AT R. MCKAY & CO'S

MONDAY, JUNE 14, 1909

Great Emergency Sale of



Double Thread Styles

following bargains are all strong, v, double thread net, will not sturdy, double thread net, will not sag or shrink in washing, nor will the sun eat them away in a season. They are splendid in design and effect. All 314 yards long, in white, ivory and

Regularly \$3, on sale Monday \$2.35 pr.

The emergency we find ourselves in to-day is this: 1,000 pairs of English and Scotch Weave Curtains arrived yesterday via steamer Empress of Ireland, which we ordered for next fall's business. Now, as we have to pay cash for these in order to get the best manufacturers' prices, we are determined to sell them all out in this great Emergency Sale at a very slight advance on the cost, just enough margin to cover the cost of selling. This emergency of ours is your ouportunity. Profit by it on Monday, for you can depend you wouldn't get such Curtains at such prices if we didn't need the money.

Three More Curtain Snaps

Regularly \$4.50, on sale Monday ... \$3.35 pr. Regularly \$5, on sale Monday \$3.68 pr.

Snaps in Reautiful Swiss Curtains

The high class styles which you want for your parlor. You'll get a grand choice in elegant goods in the two following lines:
Regularly up to \$7 pr., priced at ...

Regularly up to \$8 pair priced at ...

Women's Lisle and Cotton Hosiery on Sale Monday Reg. Value 20c, Sale Price 2 Pairs for 25c

Paris Veilings Worth Reg. 25c and 35c 10c yd.

Just passed into stock, another rich shipment of French Veilings, consisting of all colors, in both plain and chenille spot effects; visit the Veiling section Monday and secure your share of this grand offering; every yard will has out at the veiling section.

Again Monday the Clearing Sale of Men's Soft Front Shirts Splendid Value at \$1, Our Sale Price 59c each

To-day we started a gigantic sale of men's soft Front Shirts, it's the To-day we started a gigantic sale of men's soft from Shirts, it's the result of a most fortunate purchase by our buyer for Hamilton men. Without a doubt the best bargain in up-to-date Shirts ever presented to the men of Hamilton. Made of fine quality Cambric, patterns all neat and pretty and guaranteed fast colors, buy your summer supply Monday and save almost one half.

Surprising Sale of New Dress Goods Reg. 75c Shadow Stripe Dress Goods for 50c Yard

Summer Gloves on Sale

Reg 15c Silk Gloves for Monday 49c

ee on your Summer Glove wants Monday. Made of splendid heavy . 49c pair k: Monday

2-Button Lisle Gloves 23c, Worth Reg. 35c Pair

Tremendous Sale of Hat Flowers

Monday Specials in Dressing Jackets

\$1 Kimonos for 69c

Interesting Values for Monday Nainsook 15c

Remnants 81/2c

Tea Towels 10c Remnants White Cotton Long Cloth, Cambrie, etc., ends 1 to 3 yards, worth ent, good size, worth 13c, for .. 10c up to 15c yard, special ... 81/6c yard

Pillow Cotton 121/2c

Sheeting 25c

Pillow Cotton 121/2c Extra quality Unbleached English
40 and 42-inch Plain Pillow Cotton, Sheeting, round, even twill, can't be
firm, even weave, 16c value, for 124/2c beat for wear, worth 32c, for 25c yard Fly Net 3c Yard

Mill ends Crossbar Fly Net, slightly imperfect on the edges, and 1 to 5

R. McKAY & CO.

Love Finds the Way

"Ah!" sneered Charlie; "you are in a good humor this morning, Mr. Melchior; too keen and pleasant for me. I'll leave Mo to enjoy it all to himself. Good morning."

With a bow of mock humility, he lounged out, having received a nod of calm superiority from his opponent.
Old Mo had evidently been in a state of deep anxiety and disquietude, rubbing his hands together, scratching the pimples and warts upon his chin, shuffling his feet upon the mixture of carpet and dirt that lined the floor and muttering at particularly short intervals.

"My tears, my tears," he ventured to remonstrate; "he's a good boy, Mr. Melchior, a very good boy. You're too sharp on him, my tear."

"Charlie's too fast, Mo; too fast," replied Melchior, quietly. "The curb does him good; and now I want a word with you. Cli, there's an old favorite of yours in the corner there. Go and renew acquaintance."

And he pointed to a large quarte edition of the "Arabian Nights," which lay on the several other dust covered books in an old cabinet.

The lad rose, and taking his chair into the corner, was soon lost to the presence of the other two.

Leaning forward in his chair, Melchiror commenced a rapid conversation with the Jew, evidently laying before him some plan or scheme which met Mo's approbation, for, at intervals, he chuckled with enjoyment and rubbed his hands with a grotesque air of delight and admiration.

"And, now," said Melchier, "here are some specimens."

He drew from his pocket several sheets of paper upon which were traced, with great skill and exactness, copies of the headings of newspapers, bill forms and other printed and engraved matter.

The Jew eyed them through his spectacles with the greedy scrutiny of a vul-

matter.

The Jew eyed them through his spectacles with the greedy scrutiny of a vulture examining his prey, and then looked up with a mumble of satisfaction.

"Beautiful, my tear; beautiful, my tear?" he muttered, glancing at the lad—not for the first time. "And he is so young, too! What will he be when he grows up?"

dark frown passed like a thunder

A dark frown passed like a thunder loud across Melchior's face.

"What I choose to make him,' he relied, in a low, but stern voice.

The old Jew bowed, with hand, eyerows and head.

"Of course, of course, my tear! But it s wonderful! And—well—there is no ifficulty, you think, in getting him to o it He is not an obstinate boy—ahem—ch?"

lied the Jew.
Melchior smiled significantly.
"No. I follow you there," he said; "and tow for a make-up. That stupid jeweler yill be biting my medals by this time. ill be biting my mount fe must have a change."

The Jew nodded and limped from the wardrobe. "What shall

m to an old wardrobe. be, my tear?"

"Nothing there," replied Melchior, de-cisively; "they are all used up long ago. Let it be something clerical." The Jew nodded and limped from the room, returning presently with some clothes upon his arm. These Melchior donned with his usual rapidity, and having adjusted a wig over his golden bair, and put on a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, he was transformed, with a completeness not only of costume, but of gait and manner, into the model of a scate clergyman.

"Excellent! mosht excellent!" croaked the Jew, standing to gaze at him. "The Rev. Mishter Barlow, my tear, to the T? And now for my dear schild, Cli—what shall we do?"

"Give me that cloak," said Melchior. Taking one from the hand of the Jew, he enwrapped the lad in it.

"Now a little powder, Mo, just a soupcon, for he is almost pale enough already. There! The Rev. Mr. Barlow and his invalid pupil! Mo, a coach!"

CHAPTER V.

"Give me that Cloak," said Melchior. Taking one from the hand of the Jew, he enwrapped the lad in it.

"CHAPTER V.

"CHAPTER V.

"Out of the elite. Why were you not there?"

"Gournenced the olite. The make, "Ord membered the other, and a hatful of the elite. Why were you not there?"

"Gournenced the olite. The head in the sale point of the elite. Why were you not there?"

"Gournenced the olite. The head of the had ask, "Did she inquire for me?"

"Gournenced the olite. The ned of the lite. Why were you not there?"

"Gournenced the olite. The ned of the lite. Why were you not there?"

"Gournenced the olite. The ned of the low. Then suddenly broke off to ask, "Did she inquire for me?"

"Gournenced the olite. The head of the law as not pleasant or flattering, but I am so used to play my jestel to your lion, my dear Harcourt; that I managed to smile and look amiable while replying that I believed you were at the club."

"All who wo for my dear schild, Cli—what shall we do?"

"Give me that cloak," said Melchior.

Taking one from the hand of the Jew, he enwrapped the lad in it.

"Now a little powder, Mo, just a soupcon, for he is almost pale enough already. There! The Rev. Mr. Barlow and his invalid pupil! Mo, a coach!"

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Entering the coach at some little distance from the alley—"You cannot be too careful, my tear," said Mo, and Melchior had nodded approvingly—Melchior gave the coachman the name of a well-known and aristocratic establishment in Regent street, and, with an air of clerical amiability and suavity, leaned back among the cushions.

Cli, upon whom no disguise donned by his companion, however strange, seemed to have effect, asked, speaking for the first time and in the strange, musical tone at once so youthful and meditative:

tone at once so youthful and meditative:

"Where are we going?"

"To lunch, my dear lad," replied Melchior, with a benevolent smile over his spectacles, and the very tone and gesture of the character he was assuming. It was a principle with him, and one with which Cli was very well acquainted, to keep up an assumed character in manner, speech and gait—in every particular, indeed—for the whole time the disguise was worn, and notwithstanding the absence of necessity.

"Do not pretend," he had once said to the lad, and Cli never forgot any com-

the lad, and Cli never forgot any command or injunction; "do not pretend. but be. Deceive yourself and it is easy

but be. Deceive yourself and it is easy to deceive others. Always, when in disguise, act as if the audience of a large theatre were focusing you with their opera glasses. Only by such careful practice can you hope to succeed."

Consequently, though alone with his tool, dupe, or acomplice, whatever the strange lad might be, he was as careful to play his part as he could be before the outer world.

The man colored and seemed inclined to resent the curt retort, but, instead, glanced at Cli, and with a nod of calm approval, said:

"He's growing. How old is he? What are you going to do with him?"

"Caution him first against the fatal habit of impertinent curiosity. Next, perhaps, teach him how to resent it when he meets with it in other people," replied Melchior, sweetly.

"Ah!" sneered Charlie; "you are in a good kulmor this morning, Mr. Melchior; too keen and pleasant for me, I'll leave Mo to enjoy it all to himself. Good morning."

Satisfied with the reply, Cli sank back again, and remained silent till the coach stopped before a well-known cafe.

"Here, my good man," said Melchior, "lacing a double fare in the coachman's land. "Please to wait, will you?"

Pushing open the tall, swinging door, Melchior entered the large saloon, and, choosing a quiet corner, conveniently screened, took his seat and, bringing a chair with a fatherly air for the lad, pulled off his gloves and looked round for the waiter.

The carte presented on a silver slaver with a respectful bow, his reverence conned it carefully and marked the dishes

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"Nothing save this, and perhaps a dozen other men with as many years on their head might tell you the same: Lady Melville was once plain Leonora Burton, the daughter of a poor clergyman down somewhere in the fens of Lincolnshire. Her title is new to her—comparatively, that it; her beauty was her birthright. Daughters of such hidaway clergymen must marry, and Leonora Burton was to marry a young lellow, half Spanish, half English, tutor to the son of a country squire. But Leonora Burton was ambitious as well as beautiful, and when Sir William Melville took the shooting at Mudcorne the beautiful Leonora became faithless. That is, she preferred poor Melville's paint, wig, false teeth and thirty thousand a year to the devoted young tutor, who was to have

He covered the purse with his hand, and, looking another way when the waiter came up, seemed to have decided upon remaining a little longer.

"The carte," said the dark gentleman, in a deep, grave voice. "Now, shall I mark for you, Claude?" he added, addressing his commanion.

shall I mark for you, Claude?" he added, addressing his companion.
"Yes, do," drawled the fair one, wearily. "Don't let it be heavy, though, for I am scarcely up to it this morning."
"Hem! clear soup and a trifle, eh?"
The other nodded.
"The wines?" asked the waiter.
"Amontiflado and Chablis."
With a low bow the man withdrew noiselessly.

oiselessly.

He who bore the name of Claude lean He who bore the name of Ciaude lean-ed back with a smothered yawn.

"You seem done up this morning," re-marked his friend. "What was it last night, loo or ecarte?"

"Neither," replied the other, with a

"Nettner, the low laugh."
No play?" was the retort, "That was hard for you, mon ami!"
"No," drawled Claude. "The balls of "No," drawled Claude."

"No," drawled Claude. "The balls (I destruction moved in vain last night. I was at Clinton Square."
"Clinton Square —where?"
"At her ladyship's," was the reply. She returned some days since and received last night."
His companion raised his dark brows

His companion raised his dark brows with a look of mild astonishment. "So soon! Had Paris no charms, Milan no delights, Venice no moonlight, or Mt. Blanc no snow?" Mt. Blanc

"Heaven knows! I did not ask." re-"Heaven knows! I did not ask," re-torted Claude. "It was enough for me that she was here. She may be gone to-morrow—to-night—one takes her as she flies, like the rooks."

"Or the eaglets," said Ris friend.
"Well, yes, she is as restless as eith-

er-and as untamable.

"How looks her ladyship?" "As beautiful, as young—"
"As proud as ever?" brok ein the other, softly.

cr, softly.
Claude nodded.
"I saw little of her. The saloon was filled. A score of Italian counts, the duke and a hatful of the clite. Why were you not there?"
"Because—" commenced the attempt of the clite.

"Ah!" said the other, after a pause,
"and how did she take it?"
"How should she?" asked the other,
sarcastically. "Smiled sweetly for a moment, looked over my head into vacancy
for the next, and before a third time
could fly was gliding toward the duke.
Lord Harcourt smiled.
"Unchanged. Claude, there you are
matched, and what is more, beaten. Leonora Melville is too strong for you!"
"And you?" asked his friend, with a
sucer.

Lord Harcourt bowed.

sneer.

Lord Harcourt bowed.

"Pardon me, one cannot be victor or vanquished if he does not play."

"True," said Claude Ainsley; "but it is wonderful how a man can keep from the cards, knowing that fortune has dealt them for him."

Lord Harcourt smiled a strange smile.
"Sometimes the game is not worth the candle, mon ami—I say sometimes—"

"And you mean 'now,' interrupted the other. Then, in a still lower key: "Do you tell me that Leonora is not worth playing for? Do superlative wealth, beauty—ay, and youth—go for nothing? She is the leader of the ton, the richest parti in London, the most intellectual, and, rarer still, alas! the most virtuous."

Once wore the calm, cold speer came

ous."
Once more the calm, cold sneer came that spoke more than volumes.
Claude Ainsley arose from his chair, languid, well-bred man though he was.
"Harcourt," he breathed, "you slander

ISN'T THIS ROMANTIC! her."

"And you duped yourself, my dear fellow," was the retort, in the same low key. "Listen. You know Lady Melville, the beautiful and the powerful. I know her as something else less fortunate."

The other nodded eagerly.

"I thought," he said, "Harcourt, you knew her in the past, but you are so close, so silent, so immovable. Do you tell me that—that—" Two toes loved by four corns for five years and sentenced to die by five applications of Putnam's Corn Extractor. If you want to cure corns "Putnam's" is the only thing—try this painless remedy.

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GLASGOW AND LONDONDERRY

teeth and thirty thousand a year to the devoted young tutor, who was to have had the divine felicity of espousing her. "She deserted her old lover and married the new. Sir William and her ladyship started for the continent, the forsaken started no one knew whither. A any rate, he never came back. From the day of the wedding, when I believe he stood at the church door to speed the happy couple with a good, hearty

happy couple with a good, heart anathema, he was lost to this mundan

"Sir William and Lady Melville start

Sir William and Lady Melville started for the continent, did the regular Swiss round, and returned to London. Thence at the close of the season, they went to their family seat, Rivershall, in Berkshire, and then settled down quietly for a time.

(To be Continued.)

PAID PROMOTION.

When Montrealers Fail to Get It

Money Returned.

dinary rank and file. With the object of

ex-Ald. Sauvageau. The latter told him tha

the position of fireman was worh \$500, adding

later that there were positions as capta

snocking around, and these were of the val-

knocking around, and these were of the value of \$800 to \$1,000. For the latter position a deposit of \$500 cash was required, and the remainder could be paid on the promotion having been effected.

Witness, in response, laid a note for \$500 in the drawer of a deak behind him. He did

not, however, secure the promotion, and the money was returned by Sauvageau, fils, in

Story of a Monkey.

One of the baby monkeys bought for the Druid Hill Park menagerie from the consignment received by Bernheimer Bros. from Capt. Kaake, of the German steamer Walkure, in from Calcutta several months ago, has been adopted by Jenny, an old spinster inhabitant of the park cage.

Childless herself, this worthy old maid

Childless herself, this worthy old maid took pity on the homesick little monkey when it was literally thrown out into the world at its tender age, so she put her arms around the baby monkey and fondled him close in her sympathetic bosom, since which time they have been inseparable.—From the Boston News.

realizing his ideal, he called on the son

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SWALLOWED MORPHINE.

E. L. Loth, Toronto Man, Committed Suicide in Detroit. Suicide in Detroit.

Detroit, June II.—Edwin L. Loth, who chere from Toronto about three years ago established himself in the Hodges buil as a business broker, committed suicide night by swallowing a big dose of morph He resided in a comfortable home on Fe avenue east, and was thought to be weathers. Loth says she knows of no busificables to account for the act.

troubles to account for the act.

Loth made deliberate preparations for au
cide, taking a room at the Hotel Fuller,
farbionable hostelry on Grand Circius Par'
a few hous before swallowing the fatal dos

you want to cure corns "Putnam's" is the only thing—try this painless remedy.

Many an old maid has come to the wise conclusion that it is all right, sometimes, to be left.

An express train running 60 miles an hour without stopping for 25 hours would just fravel the distance covered by the packets placed end to end) sold in one year of "Salada" Tea. Annual sale exceeds eighteen million packets.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

Niagara Falls, New York—2.30 a. m., \$4.55 a. m., \$1.00 a. m., \$1.00 a. m., \$1.00 a. m., \$1.00 p. m., \$1.00 p.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

7.46 a.m. for Toronto, Lindesty, Bobcaygeon, Tweed, Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal,
Quebec, Sherbrooke, Bt. John, N. B., Hailfax, N. S., and all points in the Maritime
Provinces and New England States.

8.37 z. m. for Toronto, Tortenham,
Alliston, Coldwater, Baia, the Muskoka
Lake., Farry Sound, Foint au Barli, Byns
10.00 at Subbly! for Toronto,
12.25 p. m. for Toronto, Guelph, Elmirs,
Miverton and Goderich.

3.15 p. m. (dally), for Toronto,
12.35 p. m. (dally), for Toronto,
12.45 p. m. for Toronto, Grampoville,
12.55 p. m. for Toronto, Twest,
12.55 p. m. for Toronto, Twest,
13.50 p. m. (dally), for Toronto,
14.55 p. m. (dally), for Toronto,
15.50 p. m. for Tor

Wingham, Coidwater and thomas.

5.05 p. m.for Toronto, Peterboro, Oitawa.

5.13 p. m. for Toronto, Peterboro, Oitawa.

State of Allele of Control of Colorada and Montreal, Quebec. Sherbrooke, Portiand and Montreal, Oitawa.

Montreal, Quebec. Sherbrooke, Portiand and Monthe of Colorada and Control of Colorada and Colorada and Monthewst.

William, Winnipeg, Canadian Northwest.

Kocteway and British Columbia points.

Trains leave Toronto 7.0 a. m., (dally).

3.20 a. m., (dally). 7.15 p. m., 3.45 p. m.,

5.20 p. m., (dally). 7.15 p. m., 11.10 p. m.

TORONTO, HAMILTON & BUFFALD

*3.06 p. m. Niagara Falls and
*5.05 p. m. Buffalo Express ... *9.50 s. m.
*5.05 p. m. Buffalo and New York
Express ... *10.30 s. m.
*9.55 a. m. Niagara Falls, Buffalo Avery Roya and Boston Express ... *6.20 p. m.
*100 accordant Roya and Roya and

HAMILTON RADIAL ELECTRIC Hamilton to Burlington—*6.10, *6.40, *7.10, *7.40, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10, 10.40, 11.10, 11.40, a. m., 12.10, 12.40, 1.10, 1.40, 2.10, 2.40, 2.10, 3.40, 4.10, 4.40, 5.10, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.40, 8.35, 8.40, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10, *10.40, *11.10.

*1.00 p. m. *Daily except Sunday.
*akville to Hamilton-730, 8.30, 4.30, 4.50,
11.30 a. m., 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30,
6.30 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, *10.30, 11.30, *12.30 p. m.
*Daily, except Sunday. HAMILTON & DUNDAS RAILWAY. Terminal Station—*6.15, *7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 a, m., 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, *11.16 p, m.

m. except Sunday. HAMILTON, GRIMSBY & BEAMS-VILLE ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Leave Hamilton-*7.10, *8.10, 9.10, *10.00, 0.10, 11.10, *12.10, †12.45, *1.10, *2.00, 2.10, 10, 4.10, *5.00, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, *11.10 0. ni. Leave, Beamsville—*6.15, 7.15, *8.00, 8.15, 1.15, *10.15, *11.15, *12.00 a. m., 12.15, 1.15, 1.15, *2.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, *9.40 p. m, *Daily, except Sunday. †Sunday only.

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STEAMER TURBINIA. HAMILTON-TORONTO ROUTE, Leave Hamilton, 8.30 a. m. Leave Toronto, 5.30 p. m.

STEAMERS MACASSA AND MODJESKA. Leave Hamilton, 10.00 a. m., 2.00 and 5.30 m. Arrive Toronto, 12.45 a. m., 4.45 and 8.15 Leave Toronto, 9.00 a. m., 2.00 and 7.0 p. m. Arrive Hamilton, 11.45 a. m., 4.45 and 9.45

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