The Earl's Mistake

The tone, the lingering, clinging imprisoning of Carrie's hand would have told their secret to Philippa, had she not been busy with the candles; and as for Mr. Harrington, he was too tired to see anything.

"Good night," he says, almost in a whisper, and as she reaches the door she turns and looks at him, "a.kiss in her eyes," as Herrick says.

Lord Cecil stands for a moment, then Lord Cecil stands for a moment, then

"Good night," he says, almost in a whisper, and as she reaches the door she turns and looks at him, "a kiss in her eyes," as Herrick says.

Lord Cecil stands for a moment, then he says, "I am sorry to trouble you tonight, sir, but "Eh! Want something to drink? All right, no trouble; all on the sideboard there—cigars on the mantel shelf. You won't mind"—yawn—"my going, will you? Shan't have more than three hours in bed, and long day before me. What will you have, Lord Cecil, whiskey, brandy—""
"Neither, thanks," says Lord Cecil. "Mr. Harrington, it is cruel to worry you tonight, but I feel that I must say what I have to say at once. I love your daughter, sir!"

Mr. Harrington, stors in the middle of the principle of the middle of the m

daughter, sir!"

Mr. Harrington stops in the middle of a yawn, and looks as if he had not

heard aright,
"Eh? What? You—I beg your pardon. I'm so tired that I don't seem to "I love your daughter Carrie; will you give her to me for my wife?"
"Good heavens," exclaims Mr. Harrington. "This is some foolishness of Carrie's."

Lord Cecil, even in the gravity of the moment, can scarcely repress a smile. Carrie's intuition and imitation have been so expect.

been so correct.

"No, indeed, sir!" he says. "We are quite in earnest—I, terribly so."
"But—" stammers Mr. Harrington, then he takes a turn on the hearthrug, and all his sleepiness vanishes, and he faces Lord Cecil.

"Look here, Lord Neville," he says gravely, and with compressed lips, "this is a serious thing."

Lord Cecil bows,
"A very serious thing. I understand that you ask for my daughter's, Carrie's, hand?"
"I do, most humbly." says Cecil

hand?"
"I do, most humbly," says Cecil.
"Humbly! That's scarcely the word
the world would use, Lord Neville,"
says Mr. Harrington, frowning and looking troubled. "I—honestly and candidly—I don't like this business; I don't
like it's the says ly—I don't -like this business; I don't like it at all! Are you sure—tut, tut— confound it! What will your father

"My father will be delighted to wel-come the daughter of his old friend as his own," he says, with simple confi-dence.

Mr. Harrington looks at him gravely. Mr. Harrington looks at him gravely.
"I am not sure—I am not sure," he says modily. "Friendship between a peer, and such a peer as your father, Lord Neville, and a farmer is a strange and not very elastic kind of thing. Your father may be willing to call me friend, but shrink—and with reason—from calling Carrie—daughter!"
"You misjudge him if you impute

but shrink—and with reason—from calling Carris—daughter!"

"You misjudge him if you impute worldly or sordid motives to my father, Mr. Harrington," says Lord Neville calm. You, "I, who know him so well, can assure you that he is not a nobleman in rank only. He will be delighted and honored to welcome Carrie, if you will give her to me, and he will open his heart as well as the castle gates."

"It may be so," says Mr. Harrington uneasily. "Young men—in love too—are apt to be sanguine. And—I do not mean to be offensive, Lord Neville—but I, too, have some pride; I am the last Harrington of Howells; we have held it from year to year for the last two centuries. I should not like the world to say that the daughter of a Harrington of Fitz-Harwood!" and the rugged face lights up with simple dignity and honest pride.

"Rest assured that what you suggest—I will not say dread—it impossible."

t pride.
"Rest assured that what you suggest
I will not say dread—is impossible,"
ys Lord Neville.

"Then, there is another thing," says Mr. Harrington, uneasily, "people will say that—confound it, Neville, I wish you had met the girl anywhere else but at her own home! It looks as if—they will say that we have laid a trap for you! You know what a scandal-loving world it is! Good heavens! I—tut, tut-

world it is! Good heavens! I—tut, tut-Look here, Neville, you are sure this isn't some trick of Carrie's?" with a sudden glance of hope.

Gee'll struggles with a smile.

I should not like to think that, sir; I do not think it. I trust, I may say humbly, that Carrie returns my love!"

Then what on earth can I say but 'Yes!" says Mr. Harrington, rubbing his hair. "It I say 'no,' it would be of no use if she has set her heart on having you! She knows that! But, great Moses! I wish you two hadn't committed any such foolishness."

mo use it she has set her heart on having you! She knows that! But, great Moses! I wish you two hadn't committed any such foolishness."

CHAPTER XIV.

"For a person who thoroughly dislikes and secorts lords in general, and Lord Ceeil Neville in particular, you seem to be carrying on pretty finely," said Philippa, as the tall, slim fingers, still clad in the overcoat, which now drags at her heels and makes her look like a Punch and Judy showman with an angel's face, drops on to the sofa in the bedroom." I am aware that you don't care very much for the proprieties, dear, at the best of times, but considering that all. Thorpe Hampstead must be talking of your doings at the ball this evening, this exploit of riding about the lanes in a dog-cart alone with a young man at the small and early hour of three is rather strong;" and Philippa laughs and yawns, and undoes the neat coil of hair. "And aren't you going to undress?" she goes on, "or are you so enamored of Lord Neville's great-coat that you intend going to bed in it?"

Carrie looks up quickly, but her eyes droom again, and the long lashes rest dreamily upon her flushed cheeks, as covertly she lifts the sheeve of the coat to her lips and kisses it.

"Carrie," exclaims Philippa again, presently, with a terrific yawn. "Do get to bed! What will you look like to-morrow?" Then, as there comes no word or movement in response she walks toward the figure sitting so upright with clasped hands, and holds the candle over.

Then Carrie lifts her eyes, and something in them makes Philippa almost jump.

"Why! What—what is the matter?

What has harnened?" she germ for

undress?" she goes on, "or are you so enamored of Lord Neville's great-coat that you intend going to bed in it?"
Carrie looks up quickly, but her eyes droop again, and the long lashes rest dreamily upon her flushed cheeks, as covertly she lifts the sleeve of the coat to her lips and kisses it.

"Carrie," exclaims Philippa again, presently, with a terrific yawn. "Do get to bed! What will you look like to-morrow?" Then, as there comes no word or movement in response she walks toward the figure sitting so upright with clasped hands, and holds the candle over.

Then Carrie lifts her eyes, and something in them makes Philippa almost jump.

"Why! What—what is the matter? What has happened?" she gasps, for there is something shining in Carrie's eyes which is a revelation. "What is it, Carrie' Can't you speak? Can't you—"
She puts down the candle hurriedly, and coming up to her, turns her face upward. "Carrie, what have you been doing!" with a little pant! "What has happened?" She culpward. "Carrie, what have you been doing!" with a little pant! "What has happened?" Why do you look so like that—"

Then suddenly the white arms glide

Neville?" gasps Prilippa, strugg:ing to free herself suffciently to scrutinize the flushed face.

The lips open, and the word "yes" forms upon them.

"Lord Neville! I don't understand!" says Philippa, staring at her.

"No! It is too unreal, too absurd. Say so, Philippa, and I'll forgive you!" says Carrie, glancing up at her shyly, for the first time in her life. "Say what you like, dear! I'll give you leave! Say it's ridieulous, incredible, monstrous! I don't care! It is true!"

eare! It is true! true! true!"
"What is true?" demands 'Child, do you want to drive me out ony mind? Can't you understand that

"Child, do you want to drive me out of my mind? Can't you understand that I want to know, and that you have told me nothing?"
"Do you want me to put it in due form?" says. Carrie, with an effort at defiance, and changing from red to white, and looking aside. "You are more than usually obtuse, dear! You will insist upon my saying that—Lord Neville has honored me by proposing for my hand!" Philippa gasps open mouthed, and raises her hands to the heavens, and lets them fall again with tragic surprise. "Why do you gape at me like that?" says Carrie, almost angrily. "Why do you behave like a semaphore? Is it so unnatural, so improbable!"
"No! no!" responds Philippa, hurriedly, "Forgive me, my dear—but—but"—with a smile that is still eloquent of amazement—"it— it is so sudden! Of course," suspiciously, "it is not a joke of yours?"

"Joke!" angrily, impatiently.

"No, no! I see it is true! And—and—Lord Neville has proposed!" she exclaims. "Great Heav—"

—Lord Neville has proposed: sne exclaims. "Great Heav—"
Carrie stops the exclamation by a sudden movement of impatience.

"Why do you treat it as if it were the most amazing thing that could possibly happen?" she demands. "Am I so—so hideous that the mere fact of—of any one wishing to—to marry me seems to you too wild a compliment?"

"My dear! my dear!" says Philippa. contrilely and tenderly, and she takes the slim figure in her motherly arms and presses the lovely head against her bosom. "Forgive me, my dear, but it—it took me by surprise! There! I won't say it again! And—and—Carrie, tell me, do you love him?"

The head sinks lower.

"Ah, Philippaa!"

"And you have said 'Yes,'" says poor Philippe struggling with the asterich

"And you have said 'Yes,' " Phillippa, struggling with the astonishment which still threatens to display itself, for all her sturdy efforts at sur

pression.
"Yes," she Carrie, softly. "Does it seem too strange, Philippa? It does to me! And yet—who could help it? Is there any woman with a heart in her bosom—" "You said you hadn't any yesterday,

"You said you hadn't any yesterday," says Philippa.
"Any woman who could have said 'No!' Philippa, did—did you notice how handsome he looked to-night!" in a whisper. Philippa cannot help it: "Rather—rather like a hairdresser's dummy, do you mean!"

But Carrie does not get angry; she laughs coolly, composedly.

face.

"Yes, yes; and that you love him; and that, thank Heaven, is palpable."

"Palpable!" says Carrie, pausing in her task of slowly, reluctantly taking off the great-coat. "What do you mean? Do you mean"—with a spot of crimosn in each check and a shamefaced look in her eyes—"that it was palpable—that any one could see it days ago?"

"Oh, no," says Philippa; "I mean paipable now to me, between us two."

Carrie draws a breath of relief.
"I thought—I feared—you were going to say that I showed what I felt—that I flung myself at his head!" with a iittle laugh.

tle laugh.

Carrie stands in her ball dress, her ands clasped, her brows thoughtfully

hands clasped, her brows thoughtfully knitted, then she looks up.
"Philippa, if yo' will believe me, I had quite forgotten who he was! It seems incredible, but it's true," she sighs, then she smiles. "After all, he can't help it; it's not his fault."
Philippa stares.
"What nonsense are you talking? Do Irish People.

can't neip n; it's not his fault."
Philippa stares.
"What nonsense are you talking? Do you mean to say that you would rather he were a nobody?"
"Far, far!" says Carrie, and there is truth in her tone. "What do I care? I tell you—I told you!—that I loved him! If he were called Brown—even without the final 'e,' it would make no difference! And I shall be a countess!" she says, after a pause. "A countess! 'Philippa, it is rather a—a jump for a farmer's daughter, isn't it?—though one is a Harrington of Howells!"
Philippa laughs with a pleasant sense of triumph, and looks up at the tall vision of youth and loveliness with a gleam of enthusiasm in her placid eyes. "Rather! Carrie, you must not grow "Rather! Carrie, you must not grow

"Rather! Carrie, you must not grow too proud, you know! You will not cut us all?" laughing; then suddenly she grows serious. "I wonder—I wonder how the Earl and Countess of Fitz-Har-

(To be Continued.)

A VOICE FROM NOVA SCOTIA

States That Dodd's Kidney Pills Surely Cures Bright's Disease.

Ellie J. Mirk Suffered From This Terrible Ailment for Four Years, But Dodd's Kidney Pills Made der a

Miscou Harbor, Gloucester County, N S., March 15.—(Special.)— That any remedy that will cure Bright's Disease will cure any form of Kidney Disease has ong been admitted by the medical pro-

long been admitted by the medical profession, and this place furnishes one more undoubted proof that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Bright's Disease. For Ellie J. Mirk, well known here, had Bright's Disease, and Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her.

"I suffered for over four years from Kidney Disease, which developed into Bright's Disease," Miss Mirk states. "I had pains in head and back and stiffness of the joints. I lost my appetite and suffered from dizziness and shortness of breath. I was weak and languid all the time.

"I was always nervous and could not keep my thoughts from wandering. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me. To-day I have not one of these distressing symptoms

symptoms."
Neglected Kidney Complaint develops into Bright's Disease, Heart Disease or Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney's Pills cure any and all of these. But it's easier and safer to cure the earlier symptoms by using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

TIMES PATTERNS.



But Carrie does not get angry; she laughs coolly, composedly.

"That's right, dear! say what you like. Gloat over me—remind me of all the other mad, foolish, school-girlish things I said. What else did I call him? Go on—don't spare me. Didn't I laugh at hishair? And you were right, and I knew it—that there never was more beautiful than his. Philippa, how is it—why does a man make us love him as he does, just the one man?" in an awed whisper.

Philippa shakes her head.

"What is the use of asking me, dear?" she says. "You have learned more about it in these few hours than I shall ever attain to while I live."

"Strange, strange!" murmurs the sweet voice, the dark eyes looking into the dimness of the room. "I do not understand it. Only a few days ago, and I —I felt that I had no heart, that I should never understand what love meant! And now?—clasping Philippa's arm suddenly, and turning pale—"now I feel that if I were to lose him, if it were all to go, and I had to sink back into the past, that past without him, without love, I should—die. . Philippa, do you know when it began with me? It was that afternoon when he did battle with that woman, Lady Bellairs, for our sake. It began with me? It was that afternoon when he did battle with that woman, Lady Bellairs, for our sake. It began then, I think, but perhaps it was before. What does it matter?" with a long, blissful sigh. "The great thing is than the loves me, isn't it, Philippa?" And she turns her great eyes—very wide and dark and dreamy they look, with the happiness of love's first dream shiming in them—upon Philippa's plain, homely, but sympathizing face.

"Yes, yes; and that you love him; and that, thank Heaven, is palpable."
"Palpable!" says Carrie nauging in her."
"Palpable!

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LEFT ESTATE OF \$13,000.

In a recent issue there appeared a list of the wills entered for probate, including one of the late Mr. T. Carey, Freelton, as amounting to about \$5,700. The correct amount left to the family, including properties disposed of before the will was made, insurance and amount entered for probate, was something over \$13,000, and divided about equally among the wife and two sons. FOUR OF EIGHT DREADNOUGHTS

Mr. Balfour Will Demand a Vote on Naval Programme.

On Naval Programme.

London, March 19.—Hon. A. J. Balfour, leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, has decided to take the sense of the House as to whether four or eight Dreadnoughts should be definitely included in this year's naval programme. He has given notice to move a vote of censure of the Government next Monday, declaring that the proposed provision for ships of the newest type is not sufficient to secure the safety of the empire.

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A HOT TIME.

Senator Cloran's Message to the

He Explains His Position and Criticises Power and Bowell.

Ottawa, March 19 .- In the Senate to-day Senator Cloran again succeeded nection with his resolution, introduced last Wednesday (St. Patrick's Day), pro-

in stirring up a little excitement in connection with his resolution, introduced last Wednesday (St. Patrick's Day), providing for the sending of a message to the Irish people expressing to them the congratulations of the Canadian Senate on the progressive and hopeful condition of Ireland under King Edward VII.

When he offered the resolution he said it was to secure from the Senate a unanimous expression of kindly feeling toward their fellow-citizens of another part of the empire. He was aware there had to be unanimous consent to allow the resolution to be put.

The remarks with which he prefaced his resolution were not intended, as Sir Mackenzie Bowell had insinuated, to create social or religious controversy. He merely wanted to follow the example of King Edward and the crowned heads of other countries, who entertain each other with messages of sympathy and congratulation. It was the first time in three hundred years that the Irish people had been able to send a British Sovereign a message of peace and good-will. While he wished to be the instrument to congratulate the Sovereign, he did-not propose to be the means of falicitating any senator in venting antagonism to the Irish people. He would therefore withdraw the resolution and submit it again in regular form next St. Patrick's day. Senator Cloran said he would forgive the position assumed by the ex-Prime Minister of Canada, who had been of an organization which had been a fierce opponent to the granting of autonomy to the Irish people. While feeling was changing in regard to this question in most parts of the world, the society he referred to learned nothing and forgot nothing. His people (the Irish) had learned to forget, and were prepared to be governed by fair play and justice. He appealed to Sir Mackenzie Bowell to inculcate these principles in the organization which hear the intimation given by Senator Power that he should be eieeted from the chamber by the proper of the Senate. Had he heard it he would have given an emphatic reply. He declared that

of opinions between Senator Cloran and Senator Power, the Speaker closed the incident by calling the orders of the day

CLAUDE'S THOUGHT.

Excuse Given by Young Man Accused of Stealing.

North Bay, March 19.-Acting upon information from the Guelph police, Chief Rayner has been watching for a young Englishman named Claude Gregory, wanted on a charge of horse-stealing preferred by a farmer named Robert Lowery, for whom he worked near Guelph. Gregory was arrest-ed yesterday at Restoule, thirty miles from Powassan, where he had taken up free grant land and was living in a shack. He claimed to have purchased a horse from Lowery for \$5, and owned a cutter and harness himself. nformation from the Guelph police,

self.

He stated that he paid Lowery \$45 and that three months' wages were coming to him at \$10 a month. Having a disagreent with his employer, with whom he had engaged to work a year, he took the horse, which he considered his own, and started to drive to New Ontario, but arriving at Washago, near Orillia, sold the outfit for \$50 and continued his journey northward.

ward.
Gregory is a youth of twenty and his apture was the result of his having written a letter to North Bay addressed to his brother. The letter was in-

WEIRD STORY.

Wrecked Sailors Tramp Over Hundred Miles Through Wilds.

Montreal, March 19.-From James Bay to Montreal is a far cry, especialthe Stork, the ill-fated Hudson's Bay Company's steamer, arrived here yesterday after a long tramp. Frank Johnson and George Martin, the survivors, tell a weird story of their wanderings. Just one hundred and forty-eight days have elapsed since Johnson and Martin were compelled, together with the rest of a weary crew, to abandon the fur-laden Stork in the icy waters of James Bay on October 10, 1908. The Stork left London on June 18, 1908, and arrived in James Bay on August 25 of the same year. The Stork later took on a cargo of fur and had just started on her homeward journey when she was wrecked by ice and had to be abandoned.

The adventures of Johnson and Martin from the time they left the ship until they arrived in this city, on Wednesday morning, are almost comparable in severity to those of Dr. Nansen or Commander Perry on their Arctic expeditions. They experienced the same severity of climatic conditions and suffered from want of what the Arctic explorers did not lack, sufficient cigestible 'cood and comfortable quarters to sleep in. From the Hudson's Bay Company's manager at Moose Factory, they state, they received very shabby treatment. They say they were given food and accommodation which they describe as not fit for dogs. The food they were given consisted mainly of 'crackery on snowshees and reached Cestery on some sheet of the section and some southern and some southern and some southern and some southern and southern and southern and southern and southern and southern and souther in midwinter. Two survivors of the Stork, the ill-fated Hudson's Bay

or pork."

On March 1st they left Moose Factory on snowshoes and reached Cochrane on March 13th, 210 miles from Moose Factory. They left this morning for New York. Johnson is an Australian.

It is possible that owing to the Can-adian trade treaty with France the min-imum rate on lumber in the new United States tariff will not app ly to this coun-

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The New Millinery-Grand Display at **Popular Prices**

Have you seen our display? Now is the time to order your Easter Hat; don't leave it till the last week. Everybody has stamped our millinery display the best ever. Visit this department Monday and view Hamilton's greatest display and best of all at popular prices.

After the Opening Sale of Dress Goods

For Monday's big selling we place on sale many of our newest style Spring Dress Materials at prices that are bound to crowd this popular section of the store all day long. Will you be one of the fortunate to secure your new Spring suit length much below regular? If so, buy Monday.

New Shadow Stripe Suitings on Sale Good Value at 75c, Our Price 55c Yard

See this line Monday; will make up stylish suits or dresses; has a nice arl finish and guaranteed pure wool, by all odds the best offering of e whole season, and intending buyers should take advantage of this special, on sale in navy, brown, green, grey, red, cream and black, worth regula

Broadcloths Again Monday at Per Yard 75c, Regular Value \$1.00

Another sale of this popular ma-

Manufacturer's Stock Good Quality Black Dress Goods Ends Half Price Monday

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Here's a chance for the loveliest of pretty black Dress Goods, consisting of silk and wool, Voiles, Eollenne, Filet Nets ctc., in length from 71.6, yards up to 9 yard terial that will delight those who are fortunate to buy Monday, on sale in 17 different colors and this line Monday at a popular sale price 75c yard for the monday at a popular sale price 75c yard foreign buyer at a big discount.

Specials in Underskirts for Monday THIRD FLOOR

\$2.50 Moirette Underskirts for \$1.49

Moirette Underskirts, in black, navy, blue, and brown, deep accordian pleated flounce and finished with frill, we \$2.50, Monday's sale price

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Tailor-made Suits \$12.50

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A large shipment of Spring Shirts now ready for inspection. Prices rang regular price is 15 and 20c, while they last Our special Balbriggan Underwear, best quality of Penman's, all sizes Men's Shirts made to order, and also Ladies' Shirt Waists, 100 san

Grand Monday Housefurnishings Snaps

\$1.75 Lace Curtains \$1.18 Pair White Flannelette Sheets \$1.49 Pair Splendid, strong, durable thread Cur ins, 3½ yards, neat, artistic designs ill wear and launder well, Monday

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Window Shades 47c Each

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Elegant Designs in New Carpets and Linoleums--Special Prices for Monday 4 yard Wide Linoleum 45c

Best Quality Tapestry \$1.00 Very clever designs, best quality apestry Carpet, borders to match, for

Heavy English Tapestry 79c Heavy English Tapestry, new de-igns, borders to match, worth 90c

Wilton Carpets \$1.50 Special designs, Wilton Carpets, bor- Taers to match, high class goods, worth x 4

ch, for 4-yard wide Scotch Linoleum, tile
\$\frac{4}{2}\$ \$1.00 and floral patterns, new goods, extra

Inlaid Linoleum 75c New designs Inlaid Linoleum, floral and block effects, choice quality, spec-Heavy Brussels Carpet \$1.05 Axminster Hearth Rugs \$2.00

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