PORT ARTHUR & FORT WM.

TO BE ONE GREAT CITY AT THE HEAD OF NAVIGATION.

The Great Breakwater—Fort William to be the All Docks and Elevators—The Banks of the Kaministiquia River—A Magnificent Site for Transhipment.

The development of the Great Prairie is destined to augment immensely the importance of the Great Water way and the tonnage carried by it. At first the latter was calculated for the needs of Old Canada; but what New Canada wants is "out of sight" more than that. Port Arthur is the farthest point west that can be reached from the east by water; and hence must be and remain the bona fide Head of Navigation. For carrying cheaply the produce of the Great Prairie the programme must be as follows: By rail to the head of navigation, Port Arthur; thence by vessel, afloat on fresh water to Montreal or Quebec, where a transfer will be made to vessels sailing on the salt sea. This, it will be seen, involves just two transhipments, one at the head of Lake Superior, and the other at or near tide water. In the whole world there is not another inland route of anything like equal length, over which freight can be carried so cheaply per ton per thousand miles, as on this one. This time I propose to say something about Port Arthur, the first of the two points of transhipment—the western end of Canada's Great Waterway and her far inland Head of Navigation.

But there is a Fort William as well as a Port Arthur, and the capabilities of both have to be considered. It used to be said that it was Mr. Mackenzie's original design to make the former the place, but that afterwards Sir John and the C. P. R. Co. unduly favored Port Arthur. But if this was ever true it is not true now; for the Pacific Railway Company are piling up improvements at Fort William, almost "regardless of expense," as we may say. Meantime the Dominion Government has done its share by building a great breakwater, really a splendid work, and which is to be further extended. From gales from the north, south, and west, Port Arthur's harbour is perfectly sheltered by nature. Easterly gales, however, might still make it uncomfortable in the harbour at times, though not dangerous, by any means. To ward off the swell from these easterly gales is the object of the breakwater, after the completion of which the harbour will be all the time as still as a mill pond. This breakwater is of solid and scientific construction, fitted to resist both sea waves and ice jams, the latter sometimes piling up to twenty feet in spring. Solid square timber cribs one hundred feet long and thirty feet wide, filled with stone, are put in place; with a superstructure six feet above low water, having a sloping sea face, which is covered with boiler plating. Three thousand six hundred feet of the work is about finished, and a further portion of fifteen hundred feet will be contracted for immediately. Between the part finished and the new work an opening of three hundred and fifty feet will be left for entrance into the harbour. When this great work is completed, it will be over a mile in length altogether, and Port Arthur's harbour will be one of the finest anywhere in fresh water. Total cost, somewhere about $400,000.

The breakwater has from its beginning been in charge of Chief Engineer William Murdoch, who was Chief Engineer of the C. P. R. during the earlier years of its construction. He formerly resided at Winnipeg, but is now at Port Arthur.

The C. P. R. has just one elevator at Port Arthur—capacity, 400,000 bushels. I almost forgot to mention that Port Arthur makes a big show of natural gas, which may do wonders some day.

Fort William and its Elevators.

The Kaministiquia River has its course through the country lying northwest from Port Arthur, and its junction with the great lake has caused the making of the town of Fort William. It is the largest river flowing into Lake Superior, and is deep enough to be easily dredged so as to float any vessel on the lakes. Its bottom is of such a nature that when dredged the work stays done. The banks, too, when cut down like a perpendicular wall, stay firmly in shape; and so it is "no trick at all" to put in place pile foundations that will carry any weight likely ever to be put upon them. The natural adaptability of the banks and the bottom of the Kaministiquia near its mouth for the purposes mentioned is probably equalled at very few locations indeed. The Canadian Pacific people, "barring accidents," will soon have the lower five miles of the river a whole row of docks and elevators, making it a big place for transhipment indeed. They have elevator capacity already completed there to the extent of 1,250,000 bushels; and enough for 1,500,000 bushels more is now under construction. So Fort William is bound to be something of a place for elevators, you may suppose. At present it would be difficult for a visitor to describe exactly what is done or being done here. But next summer, when the buildings now in course of construction are finished, the visitor may get a clearer idea of what has been done.

Some people who take what may be called the Fort William view of manifest destiny say that right along the banks of the Kaministiquia there will be found are long important manufacturing works, a principal reason being the easy dockage of vessels and handling of coal there. Already it is predicted that Fort William will yet be the great manufacturing point for the Northwest, because of its superior facilities for handling coal and other heavy freight. As for iron ore, the show of that in the district is simply immense. And it is prophesied that there must be a great manufacturing city at the foot of the Kaministiquia some day.

To be, or not to be, that is the question. Is it to be Port Arthur or Fort William? I should say, both together, but under another name. For neither of these names is equal to the importance of the great city which is to be. For the present I suppose we shall have to call it Port Arthur.

JOHN MACLEAN.

"The Old Oaken Bucket
The Iron-bound Bucket
The Moss-covered Bucket."

is very likely the one that has conveyed poisons to your system from some old well, whose waters have become contaminated from sewers, vaults, or percolation from the soil. To eradicate these poisons from the system and save yourself a spell of malarial, typhoid or bilious fever, and to keep the liver, kidneys, and lungs in a healthy and vigorous condition, use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the greatest blood-purifier of the age. 14

What His Refusal Cost Him.

James Slater was fined $20 and costs or 30 days Saturday [illegible] over his n[illegible] the Gover[illegible] requested [illegible] [illegible]elf by tak[illegible] [illegible]ultivated [illegible]amping

MISS EWALD'S PROTEGE.

"He is handsome, he speaks correctly, and there is a kind of superb independence about him that I admire. What a pity he is only a farmer!" Miss Ewald mused, looking over the fence at the reapers in the wheat field, and singling out Brian Jeffrey's straight, well knit figure, in its cool blue cotton overalls and blouse.

How easily and lightly he swung the scything cradle around the yellow grain falling before the glittering blade!

Miss Ewald had been at Grasslands a week. She was 26 and thoroughly disgusted with the world, or so she imagined when she elected to spend the summer in the country, instead of going with her friends on the usual round of gaysety at the watering places.

"I am tired of folly and fashion, of society—of everything," she had said, and packing her trunks went away to the loneliness, the cool, deep shades, and the simple, primitive life of Grasslands, bewildering Farmer Jason and his comely wife with her beauty and grace and city toilets, and making acquaintance with Brian Jeffrey, the farmer's nephew.

"He is probably as old as I am, but with as little worldly knowledge as I had at sixteen," shifting her white linen parasol a little, her eyes still fixed on the blue clad figure in the field.

A brilliant idea had shaped itself in her mind during the week. She would help the young man to a higher plane of life—point the way into the intellectual world.

"Why not? she had reasoned. "Of course my friends," with a slight curl of her lip, "would deride the plan, but I see no harm in it. He is here, shut off from the world, and with no examples to stimulate ambition or make him desire culture."

The morning that she stood by the fence, looking into the wheat field, she decided to speak to him about it—offer, with tact and delicacy, to loan him books and papers, and her aid in turning his thoughts into higher channels.

That evening, as she stood on the veranda, gathering a bunch of creamy roses for the bosom of her light blue gown, he came and leaned against the column near her.

The fading daylight seemed to gather about her golden head and lovely purely colored face, and the young farmer's dark gray eyes were fixed steadily on her. It was a good time and place to unfold her purpose.

His face flushed, and he looked down at his shapely, sunburnt hands, while she gently explained that all her books and magazines where at his service, and that she would be pleased to have him read with her sometimes.

He seemed to catch instantly at her full meaning, and the light in his grey eyes almost startled her.

"Would you indeed be so kind to an ignorant poor wretch," he murmured.

Her face flushed.

"It is no great act of kindness, Mr. Jeffrey. I understand the limitations of your surroundings, and if you will accept—"

"I do, most gladly, gratefully!" he quickly interrupted. "In a country neighborhood, where all, or nearly all, are on the same level—where an almanac and a Bible constitute a library—there is not much hope for literary advancement.

"It was a strange summer to Rosamond Ewald—one utterly out of the line of conventional experiences.

"Never had teacher so apt a pupil, and the lines of study took a much wider range than she had ever imagined.

"Favorite authors were invested with new interest, and she found all her own mental faculties stimulated and quickened. She forgot that she had ever been weary of life.

"It was delightful to have such an intelligent, sympathetic protegee.

"I never knew before that such a simple act of kindness could give one so much pleasure. I felt like a different creature from the languid, ennuid woman who came up here."

One evening she was surprised and delighted at the sound of a fine tenor voice singing "My Queen" with an eloquence of expression unexpected.

She stepped to the parlor door and saw Brian Jeffrey sitting before the small, almost tuneless old piano, playing and singing.

He stopped instantly at sight of her.

"I did not know you could sing, Mr. Jeffrey," advancing into the dimly lighted room.

"Only a little, Miss Ewald," he said, hastily, looking as guilty as if he had been detected in a crime.

"You sing extremely well, and with wonderful expression."

Her frank, warm praises overmastered the self-control he had been putting upon himself for days.

He looked at her, a passionate fire leaping to his grey eyes.

"I ought to sing that song well, with you always in my thoughts," he said, in a low, quick tone.

Her startled eyes met his; she turned away, but he caught her hand.

"I know what presumption, what madness it is, but I love you, Miss Ewald—Rosamond, my queen!"

She flushed and paled.

"It may seem a poor return for all your goodness to give you my heart, but it is an honest heart and—"

All the haughty Ewald blood flamed up. She snatched her hand from his grasp.

"Sir, you surely forget your station!" "You presume unpardonably upon my favor. Let me pass."

He grew white as death, bowed, and stepped aside, and she went proudly away to her own room, only to throw herself on the bed when she arrived there, sobbing like the weakest school girl.

Never in her life had such contending emotions possessed her. Hot waves of crimson swept over her throat and face as she recalled his words, the passion of his eyes.

But she had taught him a lesson. He treated her with perfect courtesy; but there was no more delightful talks and readings. He held gravely aloof, meeting her only at their meals, and she found the time hanging heavily on her hands.

A feverish unrest took possession of her, and as the time for her return to the city drew nearer, she grew graver and graver.

One day one of the children ran breathlessly in, crying:

"The cotton gin's bu'sted, an' I 'spect Cousin Brian's killed!"

Rosamond started to her feet and ran bareheaded out into the yard, through the gate and down the lane toward the gin. Killed Brian Jeffrey, in all his strength and youth, killed!

The hot sun beat upon her fair head, dazzled her eyes; she grew faint.

"Miss Ewald!"

She stopped, looked up with a low cry, then held out her hands.

He stood before her, untouched, unharmed.

"Oh, Brian, Brian, they told me you had been killed! Forgive my wicked pride, my cruel words, for I love you!"

The truth was out at last—the truth she had been learning ever since their estrangement.

He caught her hands and kissed them passionately.

"Forgive you? What would I not forgive you for those words, my dearest? As no lives were lost I thank heaven for the accident that has caused this betrayal of your heart."

* * * *

Miss Ewald was at a reception, gowned in creamy silk and with diamonds at her throat. It was the first reception of the season, and her friends gathered around her, declaring that the summer had mysteriously changed her, but the vivacious, laughing hostess bore her off to a pretty music room.

"I want to introduce you to a friend of my husband's, a fine musician, wealthy, cultivated, who has traveled, and studied abroad as well as in America. If you were not so flinty-hearted, Rosamond, I should hope to make a match between you."

Miss Ewald laughed softly as she thought of Brian Jeffrey, and turned the simple pearl ring he had placed upon her finger.

What would her fashionable friends say if they knew that she had promised to marry a farmer and love him?

The music room was deserted save for a solitary figure standing before the grand piano. Not until the gentleman turned, and her hostess said: "Mr. Jeffrey!" did she realize that it was Brian himself who stood before her in faultless evening dress, his face and hands still showing the sunburn of his labor at Grasslands.

"You deceive me!" she cried, pale with conflicting emotions, when they were left to learn all your sweet nature as my benefactress. I made the family promise not to undeceive you. Are you angry, darling? I called at your home this evening to tell you of your mistake, to ask your pardon for the deception; and learning you were here, came on determined to see you. The owner of Grasslands is indeed my uncle, and I went out there to work this last season because I needed outdoor exercise, and hee haw I like farming. Rosamond, it was the happiest summer of my life."

"And of mine," she murmured at last, her life meeting his.

Then he sang "My Queen," in a way that drew half the guests to the room; and, with a happy smile, Miss Ewald thought that her protege would do her great honor.

A SWEET SURPRISE.

Or The Ruse of an Heiress.

What right had a poet, and a poor poet, to fall in love? Yet here was a young man, with scarcely a dollar to his name, who had the audacity to fall in love with a dashing widow, and, stranger still, she returned his affection.

She knew, however, the exact state of his finances before she promised to be his wife.

"Darling," he cried, "I have no right to ask you to marry me when I have no home to offer you nor any prospects of getting one. But I love you and will be true to you, and what I have I will share with you, and while I have health and strength I will work for you. So, dear, if love can make you happy you shall be as happy as the day is long."

"Dear heart," she answered. "I have a little money of my own—enough to yield us three hundred a year—that with what you can earn will be enough."

"Enough! Why—we can live like nabobs on it. O! angel!"

"Darling!"

"My own!"

And they were married; and two happier mortals never came together. A month passed away—a month during which they were with one another all the time—and their love grew and ripened. He proved himself, in his hourly, daily life, to be kind, gentle faithful and affectionate; and she proved to be the same.

At the end of the month—they had been married on May-Day; it was now the first day of June—the husband came home from his publisher's and a cloud was on his brow.

"What is it, love?" she asked, with an arm around his neck.

"My darling! I had promised myself that I would take you into the country this Summer—that we would go to the grand old mountains—and—be so happy! But—my last poem—you know how beautiful we thought it—but, ah! the fickle public do not buy it. My publisher hasn't sold enough to pay for the composition." He kissed him, and drew her closer, and added: "Darling! do not think I deceived you! I told you my writing would yield us something—but—but—"

"Hush!" and she kissed his quivering lips. "You did not deceive; you spoke honestly; but, alas! I—I—did deceive you!"

"You! Angel!"

"Yes. I told you I had money enough of my own to yield us three hundred a year. I told you so, when I ought to have known"—

"Hush! I know! No more of that, my own sweet love! We'll live somehow, and we'll be happy. Why, bless my dear heart, I can go right back to the type-case. I can earn enough to keep the wolf away, so cheer up. Her—fiddle-diddle, the cat's in the fiddle, and the cow jumped over."

"There! will you listen to my full confession?" And she put both her arms around his neck. "I told you—enough to yield three hundred a year. I knew better at the time. Here—take this. Look at it, and then you will know how wickedly I deceived you."

She put into his hand a common envelope, with an imprint in the upper left-hand corner—"Bank of——" and then went away, and sat down by one of the distant windows.

He opened the envelope, and found within a piece of paper, bearing that same imprint in the corner—a niggardly bit of paper for such a wealthy old institution to send out. He took it out. It was only folded once, and written in a rapid, free and dashing hand, were the following mysterious words:

"MRS. MARY J. T.:—We have changed your account to match your new position and new name, upon which allow us to congratulate you. Appended is a statement in gross of the amount of your trust in our hands, upon which you will draw at pleasure. We will also honor your husband's check at any time, until further orders from you. Respectfully, J——, cashier.

"Your deposit at this date, June 1, 18—, $675,000."

He looked, and rubbed his eyes, and looked again.

"Mollie! Is it—six hundred and seventy-five dollars? Does it mean—that?"

"Oh, you—you—poet! Can't you read? Must I confess, and then explain?"

"But—sweet one!—angel!"

"Oh, you dear, darling, old dumpty-dumpty! it means $675,000; and that I have had it put so that we can both of us draw on it. And now we'll go into the country, and we'll—we'll—but I forgot. Do you forgive me for my deception?"

He answered her with so many kisses that we will not stop to count them, but will leave them, right there, in their fulness of joy.

The Drinking Habits of Last Century.

The Bishops at Lambeth in one of their deliverance spoke a just tribute to the work of the Temperance reformers, to whose labors they attribute the happy revolution in drinking habits which has taken place in this century. From an article in the *Quarterly Review* we gather the following passages. The funerals last century were festivals, sometimes lasting a week at a ruinous cost, and the drinking was excessive. At a laird's burial the English Dragoons remarked, "A Scot's burial is merrier than our weddings." A very respectable gentleman giving orders about his own burial said:—"For God's sake, John, give them a hearty drink." A person staggering home from a house where his friend lay dead was asked whence he came, and answered, "From the house of mourning." Of a highly distinguished lawyer, afterwards a "Lord President," or as we say, Chief Justice, it is told that at the funeral of his mother, he and his brother were so drunk that in going to the Church yard they left the house without the corpse! Not long ago, a Canadian lady when visiting relatives in Scotland was sharply reburked for singing airs from the Messiah on the Sabbath night—it was thought sinful. Yet the elders who censured her spent their Sabbath evenings in heavy drinking, going as near as possible to the outer verge of sobriety, often indeed with one foot over the brink!

There was an old law in existence which made the adulteration of wine a capital offence. It might be re-enacted with considerable advantage to temperance.

Death of An Old Royal Servant.

From The Leeds Mercury.

There died early on Monday morning, at Dorset-road, Windsor, one of the oldest and most valued of all the Queen's servants, Mrs. Hull, who entered Her Majesty's service as nurse when the Prince of Wales was only a few days old, and had afterwards the care of all the Queen's children. Mrs. Hull was regarded with great affection by all the members of Her Majesty's family, and during her prolonged illness she was visited by the Queen, Princess Christian, and Princess Beatrice. Messages of sympathy with 'Dear old May'—for so she was called by the Queen and all the Royal family—were repeatedly sent to her through the Rev. Arthur Robins, chaplain to the Queen and the prince of Wales, both from the late Emperor Frederick and the Empress Frederick, and from the Prince and Princess of Wales. The deceased was 78 years of age.

Charity.

Arthur Symons in The Woman's World.

A beggar died last night, his soul
Went up to God, and said:
"I come uncalled; forgive it, Lord;
I died for want of bread."

Then answered him the Lord of heaven:
"Son, how can this thing be?
Are not My saints on earth and they
Had surely succored thee."

"Thy saints, O Lord," the beggar said,
"Live holy lives of prayer;
How shall they know of such as we?
We perish unaware.

"They strive to save our wicked souls,
And fit them for the sky;
Meanwhile, not having bread to eat,
(Forgive!) our bodies die."

Then the Lord God spake out of heaven
In wrath and angry rain:
"Oh man, for whom My Son hath died,
My Son hath lived in vain!"

CHASED BY A THUNDERBOLT.

An Occasion When Engineer Byers Made Rattling Good Time.

"What was the fastest time you ever made?" asked The Omaha World's talker of Johnnie Byers, one of the best known engineers in the Western country.

"Well," he returned, "I reckon a run of forty miles I made on the North Platte end of the division was the sliekest. You see I was sent out from Omaha with a light engine to pull in a special director's car from North Platte, and when I got within about fifty miles of the latter station I was given an order to run regardless of everything—other trains were side-tracked, for me.

"I hadn't left the station more'n five minutes before a heavy thunderstorm came up—they do it awful quick out there—and me and my fireman enjoyed the finest display of fireworks you ever see.

"All of a sudden Tom yells to me:

"'Holy Moses! The lightning's struck the track! Pull out, Johnny, or we're done for!'

"I looked back, and sure enough there came a streak of lightning along the right rail headed for us. It was a kinder whitish-blue sort of thing, and was humping along like it had a time order.

"I knew that if it struck the machine we was all gone to the sweet hereafter, and I pulled her wide open.

"Well, the old machine seemed to know something was up, and she gave a jump like a scared antelope and off ahead of that lightning streak. At first the streak seemed to be gaining on us, but after the engine got good and started, my, you ought to see the distance play out between us. But the lightning didn't seem to be discouraged. It just spit on its hands and clawed along after us like a promissory note after an insolvent debtor.

"Well, I seen something must be done, but couldn't make out how to do it. It was plain that if the thing kept up much longer the water and coal would give out, not to speak of red-hot journals. I says to Tom:

"'Heave away now, with the coal and we'll fool him, and, although, he'd been heaving away since the start of the race, that seemed so help, for I could see the lightning was lagging. Then I turned the machine over to him and crawled back on the tank. I had an idea. There was a siding a few miles ahead and if we could make it—well, you'll see. There was a broken drawbar on the tank, and when I reckoned we'd got about the right distance I dropped it. I could see it rolling along for quite a distance, then I got back to the engine and slacked up.

"All of a sudden I heard the most outlandish racket you ever heard of behind us. Then the air was full of splinters, and when I rolled back, sure enough the drawback had fallen in the switch I'd calculated on hitting, and had made such a connection with the main track that the lightning had been switched off and had run down on the siding and into two cars of powder standing there. I'm sorry I can't give you the exact time of that run but under the circumstances you couldn't expect a man to hold a watch, now could you?"

No wonder this is a free-k country. It comes to its census only once in ten years.

FOR OLD PEOPLE!

In old people the nervous system is weakened, and that must be strengthened. One of the most prominent medical writers of the day, in speaking of the prevalence of rheumatic troubles among the aged, says: "The various pains, rheumatic or other, which old people often complain of, and which materially disturb their comfort, result from disordered nerves." There it is in a nutshell—the medicine for old people must be a nerve tonic. Old people are beset with constipation, flatulency, drowsiness, dizziness, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia.

These diseases are of nervous origin. Paine's Celery Compound, that great nerve tonic, is almost a specific in these disorders, and by its regulating influence on the liver, bowels, and kidneys, removes the disorders peculiar to old age. Old people find it stimulating to the vital powers, productive of appetite, and a promoter of digestion.

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1 Real Estate worth	$25,000	$25,000
1 Real Estate worth	10,000	10,000
2 Real Estates worth	5,000	10,000
5 Real Estates	2,000	10,000
20 Real Estates	1,000	20,000
20 do do	750	15,000
100 do do	500	50,000
100 Watches	200	20,000
400 do	100	40,000
500 do	50	25,000
1000 Toilet Sets worth	25	25,000
2149 prizes worth		$250,000

TICKETS $5.00—FIFTEEN $1.00.
Tickets can be obtained until 12 o'clock noon on the day of drawing.
R. E. LEFEBVRE, Secretary.
Offices, 19 St. James-street, Montreal, Can.

TO CONCRETERS.
Large quantity of stone chips for sale cheap.
LIONEL YORKE
Foot of Jarvis-st., Toronto. 361

HERO CIGARS. 14
DAWES & CO.,
Brewers and Maltsters,
LACHINE, ... P. Q.
Offices—201 St. James-street, Montreal; 23 Buckingham-street, Halifax; 333 Wellington-street, Ottawa. 4

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MAGIC SCALE!
The most perfect system of cutting.
MISS CHUBB,
Having taken premises at 426½ Yonge,
IS SELLING OFF
Corsets and Bustles at cost, 179 King West. Cutting taught. Dresses cut and fitted. 62

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HOLLAND & CO'S FERGUS XXX ALE
AND
XXXX PORTER.
The Best in the Market.
All letter orders promptly attended to. 26
G. FRYER, Agent

A POSITION
as salesman with good pay, to any reliable man furnishing satisfactory references. Apply to
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The Largest and Choicest Stock of Fine Furs in the Dominion, Comprising
LADIES' SEALSKIN ULSTERS,
DOLMANS, DOLMANETTES & WALKING JACKETS,
FUR BOAS IN THE MOST FASHIONABLE FURS.
Shoulder Capes, Muffs, Gauntlets, Gloves and Ladies' Sealskin Garments a Specialty.
JAMES H. ROGERS,
CORNER KING AND CHURCH-STS.

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DR. GRAY'S specific has been used for the past fifteen years with great success, in the treatment of Nervous Debility, and all diseases arising from excesses, over-worked brain, loss of vitality, ringing in the ears, palpitation, etc. For sale by all druggists. Price $1 per box, or 6 boxes for $5, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price. Pamphlet on application.
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CINGALESE HAIR RENEWER restores gray and faded hair to its natural color and prevents falling out.
"HUS" COUGH CURE cures in one minute.
"HUS" COUGH CURE gives instant relief in all cases of severe coughs and colds. Try it.
Cingalese Hair Renewer, the ladies' favorite dressing, restores gray and faded hair to its natural color.

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W. H. STONE,
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Telephone 932. Always open.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. DURING the month of October, 1888, mails close and are due as follows:

	Close.		Due.	
G.T.R. East	5.30 p.m.	7.30	8.a.m.	10.45
C. and G. Railway	7.30	7.45	8.20	9.00
G.T.R. West	6.30	8.30	12.30	7.30
N. and N. W.	7.00	4.40	10.00	3.10
T. G. and B.	6.00	3.45	11.00	8.30
Midland	6.00	3.30	10.40	9.30
C. V. R.	7.00	3.20	9.20	9.30
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G.W.R.		2.00	8.40	2.15
	6.00	4.00	10.30	4.00
	11.30	9.30		8.40
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
U.S.N.Y.	6.00	4.00	8.40	3.00
	11.30	9.30	12.00	8.45
U.S. Western States	6.00	9.30	8.30	7.30
	12.00			

ENGLISH MAILS.—A mail for England via New York will be closed at this office every day, excepting Sundays and Wednesdays, at 4 p.m., and will be despatched to England by what the New York Postmaster may consider the most expeditious route.
On Thursdays a supplementary mail for London, Dublin, Liverpool and Glasgow, will be closed here at 9 p.m., for the Cunard steamer sailing on Saturday, but to insure catching the steamer the 4 p.m. mail is recommended.
The Canadian mail via Quebec will close here on Wednesdays at 6 p.m.

HERO CIGARS. 14

FOR BOYS' WEAR
WE OFFER
LACED BOOTS
Of Calfskin, Buff and grain leather. Something finer in Button Goods. Also Dress Shoes and Slippers, durable, comfortable and moderate in price. Our own make.
J. D. KING & CO.
79 KING-STREET EAST.

CHAS. CARNEGIE,
WATCHMAKER, ETC.,
148 YONGE STREET,
Would draw attention to the
Array of Watches in his Window, over 200 to select from and Every one a Timekeeper, all offered at strictly wholesale prices and warranted. This is a rare chance to obtain
A Watch at a Bargain.
CHAS. CARNEGIE
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HEADQUARTERS FOR
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Gallagher's Baby	40
The Dancing Season (duet)	50

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WISH TO CALL ATTENTION TO THEIR
WOOLLEN ROOM,
In which they are showing a Full Stock of Overcoatings in Beavers, Venettians, Meltons, Montaniacs, and Naps.
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Are now showing a complete assortment of
NEW FALL DRESS MATERIALS
BLACK & COLORED CASHMERES,
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Elegant New Combinations Imported by Ourselves in Designs only to be seen here. Rich-looking
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And Teeming with the Newest Styles of
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CHILDREN'S JACKETS AND ULSTERS,
ALL WOOL AND TAILOR-MAD.
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SAMSON, KENNEDY & CO.,
44 Scott and 19 Colborne-sts., Toronto. 25 Old Change, London, Eng.

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LONDON, ONT.
TRY OUR CELEBRATED EXPORT.
CARLING'S AMBER ALE. CARLING'S PORTER.
Amber Ale, "Glasgow Malt" Porter and Lager highly recommended by the medical faculty for the use of invalids.