RAILWAYS.

ANADIAN

RAILWAY

Grand Trunk Hellway, and the Marke Close connection with the Marke Press and Local Express at Bonaventure Den Montreal as follows:

The Martine Express will leave Montral to the Martine Express will leave Montral to the Martine Provinces.

The Martine Express from He Sydneys, it is a starting to the Martine Express from He Sydneys, St. John and start point arrive at Montreal daily except on 1,30 p.m., and daily from Riviere du 1,30 p.m., and daily from Riviere du 1,50 p.m., and daily fro

arrive at Montreal daily, except on 7, 39 pm., and daily from Riviere du The Local Express will leave Mor except Sun-lay at 7,40 a.m., due to Levis at 1 p.m., Riviere du Loup at 5 Little Metis at 8,25 pm.

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GRAND TRUNK RAIL

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILW

TORONTO, HAMILWAY & BUF

(Eastern Standard Time Time Table, Taking Effect June : Going East.

Buffalo Ex., 8.25 a. m.
(via Niagara Falls),
daily,
New York Express,
10.45 a. m.

Brantford
ford Ex. (via Niagara daily, New York Express, New York Express, 10.45 a. m. New York Express, 6.25 p. m. daily.

Parlor cars on day trains. Paleeping car on New York train letten 6.25 p. m.

HAMILTON, GRIMSBY & VILLE BLECTRIC RAIL

Leave Hamilton—7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.1, 11.10 a. 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.0, 8.10, 8.10, 10.10 p.m.
Leave Beamsylle—6.10, 7.10, 8.16, 9.10, 11.10 a.m., 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.8, 10, 9.10 p.m.

8.10, 9.10 p.m.

SUNDAY TIME TABLE.

Leave Hamilton—9.10, 11.10, a.m., 12.35, 2.

3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10 p. m.

Leave Beamsville—7.10, 9.10 a.m., 12.10, 1.

2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 7.10, 9.10 p.m.

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Pacific p.m.

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FOR TORONTO.

7.00 a.m. 8.45 9.00 10.20 11.15 12.40 p.m. 3.40 7.55 9.25 Daily

press.

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PACIFIC

Then Reginald would leave the club and go around to Grosvenor Square, to find Lady Chesterton haggard, and anxlous, and they would condole together, until Helen appeared to laugh their fears to scorn.

"Dead! Nonsense!" she would exclaim, the heetle flush rising to her fair face, her eyes flashing defiantly. "Why should he be dead?" Roland never liked letter-writing; you have said so yourself a hundred times. No, he is not dead. No man is more able to take care of himself than is Roland. Besides, you don't know that he is in the war."

"The last letter we received was from the seat of war," the old lady would say, with a long sigh.

"The last? That is ever so long ago," the beauty would retort with a laugh. "Since then he has had time to be at the other end of Europe. Not! I sam quite sure nothing has happened; nobody shall make me believe it. He will come back in time for the wedding, if it is only a day beforehand."

And never for one hour did she delay the preparations.

The dress-

eforehand."

And never for one hour did she de
ty the preparations. The dress
makers were as hard at work as i makers were as hard at work as if the bridegroom were close at hand. The house in Wiltshire, from which Roland had been retarning when he found Marjorie leaning over the gate in Warley lane, was still filled with a noble army of carpenters and upholsterers. Even the wedding cake was ordered. And to every one who mentioned her absent lover, the beauty responded, with a smile:
"He is away for the benefit of his heaith. We do not expect him back until the last minute."

But though she carried it off so bravely in public, there were moments when the proud spirit threw off its mask and grappled with the stern facts."

Not even her maid, who brushed out the long tresses of golden hair.

off-its mask and grapped with the stern facts."

Not even her maid, who brushed out the long tresses of golden halr, had any suspicion of the paroxysms of doubt and lealousy that wrung the proud heart of the popular beauty, and caused her to toss to and fro through the wakeful night. For through it all she knew, with a certainty beyond all doubt, that she did not hold his heart—that he still loved the brown-eyed girl, whom she by trrachery and falsehood had supplanted.

sbe by trrachery and falsehood had supplanted.
But like the Spartan boy, who hid the fox under his robe, and, let it gnaw his vitals rather than sonfess his theft, she hid her love and her doubts, and appeared before the world smiling and triumphant.
And, after all, she did not doubt. "Let him come back to me," she thought, proudly conscious of her power, "and all will be well. Let him come back, and I will hold him against the world!"

world

the world!"
And so the preparations went on, the stern old mother sitting silent and sorrowful, amazed at the confidence of the girl, who refused to believe that anything ill had happened to Roland. "Yeu will see," said the beauty, with a brilliant smile, and the hectic flush that so frequently glowed in her cheeks. "He will come back, and you will have all your anxiety for nothing."

will have all your anxiety for nothing."

All right," said Reginald, gloomily, one night when he had dropped in at Groevenor Square, after a bell, at which the beauty had carried off the laurels. "I don't want to discourage you; but I would merely remark that the wedding was fixed for the thirteenth, and that to day is the sixth, and that to day is the smiled, and turned the diamond bracelet on her arm.

"One week! Well, he is on the road home, no doubt! I shall be mistress of Chesterton Wold in a week. Have you seen my dress? Worth has surpassed himself. I always said that I should be the best-dressed bride of the country, and I think I shall be."
"If he comes home," growled Reginald.
"Oh, he*will come," said the beauty;

h, he will come," said the beauty; then, as her brother turned away, murmured to herself, "but if he not, I shall be a bride neverthe-

does not, I shall be a bride nevertheless."
What did she mean? Perhaps Lord
Graneland could have answered.

CHAPTER XII.

On the same day that the beauty
was prophesying the return
of Roland within a week
Marjorie and Bessie were sitting
in the little room, which went by the
name of the best parlor. Marjorie was
putting the finishing touches to a
water-color sketch of the church; Bessie was tilted back in a chair, tilted to
its extreme limits, her hands clasped its extreme limits, her hands clasped behind her head, her eyes fixed on Marjorie's face with a 'thoughtful,

admiring gaze. "Nearly finished?" Marjorie, she asked, presently.

asked, presently.

"Just finished," answered Marjorie, with ber head on one side to view the effect of the last touches.

"I'm glad of te," said Bessie. "I've been walting for the last quarter of an hour for that finishing touch. Let's look at it! Let me see, how much do they give you for this?" and she took up the sketch unceremoniously.

"Two guines. Take care that you do not smudge it?" answered Marjorie, smilling.

"Two gaines. Take care that you do not smudge it?" answered Marjorie, smiling.

"All right," said Bessie, cheerfully.

"It's worth fifty guineas. Why don't you put Mr. Cumming in? He'd be a pleasant addition to the pleture."

Marjorie laughed softly and wiped her brushes in silence.

"Yes, I'd put him in," said Bessie, carelessly, "He'd make a handsome addition. By the way, Marjorie, what have we-or rather you-done to offend Mr. Cumming?"

Marjorie looked up with a sudden blush; then rose and put her paints together, as she answered:

"Offend him? I don't know," said Bessie, resuming her old position and sorutinizing Marjorie through half-closed eyes, "Something has offended him. I suppose. He has not been down to the school for-ob, for weeks past, and he doesn't call as he used to. Indeed, if he happens to pass, he turns lis eyes, away, as If he were forbidden fruit."

"Bessie," exclaimed Marjorie, repreachfully; but a faint flush rose to lier face.

"We the truth," said Bessie, calmiy.

"It's the truth," said Bessle, calmly. "It's the truth," said Bessle, calmly.
"No one could help noticing it. If we had been detected playing pitch and toss on Sunday, he couldn't avoid us more palpably. What is it?"
"I-don't know," answered Marjorie, falteringly.
"I believe that to be a falsehood," said Bessle, cheerfully. "But I'm very sorry. A nicer man than Harvey Cumming..."

"Mr. Cumming," corrected Marjorie,

laughingly.

lauvey Cumming,"

pre "Harvey Cumming," repeated bessie, with a pretty will-ulness, "Winat ne isense it is to always talk of a man by his for-

mal name, just because he is a clergyman! He was christened Harvey, and he is Harvey. It's a pretty name, isn't it'?

"Yes," answered Marjorle, "it is a pretty name."

"Very well, then," retorted Bessie, "I choose to call him Harvey Cumming. He ought never to have been a clergyman, with those shoulders. He ought to have been a soldier! I should like to see him in a scarlet coat. If he had been a soldier, what would the young ladles of Warley have done, Marjorie? Eates him up, considering that they worship him now."

Marjorie laughed again, and going to the window, leaned out, her beautiful face inned to the sunlight. "They we lid have eaten him," said Bessie. Confidently. "I can tell off on my right hand five maidens who are dying of love for him."

"Nonsense!" laughed Marjorie. "Pray, be mare sensible, Bessie."

"a m veranimed full of sense, only you will not believe it. Let me see, there are the two Misses Greening, there is Miss Drayton, there is—""Hush!" whispered Marjorie, warningly, and the door opened and Harvey Cumming's tall form entered.

No knight of the middle ages could have behaved more chivalrously than this vicar of our modern days had done.

Many a man loving w girl as he

done. Many a man loving a girl as he loved Marjorie would have given her no rest until he had gained her; but Harvey Cumming had behaved with a nobleness which befitted his name

Harrey Cumming had behaved with a nobleness which befitted his name and ancient lineage.

Ever since that night, a month ago, when he had declared his love and besought her to allow him to hope, he had lived on that hope alone, and had never once obtruded his love.

At one time a dally visitor to the control of the last month laid himself open to the distinct charge of neglect of the youth of his parish. At one time he had never allowed a day to go by without calling at the school house and exchanging a word with the beautiful mistress; but lately he had so pointedly avoided the lane, in which the lyycovered little cottage stood that Bessle, to whom Marjorie had said no word, had begun to think he was offended.

Once or twice he had

Bessie, to whom Marjorie had said no word, had begun to think he was offended.

Once or twice he had met Marjorie by chance in the houses of some of the villagers, or in the sweet-smelling lanes; but beyond a firm, tight clasp of the hand, he had said nothing to remind her of that evening a month ago, when his heart had spoken out.

Even now his visit seemed more intended for Bessie than for fiarlorie, who stood slient by the window, the beautiful eyes downcast; her face faintly flushed.

"Oh," said Bessie, with her usual chandid frankness, "we were just speaking of you. Mr. Cumming. I was saying we had offended you; have we?"

Harvey Cumming smiled and laid his white hand on her golden head. "Were you speaking of me?" he asked glancing at the graceful motionless figure-in the window. "That was kind of you. Offended? No, I am not so easily offended, Bessie. Why were you not at the Grange? They expected yeu."

"Did they?" asked Bessie, coolly, "Well, I've come to a resolution, Mr. Cumming, and that is not to go out again without Marjorie. You see, she is such a stay-at-home, that as long as I go out without her she will never budge away from the door. So I mean to stay at home and grow pale and thin, like the girl in the 'May Queen,' who falls into a decline and dies. Then Marjorie will be sorry."

He laughed and looked at Marjorie. "Hadn't you better avert that "H

orry." He laughed and looked at Marjorie "Hadn't you better avert that direful climax, Miss Marjorie?" he

direiu chara, asked.

Marjorie smiled.

"It is only an idle threat," she answered. "Bessie could not work it out if she triedg".

"Meanwhile," he said, "suppose you go with her now. I am going up the Grange, and will be happy if you will let me escort you. Mrs. Greening will be delighted to see

Marjorie hesitated, but Bessie

jumped up.
"'ll get your hat and jacket, Marjore," she said. "Don't give way, Mr.
Cumming 'Insist upon her going !" and
she ran from the room.
Harvey Cumming went up to the

Cumming. Insist upon her going !" and she ran from the room.
Harvey Cumming went up to the window.
"Seriously." he said, "why should you persist in remaining in seclusion when so many desire your presence among them."
Marjorie looked down.
"I am very happy as it is," she said, ir a low voice.
He smilled.
"But how about their happiness? If you can add to it, why should you not?"
"Here's your hat Marjorie," exclaimed Bessie, "and here's your jacket. You haven't seen her play lawn-tennis, Mr. Cumming. She can give Miss Greening points and then beat her. Come along, Marjorie!"
Marjorie smilingly put on her hat and jacket, and they went out, Bessie chattering at her side in her usual light-hearted fashion.
All Warley was on the tennis ground, and gave a most hearty welcome to Mr. Cumming, who had absented himself from their gatherings during the last month. And all Warley welcomed the beautiful Miss Deane, who, so to speak, was making her first appearance among them.
"This is as it should be, my dear," said Mrs. Greening, press ng Marjori's hand. "We all know your sister, and have long wished that you should join us. I am very glad to see you."

In her plain black dress, with lace at the throat and wrists, her tall form stood out from the rest, marked by that peutiful grace which was Marjorie's birthright, and of which rough fate had not roubed her.

There were several visitors from neighboring towns, and Mrs. Greening went from one to the other, graciously explaining away the little air of curiosity and surprise at the appearance of a schoolmistress at the Grange.
"Oh, yes, she is a school-mistress," said Mrs. Greening, "but they are

ance of a schoolmistress at the Grange.

"Oh, yes, she is a school-mistress," said Mrs. Greening, "but they are both most unexceptionable. You remember Mr. Deane, the millionaire and financier? Well, these are his daughters, brought down by a sudden misfortune. Beautiful? Oh, yes, she's very beautiful, poor girl!" and the goodnatured mistress of the Grange, who was "fat and scant of breath," went from one to the other, thoroughly enjoying her little display, of benevo-

lence and sympathy.

Meanwhile the "poor girl" seemed hardly to require much sympathy.

Lawn-tennis, if you know how to play it, is one of the best remedies for melancholia and all other love complaints, and very soon Marjorle's cheeks were crimsoned, her eyes were flashing, and her red lips laughing as of old.

(To be Continued) (To be Continued.)

Woman Stabs and Slashes Husband in a Cab.

WOUNDS MAY PROVE FATAL.

New York, June 30. Frank Ramsey, a wholesale flah dealer, is an inmate of the J. Hoo W. Wight Hospital suffering you several stab wounds administered so him by his wife Anna last night, while both were engaged in an attercation in a cab.

Last ment about 7 o'clock John Rowley, a calbman who has a stand at Eighth avenue and 125th street, drove furiously up to the police station at 125th street, and hailing Captain Martens and Officer Zimmerman, who were standing on the steps, cried; "For Gods, sake the cather out."

drove furiously up to the police station at 125th street, and, halling Captain Martens and Officer Zimmerman, who were standing on the steps, cried:

"For God's sake, take them out; they are killing each other!"
Capt. Martens and the policeman rushed to the cab and pulled open the door. Inside they found Ramsey and his wife, both covered with blood. The woman had a knife in her hand, with which she was making frantic efforts to cut her husband's throat." They were both dragged from the vehicle, and then it was seen that Ramsey had received several wounds from which he was bleeding professly.

The woman was also covered with blood, but had no cuts upon her, an ambulance was 'telephoned for from the J. Hood Waight Hospital, and Surgeon Adams responded. He' stanched the flow was taken into the West 125th street station and placed in a cell.

She said she had tried to have her husband arrested for abandonment some time eaco, and that he had avoided arrest. She had then taken the law into her own hands, and started to find him.

The cabman, Rowley, said he was standing at Eighth avenue and 125th streets, when he observed Ramsey talking to two men on the opposite corner. He said Ramsey suddenly made a dash for his cab with his friends and shouted to Rowley to "drive like the devil."

Before the cabman could mount his box the men had got inside and closed the door. Just as the cab was moving off. Mrs. Ramsey rushed up and hung on to the cab, running along with the cab. Rowley says he pulled up, and after some argument the two men with Ramsey got out, and Mrs. Ramsey got in. He was then, ordered to drive on. The men told him to drive to the police station.

Rowley had gone but one or two blocks when he heard sounds of quarreling from the cab, and looking in through the window saw Mrs. Ramsey making frantic lunges at her husband with a long knife. He then dover an inch deep, two deep cuts on the right arm and a shash on the left check reaching from the eye to the rept arm and a shash on the left check reaching from the

head.

Ramsey's recovery is doubtful, as he lost a great deal of blood before the ambulance strived, and had lapsed into unconsciouness, from which he had not aroused some hours

A HUSBAND'S SURPRISE.

Found His Wife Cold in Death by Her Bed.

Her Bed.

Brantford, June 80.—Mrs. Wm.

Prowse, two miles northeast of Brantford, was found dead at her bedside last evening.

Mrs. Prowse was in her usual health doing her household duties. Mr.

Prowse was in the cityl. returning home shortly after six. When tea was ready he asked his daughter if she had called her mother; she repiled yes, but got no answer. Mr. Prowse went upstairs and found Mrs. Prowse on one knee beside the bed, lifeless. She had probably been dead an hour when discovered Death is supposed to have been caused by heart trouble. She leaves two boys and two girls, all grown up.

ATRYING POSITION "My position is trying one" w joking remark of the cloak model of a fashionable firm. But there is less

jest than earnest in the statestate-t. It is ment. trying to be on the feet all day, to be reaching and stooping hour after hour from night. And that is a very meager outline of a busi-

is a very meager outline of a business woman's day. With many such women the ordinary strain of labor is intensified and aggravated by a diseased condition of the delicate organs, and they become victims of that terrible backache, or blinding headache, which is so common among business women. If you are bearing this burden, bear it no longer. For the backache, headache, nervousness and weakness which spring from a diseased condition of the womanly organs there is a sure cure in Dr. Pierce's Favoria Prescription. Half a million women have been perfectly and permanently ared' by this wonderful medicine.
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