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THE QUEEN OF THE SEASON

Lady Vivien shrugged her shoulders, but complied: "Marie, this young lady is the countess' wife, Miss Cressida Smith. Any little girl who asks of you, you will, of course, be careful as to what she says."

"Ah—shall always be much obliged," said Miss Smith, as she nodded and smiled in acknowledgment of Marie's graceful bow. "For though Nanna is clever at her needle, she isn't—n't a Parisian, you know; and I shall reward you liberally for your good nature. You must take this as an earnest of my good intentions."

It was the first sting of servitude, this offer of that coin. Cressida had extracted it from her porte-monnaie, and was holding it towards Marie, whose cheeks took the deep hue of the damask rose, then became white with suppressed resentment. Involuntarily she glanced at Vivien, as much as to say: "Spare me this indignity."

"You can take Miss Smith's gift," said her mistress, who saw the appealing look but without understanding it. "Only be careful not to impose on her generosity."

"I prefer to wait until I have earned any such rewards," said Marie, trying to speak with proud humility. "Until I have done my duty, I beg to decline mademoiselle's money."

"Lor, now!" exclaimed Cressida. "You are the first person to whom I ever offered a half-crown that refused it. Perhaps she doesn't think it enough, eh, Vivien?" she added in a whisper. "These French people have such expensive notions, haven't they?"

But Marie glided away ostensibly to look for some ribbon her lady required, and in another moment her rejection of the proffered gift was forgotten except by herself.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Now, Cressy, what is it?" demanded Vivien. "The second bell will soon ring and I have my toilet to finish. So say your say, and begone."

This reminder put Miss Smith in a pleasant flutter. She was the heiress of a large amount of funded property, besides some coffee and sugar plantations in the West Indies; her birthplace, and where her childhood had been spent. She was short, dark, muddily-complexioned, and much too plump for grace or elegance, but so happily unconscious of her personal defects that they rarely troubled her. Like the ivy, she was wont to cling to the stronger nature with which she came in contact. Until she came to England, Nanna, formerly her nurse, and now promoted to the post of maid to her nursing, had been her chief friend and confidante. Now the countess, by a little artful petting and flattery, had acquired great influence over her, and was regarded by the credulous West Indian as the best and cleverest of her sex.

As to opinions, Cressida Smith had none of her own, and it was one of Aymer's amusements to make her unconsciously veer from one point to another, and contradict herself in the most outrageous manner. But on the other hand, she had the sweetest of tempers, was generous and obliging, and if Vivien sometimes despised, she could not help liking, the fat, good-natured girl, who on her part, regarded her beautiful friend with mingled affection and adoration.

"Oh! Vivien, do help me out of my difficulty! Your lovely hair! If mine was but like it! Couldn't I have it dyed?" and Cressida contorted her features to get a fuller view of success that obstinately refused to be smooth.

"Don't be absurd, Cressy. I'd rather have raven locks than my golden ones. Cressida contemplated herself in the glass doubtfully.

"Would you now? Well, I don't know but what mine is the nicest after all. The dear countess says Lord Essey admires dark beauties. Oh! and you are going to wear this evening? White? For more than a year I have worn the same, and I know I'd have worn the same that we might look like sisters."

"You forget that white always makes you look sallow," said Vivien, as she rose to don her simple muslin, and her queenly figure was reflected in the mirror beside the damp one of the heiress.

"So it does, and I remember now that the dear countess says your brother does not think it becomes me. Yes, I'm going; but tell me first if you like

my dress, and what ornaments I ought to wear with it."

As she spoke, she struggled out of the large cashmere burnouse in which Nanna had wrapped her, and spun round in front of Vivien, to exhibit herself.

Now, Lady Essey, as a rule, superintended the attire of her ward, and prevented any displays of the barbaric love of bright colors in which Cressida delighted; but occasionally the young lady found opportunities for indulging her own tastes, and she stood before Vivien inviting her admiration for a dress of dazzling blue, trimmed elaborately with frills and flounces of the same.

She could not see, poor girl, the unpleasant effect of the gay color against her swarthy skin, nor guess how the elaborate trimmings of the stiff skirts gave her a ludicrous resemblance to a balloon; and it was with a complacent smile she exclaimed: "There! that's my own choice; isn't it lovely?"

"Oh! Cressy, it's hideous!" burst from the lips of Vivien. The disconcerted Cressida looked from the speaker to the glass, then to Vivien again. Was she jesting, or was the shrewd Nanna right when she said that Lady Essey was so eager to secure her darling mistress for the earl that she kept her in the background as much as she could. The thought gave her courage to utter a protest against such a sweeping denunciation.

"I don't know why you say this. My dress in all respects is precisely like the one that pretty fair-haired Mrs. Denison wore when last we saw her."

In Woman's Interest

About Cosmetics.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the November Woman's Home Companion, discusses "Man's Limitations," when he attempts to discourse on the secrets of beauty. She says: "To the average man the word 'cosmetics' has the effect of a red rag shaken at the face of a bull. Yet the word does not mean paint or pigment. Trace it back and you will find it signifies a preparation to restore harmony. This is the age of specialists. In days gone by whatever evil befell the human body the family physician was expected to relieve. Now we have the dentist, the surgeon, the oculist, the aurist, the pedicure, and still others skilled in the treatment of scalp and skin. A good complexion is the background of a woman's beauty. Nature's most beautiful grouping of features is ruined if the background is not in its tone or becomes seamed and spotted. To avoid such disaster with the flight of years requires knowledge and patience. There are specialists in this line who are just as expert as the dentist or the oculist. No man is ignorant of disfigurement if he consults the dentist. He does not tell her that a cheerful disposition will preserve her teeth. Yet the complexion feels the ravages of indigestion, time and inheritance quite as much as the teeth or eyes, and needs quite as skillful treatment. Yet the majority of ladies must keep their methods a secret because of the intolerance and unreason of man upon this subject."

A woman goes abroad with violet rouge on her cheeks, powder on her nose, or pencil-marks under her eyes, a man has a right to utter a protest and voice his disgust. But he never stops at that. He immediately proceeds to air his own theories about a cheerful disposition and soap and water as the only cosmetic proper for a respectable woman to use. Meantime the deadly scented soap-cake has ravaged more complexions than any pigment on the market."

The New Commandments.

Matrimony has ten commandments. These were studied out by Theodore Parker shortly before the day of his wedding. They took the form of ten beautiful resolutions, which he inscribed in his journal. They are as follows: 1. Never, except for the best reasons, to oppose my wife's will. 2. To discharge all duties for her sake freely. 3. Never to scold. 4. Never to look cross at her. 5. Never worry her with commands. 6. To promote her piety. 7. To bear her burdens. 8. To overlook her follies. 9. To save, cherish and forever defend her. 10. To remember her always in my prayers. Thus, God willing, we shall be blessed.

Royal Apartments.

The private apartments of the Emperor and Empress of Austria in Vienna were separated by a large library so filled with palms, ferns and shrubs in full bloom, emerging from great bronze and silver boxes, that it closely resembled a conservatory. The Kaiser's bedroom was austere; simple as a camp bed covered with military blue cloth, a prie-dieu surmounted by a large crucifix, a superb painting representing the Blessed Virgin, and another the emperor and her children, being about all it contained. For more luxuriance Elizabeth's sleeping chamber, but still the dominating note was peculiarly sweet and peaceful. Walls and furniture are of soft creamy whiteness, that of the finest velvet and Alencon lace; opposite the low, narrow niche, lacquered bed stands a matchless alabaster statue representing a weeping Niobe. The pedestal of this exquisite masterpiece is smothered in banks of delicately foliaged green plants, and was lighted all night, whether the empress was there or not, by tiny opalescent globes containing perfumed candles. During her long insomnias the poor bereft mother found a sort of comfort in contemplating this, her counterpart, and used to lie with her eyes fixed on the white form so pathetically pure and beautiful.

Marking the Waist Line.

Everyone doesn't know how to make a belt, as simple as it seems. Satin ribbon is often used, which is an artistic mistake, because the material is too stiff to fold itself easily into the figure.

Whatever else a woman wants about her gown, she wants an arrangement which makes the waist look suppliant. As an expert has expressed it by saying: "I do like a woman's figure where the waist isn't attached." One wants the belt line to curve in, then out. To be an integral part of the body, not a distinct shape that is brought out or accentuated by a stiff material, to make the line of the waist too significant, says an artist, "is to bear the thumb nail

Indeed, it's cut off the same piece, and I am two years younger than she is. It may be a little too bright, but Nanna didn't think so."

"I wish you would dress in black, or the soberer, darker tints!" said Vivien, hurrying over her own toilet, and ruefully surveying her white and wondering how she could be so obtuse.

"But you don't," the young lady objected, "and you know I like to look like you, because everyone says you taste in dress is excellent. There's the last bell. Oh, Viv! what am I to do? Now I come to look at myself again I'm afraid this dress doesn't quite suit me, and I can't go down to be laughed at, but Nanna will sulk if I ask her to change it."

"Marie, cannot you suggest anything?" asked her young mistress. "For goodness sake don't begin to cry, Cressy, or your nose will be red and your lips swelled. Shall I make an apology for you? Then you can come downstairs presently."

"And lose my dinner! I can't endure half-cold chicken sent up on a tray. Yes, it's vulgar, I know, but I always enjoy my dinner. Do wait for me while I scramble into something else. What shall I put on Viva, dear, and how am I to manage Nanna?"

"Can't you suggest anything?" said Vivien again to her maid, who had been critically surveying the agitated heiress.

Marie nodded, and coming forward, scissors in hand, ruthlessly unripped frill after frill, then she draped over the silk a black lace shawl so as to form a tunic, both graceful and effective.

[To be Continued.]

ways in a scale. "Any musician will understand how comprehensive this is."

But it is a mistake the majority of women make. They wear satin ribbon that doesn't hold well, stiff leather that doesn't yield, boned girdles that are too ungainly in their shape.

A woman who knows how will make her belt of something plastic and soft, that folds and fits and swings into the curves that swing down from the ribs. By this she also reduces the seeming size of her waist.

I have found taffeta silk cut on the bias and securely stitched, say three times, about the edges, the most graceful and satisfactory of belts.

They follow every undulation of the waist, they give with every movement of the body, and make the dividing line between the skirt and bodice a graceful part of the costume, a meeting from one into the other, as it were, and not a noticeable line of division.

This explanation is intended to put into a system that others may follow what every dressmaker of taste knows full well. She knows that there is no more beautiful curve in a woman's body than that of the waist. It baffles artists, defies imitation, is the quintessence of grace and poise—when it is good.

So the costumers endeavor to make it or develop it or accentuate it, and they do not know that nothing so destroys all hope as an ungainly belt, one that is not suppliant, that does not melt into the gown.

This season has done a great deal to teach women that art. Leather belts are almost obsolete. Of all the ribbons, taffeta is the best for the purpose.

The Proper Way.

Chops, birds and dry fish are all most delicate when broiled in paper. Use heavy white note paper spread with olive oil or butter. When the article to be broiled is laid therein, salted and peppered, the edges of the paper case should be turned over several times like a little hen, and pinched together close to the meat. The paper will char a long while before igniting, and the contents will be basted in their own juices. The time required for broiling in paper is usually about eight minutes. When the paper is well-browned the contents will be done to a turn—juicy, delicate and digestible, even the stomach of an invalid. Serve in an envelope, which conserves the heat and juices to the moment of eating. The large fillet of chicken broiled in this way is delicious and easy of assimilation.

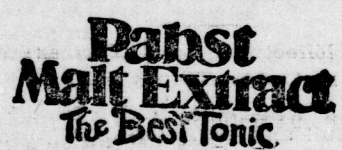
Orange and Macaroon Pudding.

Soak one-fourth pound almond macaroons in a pint of water until soft. Beat four eggs without separating with half cup sugar and the grated yolk of an orange. Do not grate a bit of the white, as it spoils the flavor. Stir carefully into the macaroons and sugar, add the juice of two oranges. Pour into a buttered mold or tin pail and set on a stand or ring in a kettle of boiling water. Keep boiling steadily for an hour; add only boiling water to keep covered. Serve hot with orange sauce.

Orange Sauce.

Two heaping teaspoons corn starch, dissolved in water, with boiling water poured on to make a smooth, thick paste; add a beaten egg, a heaping teaspoon of sugar, and a small cup sugar. When cooked add the juice of two oranges. Serve hot.

Santiago bombardment powder cost \$1,000,000.



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INDIA'S YOUNG VICEROY

A Brilliant Farewell Speech by Lord Curzon.

His Exalted Conception of His New Duties.

Says India Had Always Attracted Him—Reasons for Accepting the Office.

The Eton dinner to the Earl of Minto, governor-general-designate of Canada, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, viceroy-designate of India, and the Rev. J. T. C. Weldon, bishop-designate of Calcutta, took place on the evening of Oct. 29 at the Cafe Monico, London, England. Lord Rosebery presided, and many of the most distinguished men of Great Britain were present. The address of Lord Curzon, in reply to the toast of his health, is worth reproducing as a good specimen of English oratory:

I have often seen during the past few weeks my acceptance of this office attributed to a variety of causes—to personal ambition, to the disappointment of parliamentary hopes, to failing health. (Laughter.) My own explanation of public life, such as it has been, leads me to think that the simplest explanation of the phenomenon of human action—human beings being, more or less, always cast in the same mould—is apt to be the most correct, and the recollection is often the fallacious as well as the obscure. (Laughter.) Is it permissible, therefore, for me to say in this company of old school-fellows and of personal friends, that whatever may have been the cause of my going to India, it is because I love India, its people, its history, its government, the absorbing mysteries of its civilization and its life? I gladly accepted it, because I love India, its people, its history, its government, the absorbing mysteries of its civilization and its life? I gladly accepted it, because I love India, its people, its history, its government, the absorbing mysteries of its civilization and its life?

There were perpetually invited by a body of assiduous and capable mentors—I need hardly say I allude to the great masters (laughter)—and we responded with greater or less reluctance to the appeal, to contemplate the majesty, the law, and the living influence of the empire of Rome. We had at Eton, and I hope it still flourishes, an institution called the literary society, of which, I believe, my friend Weldon was the first president, and in which I afterwards had the honor to follow in his footsteps. To this society, from time to time, came down eminent men to preach to us about the wider world outside. Among those distinguished persons who came in my day was Sir James Fitz-James Stephen, but just returned from India—the father of my dear friend Jim Stephen, the "J. K. S." of the literary world, that brilliant but meteoric intellect that all too soon plunged into the abyss and was lost from view. (Hear, hear.) Sir James Stephen came down to Eton and told us how he had been one of whom I was one, that there was in that ancient continent an empire more populous, more amazing, and more beneficent than that of Rome; that the rulers of that great dominion were drawn from the men of our own people; that some of them might perhaps in the future be drawn from the ranks of the boys who were listening to his words. Ever since that day, and still more since my first visit to India in 1887, the fascination and, if I may say so, the sacredness of India, has grown upon me until I have come to think that it is the highest honor that can be placed upon any subject of the Empire, and that it is the duty of every man, high or low, he should devote such energies as he may possess to its service. (Cheers.) But may I carry my suggestion one step further? May I not say that the growth of the ideal of duty has been the most salient feature in the history of our relations with India during the past hundred years, and still more during the reign of the present Queen? (Cheers.) A century ago India, in the hands of the East India Company, was regarded as a mercantile investment, the business of whose promoters and agents was to return as large dividends as possible, and the larger, of course, the better, to the pockets of their shareholders at home. In the course of these proceedings many of those men amassed great wealth, almost beyond the dreams of avarice—wealth, the display of which was apt to be vulgar and the source of which was often more or less doubtful. As well as high, were the spoils of political patronage at home, and were exclusively distributed according to the narrowest and most selfish exigencies of party polemics at home. We have come to the treatment of Warren Hastings to realize how little the welfare of India was thought of in comparison with the loss or gain to Whigs and Tories in London. I do not say that we have altogether exterminated India from the perils and the contamination of the party system. I do not say that our administration of that great empire is altogether free from blemish or taint. But I do say that it is free from the narrowness and the selfishness of the party system, and that it is dedicated and elevated by that influence. I do not say that we think much of the welfare of India and but little of its wealth (hear, hear); that we endeavor to administer the Empire with a lofty and noble interest of the governed; that our mission there is one of obligation and not of profit, and that we do our humble best to retain by justice that which may have won by the sword. (Cheers.) I do not say that, at the end of this nineteenth century, the spectacle presented by our dominion in India is that of British power sustained by a Christian ideal? (Cheers.)

What, then, is the conception of his duty that an outgoing viceroy should set before himself? I have no new or startling definition to give, but the light in which it presents itself to my mind is this. It is his duty, first and foremost, to represent the authority of the Queen-Empress, whose name, revered more than the name of any other living sovereign by all races and classes, from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas, is in India both a bond of union and a symbol of power, and associated with the personal attributes that cling about that name, the conviction that the justice of his government is inflexible, that its honor is stainless, and that its mercy is in proportion to its strength. (Cheers.) Secondly, he should try to remember that all its people are not the sons of our own race, and that it is only by regard for their feelings, by respect for their prejudices—I will even go so far as to say by preference to their scruples

—that we can obtain the acquiescence as well as the submission of the governed. (Cheers.) Thirdly, it is to recognize that, though relatively far advanced in the scale of civilization compared with the time of Lord Wellesley or even Lord Canning, India is still ill-equipped with the material and industrial and educational resources which are so necessary to her career and so to work that she may, by slow but sure degrees, expand to the full measure of her growth. And, lastly, it is to preserve intact and secure either from internal convulsion or external inroad, the boundaries of that great and imperial dominion. (Loud cheers.) This, I would venture to suggest, is the conception which every outgoing viceroy sets before himself. He is probably unwise if he attempts to fill in the details too closely in advance. The experience in which he must be sadly lacking at the start, but which will come to him in increasing volume day by day, will with slow, and sometimes with painful, touch, fill in the details as he proceeds.

ETON VICEROYS OF INDIA.

For, after all—and I speak to those, if there are any here present, who have traveled in the East, and have caught the fascination of its mysterious surroundings—the East is a university in which the scholar never takes his degree. (Heavy laugh.) It is the temple in which the suppliant adores but never catches sight of the object of his devotion: it is a journey the goal of which is always in sight but is never attained. There are always learners, always worshippers, always pilgrims. I rejoice to be allowed to take my place in that great band of students and of wayfarers who have trodden that path for a hundred years. I know I have everything to learn. I have, perhaps, many things to unlearn. But if the test of the pupil be application, and if the test of the worshiper be faith, I hope I may pass through the ordeal unscathed. (Cheers.) At any rate, I have among the long list of names inscribed on the back of the menu, the example of three immediate Eton predecessors to guide me—of Lord Dufferin (cheers), whose Indian viceroyalty was but the culminating point in a career which for over 30 years has been the property less of himself than of his country (cheers); of Lord Lansdowne (cheers), who left India amid greater manifestations of popularity and of regard and esteem than any departing viceroy since the reign of George IV. and of my immediate predecessor, Lord Elgin (cheers), who has confronted a time of storm and stress with a fortitude and a composure which are worthy of the high name he bears and of the race from which he is sprung. (Cheers.) I know that with these distinguished predecessors I cannot hope to compete. But there is one characteristic which I share in common with them and which we possess from our common part in the Eton heritage, and that is the duty to be true to the honor and the credit of that ancient foundation. (Cheers.) I am not so foolish tonight as to utter any vain prophecies or to indulge in any illusive hopes. But I should be satisfied if I can carry out the work which they have begun, and if at the end of my time it can be said of me that I have not been unworthy of the traditions of the greatest and the noblest of schools. (Loud cheers.)

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—that we can obtain the acquiescence as well as the submission of the governed. (Cheers.) Thirdly, it is to recognize that, though relatively far advanced in the scale of civilization compared with the time of Lord Wellesley or even Lord Canning, India is still ill-equipped with the material and industrial and educational resources which are so necessary to her career and so to work that she may, by slow but sure degrees, expand to the full measure of her growth. And, lastly, it is to preserve intact and secure either from internal convulsion or external inroad, the boundaries of that great and imperial dominion. (Loud cheers.) This, I would venture to suggest, is the conception which every outgoing viceroy sets before himself. He is probably unwise if he attempts to fill in the details too closely in advance. The experience in which he must be sadly lacking at the start, but which will come to him in increasing volume day by day, will with slow, and sometimes with painful, touch, fill in the details as he proceeds.

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