## A Spanish Beauty

ward, with a wordless cry of delight, and grasped his kinsman's hand.

"Gerald!" he cried," who would have looked for such good fortune as this?"

'Ah! who, indeed?" Gerald answered, with a bitter sneer. "The proverbial luck of the Desmonds has not deserted the last son of the house, I see. And so, Lord Rory, you have escaped Jack Ketch?"

"Gerald!"
Only that one word. But he dropped the hand he had taken, and recoiled, and stood blankly staring. There was that in the tone, that in the words, that in the smile of the man before him, no one could see and doubt.

Gerald Desmond laughed aloud — a hard, bitter, sardonic laugh. His falconeye had measured the narrow margin on which they stood, and the black, boiling gulf yawning deadly below. He folded his arms, and looked with that diabolical sneer full in the pale, startled face of the kinsman he hated.

"My brilliant Rory! my beauteous Rory! how is it with you now? A condemned felom—a fugitive from justice—a hunted murderer! Why, your worst eaemy might afford to pity you to-day! Do you hear, my kingly cousin! To pity you, as—I do!"

"Gerald!" he could just utter that one word, so intense was the shock, the wonder, the incredulity. "What is this? Is it you or I that is going mad?"

"Neither, my princely Rory; it is only that you are learning the truth at the leventh hour; that I hate you."

"Hate me? You, Gerald—my friend—my kinsman—my brother!"

He paused, but the steadfast blue eyes that looked at him with such unutterable reproach stung to madness the last remnant of honor in the traitor's breast. "Curse you!" he hissed, "with your woman's face and your golden hair! What right had you to be born Lord of Clontarf instead of me? The same blood flows in our veins, and I'm the better man, by heaven, than you! What right had you to be born with this glorious dower of beauty that has made you be petted and caressed since your very babyhood, while I was an unliked cub, for whom cuffs and habence were "Sure, it's like puttin' yer head back in the lions' den to wait at all; but still—arrah! write a bit of a note, and I'll run up to the castle with it myself. Maybe the 'luck of the Desmonds,' that's stood your friend so far, will see you through it; and many's the good turn I owe the ould lord. Come down to the shore, Lord Rory, and write your note. I'll fly up to the castle and back in a brace of shakes."

As men hurry when life is at stake, they hurried to the safe shelter of the shore. The coast-guard, going his lonely rounds, had to be avoided; but Peggy's Point—a high, wild, lonely projection, thirty feet above the sands, with the waves churning on the black rocks below—was safe even for them.

Rory had a pencil in his pocket, and a New Testament. He took out the book and scrawled rapidly on the fly-leaf:

"I have escaped: I am safe. Before

"I have escaped; I am safe. Before am missed I will be out of the country. Until you hear from me again,

That was all. He folded it and gave

That was all. He folded it and gave it to the sailor.

"Deliver it to my father, to Lady Inez, or my cousin Gerald, but to no one else. I will await your return here, Mike, and may God speed you!"

The man darted off like a deer, and Lord Roderick Desmond, the condemned prisoner whose hours had been numbered, stood under the gray morning sky, fetterless and free once more. Once more the stirring sea-wind thrilled

sky, fetterless and free once more. Once more the stirring sea-wind thrilled through every vein like the elixir of life; once more he looked over the ceaseless sea; once more he saw the unspeakable glory of the new day-dawn in the rosy east. He leaned against the tall, mossy boulder and drew a long, deep breath

'Free!' he thought. "Thank God!

"Free!" he thought. "Thank God! thank God for man's best birthright. They will never take me back to captivity again, never, though all the constabulary of Clontarf stood before me!"

And meanwhile, fleet as an arrow from a bow bounded along Mike Muldoon to Clontarf Castle. The distance was nearly two miles: but two miles was as a "hen's jump" to the swift-footed mountaineer. Day was dawning in the ruddy eastern sky, the breeze was freshening, and Mike knew that be fore the sun was an hour high the fore the sun was an hour high the "Dancing Dervish" would be flying from the Wicklow coast, with her white

wings spread.

"And if I'm late—oh, whillilu!"
thought Mike. "They'll be all in bed at
the castle whin I get there, I know.
Sure, the quality's always lazy."

"Halloo!" cried an astonished voice.
"Now, then, my man, mind where you're going."

re going!"

But the alarmed warning came too late; there was a collision; Mike had run head foremost into a pedestrian walking briskly down the rugged path. There was a shock of the most violent, a rebound, and a mutually ferocious glare.

glare. "Confound you, you thick-headed bogtrotter! What do you mean?"
But Mike Muldoon, by way of an

But Mike Muldoon, by way of an answer, flung up his cap and caught it, with a loud, exultant shout.

"Hurroo! tare an' ages! here's the luck of the Desmonds! Long life to ye, Misther Gerald! Sure, I'd rather see your own good-lookin' face this minute than be made a present of ould Ireland!"

'What the deuce!' exclaimed Gerald Desmond, with a scowl; for Gerald Desmond it was, always the earliest of early bigs. ''I have seen you before, my good fellow, somewhere. Was it in

my good fellow, somewhere. Was it in a mad-house?"
"God forbid!" retorted Mike in unfeigned horror. "Maybe ye remimber Mike Muldoon, that thrashed ye within an inch av yer life, long ago, for shootin' his terrier? Devil a dirtier trick ever I heard tell of. Sure, it's my own bones, Misther Gerald, darlin', from foreign parts beyant, wid a note for ye from him, ye know."

This last in a thrilling whisper, with his hand to his mouth, and his mouth close to Gerald's ear.
"From whom? I'll be hanged if I un.

for ye from him, ye know."

This last in a thrilling whisper, with his hand to his mouth, and his mouth close to Gerald's ear.

"From whom? I'll be hanged if I understand one word you're saving!"

"Arrah! read this," said Mike, thrusting the note into his hand. "Didn't I come to Clontarf to free Lord Rory, and didn't I do it, too! My cure and the curse o' the crows on them that put him where I found him! He's waitin' down at Peggy's Point; an', Misther Gerald, av ye'll run down an' spake a word to him while I'm fetchin' the boat round, you'll be doin' a good turn."

"But wait, Mike—for Heaven's sake, wait!" cried Gerald, breathlessly. "Do you mean to tell me Rory has broken jail and made his escape?"

"Begorra, he has, an' is coolin' his shins at Peggy's Point this minute."

"You helped to free him?"

"Faith, I did that, an' more shame to me av I didn't."

"And what are you going to do with him? What boat do you seed."

"I with the brute lust of blood in man!

Gerald Desmond was the victor. His risk to light the brute lust of blood in man!

Gerald Desmond was the victor. His risk to light the brute lust of blood in man!

Gerald Desmond was the victor. His risk to light hand closed tightly on the black-end throat, his left sought for the hidden pistol. Its blue gleam flashed in the first red ray of the rising sum—the sun that was to have lighted Rory to freedom, then its cold muzzle press-ed thard against the temple of his fallen foe.

For a second the blue eyes of Rory bearing day. Then here was a bound, a convulsive leap, a Stangling cry for help; then the re-thore was a brief struggle, one or two convulsive throes, and the gold at a service of the port of a pistol rang out over the solon head fell back on the blood-stained gray. Then the port of a pistol rang out over the solon head fell back on the blood-stained gray. Then the port of a pistol rang out over the solon head fell back on the blood stained gray. The brilliant morning sky. And a great calm fell!

The murderer's eyes looked over the wide ocean. Fa

me av I didn't."

"And what are you going to do with him? What boat do you speak of?"

"The cutter of the 'Dancin' Dervish,'

"clease it's no yonder a mile or more. "The cutter of the 'Dancin' Dervish,' no less; it's up yonder a mile or more. And the 'Dancin' Dervish'—more betoken I'm second mate of the same—sails for Melbourne within the next two hours, and Lord Rory's off in her, and can snap his fingers in the dirty faces of all the hangmen this side of— Hurroo! I'm off for the boat, Misther Gerald. Run down to Peggy's Point, and tell Lord Rory I'l be with him in twefty minutes."

minutes." He was gone like a shot. And Gerald Deamond stood alone in the day-dawn, and knew that all his labor was vain—all his plotting and villainy were useless—knew that the cousin he hated was free!

useless—knew that the cousin he hated was free!

He set his teeth like a bull-dog, and an awful oath rang down the solemn stillness. His face, in the gray light, had turned livid and terrible, and his strong right hand clinched.

"Baffled!" he crushed the word between his fierce teeth. "Never! by the light above us! though I slay him with my own hand!"

He started at a swinging pace, his hand closing on the cold barrel of a pistol hidden in his breast. There was that in the steel-blue eyes, in the compression of his mouth, bad to see.

Roderick Desmond, leaning against the boulder, looking at the crimson glery deepening in the east, awoke from his reverie at the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps. It was not the tread of Mike Muldoon—he knew that—and he sprung erect, and stood with the look in his eeys of a hunted stag at bay.

"Iney shall never take me alive!" he thought. He—I want you to understand that I won't play second fiddle to any man. She—All right. You can play the drum. He—The drum? She—In other words. obic in his eye of a hunted stag at hay.
"Iney shall never take me alive!" he lought.
The next instant he had sprung for Ah, I see. A red-cross nurse, ch?

A KESWICK CONVENTION.

Two Able Speakers In Four City Churches Yesterday. Meetings For the Deepening of

Spiritual Life Begun. Convention Will be Continued In Centenary Church.

prominent workers of the Keswick Convention, Rev. George Litch-field, Vicar of Southsea, and Mr. Walter B. Sloan, of London, England, home director of the China Inland Mission, be director of the China Inland Mission, began a series of meetings for the deepening of spiritual life in this city yesterday. Rev. Mr. Litchfield preached in St. George's Church yesterday morning, and in the Church of Ascension in the evening, and Mr. Sloan gave splendid addresses in St. John Presbyterian Church in the morning, and in Centenary Methodist Church in the evening.

The services during the week will be held in Centenary Church at 3 and 8 p. m. each day.

The Keswick convention Had its origin in a call given by Rev. Canon Buttersby, of the town of Keswick, in 1874, to his ministerial brethren to unite with him in a few days' prayerful consideration of the Characterists.

him in a few days' prayerful consideration of the Chritsian life. From this
small beginning the annual conventions
have grown until now they number tens
of thousands. Such men as Bishop Moule
of Durham, Bishop Taylor-Smith, chaplain general of the forces, Bishop Tucker, of Uganda, Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson,
of Philadelphia, Pa., Rev. F. B. Meyer,
London, and many others have confessed
their personal benefit and give their influence to these conventions.

MR. SLOAN'S ADDRESS. im in a few days' prayerful considion of the Chritsian life. From

MR. SLOAN'S ADDRESS. An earnest and deeply interested con-regation attended the evening service in lentenary Methodist Church. Mr. Sloan, as the speaker, and in an impressive cay held the attention of his audience way need the attention of his audience from start to finish. Speaking of the faith of Moses as described by Paul in the eleventh chapter of his epistle to the Hebrews, he said there were people to-day who were not sure whether Moses ever right had you to be born with this glorious dower of beauty that has made you be petted and caressed since your very babyhood, while I was an unlicked cub, for whom cuffs and ha'pence were too good? What right had you to woo and win a beauty and an heiress, and take her to your arms, under my very eyes? What right had you to be my henefactor, my patron, my master, flinging me your sovereigns, and paying my debts, and sharing your pocketmoney, like a prince? I tell you I hate you! I hate you for your birth, for your beauty, for your rank, for your birthight, for the woman you love, and for the favors you have bestowed! I hate you because you are Roderick Desmord, heir of Clontarf, and not I. I swore I'd have my revenge one day, and, Lord Roderick, I—have—had—it."

He paused, breathless with the fierce, were desired within him. Hebrews, he said there were people today who were not sure whether Moses ever
existed or not. Moses was a man of ancient times, who had the capacity to
create character, and who lived his life
by faith in God. History, the speaker
said, was far more wonderful than fiction. Fiction utterly failed to describe
the real faith of Moses, who was one of
the greatest men who ever lived. The
life of Moses stood out in the background
of history, and his influence was still potent in the world to-day. The legislation
of Moses was the legislation of nearly
all the present day nations. The speaker
had heard some people very foolishly say
that religion was only meant for children
and elderly people. They did not know
that the true religion was the power and
grace of the living God coming into the
human mind. It was only when Moses
had arrived at years of discretion and
was able to judge the situation fairly
that the great crisis of his life came. It
was e great trial for him to refuse the
offer to become Pharaoh's son-in-law,
and perhaps Egypt's future ruler, but
because of his faith he had conquered,
and was enabled to refuse the pleasures
of sin which Pharaoh offered to him. In
referring to these pleasures Mr. Sloan
said they were the same now as they
were in the time of Moses. He would
not mention a whole catalogue of them.
which he could easily do, but would say And Roderick listened, with blue, di-lated eyes, but very calm now.

"I understand," he said, slowly. "It is you who have betrayed me to death!" "It is!" Gerald Desmond hissed. "I hnew who murdered Kathleen O'Neal. It was I who bribed Morgan to swear your life away. It was I who forged the note that condemned you! It was I, my Lord Roderick, who did it all!"

"Why do you tell me this?" Rory ask-ed in the same stiff voice. "Why do you seal your own doom?" not mention a whole catalogue of them which he could easily do, but would say that all pleasures that left God out were which he could easily do, but would say that all pleasures that left God out were wrong, no matter how pure they were said to be. If a person would not dare to ask God's presence into these pleasures they could not be pure. All such pleasures have an ending, and what would be the feelings of those who partook of them when they have to stand in their Creator's presence? Moses, the speaker said, was not so foolish as to leave God out of his choice, and, although he had to bear the same reproach as Christ in later years did, he was bound to share in that celestial glory which was to come. The faith of Moses was built upon the revelation which God had sent him. The generation to-day had all the revelations, but the revelations given to Moses were simply a shadow of those that were contained in the Bible. Only through the influence of the Holy Spirit could the eyes be opened to these revelations, and to see Him who is invisible, by whose grace the life of faith could be lived, and, after death, the life of glory.

REV. GEO. LITCHFIELD.

He paused, breathless with the fierce.

and passion within him.

And Roderick listened, with blue, di-

eal your own doom?"
"Because I have sealed yours before
t. Because you will never leave this

He sprung upon him as a tiger springs upon his prey, his face blood-red, his eyeballs staring, his teeth clinched upon his lower lip until the blood flowed. His

tiger's grip was on his brother's throat
—Cain stood over Abel once again in the
untold horror of murder! Their arms

untold horror of murder! Their armelosed around each other. Roderick Des

crosed around each other. Roderick Des-mond fought valiantly for his life. They wrestled—they struggled, breath-less, panting, convulsed—in each other's strong arms. Oh, God, that the radiant glory of Thy new day should so ofter rise to light the brute lust of blood in man!

(To be Continued.) TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tableta. Druggista refund money if it falls to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

De Vilbiss Atomizers.

The most satisfactory used in the treatment of sore throat and catarrh. We carry a complete stock, guarantee every atomizer, and will repair or replace all defective bulbs or instruments. They will spray oil or water, and cost no more than the ordinary atomizers. Gerrie's drug store, 32 James street north.

REV. GEO. LITCHFIELD.

The attendance at the services last evening in the Church of Ascension to hear Rev. George Litchfield, vicar of Southsea, was large, and the message the speaker had was foreibly sent home. Before commencing his sermon he ex-Before commencing his sermon he ex-tended an invitation those present to tended an invitation those present to attend the meetings during the week, as they afforded an opportunity to gather together to seek closer fellowship with God, and to be more conformed to Jesus Christ. He expressed his regret at having to leave on Thursday for Winnipeg.

great calm fell!

The murderer's eyes looked over the wide ocean. Far off, rounding a distant point, a boat, propelled by a single rower, sped—the cutter of the Dancing Dervish, and honest Mike Muldoon. Far helow, the rising tide licked the steep sides of the rock. One plunge, and the déad tell no tales.

He lifted the stark body in his arms, and hurled it over. There was a great plunge—it went straight down, like a stone.

But, as he flung it from him. Winnipeg.

He selected his text from John v., 40, "And ye will not come to me, that ye might have life." He said he had not chosen the text because it was the saddest words that had dropped from the lips of Christ, but because it pointed out the respensibility resting upon each individual. When Christ came into His own Heise was Heise with the contract of the cont out the responsibility resting upon each individual. When Christ came into His own, His own received Him not. Tosewhom He had sought to help refused to acknowledge Him and despised His claims. They did not rest until He had been crucified. It was not light they needed, for the light of the world was in their midst. Christ confirmed the truth of His own words by miracles, yet the people did not recognize Him and surrender to Him. As it was then, so also was it at the present time. Christ came to be a light to the world, and was crucified for it. The judgment day would be for the gathering in of the seed of life. Without free will there could not be purity or vice. The average man was proud of his will power, but should take in the betterment of his Christian life. Numerous men and wo, men neglected to do so, and consequent ly the farther they drifted away from Christ the more opposed to Him they became. "Now, let us reason together, were words in the Bible which commanded segment and a segment of the country of choice was so plain that no man could mistake it. Not a single day in the average man's career passed but he was compelled to make some choice which would affect him. They were known as the turning points in his life and were merely forerunners of the greater turning points in his life and were merely forerunners of the greater turning points in his life and were merely forerunners of the greater turning points in his life and were merely forerunners of the greater turning points in his life and were merely forerunners of the greater turning points in his life and were merely forerunners of the greater turning points in his life and were merely forerunners of the greater turning points in his life and were merely forerunners of the greater turning points in his life and were merely forerunners of the greater turning points in his life and were merely forerunners of the greater turning points in his life and were merely forerunners of the greater turning points in his life and were merely forerunners of th plunge—it went straight down, like a stone.

But, as he flung it from him, he could have sworn the dead eyes moved, and the dead lips parted with the words they had uttered in the crowded court—the deathless reproach of the murdered Caesar, "And thou, Brutus?"

He pressed his hand over his eyes to shut out the horrid vision, and, hurling the pistol far into the calm sea, fled like a madman from the spot.

To be Caminned.)

AT R. McKAY & CO'S.

TUESDAY, NOV. 9, 1909

## Two More Days for **OUR ANNUAL**

Chances to Save at Dress Goods Section These for Tuesday—Stunning Shadow Stripe Suitings, Worth Reg. \$1, Sale Price 75c

This is a late shipment and intending buyers will do well by coming to-morrow to this section of the McKay store and view these prety suitings on sale in perfect colors of Wistaria, ashes of roses, taupe, elephant, Burgundy, navy, brown, myrtle, Copenhagen and black, every yard worth regular \$1,

3 Wholesale Stocks of High Class Millinery **Melting Away** 

Are you sharing in the bargains this great sake presents to you? Home milliners take notice, for this is the sale event of the season. The entire lot of three wholesale importers on sale at ridiculous prices. We only mention for Tuesday's big selling a few of the many special sale events.

Wings, Mounts, Braids and Birds, worth regularly \$1.50 and \$2.00, Tuesday half price.
Large Colored Ostrich Plumes, worth regularly \$8.00, going Tuesday for \$3.49 each.

Hundreds of Untrimmed Hat Shapes, all colors, worth regularly
\$3.50, sale price 98c adn \$1.49.

Don't Miss Tuesday's Sale Tapestry Carpets TAPESTRY CARPETS, handsome patterns, best bargain we ever offered

Tapestry Borders 50c

TAPESTRY BORDERS, best quality, great variety of patterns, worth

#### Household Hints from Our Big **Staple Section**

Bleached Damask 70c linen, choice designs; regular \$1.10 value, for value, for

Flannetette Sheeting 37c 72-inch Flannelette Sheeting warm fleecy finish, 45c value, for

Mill Remnants 17c

Table Cloths Slightly imperfect Cloths, bordered all around, pure linen, 2, 21/2 and a few 3½ yards.

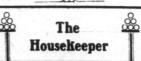
Worth \$2.00, for

Worth \$3.50, for ...

\$2.25 Fancy Towelings
Damask Huck for fancy towels,
18 and 25 inches, choice range of
patterns, special ... 50c yard

Flannelette 121/2c
Striped Flannelette, soft fleecy finish, splendid range of patterns in the best English and Canadian makes; special

# R. McKAY & CO.



LAUNDRY BAG.

piece of linen about twice the Take a piece of linen about twice the size of a common laundry bag, fold it and scallop it around in light blue or pink. Work the monogram in the centre-of-the bag. Pad both the monogram and the border heavily. Work large eveleta about two and one-half inches from the top of bag and run through Dobson came from his boarding house these a cord to match the work. It to the express office. He is still weak, maeks a useful as well as dainty gift. but was able to walk alone. The

LACE CURTAINS.

Cut strips of strong, unbleached muslin about one and one-half inches wide
the desired length of curtains. Sew
strips onto plain edges of curtains witha long machine stitch. Pin curtains into
frame the usual way, and when dry the
stitching can easily be ripped (while
still in frame) with sharp ripping knife.
By this method the curtain edges are
perfectly straight, thus avoiding the
"points" always made by pinning into
the edge. The same strips can be used
year after year. This idea can also be
utilized in laundering centrepieces on
which is is difficult to obtain a straight
edge.

opportunities determine which way the which will permit the braid to sink interpretable learns opportunities determine which way the choice leans.

In closing he made a strong appeal to the unsaved to delay no longer, and made reference to the fact that a name on the church roll was not proof of complete salvation.

On the church roll was not proof of a complete salvation.

On the church roll was not proof of a complete salvation.

On the church roll was not proof of a complete salvation.

On the church roll was not proof of a complete salvation.

### FALLS ROBBERY.

Dobson Explains How the Thing Was Done.

Niagara Falls, Nov. 7.-The great express robbery of \$14,000 in currency

is still under investigation. At 4 o'clock this afternoo

Dobson came from his boarding house to the express office. He is still weak, but was able to walk alone. The severity of the attack and the shock have left their mark, and were apparent in his pale, attenuated features. Before a dozen detectives and express officials he went through the details of the few minutes during which the assault and robbery were committed. A detective stood at the door to represent the robber who stood there last Thursday night. Another detective questioned him, and the scene was dramatically reproduced in its entirety. Mr. Dobson walked to the counter and turned to meet the questioning detective make the door to represent the robber shock in the same manner as he did on the night when he received the blow that knocked him unconscious, and the night when he received the blow that knocked him unconscious, and the night when he received the blow that knocked him unconscious, and the night when he received the blow that knocked him unconscious, and the night when he received the blow that knocked him unconscious, and the necessary was a same manner as he did on the night when he received the blow that knocked him unconscious, and the package containing over fourteen thousand dollars was stolen. After this realistic reproduction of the murderous assault, he went to the Savoy Hotel and made an affidavit concerning the occurrence.

Only when the robbery is thoroughly reviewed does the boldness and daring of the robbers assume its true proportion. The assault and robbery were carried out in less than four minutes.

Only when the robbery assume its true proportion. The assault and robbery were carried out in less than four minutes are companied by Morgan Phemister, a clerk in the bank, who acted as

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Missers Falls. New York. "2.27 a.m., "5.57 a.m., 19.06 a.m., 19.05 a.m., 5.37 p.m., "1.20 p.m.

St. Catherines, Niegara Falls, Buffalo. "4.57 a.m., 19.06 a.m., 10.06 a.m., 11.00 a.m., 12.30 p.m., "5.37 p.m., 15.45 p.m., 17.30 p.m.

"2.20 p.m., "8.37 p.m., 15.45 p.m., 17.30 p.m.

"Timboy, Heamaville, Merritton-19.06 a.m., 19.05 p.m., 19.05 a.m., 19.05 p.m., 19.05 p.m 7.55 a.m., 15.35 p.m.
Gail, Preston, Hespeler-47.55 a.m., 13.33 p.m., 17,19 p.m.
Jarvis, Fort Dover, Tillsonburg, Simcos-19.05 a.m., 19.15 a.m., 15.69 p.m., 315.00 p.m.
Georgetom, Allandais, North Bay, Collingwood, etc.-47.19 a.m., 14.05 p.m.
Barrie, Orillia, Hunceville-47.10 a.m., \*11.15 a.m., and \*9.05 p.m.
North Bay and points in Canadian North-west-41.115 a.m., \*9.05 p.m.
Teronto-47.00 a.m., 17.00 a.m., \*9.230 p.m., \*2.30 p.m., \*10.45 a.m., 11.15 a.m., 11.20 a.m., \*2.30 p.m., \*9.05 p.m., \*1.05 p.m., \*

\*9.05 p.m.
SUFILIATION. PORT Credit, etc—†7.00 a.m., †11.39
a.m., †5.35 p.m.
d.m., †5.35 p.m.
Gobourg, Believille, Brockville,
Montreal and East—†7.59 a.m., \*7.05 p.m.,
\*8.55 p.m., \*9.05 p.m.
Andasy, Peterboro—†11.39 a.m., †2.49 p.m.,
\*5.35 p.m. Daily, †Daily, except Sunday, ‡From King

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

tions.

5.65 p. m. for Toronto.

8.15 p. m. for Toronto. Peterboro. Ottawa.
Montreal, Quebec. Sherbrooke. Portland and
Boston. also for Alliston. Coldwater. Bale.
Parry Sound. Sudbury. Sault Ste. Marie. Fort
William. Winnipeg. Canadian. Northwest.
Kootensy and British Columbia points.
Trains leave Toronto 7.50 a.m., (daily).
9.30 a.m. (daily). 1.15 p.m., 2.45 p.m., 5.25
D. Ma., (daily), 7.10 p. m., 11.10 p. m.

TORONTO HAMILTON & BUFALO RAIL WAY.

"" B. m. Huffele accommodadation.

Buffale & New "\*4,55 p. m.

York Express ... \*\*8,15 p. m.

\*\*12.50 p. m. .. Buffale, Pittsburg
and Beston Express ... \*\*2,20 p. m.

Seleping 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 8,05 p. m. Pullman
parlor car on all through trains.

Tyain leaving Hamilton at 8,15 p. m. daily.

Tyain leaving Hamilton at 8,15 p. m. daily.

Tyain leaving Hamilton at 8,15 p. m. daily.

Hamilton to New York, Cleveland and Pittsburg.

Hamilton to New John Hamilton to New Jurg.

Arrive Hamilton

\*8,30 a. m. Detroit, Chicago and \*\*98.55 a. m.

\*\*12.20 a. m. Brantford and Water
\*\*12.20 a. m. Brantford and Water
\*\*10,40 a. m.

\*\*2,05 p. m. Detroit, Chicago, To
| ledo and Chicago, To| ledo and Chi

HAMILTON & DUNDAS RAILWAY. Terminal Station—6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 a.m., 12.15, 1.17, 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 6.15, 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 1.15 p.m., Leave Hatt St. Station, Dundas—6.00, 66.15, 97.15, 8.05, 9.15, 10.15, 17.15 a.m., 12.15, 1.15 l.5, 3.15, 4.15, 6.15, 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 p.m., \*Daily, except Sunday.

HAMILTON RADIAL ELECTRIC

MAMILION HADIAL ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Hamilton to Burlington and Onkville—65.10, 
\*\*(1.0, 5.10, 5.10, 5.10, 1.11) a. m., 12.10, 1.10, 
\*\*(1.0, 5.10, 5.10, 5.10, 5.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 
\*\*(1.0, 5.10, 5.10, 5.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 
\*\*(1.0, 5.10, 5.10, 5.10, 5.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 
\*\*(1.0, 5.10 Dalwille to Hamilton—7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.80, 5.30, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, \*10.30, 11.80, \*12.30. \*Dally, except Sunday.

BRANTFORD & HAMILTON RAIL.

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, %11.06 Leave Brantford—66.30, \*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 & BEAMS-VILLE 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, 6:10, 7:10, 6:10, 7:10, 6:10, 7:10, 6:10, 7:10, 6:10, 7:10, 6:10, 7:10, 6:10, 7:10, 6:10, 7:10, 6:10, 7:10, 6:10, 7:10, 6:10, 7:10, 6:10, 7:10, 6:10, 7:10, 6:10, 7:10, 6:10, 7:10, 6:10, 7:10, 6:10, 7:10, 6:10, 7

HAMILTON STEAMBOAT CO.

**BLACHFORD & SON** FUNERAL DIRRCTORS 57 King Street West,

bodyguard. O'Grady walked in front with the package of bills, and Phemisted followed about two feet behind. Isoto men were armed with revolvers. They reached the express office about thirteen minutes to five, and about three minutes were spent in getting the money signed for and in a short conversation with Dobson. O'Grady says a man he did not know was in the office using the telephone, also an express messenger. The bank messenger left the express office about nine minutes to five, and as he walked away the train was coming over the bridge minutes to five, and as he walked away
the train was coming over the bridge
and express men were working around
the building. In the four minutes betweer his departure and the arrival of
the train young Dobson was stunned
and his assailant jumped over the
counter and got away with the money.
The thieves must have watched and entered the office immediately after the
departure of the bank messengers.
The officials of the company feel confident that the arrest of the perpetrators of the robbery is only a matter of

fident that the arrest of the perpetra-tors of the robbery is only a matter of time. The detectives will not say so much. Superintendent Edward Allen, of Toronto, says the ultimate arrest of the erooks is certain, and General Manager Pryce says that they will not desist from the search for the thieves.

from the search for the thieves.

Mr. Henpeck had hesitated a long while about doing this bold thing, but he felt that now was the time or never. "Dear," he said in a very timid voice, "I wish you wouldn't call me 'Leo' any more." "Why not?" demanded his wife. explosively, "'Leo' is your given name." "I know, my dear, but it makes my friends laugh when you call me that, I was thinking you might call me 'Joh' just for a pet name."—Catholic Standard and Times,

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