

The Tangle of Fate

"Why Imogen?" he asked, longing to have her alone with him.

"Oh, I must be your chaperon, you know," laughed Bonnie, and she called to Imogen, who stood talking to a gentleman. The brunette, who was inwardly furious because Lin had not asked her to dance, gladly assented, thinking that her presence would break up the tete-a-tete between the two.

But to her inward chagrin, the gentleman who had danced with her insisted on becoming her escort. She accepted, much to Lin's relief, and Mrs. Cornwall having brought the wraps, the two couples went down to the board-walk, where a throng of people were promenading still, although it lacked but an hour to midnight. In the bright glare of the electric lights the scene was most brilliant and striking. The animated faces of handsome men and beautiful, jewel-bedecked women lent fascination to the tout ensemble, and down over the silvery, shell-strewn sand dunes came booming in with a solemn roar.

"The sea is grand to-night, under the full moon," said Captain James, Imogen's companion. "Look at the white-caps rolling in. Shall we go down on the sands, Mrs. Westland?"

Captain James was a romantically inclined young man, who loved to flirt with married women, and he found state-ly Imogen very much to his liking.

All four went down on the beach, and the captain found Imogen a chair, and stood at the back of it, gazing down admiringly at his fair companion in her rose-pink silk and diamonds. The other two walked arm-in-arm along the level sands. Imogen would have given the world to hear what they said, but the booming of the waves drowned out every other sound.

"How beautiful and queenly Mrs. Westland looks!" the young girl was saying.

Lin assented; then remarked:

"I was thinking, as I looked at her a while ago how dreadful it would have been if her supposed dead sister had returned to life in the person of yourself. You are wonderfully like poor Bonnie. You know, but only think of poor Mrs. Westland's position if you were really Bonnie. Her husband would belong to you."

"Really, I don't think I should want him," the heiress answered, with a silvery little laugh.

"But he might want you—for your money, if not for love," and in his voice Bonnie fancied a subtle note of warning.

A slight shiver ran over her form.

"If you were really Bonnie, you would own a solemn nod to your unfortunate sister," continued Lin La Valliere, quietly.

Bonnie looked away at the sea without replying, and he went on, persistently:

"You would have to go away to some quiet place, and spend the winter with Mrs. Westland, so that he could not marry Imogen, and make their union legal."

Bonnie put her little hand to her throat, with a strangling gasp.

"He suspects me—he is giving me advice," she thought, tremblingly, and there was silence for a moment, Bonnie watching the path of the silvery moonlight, on the vast expanse of water, Lin waiting for her to speak.

At last she said, in a careless, half-distant voice:

"You seem to take a great interest in this Bonnie Dale. But, after all, from what Imogen has told me, she was rather wicked, was she not?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was a point-blank question, and Lin did not answer directly. Bonnie waited with a wildly throbbing heart, and at last he said, gently:

"I fear Mrs. Westland has not done her sister justice. She was not wicked, only weak."

"Weak!" repeated Bonnie, turning her eyes upon his grave face.

"Perhaps I should have said fickle," said the young man. "You remember she loved Miles Westland well enough to marry him secretly, yet just a few weeks later when she believed him dead, she was willing to marry me."

"A very gay young widow!" laughed Bonnie, as if that girl had been a stranger but deep down in her heart was a passionate longing to defend herself to Lin, to tell him the story of her forced marriage, to cry out to him imploringly:

"Oh, my dear lost love, I am neither weak nor fickle, as you call me! In all my life I have loved you only, and in my heart I will treasure your image until I die!"

But she dared not speak. She loved Imogen, too, and how could she own her own identity, and break her sister's heart?

Tears welled up into her eyes as she realized how completely her lips were sealed to the truth. For Imogen's sake she must shield Miles Westland and go on living this wretched life.

She wondered, sadly, what was in the heart of the man by her side. Did he love her still, or had his belief in her unworthiness slain his passion?

He was not looking at her. Like one in a dream, he murmured:

"It was harsh and cruel to poor Bonnie. I would not believe her when she told me her husband was dead. I put away those little pleading outstretched hands, and left her to her cruel fate. I can never forgive myself, but I do know I thought she would go home to her father and be forgiven for her folly. Were she living now, poor little wounded heart, I would go down upon my knees to her and pray her to forgive me for my harshness."

Every word sank deep into the girl's quivering heart.

"He knows me. He is pleading his own cause with me," she thought, then bitterly: "It is only repentance because he wronged me by his harshness. His love is dead. Be still, my heart. Let me look upon it all as a just fate. Alas! If she had known that when her laughter rang

In scorn of sweet past days, His very soul swoot with a deadly pang Before her light dispraise.

"If she had known how oft when their eyes met,

And his calmly shone,

But for man's shame and pride they had been wet—

"Ah! if she had but known!"

Suddenly she became aware that the beautiful, grave eyes were searching her face eagerly, almost pleadingly. Bonnie knew that she was being put to a severe test. She must rouse herself.

"How romantic the poor girl's story was," she said, with the polite sympathy

of a stranger. "No doubt it would be pleasant for you to beg her forgiveness, but on the whole it is much better she did not come to life again. It would have been a terrible resurrection for poor Imogen."

And in those words he read the secret of Bonnie's heart. She would never own her identity, she would live a lie for her sister's sake.

His heart went out to her in a great wave of pity and love. Weak and fickle she might have been in that past time, but here was something noble and self-sacrificing about her after all.

"Yes, it would have been hard for Imogen," he answered her, gently. "But as I explained to you just now, Bonnie could have divorced her husband and let her remain her sister—everything quietly, you know. She would have found kind friends to aid her—friends who loved her well enough to sacrifice much for her sake—" he paused, for Bonnie said, shiveringly, as she drew the white cloak about her bare shoulders: "How cold the wind blows! Let us go back to the hotel."

Imogen was glad when they came back to her chair. Captain James had been repeating poetry to her, but she had hardly heard a word. She had been watching Lin and Bonnie as they stood together, the hotel moon lighting the silvery blue of Bonnie's dress into shining white like a bride's, until the thought of it almost struck Imogen dead with jealous despair.

Long after the whole world was asleep that night, dark-haired Imogen walked the floor of her room, racked with pain at the thought that the beautiful heiress had won Lin so quickly, and that perhaps ere long she would be his happy bride.

"I hate her, I hate Miles, there is no one in the wide world that I love except Lin La Valliere!" she moaned, wildly, and the thought that he had fallen in love with Avis Lloyd drove her mad.

It would rather see him dead than married to another! she cried. "Oh, I wish that Avis Lloyd were dead! Perhaps he is only making love to her because she is rich, and by marrying her he would get back the fortune he lost by her coming between him and his cousin. If she were dead, he and Miles would have it all, and—Miles might—die—some time—and Lin, my love, my idol, might marry me!"

These thoughts burned on her brain like fire; she could not rest, she could not sleep for thinking of golden-haired Avis Lloyd dead and out of her way forever.

"What if she were to get drowned while out bathing to-morrow? There would be nothing really strange in that. People get drowned every day or so here at Atlantic City, even good swimmers, because the undertow is so strong it drags them away," she muttered, darkly.

Lin La Valliere in his room at the Seaside Hotel spent almost as restless a night as Imogen, and on falling asleep, at last, his dreams were of Bonnie—Bonnie who had come back when all believed her dead, pretending to be a stranger.

He slept late, and on awakening his first thought was of her. After breakfast he took his way to the Traymore, but he found only the Rainsfords there. They told him that Imogen, Avis, and the maid, had already gone down to the beach.

Imogen was feeling badly and thought she would like to take her bath early before the crowd collected," said Mrs. Rainsford, adding: "Poor thing, she must have had a presentiment of some kind, for she came to me with a telegram came from Mr. Westland, calling his wife home, as the baby was very ill."

"Then we must take it to her immediately," exclaimed Lin, and the three hurried down the board-walk toward Adams' bath-houses, in front of which the girls usually went into the water. It was one of the loveliest of July days. The sun shone brightly in a cloudless blue sky, and the wide expanse of the ocean was rippled by long white-capped swells breaking with solemn music upon the shore while here and there the tide was dotted with white sails.

Hundreds of bathers were already in the water, the picturesque life-boats plying busily around near the danger line.

But what meant that sudden hoarse murmur from a thousand throats, what made people in the pavilions crane their necks toward the life-boats, what was that terrible commotion on the beach, and in the water; why were they running madly to a given point on the shore?

The answer came soon, echoed hoarsely from one to another:

"Some one is drowning in the breakers out there beyond the life-boats!"

Oh, the pang that shot like an arrow through Lin La Valliere's heart.

In all that throng there existed but one person for him. What if it were she, his Bonnie, his darling, out there perishing in the fierce billows?

Just as he was about to dart away from the beach and his wife, a pavilion on the steps by the side of the pavilion, throwing off his hat, coat, vest and shoes as soon as he reached the water's edge. A plunge, and he was in the sea swimming out strongly toward the life-boats, while the air was rent by a roaring cheer from the lookers-on everywhere.

The sea was rough, and the pretty life-boats were tossed like feathers on the crests of the giant waves. Far beyond them was tossing helplessly the white form of a woman with streaming golden hair. The life-guards could make out all their might to reach her, and at their hoarse shouts, "A woman, a woman," scores of brave men struck out to the rescue. A woman, alone, helpless, perishing in the angry sea, it struck the divine chord of sympathy in every manly heart.

But was there any hope? Fiercely, swiftly, the man rolled in toward the shore. Would they toss back to life and love that beautiful helpless girl or drag her down into the depths where dead men's bones already whitened the coral caves? Had a life-boat riding on the crest of a billow, was overturned, the brave life-guard tossed into the waves, and horrors! the edge of the boat had struck the brown head of a gallant swimmer as it turned over! Was he killed?

The Government has decided that Tavistock is in the county of Oxford.

BAD FOR BUSINESS

The prevalence of consumption among the employees of shops and factories has an effect upon general business conditions that is plainly shown in the efforts of many employers to check the spread of the dread disease by creating more sanitary conditions in the shops, and educating their people to proper care at home.

Consumption is an insidious disease, often securing a firm hold on its victim before there is the slightest suspicion of its presence. It often happens that an ordinary cold is the starting point of the deadly scourge.

Don't neglect a cold. At the first indication take steps to check it at once. A simple and effective means which is readily within reach of everybody is to get from the druggist a mixture of one-half ounce Viny Oil of Pine, two ounces of Glycerine and a half pint of good Whiskey. A teaspoonful every four hours is the usual dose. This mixture will break a cold quickly and cure any cough that is curable. The same soothes and heals the irritated membranes.

Viny Oil of Pine is put up for dispensing only in half-ounce vials, each vial securely sealed in a round wooden case. It is prepared only in the laboratories of Leach Chemical Co., Windsor, Ont.

TIMES PATTERNS.

No. 679.—The busy housewife or the woman who has little duties to perform about the house, well know the advantage of a protective apron such as the one here pictured. The making is a very simple matter as will be seen at a glance and can be easily accomplished. Generous pockets are attached to the skirt and the full length sleeves are wide enough to accommodate the dress sleeves worn underneath. Linen, gingham, Holland and percale are all appropriate for reproduction. The medium size will require 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes, small, medium and large.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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It will take several days before you can get patterns.

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SNOWSHOER'S FALL.

Mr. Dollard Has a Narrow Escape From Death.

Montreal, Feb. 12.—While moving along the brow of the mountain last night with the snowshoers who were attacking the ice palace Mr. Dollard had a narrow escape from death. Unobserved by his comrades, he slipped and fell a distance of forty feet. He would undoubtedly have been killed but for the intervention of some bushes, into which he fell, and hung for half an hour unable to release himself.

At the end of that time four members of the Montagnard Snowshoe Club heard his cries and came to his rescue. They tied their sashes together, and one member of the party descended and fastened them to the unfortunate man, who was too badly injured to release himself. The snowshoers then pulled him up to safe ground and carried him home.

UNSIGHTLY WARTS REMOVED.

The operation is simple and painless—just apply Patman's Wart and Corn Extractor. For fifty years it has been curing warts and will cure you, too. Try Patman's.

BURNED HIMSELF.

Suicide in New York Lit His Own Funeral Pyre.

New York, Feb. 12.—The charred body of a man was found today in the remains of a burnt-out fire on the grounds of the Hazel Avenue Public School in West Orange, N. J. Nearby was a can which had evidently contained kerosene, and circumstances pointed to the man's having chosen to commit suicide by saturating his clothing with the oil, laying down on a prepared pile of inflammable material and setting fire to the mass.

On a portion of the man's clothing which had not been consumed was found a card of the Cornell Medical College in Manhattan, containing the name of Felix Mysto, which is believed to be the suicide's name.

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ABE. LINCOLN.

Tributes to the Worth of the Great Liberator Yesterday.

An Address by Mr. J. A. Macdonald at Chicago.

Hodgenville, Ky., Feb. 12.—Henceforth the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln is to be marked by a pile of stone, a simple, classic building of granite. It is hoped that it may be completed some time next fall, when the then President Taft will officiate in dedicating it as President Theodore Roosevelt to-day officiated in laying its foundation stone.

Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm, the only surviving sister of Mrs. Lincoln, 92 years of age, who was expected to be present, was kept at her home in Louisville by her infirmities.

An aged negro took a leading part. He was Isaac Montgomery, of Monti Bayou, Mississippi, who is said to have been a slave of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, who, like Lincoln, was a native of Kentucky. To Montgomery had been appropriately assigned the task of reading the proclamation of Lincoln's emancipation proclamation. In doing so he made a brief speech, in which he referred to himself as "one of the former millions of slaves to whom Lincoln gave freedom," and so "the representative of the ten million grateful negro citizens."

TRIBUTE OF THREE NATIONS.

Springfield, Ill., Feb. 12.—Amid a scene of unrivalled brilliancy at the State Armory here to-night, where thousands of electric lights illuminated an artistic array of national colors and portraits of Lincoln, three nations paid their tribute to the emancipator and to each other. Ambassador Bryce brought the eulogy from Great Britain; Ambassador Jusserand, the message from France, while Wm. J. Bryan, of Nebraska, read the United States Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver, of Iowa, laid the United States wreath of respect at the feet of Lincoln.

MACDONALD'S ADDRESS.

Chicago, Feb. 12.—Lincoln's centennial celebration was marked to-day in Chicago and Illinois with a tremendous popular demonstration. The weather was perfect. All parties and classes participated. Great meetings were held in different parts of the city. President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, a southerner, addressed a great assembly in the Auditorium in the forenoon. Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, the leading Jewish rabbi of America, spoke on the north side. President Edwin E. Lewis, of Pennsylvania, a northerner, was the orator on the west side. Exceptional interest was taken in the mass meeting at the Seventh Regiment Armory on the south side, where Mr. J. A. Macdonald, of the Globe-Toronto, spoke for more than an hour on "The Significance of Lincoln." Many Canadians were in the audience, and every reference to Canada and the Anglo-Saxon relations were greeted with instant and sympathetic response. Particularly emphatic was the demonstration of the Canadian people in their services of Canada in the northern armies during the civil war.

Among other things Mr. Macdonald said:

It is estimated that more than 60,000 negro slaves found freedom when they touched Canadian soil. The celebrated "Underground Railroad" traversed the northern States with its network of secret trails, its southern terminals far flung from Kansas to the Atlantic along the Missouri, the Ohio and the Chesapeake, its couriers in the cotton fields and the plantations of the south, and its northern terminus at Collingwood and Sarnia and Windsor and Amherstburg and Pelee and Port Stanley and Port Burwell and Niagara and Hamilton and Toronto and Kingston and Montreal.

None of our modern railroad kings has so gridironed the land or shown greater enterprise or downright courage.

In a book by a professor of Harvard University, published only a few months ago, I read the statement that "feeling in the United States was greatly increased because of the sympathy of Canada with the South in the civil war." My comment on that statement is that more than 48,000 Canadians fought in the armies of the North, and 18,000 of them died for the freedom of the world in the west, the Potomac, in the army of the James, in the army of the Cumberland, in the army of the Tennessee, and in the army of the Rio Grande. They were with Grant at Vicksburg. They were with Thomas at Chickamauga. They were with Custer in the west, and with Meade at Gettysburg. They went through the Shenandoah with Sheridan. They marched with Sheridan to the sea. On every great battlefield between the Mississippi and the Potomac the sons of Canada stood shoulder to shoulder with the man of the Union. They languished in the Libby prison. They died in the Andersonville camp. They answered your Lincoln's call: they followed your Stars and Stripes; they died for your country's honor; but, in the west, in the flag of their hearts was the Union Jack.

SUNDAY SHOWS.

Charges Against Theatrical Agents at Montreal Dismissed.

Montreal, Feb. 12.—Mr. Recorder Weir gave judgment to-day, dismissing the actions against W. A. Edwards, of the J. B. Sparrow Theatrical & Amusement Company, and W. Strachan, of the Theatre National Francais for giving performance of "Sunday."

The actions were dismissed on two grounds: first, because they should have been directed against the companies, and not against their agents, unless expressed as agents, as aiders and abettors. The second point was that in the opinion of the Recorder to open a theatre meant to open it for theatrical performances, and an exhibition of moving pictures was not among the things prohibited by the by-law.

CANADIAN TREATY.

Has Been Reported Favorably to the Senate at Paris.

Paris, Feb. 12.—The Parliamentary Tariff Commission to-day formally voted to recommend the passage in the Senate of the supplementary convention to the Franco-Canadian commercial treaty of 1907 as amended. The amendment provides for the protection of French agricultural interests by bringing Canadian cattle fattened for slaughter under the general tariff, instead of under the minimum, as formerly.

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Visit this store on Monday and share in the many splendid bargains offering to you; goods of the right sort at the most reliable makers. Read: a double attraction you will also find displayed through the store many of the new spring importations. Come.

Women's Kid Gloves at Astonishing Sale Prices

Come on Monday and secure your share of these Kid Glove bargains, every pair guaranteed perfect and made by the most reliable makers. Read:

Gloves Worth Reg. \$1 to \$1.50 for 79c Regular \$1.65 Gloves for \$1.19 Pair

Women's Fine Two Dome French Kid Suede Glove, lined with silk to the gloves, on sale in mostly small sizes, in finger tips, two dome fasteners, on sale colors, also black and white, at, per in mode, grey, tan and black at \$1.19 pair

English Cape Gloves, Worth Reg. \$1.25, for 98c Pair Women's Ringwood Gloves 29c, Worth Reg. 45c Pair

Perfect Fitting English Cape Gloves. In this lot you will find all colors, one of our best regular selling lines, in guaranteed perfect fitting and made of the finest yarn, at \$1.29 pair

At the Notion Counter

Real Hair Puffs, with Bead Comb, worth regular \$2, for Monday \$1.25
 Bone Hair Pins, a great bargain, worth regular 5c, Monday 3 yards for 5c
 New Pearl Buttons, out they go Monday, worth regular 5c, card
 Spring Hooks and Eyes, worth regular 1c, Monday 10c card

Splendid Showing and Sale of New Dress Goods

The New Satin Venetian Suitings at 85c, Worth Reg. \$1 Yd.

One of the new season's favorite Suitings at a popular price, on sale in navy, brown, green, elephant, Alice blue, grey and black, at per yard \$1.00

New Shadow Stripe at 50c

Without a doubt one of the best lines ever offered from this famous section of the McKay Store for the money, in the lot you will find all the popular and wanted shades. See this line Monday at per yard 50c

Whitewear Specials

75c Covers 49c Ladies' Fine Nainsook Covers, full front, trimmed with deep lace yoke, lace edging at neck, and sleeves, Mon-pink and blue, heavy English Flan-day 49c netlette, to clear Monday 29c

Ladies' Flannelette Gowns in white, pink and blue, heavy English Flan-day 98c

Read This Blanket Offer

On Monday we will place the balance of the Saturday sale Blankets, which were regularly \$3.50 to \$5.50 pair, on sale all at the ridiculous price of \$2.95 pair. This means that you will get some blankets at much less than cost price. This offer continues for Monday only as long as there are any blankets left. The blankets are full double bed size, best selected white wool and all good weight. They will launder and wear well. Remember \$2.95 pair

Snaps in Underskirts

\$3.00 Moirette Underskirts for \$1.49

Fine Black Moirette Underskirts, made with deep accordion pleated flounce, nice rich sheen, full skirts; worth regular \$3.00, Monday's sale price \$1.49 (Only one at each customer).

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EMPIRE'S ARMY.

MR. HALDANE'S SCHEME TO SECURE UNIFORMITY.

Anxious That There Should be No Confusion Should Occasion Arise for Joint Action by Forces of Various Parts of the Empire.

Dublin, Feb. 12.—At a meeting of Irish land-owners, held to-day, a resolution was carried unanimously deplored the lawlessness prevalent in Ireland consequent upon the fact that the Government, for political reasons, refused to put the law into effect. Secretary Birrell, the resolution recited, had handed over many parts of the country and the liberty and lives of the law-abiding citizens thereof of relentless tyranny. Letter was read from the Duke of Devonshire stating that those in authority were behaving in a disgraceful manner in allowing such a state of things to exist.

The Marquis of Lansdowne wrote that the tyranny of an unscrupulous combination had been substituted for ordinary law. Lord Clonbrock, who presided at the meeting, said that the land-owners of Ireland were face to face with nothing short of the greatest crisis in the history of the country.

BAD TIMES.

Land Owners Say Government Refuses to Put Law Into Effect.

London, Feb. 12.—On Wednesday night Hon. Mr. Haldane, speaking at the dinner of the London brigade of Royal Field Artillery, said, according to a report published in the Daily News: "We are in negotiation with the dominions overseas, with a view to the creation and constitution of an army of the empire—(cheers)—and not of this country merely. I am a believer in the policy of keeping up to the necessary standard of the day, whether that be in matters military or in matters naval."

Further on Mr. Haldane said: "The overseas army, which is the very essence of the military life of the empire, can only be got on a voluntary basis, and it must be recruited from men who come voluntarily, who come moved by enthusiasm, with what a might call a virgin mind, from a military point of view."

Mr. Haldane's secretary informed the Canadian Associated Press that when the War Minister said he was negotiating with the colonies with a view to the creation of an army of the empire he meant only in so far as the homogeneity, organization, equipment and training of the forces of the respective forces of the empire were concerned, so that should occasion arise for a joint action there would be no confusion.

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Friday's Maritime Express

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Intercolonial Railway uses Bonaventure Union Depot, Montreal, making direct connection with Grand Trunk trains.

For timetables and other information apply to TORONTO TICKET OFFICE, 15 King Street East, or GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT, Moncton, N.B.

STEAMSHIPS

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East	Liverpool	West
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Feb. 25	Empress of Britain	Feb. 17
Mar. 6	Lake Manitoba	Feb. 27
Mar. 12	Empress of Ireland	Mar. 10
Mar. 19	Empress of Ireland	Mar. 17

Rates and complete sailings, and further information on application to nearest agent, or direct from S. J. Sharp, 21 Yonge Street, Toronto.

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Canada	Feb. 27 Apr. 3
Southwest	Mar. 6
Ottoman	Mar. 13 Apr. 17
Dominion	Mar. 20 Apr. 24

*No passengers carried.

Steamers sail from Portland at 2 p. m. Second-class, \$12.50 and \$16.00, according to steamer.

As first-class passengers are carried until the 20th February, sailing second-class passengers will have use of all promenade decks.

Third-class to Liverpool, London, London-Belfast, Glasgow, £7.50.

For full information apply to local agent or DOMINION LINE, 17 St. Sacrament street, Montreal.

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