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The Strange Metamorphosis.

"Why, it's just this to me," said Tipping, that I've been spoons on Unicle myself ever since I came, and she never would have a word to say to me. I never could think why, and now it turns out to be you! What do you mean by cutting me out like this? I heard her call you 'dear Dick.'" "Don't be an ass, sir!" said Paul,

"Now, none of your cheek, you said Tipping, edging up against him with a dangerous inclination to first jostle aggressively, and then maul his unconscious rival. "You just mind what I say. I'm not going to have Dulcie bothered by a young beggar in the second form; she deserves some-thing better than that, anyway, and I tell you that if I once catch you talking to her in the way you did just now, or if I hear of her favoring you more than any other of the fellows.

I'll give you the very best licking you ever had in your life. So look out!"
At this point the other boys began

to straggle down and cluster round the fire, and Paul withdrew from the aggrieved Tipping, and looked drearily out of the window on the hard road and bare black trees outside. "I must tell the doctor how I'm situ-

ated," he thought; "and yet, directly I open my mouth, he threatens to flog If I stay here that little girl will be always trying to speak to me, and I shall be thrashed by the redhaired boy. If I could only manage to speak out after breakfast!"

It was not without satisfaction that he remembered that he paid extra for 'meat for breakfast" in his son's school bills, for he was beginning to look for-ward to meal time with the natural desire of a young and healthy frame for nourishment.

At 8 o'clock the doctor came in and announced breakfast, leading the way himself to what was known in the school as the "Dining Hall." It scarcely deserved so high-sounding a name, perhaps, being a long, low room on the basement floor, with a big fire-place fitted with taps and bakingovens, which provoked the suspicion that it had begun existence as a back

The doctor took his seat alone at a cross table, forming the top of one of the two rows of tables, set with white cups and saucers, and plates well heaped up with square pieces of bread and butter, while Mrs. Grim-stone, with Dulcie and Tom, set at the foot of the same row, behind two

But when Mr. Bultitude, hungry than he had felt for found his place at one of the tables. he was disgusted to find upon his plate -not, as he had confidently expected, a couple of plump poached eggs, with their appetizing contrast of ruddy gold and silvery white, not a crisp and crackling sausage or a mottled omelette, not even the homely but luscious rasher, but a brace of chill, forbidding sardines, floating grim and

headless in bilious green oil.

It was a fish he positively loathed, nor could it be reasonably expected that the confidence necessary for a declaration was to be begotten by so

sepulchral a form of nutriment. He roused himself, however, to swailow them, together with some of the thin and tin-flavored coffee. But the meal, as a whole, was so different from the plentiful, well-cooked breakfasts he had sat down before for years as a matter of course, that it made him feel extremely unwell.

No talking was allowed during the meal. The doctor now and then look-ed up from his dish of kidneys on toast (at which envious glances were occasionally cast) to address a casual remark to his wife across the long row of plates and cups, but, as a rule, the dull, champing sound of boys solemnly and steadily munching was all that

broke the silence.

Toward the end, when the plates had been generally cleared, and the boys sat staring with the stolidity of repletion at one another across tables, the junior house-master, Mr. Tinkler made his appearance. He had lately left a small and little known college at Cambridge, where he had contrived, contrary to expectation, to evade the uncoveted wooden spoon by just two places, which enabled the doctor to announce himself as being "assisted by a graduate of the Uni-versity of Cambridge who has taken honors in the Mathematical Tripos. For the rest, he was a small, insignificant-looking person who evidently disliked the notice his late appearance drew upon himself.
"Mr. Tinkler." said the doctor, in his

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most awful voice, "If it were my custom to rebuke my assistants before the school (which it is not), I should feel forced to remind you that this tardiness in rising is a bad beginning of the day's work, and sets a bad example to those under your authority." the Wrong Place Mr. Tinkler made no articulate reply, but sat down with a crushed exepression, and set himself to devouring bread and butter with an energy which he hoper would divert attention

Sermon by Rev. Guy Pearse (Wesleyan), London, England.

ately the doctor looked at his watch and said, "Now, boys, you have half an hour for 'chevy'—make the most of it. When you come in I shall have something to say to you all. Don't rise, Mr. Tinkler, unless you have quite finished." the thorns grew up and choked it, and it yielded no fruit."-Mark iv., 7. I want to talk this morning about weeds. For that is the meaning of the Tinkler preferred leaving his breakfast to continuing it under the trying ordeal of his principal's inspec-

t, and it yielded no fruit.

So then let us notice at the outset

that this waste is in a cornfield. It is not on the hard highway, nor

am not talking this morning of the

disciples; who have decided for him,

is a truth that must be clearly per-ceived. This was a cornfield set apart

and given up to growing corn-there can be no doubt about that, or the il-

I think I can best bring out the truth by contrast. It is dull November. The

leaden sky is overhead and the west

wind comes moaning in from the sea. There is the plowman turning the glossy furrows straight from end to end of the field. And after him comes the sower with the seed, and carefully

he sets it within the furrow. Then comes the harrow and turns the earth

over the seed and burles it. And see across the valley yonder, they plow there, too; and there they sow and har-

sower. Each is set apart for corn. So is it that in the fruitful and un-

fruitful Christian the early processes

are the same. In each case there has

been the work of the Holy Ghost,

bringing deep conviction in the soul; in each case there has been the surren-

der of the soul to his gracious energy.

Each alike has received the truth into

ning of the religious life. There

heart and takes hold of him, and

there a thorn has sprung up. Ten thousand other weeds are there, and

among them the cornstalks rise, mere

ghosts of corn, thin, white, withered, without strength and without seed.

And now the masters of the two

"You have a splendid crop," says

. How is it?
"Ah," says the other, "I think it

Why, I spent days over it, seeing

to the weeds. I kept hoeing it and cleaning it. As I walked along I car-

it and it yielded no fruit. As the Lord

of the Harvest walks through the fields

are there not many of these? Corn-

fields, his cornfields, yet bearing no

plowed and sowed, and yet gringing no

return. Religious, yet without any strength or beauty or goodness; never

yielding the Master any return for all

his outlay of love and grace; never coming to be of any use to anybody;

never strengthening or gladdening others. Without power to reprove sin,

or to quicken any conscience, or to disturb any evil-doer; never able to

Do not mistake me. Do not think that every cornfield that has any

weeds in it has no corn at all. But if

you are a Christian without fruit; without any service for Christ; with-

speak a word for Jesus Christ.

Fenced about and cared for:

does not want more than half an eye

'It looks well, doesn't it?"

amiss?

fields meet.

the heart, and each alike has kept it.

lustration would have no meaning.

word "thorns"—the wild things in the field that spring up and choke the corn. Looking at the parable we see that the tion. So, hastily murmuring that he had "made an excellent breakfast"—which he had not—he followed the history of the seed lies in three little words: in—down—up. It must get in or it cannot get down. It must get down or it cannot get up. It must get up or it cannot get up. It must get up or it cannot get ripe. The failure of the first was that it did not get in: it fall by the wayside and others, who clattered upstairs to put on their boots and go out into the playground. It was noticeable that they did so without much of the enthusiasm which might be looked for from boys soon as it fell it was done with; it did not last an hour. The second got in, but did not get down—it fell where there was no deepness of earth; it lived until the sun was up. The other fell among thorns. It got in and it got down, but it did not get up; the weeds sprang up and choked it. It lived a long time, but in the end it came to nothing. dismissed to their sports. But the fact was that this particular sport 'chevy," commonly known as prisoners' base, was by no means a popular amusement, being of a somewhat mo-notonous nature, and calling for no special skill on the part of the per-formers. Besides this, moreover, it had the additional disadvantage (which would have been fatal to a Now of these three the worst by far far more fascinating diversion of being in a great measure compulsory.)

was the third in every way. The way- inde side is not to be blamed if it does not up! Football and cricket were, of course, reserved for half-holidays, and played in a neighboring field, rented by the doctor, and in the playground he restricted them to "chevy," which he considered, rightly enough, both gave them abundant exercise and kept them out of mischlef. Accordingly, if any adventurous spirit started a rival yard, but I knew at once that it was only meant for the pigeons. Nor did I expect to find corn growing in the game, it was usually abandoned soonlater in deference to suggeslight sandy soil that will grow nothing at all; where perhaps in rainy seasons tions from headquarters, which were not intended to be disregarded. you may get a few blades of grass or This, though undoubtedly well meant did not serve to stimulate their af-But where the weeds luxuriate there is good, rich, deep soil

fection for the game, an excellent one in moderation, but one which, if play-ed "by special desire" two or three hours a day for weeks in succession, is ant to lose its freshness and pall upon thful mind.

from his blushes; and almost immedi-

a bright morning. There had hard frost during the night, ground was hard, sparkling with time and ringing to the foot. The was keen and invigorating, and the bare, black branches of the trees were outlined clear and sharp against pale, pure blue of the morning sky. Just the weather for a long day's skating over the dark-green, glassy ice, or a bracing tramp on country roads into cheery, red-roofed market towns. But now it had lost all power to charm. It was only depressing by the contrast between the boundless liberty suggested by the dull reality of a round of uninteresting work which was all it heralded.

So they lounged listelessly about, gravitating finally toward the end of the playground, where a deep turrow marked the line of the base. There was no attempt to play. They stood gossiping in knots, grumbling, and stamping their feet to keep warm. By-and-by the day boarders began to drop in one by one, several of them, from a want of tact in adapting themselves to the general tone, earning decided unpopularity at once by the cheerful briskness and an undisguised sat-

isfaction at having something definite to do once more.

If Mr. Tinkler, who had joined one of the groups, had not particularly distinguished himself at breakfast, he made ample amends now, and by the grandeur and manliness of his conversation succeeded in producing a decided impression upon some of the smaller boys.

bore of a place like this, you know," he was saying, with magnifi-cent disdain, "is that a fellow can't have his pipe of a morning. I've been used to it, and so, of course, I miss it. If I choose to insist on it, Grimstone couldn't say anything; but with a lot of young fellows like you, you see, it

It could hardly have looked worse than little Mr. Tinkler himself would have done, if he had ventured upon more than the mildest of cigarettes. for he was a poor but pertinacious smoker, and his love for the weed was chastened by wholesome fear. There, however, he was in no danger of betraying this, and indeed it would have been injudicious to admit it. (To be Continued.)

DEATH OF DEWEY'S UNCLE. Wichita, Kan., Oct. 3.—H. H. Dewey, f Sheffield, III., uncle of Admiral Dewey and father of H. H. Dewey, of this city, died yesterday at Sheffield. His son thinks excitement over the admiral's honors hastened his death.

There are millions of the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands who never knew the dominion of Spain and never saw a Spaniard.



other medicine stands the record of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as a remedy for diseases of the blood, stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. The claim is made that the "Discovery" will cure ninety-eight persons in every hundred who are suffering from the diseases for which it is prescribed. That claim is based upon the actual record that it has cured ninety-

neight per cent. of STRENGTHENS those who have used it, and the number of these STOMACH! reaches to the

hundreds of thousands. Will it cure you? Try it. It is a wonderful medicine and has worked wonderful cures.

Let no dealer sell you a medicine said to be "just as good." Just as good medicines don't cure.

"About ten years ago I began to have trouble with my stomach." writes Mr. Wm. Connolly, of 535 Walnut St., Lorain, Ohio. "It got so bad that I had to lay off quite often two and three days a week, my stomach would bloat, and I would belch up gas, and was in awful distress at such times. I have



"And some fell among thorns, and corn—such a plain creature, it ought to be ashamed of itself—with such a complexion, too, it may be thankful to be hidden. And the charlock laughs at the trembling stalk. "You golden, indeed! Here, let me show myself. It is really a pity that the sun should waste his shining upon you." And here stands the haughty thistle, thrusting the corn aside with its prickly arms, and nodding its head jauntily to

the big bumble-bee. "Glad to see you,' says the thistle. "You can get some thing out of me, but I can't think for

"Plant them," says the master.
"Plant them. What impudence! No, indeed; but you neglected to pull them

grow corn. I do not expect to find wheat growing in Piccadilly. I do not that people call sins. They are not aclook for oats in Cheapside, or barley in. Ludgate Hill. I have seen a kind-hearted cabman flinging corn on the asphalt pavement of St. Paul's Church-ward but I know at an archiver. tion of things as bad as if the plowman had never turned a furrow, and the sower had never cast the seed.
"But," says the servant, "they come
of themselves. The soil is so rich, and

much sunshine that they have flourished wonderfully." There corn ought to grow, and ought to grow well. Why doesn't it? Because of the weeds. Others fell among 'Worse and worse," says the master. "The soil that grows such weeds ought to grow good corn; and the rain and the sunshine that have been spent upthorns, and they sprang up and choked on them would have brought in a

we have had so much rain and then so

good harvest." No, there is no excuse. You may talk It is not on the hard highway, nor is it on the barren land, but in a field stances and difficulties. A man who set apart and given up to growing does so much in the world ought to be set apart and given up to growing corn. Let that be carefully noted. I some good in the church. Dear friends there is no excuse. If you and I do belong to God and have received the man who has no religious decision, and therefore no religious profession; I am speaking of those who are the Lord's good seed, nothing in the world will excuse our not bringing forth good and do not only profess to be his, but sincerely and honestly mean it. That

III. Let us try as earnestly as we can to get at the cause of failure.

And let us be the more earnest bethe causes are so subtle and difficult to detect, at any rate at their own commencement. The seeds of the weeds are mere trifles, scarcely per-ceptible. The down of the thistle goes should stay to catch it? The seeds of a hundred weeds may adhere to the feet of a bird. The tiny seeds fall from the hedge. Yet the result is as bad as if we left the gate open and the cattle got into the corn and trod it under got into the corn and trod it under foot. And these weeds in themselves are good, not bad, in their right place. What are weeds in the cornfield are flowers in the garden. The thorns that are such a plague in the cornfields are quite useful as a fence-nothing betrow. In both fields the process is the same. Each field alike is given up to the purpose of the plowman and the ter to keep the cattle in, and nothing better to keep the cattle out. The Master gives us a list of

weeds,—the cares of this world, the deceitfulness of riches, the lust or desire after other things enter in and choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful. Now, note that of this list there is no harm in any one of them. They are all good. "This world" is good and altogether

good. It is God's world and not the devil's, a world that God has made and redeemed and blest, and which is The word of God has got in and got down. The failure is not in the beginto be filled with his glory. But "the cares of this world," that is the mischief; that is when the world comes been the same deep conviction of sin; the same penitence; the same acceptof the word of truth: the same into the heart and takes up the faith in Jesus Christ unto salvation sires and the love and energy of the that others have had. Nobody is more regular at the Sunday services than this man. Nobody enjoys a happy serware of the man who whines that they are; he has his eye most likely vice and a bright sermon more than he When Abraham said to Dives. does. Ah, and it goes down into the 'You had your good things in this takes hold of it. Nobody remembers ham, "So had you; you were richer it better than he does, and nobody can than I, very rich in cattle and silver quote it more readily. What then is and gold." What was the difference? Abraham's goods are not his goods; Abraham's riches were not in his Come and see. Now the autumn giories fill the earth. Here, level and rich, is a field of golden corn. Look riches," there is the peril—when a man at it. What a picture it is! But listenes to the promise of riches, and across there in the valley-what is his eyes look upon the vision of riches, There is a patch of scarlet pop- and the heart falls in love with riches, pies thick as they can cluster; there is and the man gives himself up body, another patch of charlock; there are tall thistles everywhere. Here and jade.

"Other things" are none of evil. Nothing is evil in its right place and in its right use. But it is "the lust after other things," the eager desire after them, the over-eagerness about them, that make them a curse. Now, this is the whole secret. The world, the work, the pleasure, the duty put in the wrong place. Here the man comes to the house of God. He sings, he prays, he listens to the word, and "I wish mine looked as well. I can't account for it at all. I plowed well, and I got the best seed and got it well enjoys it, and it does him good. quick to see its meaning, and quick to feel its power, and quick to yield himself to its gracious uplifting. Then tomorrow he is in the world. He is to see the reason. The prowing and sowing and harrowing were all right. But what more have you done?" energetic, earnest, busy, pushing-and

it absorbs him. It fills his desire and thought. It drains all his energy. Or "Ch, I did nothing eise. I left it to the cares of this life—the man has a take care of itself then. What did you struggle to get on and he is haunted struggle to get on and he is haunted with fears. And this prickly thistle strikes out the roots in the soul, and drains its thought and energy and strength. The lust of other thingsried my spud and dug up a thistle pleasure that comes to be the thing whenever I saw one and flung it in the that one lives for; that gets into the heade. Good soil and good sowing and good seed won't do unless you look after the weeds."

There it is—the story of unfruitful—and spent. The cornfield has no room re it is—the story of unfruitful- and spent. The cornfield has no room The thorns grew up and choked for weeds and corn. The weeds grow apace and exhaust the energy. That is the whole history-work, the world pleasure, put in the wrong place.

IV. Well, what is the remedy? Resolute daily dealing with ourselves. And all the more resolute because the busy eagerness of life makes the remedy, perhaps, more difficult. A hurried prayer in the morning and a wearied prayer at night is not a safety against this peril. The more we have to do. the more strongly and sternly must we set ourselves to secure time for the adjustment of our life to its surroundings; for that quiet waiting upon God which shall ever keep first his kingdom and its righteousness. The seed of the Word must be quickened by the contact of his Holy Spirit, and must be nourished and nurtured by direet communion with him.

without any service for Christ; withattach times. I have been treated by the world, and almost without any desire to do it, then this does mean you. If you think you can excuse you are so busy, then it does mean you. If you think you can excuse the clear light of his presence. We cause you are so busy, then it does mean you. Choked with weeds, therefore mean you. Choked with weeds, therefore it he been adding conviction that the supreme thing in any gain of the clear light of his presence. We cause you are so busy, then it does mean you. Choked with weeds, therefore it he been treated by the world, and almost without any desire to do it, then this does one holder of ourselves and our business to der of his presence. We have the abiding conviction that the supreme thing in any gain of the clear

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munion. All the world will not hur munion. All the world will not hurt if we can put it where God put it at first—under the feet. It is when it gets on a man's shoulders that it crushes him. And there is but one way to keep it right, or ourselves either. If Christ be in the heart, then all things will be exactly right, for all things are put under him. So shall the soil gladden the Lord of the Harvest with its increase, and we shall be among the ground that did yield fruit,

COSTLY LESSONS

Being Learned by Uncle Sam in the Philippine School.

Berlin, Oct. 3 .- At today's session of the International Geographical Congress, and in the presence of a distinguished audience, including many colonial and other government officials, Mr. Poultney Bigelow discussed "Colonial Administration in Different Parts of the World." The paper was receiv-ed with marked favor. Mr. Bigelow said that in colonial matters the most important condition today was a unity among the whites, whether English, Russian, French or German.

"In the far east," continued Mr. Bigelow, "the United States has now become a rival of Europe through the occupation of Manila. Americans thus become next-door neighbors to Hong Kong, and are almost equally interested in the projected railway terminat-ing at Kiao Chou. In common with Germany, however, the United States has experience yet to purchase; and from observations made during the war, I fear my country is learning her lesson at an extravagant price."

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Nerve Pills should be taken. They have saved many a life and are daily proving themselves the greatest benefactors of mankind.

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Not only do Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills never fail to cure the diseases with which Mr. Meyers was afflicted, but they build up and strengthen the weak, worn out, run down sys tem and impart vigor and vitality to every organ of the body. Price 50 cents a box, or three for \$1 25, at all druggists. T. Milburn &

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On and after Monday. June 19, 1899, the trains leaving Union Station, Toron-

to (via Grand Trunk Railway) at 9 a.m. and 9:30 p.m., make close connection with Maritime Express and Local Express at Banaventure Depot, Montreal, as follows:

The Maritime Express will leave Montrea daily except on Saturday, at 7:30 p.m., for Halifax, St. John. N. B., and points in the Maritime Provinces. It will run on Saturday to Levis only, stopping at St. Hyacinthe and other wints.

Maritime Express from Halifax, St. John and other points east, will arrive at Montreal daily, except Monday, at 5:30 p.m. The Mon-day train will be from Levis and intermediate

points.
The Local Express will leave Little Metis daily, except Saturday, at 4:25 p.m., and Levis daily at 11:15 p.m., due to arrive at Montreal at

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Tickets for sale at all offices of the Grand Trunk system, at Union Station, Toronto, and at the office of the General Traveling Agent, William Robinson, General Traveling Agent, 39 York street, Rossin House Block, Toronto, H. A. Price, District Passenger Agent, 124 St James street, Montreal.