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The Strange Metamorphosis.

Presently the door of the school-room opened and another boy entered the room. Dr. Grimstone, it appeared, had not been the occupant of the fly, after all. The newcomer was a tall, marrow-shouldered, stooping fellow, with a sallow, unwholesome complexson, thin lips, and small, sunken brown eyes. His cheeks were creased with a dimpling sub-smile, half uneasy, half malicious, and his tread was mincing and cat-like.

"Well, you fellows?" he said.
All rose at once and shook hands
effusively. "Why, Chawner!" they
cried, "how are you, old fellow? We
thought you weren't coming back!" There was a heartiness in their manner somewhat at variance with their recent expressions of opinion; but they had doubtless excellent reasons for any inconsistency.

'Well," aid Chawner, in a low, soft voice, which had a suggestion of feminine spitefulness, "I was going to leave, but I thought you'd be getting into mischief here without me to watch over you. Appleton and Lench and Coker want looking after badly, I know. So, you see, I've come back after all."

He laughed with a little malevolent cackle as he spoke, and the three boys named laughed, too, though with no great heartiness, and shifting the while uneasily on their seats.

After this sally the conversation

languished until Tom Grimston's appearance. He strolled in with a semi-professional air, and shook hands with

Tom was a short, flabby, sandy-haired youth, not particularly loved of his comrades, and his first remark was: I say, you chaps, have you done your holiday task? Pa says he shall keep in everyone who hasn't. I've done mine' which, as a contribution to the general liveliness, was a distinct failure.

Needless to say, the work imposed as a holiday occupation had been first deferred, then forgotten, then remember-ed too late, and recklessly defied with the confidece begotten in a home at-

Amid a general silence Chawner happened to see Mr. Bultitude in his corner, and crossed over to him. "Why, there's Dicky Bultitude there all the time, and he never came to shake hands! Aren't you going to speak to

Paul growled something indistinctly, feeling strangely uncomfortable and What's the matter with him?" ask-

ed Chawner. "Does anyone know? Has he lost his tongue?" "He hadn't lost it coming down in the train," said Coker; "I wish he had. I tell you what, you fellows— Hehere's Grim at last! I'll tell you all about it up in the bedroom."

And Dr. Grimstone really did arrive at this point, much to Paul's relief,

and looked in to give a grip of the hand and a few words to those of the

boys he had not seen.

Bibblecomb, Tipping and the rest came in with him, and the school-room soon filled with others arriving by later trains, among the later com-ers being the two house masters, Mr. Blinkhorn and Mr. Tinkler; and there followed a season of bustle and conversation, which lasted until the doctor touched a small hand-bell, and ordered them to sit down round the tables while supper was brought in. Mr. Bultitude was not sorry to hear the word "supper." He was faint and dispirited, and, although he had dined not very long since, thought that perhaps a little cold beef and beer, or some warmed-up trifle, might give him courage to tell his misfortunes

Of one thing he felt certain-nothing should induce him to trust his person in a bedroom with any of those violent and vindictive boys; whether he succeeded in declaring himself that night or not, he would at least insist on a separate bedroom. Meantime he looked forward to supper as likely to restore genfality and confidence.

But the supper announced so imposingly proved to consist of nothing more than two plates piled with small pieces of thinly-buttered bread, which a page handed round together with tumblers of water; and Paul, in his disappointment, refused this refreshment with more firmness than politeness, as Dr. Grimstone observed.

"You got into 'trouble last term, Bulude," he said, sternly, "on account this same fastidious daintiness. Your excellent father has informed me of your waste and gluttony at his own bountifully spread table. Don't let me

All grocers sell Tea, but all Teas are not the same. Some are good and some are not. We have had a great many years' experience, and after carefully studying the productions of all the countries we recommend the use of

Pure Indian or Ceylon.

Make your Tea in an earthen pot, use boiling water, let it draw seven minutes. Buy our 25c or 35c Indian

or Ceylon.

have to reprove you for this again."

Mr. Bultitude, feeling the necessity of propitiating him, hastened to take the two largest squares of bread and butter on the plate. They were moist and thick, and he had considerable difficulty in disposing of them; besides, the gratification of hearing himself described as a "pit" by his neighbors, who reproved him with a refreshing candor.

candor.

"I must get away from here," he thought, ruefully. "Dick seems very unpopular. I wish I didn't feel so low-spirited and unwell. Why can't I carry it off easily, as as a kind of joke? How hard these forms are, and how those infernal boys did jog my back!" Bedtime came at length. The boys filed, one by one, out of the room, and the doctor stood by the door to shake hands with them as they passed.

Mr. Bultitude lingered until the others had gone, for he had made up his mind to selze this opportunity to open the doctor's eyes to the mistake

open the doctor's eyes to the mistake he was making. But he felt unaccount-ably nervous; the diplomatic and well-chosen introduction he had carefully prepared had left him at the critical moment; all power of thought was gone with it, and he went tremblingly up to the schoolmaster, feeling hopelessly at the mercy of anything that chose to come out of his mouth.

"Dr. Grimstone," he began; "before retiring I-I inust insist-I mean I must request- What I wish to say

"I see," said the doctor, catching him up sharply, "you wish to apologize for your extraordinary behavior in the railway carriage? Well, though you made some amends afterward, an apology is very right and proper. Say no more about it." "It's not that," said Paul, hopelessly.
"I wanted to explain—"

Your conduct with regard to the bread and butter. If it was simply want of appetite, of course there is no more to be said. But I have an abhorrence of-

"Quite right," said Paul, recovering himself, "I hate waste myself, but there is something else I must tell you

"If it concerns that disgraceful conduct of Coker's," said the doctor, "you may speak on. I shall have to consider his case tomorrow. Has any similar case of disobedience come to your knowledge? If so I appear you to dis knowledge? If so, I expect you to dis-close it to me. You have found some other boy with sweetmeats in his possession?"

"Good heavens, sir!" said Mr. Bulti-tude, losing his temper. "I have't been searching the whole school for sweet-meats! I have other things to occupy

The same and a half while the procession passed.

Far down this living lane the column my mind, sir. And, once for all, I demand to be heard! Dr. Grimstone, there are, ahem! domestic secrets that can only be alluded to in the strictest privacy. I see that one of your assistants is writing at his table there. Can we not go where there will be less risk of interruption? You have a study, I

'Yes, sir," said the doctor, with terrible grimness, "I have a study—and I have a cane. I can convince you of both facts if you wish it. If you insult me again by this brazen buffoonery, I will. Be off to your dormitory, it is before your dormitory, it is before your before the project. sir, before you provoke me to punish you. Not another word! Go!"

And, incredible as it may appear to

all who have never been in his position, Mr. Bultitude went. It was almost an abdication, it was treachery to his true self; he knew the vital import-ance of firmness at this crisis; but, nevertheless, his courage gave way all at once, and he crawled up the bare, uncarpeted stairs without any further

"Good night, Master Bultitude." said a housemaid, meeting him on the staircase; "you know your bedroom. No. 6, with Master Coker, Master Biddlecomb

and the others."
Paul dragged himself up to the highest landing stage, and, with a sick foreboding, opened the door on which the figure 6 was painted.

It was a targe, bare, plainly-papered room, with several curtainless windows, the blinds of which were drawn, a long, deal stand of wash-hand basins and eight little white beds against the walls.

A fire was lighted in consideration of its being the first night, and several boys were talking excitedly round it.
"Here he is! He's stayed behind to
tell more tales!" they cried, as Paul
entered nervously. "Now then, Bultitude, what have you got to say for yourself?"

[To be Continued.]

HER MISTAKE. She made red underclothing for The little heathen o'er the sea. She went into the slums and set

Men from the devil's bondage free. Meanwhile her husband had to wear Socks that were holey, and the child Who should have had the watchful

Was left to run at lake and wild.

She sought to lift the heathen up And teach the sinner to be good. She had a weary husband and The worst boy in the neighborhood, -Chicago Times-Herald.

Every farmer knows that to kill weeds must go to the roots. To cut the weed off on the surface, means that the

weed is still left to grow. It's just that way with boils, ulcers, eruptions, pimples and similar diseases of the flesh. To cure them you must go to the roots, down into the blood, Mere surface treatment never gets rid of the disease. It

will come back at the first opportunity. It is to its wonderful power in the purification of the blood that Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery owes many of its triumphs of healing. It cleanses the blood thoroughly, elimi-nating all the refuse

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Honored by a Magnificant Pageant on Land.

Eclipsing Even the Record-Breaking Marine Parade of Friday.

Enthusiastic Tribute to the Man Whose Fleet Smashed Montejo's Ships-"Uncle Sam's" Address to Admiral

New York, Oct. 1 .- The land parade yesterday capped the climax, the city, state and nation united in one vast demonstration worthy of the hero of Manila. The earth trembled beneath the tread of 50,000 men, and the air the tread of 50,000 men, and the air he had it on, as he was waying it right was torn with the shouts of millions. and left for more than half the time.

The naval parade of Friday was a He was escorted by Troop A, whose The naval parade of Friday was a magnificent and superb spectacle, but the wonder of modern times was the great land parade. Thousands of proud men of the land and sea forces, militia of fifteen states and the veterans of the civil and Spanish-American wars, swelled the procession and gave it the dignity in size that it boasted in sentiment. Walls of people miles long stretched down the line of march on either side, a dense impregnable mass. Fifth avenue, from Fifty-minth screet to the Washington arch, where the splendid parade disbanded, was solidly packed with spectators, who overflowed into the buildings, windows, and onto the roof lines, sat in embrasures and crowded scaffolding. Along Broadway, where it crossed the avenue, the sky-scrapers were as crowded at the top as at the bottom, and for blocks down the intersecting streets tenants hung from the windows and fireescapes, and multitudes of them were on the roofs lying flat on their stomachs peering down. For hours they waited patiently and good-naturedly to see Dewey, and when they saw him

Far down this living lane the column marched while the air was gorgeous with the mist of banners and vibrating with shouts of welcome and admira-tion, the clatter of horses' hoofs when the cavalry sabres flashed and plumes waved, the rumble of artillery, the snarl of drums, the clear drawn bugle call and the blare of military bands. Seventeen aerial bombs from the top of the Waldorf-Astoria heralded the approach to the reviewing stand in Madison Square. Several companies of police mounted on glossy, well-trained horses brought up the proces-

SAILORS OF THE OLYMPIA. When the head of the column appear ed, the jackies of the Olympia marching rank on rank with an easy, rolling step and Susa's blue-coated band playing as only it can play, it was a poor American whose heart did not beat higher. Those in the stand leaped upon

their seats, and everybody greeted the advancing column with cheers. The tars of the Olympia were in plain cartridge boxes, loose flannel caps flapped over their eyes, and their sword band made a picture of steel over them. Those caps, with the ribbons snapping jauntily over their temples and the blue steel sword band impressed the people mightly. The sailors were large-boned and solemn, with faces bronzed and bodies that seemed all muscle, the kind of men one would like to have back of him in a fight. The commander was on foot with shining sword blade rest-ing on his right shoulder, walking in front of his men as army officers do. A squad of sailors dragging a rapid-fire six pounder brought up the rear of the Olympia's battation.

Then came the hero, the admirals and the officers of the fleet in all the glory of their gold-laced uniforms and gold-trimmed cocked hats. All were in open carriages, and at their head was the man of the hour. Mayor Van Wyck sat beside Admiral Dewey. The front seat was banked with beautiful floral

THE HERO OF THE HOUR.

The people did not have to give a econd glance at the man whose features have been blazoned everywhere for weeks. He was recognized on the instant, and the cheers and huzzahs that had greeted the Olympia's men seemed tame compared with the shout they raised. It seemed fairly to lift the sky. There is no perceivable kind of noise they did not make. Everybody waved and cheered, and nearly everybody jumped up and down in frantic enthusiasm. Old men were as enthusiastic as boys and just about as noisy. Admiral Dewey, during his last few days' experience has become somewhat accustomed to these vociferous greetings, and he took it all calmly, smiling and bowing right and left, and occasionally lifting his gold-trimmed beaver as he rode along. The gallant captains of the ships engaged in the de- | Glad for everything you've done. struction of Montejo's fleet, except Gad? By gad, we're glad, my lad, poor Gridley, who died a month after That George Dewey had a dad; the battle, followed, and also got a Glad he had a mother, too.

The three rear admirals, Howison, Philip and Sampson, as they rode by with their brilliantly accounted staffs, were easily recognized and got flattering applause, as did many of the popular officers of the North Atlantic squadron. The governors of the several states, who rode in carriages, though many of them were popular and would have received big demonstrations at any other time, passed almost unnoticed. The crowds would have none of them today. They yearned only for the brass buttons and gold lace of military and naval heroes and would have nothing else. Both Major-Gen. Miles and Major-Gen. Merrit got ovations.
The former wore a band of yellow across his breast and seemed always to have his cap off acknowledging the

salutations of the throng. SCHLEY DIVIDED THE HONORS. But it was Rear Admiral Schley who divided the honors with the central figure of the day. He received a de-monstration second only to that of Dewey. The people along the line of march fairly rose at him, shouting their already lacerated throats to the break-ing point. "Hurrah for the hero of Santiago!" "There is the man that smashed Cervera's fleet!" "Hip, hip, hurrah for Schley!" and kindred cries came from all parts of the line. In came from all parts of the line. In Upper Fifth avenue some enthusiastic lady threw him a handful of roses. They landed fairly in the carriage. The admiral leaned forward, picked them up and lifted them to his lips. Instantly all the ladies in the balcony seemed

MARINES AND SAILORS. The marines and sailors of the North Atlantic squadron, eight battalions of them, attracted much attention. The marines, with their brass helmets, marched with a peculiar step, neither scamen's roll nor landsmen's tread, but a combination. The men of the Brook-lyn got, perhaps, the most applause. The provisional brigade of the army lacked the confident, easy step for which army veterans are noted. This perhaps is accounted for by the fact that most of the United States army veterans are serving their security on veterans are serving their country on the other side of the world, and those now here are only "rookies." They were preceded by a battalion of the West Point Cadets in their showy uniforms of gray with white duck trousers, moving like one man, 800 legs moving like clockwork, every cap and bayonet in perfect line.

Governor Roosevelt, riding a spirit-ed black horse at the head of the National Guard of the State of New York, and surrounded by brilliantly uniform-ed officers, received a hearty and continuous ovation from one end of the line to the other. He was in civilian attire and wore a silk hat—that is, when plumes, rising and falling with the moving of the horses, beautified a block. The artillery seemed more real than the infantry or cavalry, and the commander of the Seventh Light Artillery gave the people an exhibition, setting his battery at a gallop and charging down, the horses plunging and cannon wheel's rumbling like rolling thunder. The crowd gave a whirlyind of applause. The national guard of all the states made a brilliant showing, and were evidently proud of their appearance and of the reception they

AT THE REVIEWING STAND. Before Madison Square was reached, Admiral Dewey and the receiving party in carriages passed the front of the procession and alighted at the reviewng stand opposite Twenty-sixth street and took their places in the boxes hung with laurel wreaths that had been re-

served for them. There for the first time the admiral saw the great arch of Victory, erected in his honor. It is modeled after Titus' arch in the Roman forum. From the top is a quadriga drawn through rolling billows by plunging sea horses. Victory, with outstretched hands and a laurel wreath in her hand, typical of the reward to the victor, reared her beautiful outline against the blue sky. On the attic are heroic figures of John Paul Jones, Perry, Hull, Decatur, Far-ragut and other naval heroes, while on the faces of the piers are magnificent groups symbolic of combat, the return of the victors, the call to arms and peace, and on the spandrils are groups representing the North and East Rivers and the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The arch faces the sea. The approaches are guarded by tall colon-nades, transforming the street at the reviewing booths into a court of honor.

DECORATIONS IN MADISON SQUARE. All about Madison Square the decorations charmed the eye. Flags on wires ran from the tall tower of the Madison Square Garden and all the facades as far as the eye could see up and down Fifth avenue were brilliantly arrayed with bunting and flags. The national streamers flew from the cornices, and a thousand box kites floated high in the blue sky. Here the admiral reviewed blue, with brown leggings and black the entire parade. Only one distressing cartridge boxes, loose flannel caps incident occurred within his view. wire had been stretched across the space between two of the stands on the park. The awful press of people broke it, and they surged out into the evenues, those in front powerless to resist the pressure of the thousands in the rear. The police officers on foot were helpless. Try as they could they could not stem the tide which promised to impede the entire parade. Suddenly a half-hundred mounted police-men galloped up, and having formed a charged and shoved the people back. Many women and children were caught in the crush. Some shrieked, others fainted, and several after the panic was over were carried away in

ambulances. IN THE EVENING. Admiral Dewey dined with relatives in the evening. Owing to fatigue he did not attend the smoker given to the marines of the Olympia at the Waldorf-Astoria, which closed the two days' festivities. The feature of the smoker was the recitation of a welcome verse to Admiral Dewey. Cal Stewart, clad in the garb of Uncle Sam, gave the recitation, which was composed by Joe Kerr (Manville D. Kerr). The verses ran like this:

Hello, Dewey! Have a seat! How're the boys? An' how's th' fleet? Little weary? Never mind; You can rest when you're inclined; Rest on laurels, if you please, On a hero's couch of ease; Not, however, till we've had Chance to show you that we're glad; Glad you're not now with the dead-Glad you had a level head; Glad you laid the Spaniard low; Glad you proved a noble foe Glad you kept your record clean, Glad we made you a marine; Glad you bravely fought and won Loyal to Red. White and Blue; Years ago, when he was young, Taught him how to, rung by rung, Mount Fame's ladder, never stop Till, by grit, he gained the top; Taught him, when he'd won the fight How to stay there, on the height.

Glad to see you, George but say Don't get spoiled on Dewey Day! Don't get rattled at the noise Made by millions of my boys; Most of whom would "lead the dance," If, like you, they had the chance.

Words like these all men admire; "Gridley, when you're ready, fire!" Keep that up; keep cool, my lad! We'll raise Cain because we're glad; You just "watch our smoke," my boy; Note our overwhelming joy; Don't get dizzy! Calm content Sometimes makes a President.

Hear that shouting, prolonged-loud? George, th' whole darned nation's proud, Proud of what you did that day In Manila's beastly bay.

Proud of you; proud of a fleet That knows no fear, knows no defeat; Of whom the wide world stands in awe; God bless you, George! Hip, hip, hur-

ON SUNDAY. Admiral Dewey spent Sunday quietly

***** possessed with the desire to have their flowers similarly honored, and he was fairly hombarded. Many of the flowers fell into the street, only to be caught up by eager speciators and carried to the carriage. Before he got to Madison

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with his relatives and a few intimate friends, in the house, No. 13 West Thirty-third street, which was placed absolutely at his disposal.

On Monday the admiral left for Washington, escorted by a committee, where he is to be presented with the

congressional sword.

The Well Known Shoemaker, of Belleville, Ont., Gives an Account of His Wife's

Cure of Heart Trouble and Nervous-

ness.

The case of Mrs. Wm. Kemp, an account of which, given by her husband, the well-known shoemaker, we publish below, is only one of the marvelous cures that are taking place in the city of Belleville, Ont., from time to time through the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Never before in Hastings county has such proof been produced of the efficacy of any remedy.

There is no doubt but that M Kempt's case was a serious one, but even in the worst cases Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills never fail to

cure. This is what her husband says:
"My wife has been a great sufferen from nervousness and heart troubles for the past twenty years. She was in a bad state, had terrible pains in the region of the heart, extending up over her shoulders, and she was so nervous that she could not sleep at night. Her appetite was almost gone, and although she had taken many kinds of medicine, she received no relief from them. Seeing an advertisement of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I got a box with the faint hope that they would help my wife. She has taken two boxes and the results are something wonderful. The pains have all but left her. Her appetite is good. She est blessings she has ever experienced, CPR and she has improved in every way. "I can recommend them very highly, and I feel that no other remedy could

have achieved such a result in so short Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c a box, or 3 boxes for \$1 25, at all druggists or sent by mail. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

LIFE SAVED.—Mr. James Bryson Cameron writes: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Eelectric Oil, stating that this wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on this advice I procured the medicine, and less than half a bottle cured me: lungs and was given up by physicians. I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me good.

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

The 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 11:45 p.m., due to arrive at Montreal at 6:30 a.m.

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