with a touch of his hat.

She remembered the name of only one place.

"The Rhyssworth Arms Hotel," she answered, and her blood grew cold as she uttered the words.

At the Rhyssworth Arms there were new faces—no one recognized her. She wanted a sitting-room and a bedroom; she could not tell for how long. She was on her way to the North of England, but wanted a rest. She might remain two or three days, or a week—it was uncertain.

Those who attended upon Mme. St. Ange noticed her curious manner, her bewildered looks, her strange face and wild burning eyes. Still she seemed to have plenty of money, and that was the chief consideration.

After partaking of some light refreshment, she went out, saying that the hour of her return was uncertain.

"What does she call herself?" asked the landlady of the chambermaid.

"I do not know. She is a married lady; I think she said her name was O'Leary. I did not quite catch it."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The morning air was blowing freshly. The rooks were cawing in the eaves, the ducks were singing in the hedge-rows, the wrens were chirping and glad, when Mme. St. Ange

Lazenby's Table Jelly, Pure Gold Table Jelly, McLaren's Table Jelly.

Plum Pudding (Two Pound Tins), Malaga Grapes, FITZGERALD, SCANDRETT & CO GROCERS.

We Give Trading Stamps.

left the hotel to revisit the places she had once loved so dearly. They were all in the place of Deeping Hurst. The old home of her rival was nearer than came Scarisale; Beaulieu lay at some little distance to the west, and Feilden Manor towards the south. It was a neighborhood singularly rich in grand old historic houses. Mme. St. Ange decided to look first of all on the home of her youth—Beaulieu—again; she attracted no attention as she went through the avenue.

Very soon she had left the town behind her. She was a quick, graceful walker, and the few miles of country road were nothing to her. The trees and fields, the turns of the river, the winding of the green lanes, were all familiar to her. Presently she reached Beaulieu. It was occupied by new people, but she determined to go up to the west-kitchen door, and ask some question or other which would enable her to see the place.

There was a heavy pain at her heart, yet she could not shed a tear. She recalled her bright, happy, lost life, when her gentle, kindly mother had been proud and fond of her, so sure of her success in life, so hopeful for her, so generous and so indulgent to her. Ah, heaven, the bitter, terrible difference between then and now!

Once more she trod the old familiar paths winding through the grounds, round to the side door. In her mind's eye she could see her mother's face, as she had seen it hundreds of times, looking out of the great bay-window, with its wreath of passion-flowers around it, waiting, with loving words to welcome her. "There is no love like a mother's," Lola thought, and a great tearless sob rose from her heart to her lips.

Could it be that but a few years ago she had been a beautiful, happy, innocent child? She could remember so vividly the day when Mrs. Cliefden came from White Cliffe, bringing with her Dolores and how Madame had said then, and in their depths there was a look of keen pain.

A cruel, bitter smile, curled her lip. "Well," she said, "if I have suffered, she has suffered more; and that was all I asked."

Her heart grew hard and cold again. She looked into the old hall; nothing was changed. It might have been only yesterday that she had played in the flowers she had gathered on the hall table, and laughed at her own fancy for calling herself a red rose.

She was glad to move away; she had seen her old home, and the heart of it had been like a searing iron to her. She felt ill and tired; she would go back to the hotel and partake of refreshment, and then she would begin to make inquiries. She would exercise great caution. But she must know why she had been sought, and what those advertisements meant.

She walked back to Deeping. In the high street she saw a fruit shop with some fine grapes and where peaches were for sale. She was thirsty and faint from fatigue, and she thought that nothing would be more delicious and refreshing than a bunch of ripe grapes. She went in to purchase them, and sat down. There was some little delay in serving her, and while she was waiting she saw a woman who was looking at her with a good opportunity to ask a few questions without attracting attention. A smart little pony carriage stopped at the door, and a beautiful girl in a blue dress descended from it.

Mme. St. Ange, watching eagerly, with eyes full of pain, felt back with a low, startled cry, when she saw the girl's face, and clung to the chair, as though to prevent herself from falling. It was Sir Karl's face under another guise; there were Sir Karl's clear blue eyes, with no shadow of guilt or guile in their depths. There were his clear, waving waves of hair, there was his mouth as once so gracious and winning. For a few moments it was as though the sight had struck her dumb. Then the girl was by her side, and a sweet, silvery voice was saying:

"I should like some of those fine grapes, Mrs. Grey, for a sick woman when I am going to see."

The low voice was like Sir Karl's. The soft blue eyes glanced curiously but kindly at the bent figure in the black dress. If each could have known! If some good spirit could have told Gertrude that this was the woman for whom she had sought, the woman with whom rested the knowledge of her father's fate, what grief and trouble might have been spared her!

Mme. St. Ange watched each movement of the graceful girl; she listened to each word she spoke. She would have cried out: "Karl! Karl!" She was nearer losing her senses and reason than she had ever been.

Kind eyes, Karl's voice! Her head dropped to her breast; she could not hold it up.

"I am afraid you are ill," said a sweet, kindly voice, and the eyes like Karl's were bent upon her compassionately.

"Thank you, I am quite well," Madame answered coldly; and the young girl drew back with a chilled and disappointed air.

(To be Continued.)

A noted London club man once laid a wager with a friend that the latter could not sell a given number of gold guineas at a penny a piece. He won his wager. The people refused to buy. They thought he was offering too much for too little.

It is the case that the claims of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription seem almost too great to women who in years of suffering have found no help in doctors or medicines. But it is to be remembered that no claim is made for a Favorite Prescription, which is not substantiated by thousands of women cured by its use. Its effects are truly wonderful. It wipes out past years of pain as a sponge wipes a slate.

Favorite Prescription is the great medicine for women. It establishes regularity, dries enfeebled drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It is the best preparation for maternity, making the baby's advent practically painless.

"When I wrote to you in March, asking advice as to what to do for myself," says Mrs. Ella Reynolds, of Guffin, MeLean Co., Ky., "I was expecting to become a mother in June, and was sick all the time. Had miscarriage several months. Could not get anything to stay in my stomach, not even water. Had miscarriage twice in six months, and threatening all the time with this one. Had female weakness for several years. My hips, back and lower bowels hurt me all the time. Had numbness from my hips down. Had several hard cramping spells and was not able to do any work at all. I received your answer in a few days, telling me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I took three bottles, and before I had taken it a month I was better, and before I had taken it a month I was able to help do my work. On the 27th of May my baby was born, and I was only sick three hours, and had an easy time.

"I was told Dr. Pierce's medicine for it has cured me."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness.

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THE WORLD OF SPORTS.

Ryan Gets the Decision Over Kid Carter.

Annual Meeting London Hockey Club Tonight—The Stanley Cup—Racing Events.

FISTIC.

RYAN WON FROM KID CARTER. Chicago, Nov. 27.—Tommy Ryan, who claims Chicago as his home, defeated Kid Carter, of Brooklyn, before a crowd of 5,000 people tonight. Ryan had the best of the fight all the way, with the exception of two intervals in the first and second rounds, when Carter sent him to the mat with right swings. Carter was beaten fearfully about two head and face, and although he went the limit, he fought the last rounds without knowing much about what he was doing, except that there was a man in front of him whom he had to hit. He fought gamely to the last, and his superior weight and strength was a heavy handicap to Ryan. The latter, however, was much too heavy for Carter, and got inside him every swing, he made, and blocked three out of five blows that were sent to his body. George Siler awarded the purse to Ryan, amid loud cheers from the crowd, the applause being fully as much for the game boy from Brooklyn as for the victor.

The first preliminary bout of six rounds was between Joe Sherlock and Eugene McGovern, at 125 pounds. The fight was stopped in the third round to save Sherlock, who was badly punished.

Harry Griffin and Larry Gleason, local light-weights, met at 130 pounds. The fight was given to Gleason in the fourth round. Griffin had committed fouls repeatedly.

Morrison Rauch, of Chicago, and Kid McFadden, of San Francisco, came to the ring at 115 pounds. McFadden fought for being over-weight. They went for six fast rounds, the decision being given to McFadden.

Harry Harris and Clarence Forbes, of Chicago, fought at 110 pounds. Forbes won.

Jef Thorne, of England, and Jack Beechelte, of Chicago, met at 160 pounds. Thorne was given the decision after six minutes of fighting. Beechelte having been hit by a great blow below the belt. Beechelte apologized after delivering the blow. Thorne was quite severely injured.

AN UNPOPULAR DECISION. Denver, Col., Nov. 27.—Bennie Yanger, "the Tipton Slasher," of Chicago, and Young Corbett, of Denver, fought a ten-round draw before the Colorado Athletic Club tonight. The decision was very unpopular, and the referee, Jack McKenna, was hissed by the crowd as he left the ring.

A TWENTY-ROUND DRAW. Omaha, Nov. 27.—Perry Queenan, of Chicago, and young Peter Jackson fought 20 rounds here to a draw tonight.

FOOTBALL. HOBBS' GREAT WORK. Montreal, Nov. 26.—The Gazette speaks as follows of the intermediate championship game on Saturday: "The western men were much the superior team, or at least they put more science in the game. They out-generated the collegians at almost all points, and the work of Hobbs behind the line was somewhat of a revelation. The visiting team were very good at interference work, which most of the time went unnoticed. McGill did some of it as well, but it was not as effective, the collegians not having made a particular study of it, as their opponents evidently had. The match on the whole was a hard one, and up to the standard of some senior matches played here, and while McGill played a plucky game, they seemed to be badly managed, and the best team won. Considering the fine, crisp weather, there was but a small attendance on the grand stand."

HOCKEY. ANNUAL MEETING TONIGHT. This evening the London Hockey Club will hold its annual meeting at the Teumess House. All those desirous of joining the club are requested to be present. The meeting will be held at 8 p.m. sharp.

FUTURE DISPOSITION OF THE STANLEY CUP. Montreal, Nov. 27.—At the approaching meeting of the International Hockey Association one of the most important matters that will come up for discussion will be the future disposition of the trophy known as the Stanley cup, and the subject of it is being discussed by the trustees have compelled the holders to play matches for it, irrespective of the fact that their regular championship series were not finished by any means. Although both Howard Wilson, the president, and George James, the secretary, decline to make known today what amendments will be brought before the meeting, it can be stated positively that an amendment dealing with the Stanley cup will be brought up—an amendment by which the senior clubs will bind themselves not to play any matches for the cup till after the regular season is finished. The move of the amendment claims that the arbitrary rulings of the Stanley cup trustees thus far have, the last year particularly, tended to spoil the sport, instead of encourage it, as Lord Stanley intended that the trophy should. They have allowed the regular season to be broken up when it was hardly half finished, and spoiled the temper of the players as well as the series of the trophy. The trustees have done the visiting teams, who were aching to take the much-coveted cup away with them, they have done any amount of harm to the game in this part of the country. It will be interesting to know what the trustees will have to say about this movement against their authority, and the notice of motion is almost bound to meet with protests from the extreme west and extreme east.

GLENCOE CLUB REORGANIZED. Glencoe, Ont., Nov. 27.—At the annual meeting of the Glencoe Hockey club last night the following officers were elected for the season: Honorary president, I. K. Pole; honorary vice-president, M. Campbell; patrons, J. C. Elliott, E. T. Buck, A. Finlayson; president, G. A. Parrott; vice-president, John Stevenson; secretary, treas-

urer, J. M. Donnelly; manager, Allan Rae; captain, A. D. McAlpine.

THE GODERICH CLUB. Goderich, Ont., Nov. 27.—Last evening at a large and enthusiastic meeting of the Goderich Hockey club, the following officers were elected: Honorary president, Hon. J. T. Garrow; honorary vice-president, W. L. Elliot; president, F. M. Dunham; vice-president, H. M. Tait; treasurer, Charles Sheppard; secretary, G. L. Allan; captain, Wm. McCarthy; manager, E. C. Atchill; committee, the officers and Messrs. Fred Sheppard and Percy Walton. The prospects for a successful season look bright, and Goderich may again win the championship of the H. C. H. A., as all the old players are available and a few new men are on hand.

LACROSSE. CAPT. EGAN DEAD. Ottawa, Nov. 27.—Michael Egan, the captain of the Capital lacrosse team, died at his home here at 2 o'clock this morning. Egan had been employed in the city postoffice for over 15 years.

TURF. AT WASHINGTON. Washington, Nov. 27.—The racing at Bellingham today was without special features. In the handicap Kildinick, the favorite, landed the money. Speedmas, who has won several times during this meeting, finished last.

First race, handicap, 6 furlongs—Kildinick 1, Huldinopole 2, Death 3. Time, 1:17.

Second race, maiden 2-year-old fillies, 5 furlongs—The Rogue 1, Zenaida 2, Oblayed 3. Time, 1:04.

Third race, 3-year-olds, mile and 70 yards—Asquith 1, Borough 2, Mari-bert 3. Time, 1:51½.

Fourth race, 2-year-olds, 6 furlongs—Oriental 1, Sadie S. 2, Blueskin 3. Time, 1:17.

Fifth race, 1-1½ miles—Oneick Queen 1, Godfrey 2, Evelyn Bird. Time, 1:33.

Sixth race, selling, 7 furlongs—Miss Hanover 1, Oread 2, Decimal 3. Time, 1:32½.

TRIGGER. THE MELROSE SHOOT. The Melrose Rifle Club met Nov. 21. Scores:

200 yards, on rest:

J. Harrison 8 10 10 7 5-40
F. Harrison 6 6 9 5 10-36
J. A. Clare 6 5 10 6 6-33
E. J. Shaw 5 5 5 8 7-30
C. Harrison 7 3 7 4 7-28
J. Oliver 7 5 6 4 6-28
R. Robinson 4 4 5 5 7-25
J. Ferguson 3 3 5 7 6-24
A. Harrison 3 4 5 6 3-24
G. Harrison 3 7 5 3 4-22
W. Robinson 2 5 2 3 9-19

200 yards, off hand:

J. A. Clare 4 5 7 10 6-32
F. Harrison 7 6 2 6 4-25
W. Robinson 2 5 9 3 3-22
J. Brown 4 7 10 6 3-27
A. Harrison 2 2 5 6 4-21
J. Ferguson 5 4 4 4 2-19
J. Oliver 6 3 4 4 1-19
E. J. Shaw 2 4 6 3 2-17
J. K. Morris 2 3 5 4 2-16
C. Harrison 4 2 3 2 4-15
G. Harrison 1 2 8 0 0-11
R. Robinson 0 0 3 2 4-9

Totals:

J. A. Clare 45 J. Ferguson 43
F. Harrison 43 A. Harrison 43
J. Harrison 61 C. Harrison 43
J. K. Morris 53 W. Robinson 41
E. J. Shaw 47 R. Robinson 34
J. Oliver 47 G. Harrison 33

It's Pretty Hard

For any woman to attend to household duties with the aches and pains of a bad back.

A woman's back wasn't made to ache and it won't if the kidneys are well.

Most backache pains, most nervous headaches and other bodily troubles of womanhood come from sick kidneys.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Cure all forms of Kidney ills—urinary troubles, backache, tired, worn-out feeling, dropsy, diabetes, down to the last stages of Bright's disease. Read what a thankful woman says:

Mrs. R. J. Mitchell, Wingham, Ont., writes: "I have given Doan's Kidney Pills a fair trial and find them to be just as they are represented."

"I was troubled for some time with a very severe pain in my back, which at times would shoot down my legs, also with feeling in my head. I had a tired worn-out feeling and was so miserable I did not care whether school kept or not."

"The Doan's Kidney Pills have taken every particle of pain out of my back and legs and my headache is nearly all gone. I feel stronger and better in every way since taking the pills and am so pleased with the good they have done me, that I shall not fail to recommend them to any person I know requiring such a remedy."

Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale at all drug stores. Do not accept a substitute.

Stove Moving Necessaries

We have everything for stove moving time, such as Oil Cloth Mats (ordered specially for our stoves), extra heavy, will save your carpet; Oil Cloth Bindings, will protect your oil cloth; Stove Boards, all sizes, some beautiful designs; Coal Hods, Ash Sifters, Stove Pipes (extra bright), Stove Polishes, Stove Pipe Varnishes. We also have a select line of

Graniteware and Tinware

at prices that will suit you. Phone your order to 1305.

The Gurney-Oxford Stove Store, A. J. Brenton, Manager. 382 Richmond Street.

Railways and Navigation.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS UNDERTAKERS. WAREHOUSE—180 King street. FACTORY—Globe Casket Works. Telephone—545, and house 371.

Clean Things That Are Clean. You will find it a pleasure to point to the clean things from our establishment. We wash them clean, iron them carefully, garment soiled in any department. The care we use prevents rough edges or frayed ends.

Canadian Steam Laundry. DUNN and WILSON, proprietors, 224 Dundas street. Phone 950.

Railways and Navigation. FAST AND SUPERIOR SERVICE TO NEW YORK VIA MICHIGAN CENTRAL.

"The Niagara Falls Route." SPECIAL FAST EXPRESS leaves LONDON 7:15 p.m., arriving NEW YORK 10 a.m., via New York Central.

Sleeping car reservation and all particulars at City Ticket Office, 382 Richmond Street, Telephone 230.

JOHN PAUL, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, U. V. RUGGLES, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after Monday, Nov. 26, 1900, the train leaving Union Station Toronto (via Grand Trunk Railway) at 10:00 p.m., connects with the Maritime Express and Local Express at Bonaventure depot, Montreal, as follows:

The Maritime Express will leave Montreal daily, except on Saturday, at 12 noon for Halifax, N. S., St. John, N. B., the Sydneys, and points in the Maritime Provinces.

The Maritime Express from Halifax, St. John, the Sydneys and other points east will arrive at Montreal daily, except on Monday, at 5:30 p.m.

The Local Express will leave Montreal daily, except Monday, at 7:40 a.m., due to arrive at Levis at 1:05 p.m.

The Local Express will leave Levis at 5:20 p.m., daily, except Sunday, due to arrive at Montreal at 11:00 p.m.

Through sleeping and dining cars on the Maritime Express. The vestibule trains are equipped with every convenience for the comfort of the traveler.

The elegant, sleeping, dining and first-class cars make travel a luxury. The Intercolonial Railway connects the west with the finest fishing streams, seaside resorts and tourist routes in Canada.

Tickets for sale at all offices of the Grand Trunk Railway, at Union Station, Toronto, and at the office of the general traveling agent, WILLIAM ROBINSON, General Traveling Agent, 19 King Street West, Toronto.

H. A. PRICE, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 148 St. James Street, Montreal.

COAL IS DOWN. We have lots of summer-mined first quality anthracite for \$5.50 PER TON. ORDER AT ONCE. CHANTLER BROS., 176 Bathurst Street. Phone 347.

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