

replies, gravely and coldiy.

"What is it?" Lady Christabel asks, breathlessly.

"It is Mrs. Mallibrane's reason—and it is a private reason, or I would tell you," Roderic answers, in the same cold, proud tone. "As it is, I can only assure you, Lady Christabel, on my word as an honest man, that it is a groundless, empty, unworthy reason for such unfading, bitter spite and enmity! I am going to London this afternoon," he continues, after a short pause. "I will return, if nothing prevents, to St. Cray's, the day after to-morrow, and if Lord Cardonnel honors me by his notice while I stay at the Imperial Hotel for a day or two, I shall be more than pleased; if he does not—I shall quietly acquiesce to his decision. You, Lady Christabel, I shall always remember with grateful regard—as long as I live. Your far-off Australian kinsman's devotion to your memory won't hurt you," he adds, with a scornful smile and a curl of the proud lip, "however lofty your future station may

"however lofty your future station may

There is a distinct meaning in the cold

smile of his steadfast gaze at her, in the sarcastic, low tones; and Christabel's heart leaps up in a wild passion of anger and pain that frightens herself.
"I think you are speaking rather unkindly," she says, in tones that tremble slightly. "I am sure—almost sure—that my father will be much pleased to make your acquaintance," she says, gently; "and I hope, in any case, you will not go back to Australian without at least coming to say good-bye to me."

"If I may I will surely come, if only

coming to say good bye to me."
"If I may, I will surely come, if only
to say good bye," Roderic answers, in a
low tone.

a gay laugh, that echoes musically through the ellence of the great, empty

admire this old house—this room espe-cially! Do you really mean that you would purchase the Furnace House and grounds, and live here! How nice that would be! And you would make this

with this place. I am on the track of a man called Blamire—or on the track of Blamire's accomplice, rather. Blamire has gone to his trial at the Great As-size."

"For what? What was the crime?"
Lady Christabel falters, trying to recollect the sequence of a ghastly story she had listened to, related in Lord Glendor-

"Robbery and murder!" Roderic says, briefly. "The murdered man was my cousin, poor Alec Lindsay, and the rob-bery included several family papers of some value. I have been on the track of

"Poor Lord Glendornoch," she says, airily, with a bright little smile; "he i not always very discreet in his conver

noch's sketchy style

of his steadfast gaze at her, in the

CHAPTER VIII.

both my father and my father's son," he replies, gravely and coldly.
"What is it?" Lady Christabel asks, CHAPTER VIII.

There is another breathless hush, as the wind lulls beneath the lowering clouds. The very heavens are stirless, as if they stoop to listen, as Roderic hesitates for a few moments to think in what words he had best frame what he is going to say; and Christabel gazes at the lichened posts of the old gate without the faintest perception of what she is looking at.

Then suddenly there comes a sound of rapid footsteps along the espaliered walk and involuntarily Lady Christabel and Roderic start and exchange hurried glances.

Roderic start and exchange hurried glances.

Around the dwarf pear trees glimmers a shiny livery hat, over a rosy countenance, and Lady Christabel's groom, finger to hat rim, appears, demure and deferential as ever.

"Beg pardon, my lady; a heavy shower's just comin' on. I've put up the gentleman's horse and Robin in one o' the stables, my lady."

"Very well," Lady Christabel answers, carclessly, checking herself as she looks about in surprise at the dense, gray rainclouds, and the drops beginning to patter down on the big fig leaves. "We had better seeks shelter somewhere or a few minutes, I suppose? Don't you think so, Mr. Lindsay?"

"I cere inly think you had better seek shelter, it doesn't matter about rie," he says, smiling. "We had better go back to the house, Lady Christabei; there is going to be a downpour."

There is such a downpour that they are compelled to run for it to escape being drenched and, at the side entrance to the old mansion, at the top of a flight of marble steps—weather-stained and mossgrown—stands the old caretaker, courtesying and ejaculating and lamenting volubly.

"Oh, it's terrible heavy rain, my lady! "The west my leady!" she exclaimed.

to say good-bye," Roderic answers, in a low tone.
"Very well, I shall expect you," Lady Christabel says, hurriedly pouring out more coffee. "Isn't that very good coffee? Mrs. Mason has some mysterious recipe for making it; she puts sait in t—a few grains improves the flavor, she says. She is such a good old soul. She and Mr. Mason were the only attendants pood old Mr. Veale would permit near him for years before his death. They have lived here for twenty-five years. Now I am going to puzzle you! What relation is Mrs. Mason to Mr. Mason, the light of the pool of the says of th

to the old mansion, at the top of a flight of marble steps—weather-stained and mossgrown—stands the old caretaker, courtesying and ejaculating and lamenting volubly.

"Oh, it's terrible heavy fain, my lady! Oh, you're wet, my lady!" she exclaimes with upraised hands. "But there's a nice bit o' fire in the library, my lady, where Mason and me sit of an evenin'. As I says to Mr. Blamire, the lawyer, we couldn't live without fire."

"Mr. Blamire!" Roderic repeats.
"One of the firm of solicitors to the Furnace House estate," Lady Christabel says, "Feardon & Blamire. Isn't this a beautiful, old hall. Look at the stair-case and that dome fitted with stained glass above. Wait until you see the midday sun shine through that dome. The light falls like a glory down the oak steps and the carved baluster of that splendid, old staircase. This hall and the library are the handsomest rooms in the county, architecturally, I mean," Christabel goes on, enthusiastically, "There what do you think of that there is included." n," Christabel goes on, enthusiasti-"There what do you think of that iwndow?"

cany. Incre was to you from the first fit for a cathedral!" Roderic says, with equal enthusiasm, standing on the threshold of the lofty, spacious apartment known as the library, looking at the inlaid oak flooring and the superb wainscoting, the massive mantelpiece reaching to the ceiling, of carved oak, darkly ancient in its elaborate or an acceptance of the contraction.

And at the western end of the room And at the western end of the room above three narrow mullioned windows, filled with stained glass, is a splendid "rose" window, with those ancient tints of glowing purples, and reds, and blues, jewel-like in purity and depth of color, jewel-like in purity and depth of color, which modern work emulates in vain. Below on the wide

a gay laugh, that echoes indexally through the silence of the great, empty room, out into the bare, martile-paved hall, by the wide, silent staircase, into the shadowy dome.

Life, youth, happiness seem to float on the breath of that bright, girlish laugh, through the brooking cloud of melancholy abiding in the deserted house.

Roderic's eyes darken in tenderness, the strong heart in his broad breast quickens its throbbings wildly, as he looks at her and listens to her.

"She is his widowed sister, who married a cousin of the same name!" she says, in triumph. "Isn't it odd it puzzles people when the solution is so simple? Are you sure you have looked at the carving of this mantelpiece? Lovely—isn't it? I can't tell you how much I admire this old house—this room especially! Do you really mean that you would purchase the Eurance House and jewel-like in purity and depth of color, which modern work emulates in vain. Below on the wide marble hearth, burns a small, bright fire of logs, and before it, in the otherwise empty room, is an oasis of cozy comfort, in the shape of a little table covered with a clean, white cloth, and a couple of old-fash-ioned elbow chairs, on a square of faded, red drugget. And on the table, with a busy face of anxiety and satisfaction, the old woman is placing a coffee service of beautiful, delicate, greenish-white poreclain, a plate of bread and butter, and a dish of ripe figs and early plums from the warm south wall of the old garden.

"Now, I hope, my lady, you'll honor me by taking a cup of coffee, as you do sometimes?" she eavy, with pleasant, rustic courtesy. And then the old dame departs to the kitchen and leaves Lady Christabel and Roderic Lindsay to enjoy, their tete-a-tet luncheon.

How sweet e looks, Roderic Lind-say thinks, in her simple, dark-blue tailor-made jacket and gown, with a dark-blue, velvet hat hesting on her beautiful nut brown 'hair. How gracious and fair she appears as she pours out a cup of coffee for him in an embarased fashion! How beautiful she would look in a splendid home, adorning the wealth and luxury that surrounded

pours out a cup of coffee for him in an embarased fashion! How beautiful she would look in a splendid home, adorning the wealth and luxury that surrounded her! How beautiful she would look in this noble, old room, with all its former glories restored, its empty recesses filled with books, its bare windows bung with velvet draperies, sitting by the hearth as she sits now, with the coffee cup in her pretty white fingers, the firelight glimmering on the delicate, pink nails, with that sweet, shy look in er puse eyes, on her modest lips.

"You — you were talking of going home to Australia," she says, suddenly, feeling that his eyes are upon her. "I dare say you will be delighted to get home again. It is a glorious country, as you said—splendid trees, and flowers, and—and various things."

She has probably meant to launch out into a laudation of Australian mutton and gold fields, but the steadfast regard of the dark eyes troubles her, the hard lines about Roderic's proud lips and the frown that comes between his level, chestnut brows bewilder her, and she stops short.

"I was talkinf of coming back again.

chestnut brows bewilder her, and she stops short.

"I was talkinf of coming back again, too!" he says, curtly; "and talking of investing money in real estate in this country. In this particular part of the country, too, if it were a wise speculation, and if, Lady Christabel, you can assure me that my doing so would not place me outside the pale of friendship with yourself and the Earl of Cardonnel."

There is a stormy gleam in Roderics eyes, and contemptuous curves about his haughty lips, but these evidences of his displeasure have the curious effect of affording Lady Christabel much secret satisfaction. "Oh, yes! I understand!" she says, eagerly, stammering, and growing pate inded in her eagerness. "I quite understand now! Why should you imagine that my father and I would not be friends with you, Mr. Lindsay? I hope, indeed, we should! Very good friends!" "And what of Dame Mallibrane's opinion of that friendship, Lady Christabel?" Roderic asks, quietly, with a slight smile.

"How do you know?" Christabel ejaculates, with a vivid flush and a startled look. "I—mean—have you any reason to think she is not friendly toward you?"

sation."
"ladeed?" Roderic sneers. "I ought to say I am astonished, I suppose, but I can't—from my very slight acquaintance with the young gentleman."
"I'm afraid you don't like him!" Christabel observes, sighing, with downcast eyes. "I don't dislike him at all," Roderic look. "I—mean—have you any reason to think she is not friendly toward you?" I know her reason for bitterly hating christabel interposes, gravely.

"I don't dislike him at all," Roderic of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company being succeeded by Mr. G. G. S. Lindsey K. C.

"I assure you, no!" Roderic replies, in measured tones. "But, even if I did, Lady Christabel, my love or hatred could not affect the Marquis of Glendornoch very materially. He is happy and fortunate enough to possess your friendship, I presume!"

"Well," like you," she replies, imitating his formal, icy tones, "I don't dislike him!"

ing his formal, icy tones, "I don't dislike him!"

She looks up as she speaks, with the most sedate gravity on her girlish features, the rosy lips even drawn down solemnly at the corners, but her eyes alight with drollery and a spice of coquetry.

But the look she receives, the repreach, the questioning, the eager light in those dark eyes, frightens away all her little, innocent assumptions.

The soft, hot flush tinges warmly all the delicate skin on the curve of the fair throat, and rounded cheek of the profile turned to him. Christabel's lips relax, and her eyelids droop, and in the sudder: dead silence that ensues, for the space of ten seconds or so, she can hear, the loud beating of her heart.

She wonders what Roderic means by that extraordinary look; she knows very well what he means the is angreed, and frightened, and glad, in those few wild, tumultuous heart beats. She means to instantly change the conversation to some utterly different topic, and searches desperately, wildly, vainly, for even one stationary idea, in the whirling confusion of her mind, and the mements pass on in this oppressive stillness, in which the fall of a cinder on the hearth, sounds loudly.

(To be continued.) hearth sounds loudly.

(To be continued.)

BUTTER FROM WHEY

WOODSTOCK CHEESEMAKERS DO NOT LIKE PROCESS.

Labor Required to Extract the Small Quantity of Fat in Whey Worth as Much as the Product-Better Feed It to the Hogs.

Woodstock, Nov. 6 .- Local cheese men questioned to-day in regard to the practicability of the scheme which is being worked by some manufacturers of making butter from whey, were anything but enthusiastic as to the outcome of such an experiment. The consensus of opinion given was that the manufacture cannot be carried on profitably. On the ques-tion of the amount of butter fat in whey

tion of the amount of butter fat in whey opinions seemed to differ.

One very intelligent and successful cheesemaker contended that under normal conditions the amount of butter fat in whey was 1-10 of 1 per cent. According to this estimate, out of 25,000 pounds of whey there could be manufactured 25 pounds of butter. To make this amount it would take a man at least eight hours to run it through the separator, and two hours more would be required in the manipulation.

Now I am going to puzzle you! What relation is Mrs. Mason to Mr. Mason? I'll give yo uthree guesses, and tell you she is neither his wife nor his mother," with eyes glittering mirthfully at his puzzled face.

"Perhaps she is his grandmother?" Roderic hazards, smiling.

"No, she is three years younger than he," Christabel says, with an emphatic shake of her head.

"His stepmother, then?"

"No "mother' at all. Oh, you aren't a bit clever at guessing?"

"Well, she is either his cousin, by marriage, or his aunt?" Roderic says, in desperation.

"Ah! Two guesses artfully rolled into one! And you haven't guessed it now!" laughs Christabel.

And the sweet, true voice rings out in a gay laugh, that echoes musically the siders of the great, entity the sidence of the great entity at the sidence of the great entity the sidence of the great entity at the sidence of two nours more would be usedess as a food product. The time taken, the machinery required and the loss of the whey as a food product for hogs is worth more than its intrinsic value applied in the direction. any other direction.

any other direction.

Some cheese men claim that under normal conditions 2-10 of 1 per cent. of whey is butter fat. If this be the case 25,000 pounds of whey would produce 50 pounds of butter, but even so, it is claimed that this quantity of whey used for feeding hogs would be worth more than 50 pounds of butter, after the expense of its manufacture has been deducted.

CANADA'S FUTURE.

Will Be the Dominant State in the Empire, Says Strathcona.

pire, Says Strathoona, interviewed by the Tribune, reiterates his
prophecy that before the end of the
century Canada will be the dominant
State and the food mart of the empire.
He thinks there is not the remotest
chance of the Dominion ever becoming
a republic. There is no visible reason
why in the future the vast population
should not remain loyal to the Crown.

HUNTER SHOT IN THE FACE.

Ridgeway Postmaster Victim of a Seri ous Accident.

Welland, Ont., Nov. 6 .- Murray Hib-Welland, Ont., Nov. 6.—Murray Hib-bert, postmaster and a prominent mer-chant of Ridgeway, was the victim of a serious accident yesterday while quall shooting on the Wainfleet marsh. His corepanion, John Halivan, was walking with his gun cocked, when he fell. The weapon was discharged, the shot striking Mr. Hibbert in the face and shoulder. He was brought home in a precarious condition, but will recover. grounds, and live here! How nice that would be! And you would make this the library, of course, as it was before! Isn't it a pity that it has been left untenanted so long?"

Lady Christabe! somehow feels it incumbent on her to keep on asking questions without waiting for any replies, and making statements with breathless rapidity.

"And—a Mr. Blamire is one of the solicitors, I think you said?" Roderic muses. "It is rather curious I should hear the name of Blamire in connection with this place. I am on the track of a

condition, but will recover.

One grain of shot pierced an eyeball, and the doctors fear he will lose the sight of it. This will mean total blindness, since the other eye has been sightless for some time.

PRISON GUARDS PROTEST.

Delegation Visits Ottawa to Voice Their Grievances.

Kingston Nov. 6 .- Penitentiary guards Kingston, Nov. 6.—Penitentiary guards have gone to Ottawa to lay grievances before the Civil Service Commission. They want higher salaries, better uniforms with trouser pockets, and the prison barber shop reopened. The guards also want vacancies filled at once. The staff is constantly under strength and extra duty imposed. some value. I have been on the brack of Blamire and his accomplice, as I have said," he added, drawing a long breath; "but I shall not play sleuthhound any longer! Vengeance is in a higher hand than mine!"

"Robbery and murder!" echoes Christabel. "You mean the murder on Dead Man's Flat?" she adds, shuddering. "Lord Glendornoch told me the awful story."

"Yes. The murder on Dead Man's Flat," repeats Roderic, coldly. "A peculiarly atrocious and cold-blooded murder, too. Hardly a story! should have thought to be told in detail, especially in a lady's presence. Doubtless, however, Lord Glendornoch knows better than I what is right."

There is a stormy gleam in Roderic's

To cure a cold in one night—use Vapo-Cresoline. It has been used extensively dur-ing more than twenty-four years. All drug-gists.

NATURALIZATION TOO EASY. New Brunswick Judge Would First Ex-

amine Applicants.

St. John, N. B., Nov. 6.—Judge Forbes, at County Court this morning, spoke strongly about the present loose system of allowing foreigners of all kinds to take out naturalization papers and become citizens without any enquiries into their general character, political views, and knowledge of the duties of citizenship.

He said he was addressing the Minister of Justice on the subject, and if allowed would hereafter require all applicants for naturalization to appear personally before him and submit to such examination as he considered advisable. amine Applicants.

Fatal Boiler Explosion Kiel, Nov. 6.—The boilers of the German schoolship Blucher exploded this morning while the vessel was near Murwick. It is reported that fifteen men were killed and thirty dangerously injured.

AT R. McKAY & CO'S, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8th, 1907

Only 2 Days More

Hurry-Out Sale

tively one of the best and greatest sales ever carried on by us. Have you been getting your share of the great bargains? If not, make it a point to be here to-morrow, and be here on time.

Vests 98c

Penman's Alexander Vests, long sleeves, buttoned fronts and shaped sts. All wool and unshrinkable. Regular \$1.25 values. Friday Hurryout Sale price

Look! Corset Covers 19c

Ladies' Covers of Fine Cambric, full front, nicely trimmed with insertion and beading lace, edging at neck and sleeves. Sale price 19c.

Hurry-Out Sateen Waists Sale of

\$1.25 Sateen Waists for 79c

Black Sateen Waists, made with back and front nicely tucked, tucked collar and cuffs; worth regular \$1.25, Friday's Hurry-Out Sale price 79c.

Friday Bargains for Men

If we can prove to you that we are selling goods at 1½ price during our Hurry-Out Sale, thereby saving you ½ price, would it be to your interest to come, investigate and give us a chance to show you? We are perfectly willing to put our time against yours in an effort to prove the truth

Hurry-Out Sale of

Embroideries and Insertions

5c, 9c, 11c, 14c, 29c yard

Only 10 cartons of Manufacturers' Sample Ends of Embroideries and Insertions, from 1 to 15 inches wide, in dainty patterns, insertions to match, come in 2½ to 4½ yard ends, range from 15 to 50c yard, Hurry-out Sale 5, 9, 11, 14, 29c yard.

Hurry-Out Sale of

Corset Cover Embroidery

17c yard

McKAY & CO.

TRICKY WOMAN.

She Tries to Put Ct. Catharines Banker Off the Scent.

St. Catharines, Nov. 7 .- The woman who is alleged to have swindled Leonard who is alleged to have swindled Leonard H. Collard, broker and private banker, yesterday out of \$200 by giving him a forged cheque as security and making her departure from the city without the slightest clue as to her identity, sent the following wire to Mr. Collard afterwards: "Niagara Falls, N. Y., Nov. 6.—L. H. Collard, broker. Ontario street: Will express two hundred dollars to you from Toronto, where I am going, or will call week from Monday. Made little mistake. (Signed) Lillian Hamilton."

At first Mr. Collard believed the telegram, but soon saw its significance, and at once seized upon it as a basis of tracing the woman.

The woman met Mr. Collard on the street, and after telling him a plausible story he agreed to let her have \$200 for a month.

"Now, what security do you want, Mr. "Now, what security do you want, Mr. Collard?" she asked, adding, "of course I can get any person, but what do you say as to Mr. Fairfield or Mr. Poole?" Mr. Collard expressed satisfaction with the gentlemen mentioned, and the woman asked for a blank note and went out, returning shortly with the instrument filled out and endorsed "Ben. C. Fairfield."

The \$200 was at once paid over, and the woman departed. When Collard was going home two hours later he went into Fairfield's store and showed him the

note.
"That's not my signature," said Mr.
Fairfield. "I always sign my name B.
C. Fairfield. I never saw that before."

Shot at Duck, Hits Mate.

Toronto, Nov. 7.—Raising his gun to shoot at a duck on the Island yesterday afternoon, William Davidson, a man of thirty, shot one of his fellow-sportsmen, named Gordon Taylor, aged 25, living at 381 Manning avenue, in the back of the head. Though not more than ten or head. Though not more than ten or twelve feet away, the shot did not pene-trate far, and Taylor's condition at St. Michael's Hospital is not considered to

C. P. R. New Sheds at Montreal. C. P. R. New Sheds at Montreal.
Montreal, Nov. 6.—A magnificent series of new freight sheds in the vicinity of the Place. Viger Station is the latest development of Canadian Pacific enterprise in this city. Excavations for the new sheds, which will, with the trackalleading into and through them, occupy about four acres of ground between Panet and Amherst streets, have been started.

YOUNG WOMAN KEEPS WATCH. Toronto Man's Dealings With a Detroit Jeweler.

Windsor, Nov. 6 .- Several months ago Clifford Ball, a young Toronto man, came to Detroit, where he secured emcame to Detroit, where he secured employment and immediately began to run up bills with half a dozen merchants. Among others, J. H. Garlick, a jeweller. on Griswold street, accommodated Ball with a lady's gold watch for his sweetheart in Toronto. Ball has since disappeared, leaving unpaid the balance due on the watch.

Garlick notified the young lady that the watch was not paid for, and in reply received to-day the statement that she was not responsible for her lover's debts, and she will retain possession of the watch.

KILLED BY TELEPHONE POLE. William Cronie Crushed to Death on

Toronto, Nov. 7.—Whilst assisting in the taking down of telephone poles on Yonge street between Macpherson avenue and Roxborough street last night, William Cronie, aged 35, 93 Duke street, was instantly killed by the pole falling was instantly killed by the pole falling on him. Cronie was at the top of the pole and coming down. When half way down Cronie lost his hold and fell and the pole, which was being cut down with axes, fell with him and crushed him under its weight on the sidewalk. Cronie is a single man.

ORIENTAL IMMIGRATION.

Eight Thousand Japanese Arrived British Columbia This Year. Vancouver, Nov. 6 .- Figures supplied

by the Dominion Immigration Agent, Dr. Monro, show that fully 6,000 of the Ja-panese arriving in British Columbia Monro, snow that ruly 6,000 of the Ja panese arriving in British Columbi-since January 1 are still in the Province The figures of Oriental immigration are: Japanese, 8,000; Hindus, 2,000; Chinese 300

AGAIN IS UNDER ARREST.

Fire Chief Charged With Incendiarism at Blind River.

at Blind River, Ont., Nov. 6.—Chief Raymond, of the Blind River Fire Department, was again arrested in connection with the incendiary fires, and at a hearing last night, before Magistrate Williams, was remanded until Tuesday. Three others, the Ouellette brothers and one Dorian, were also taken in charge in connection with the charge and will appear with Raymond next week.

Winnipeg milling companies have reduced the price of all grades of flour ten cents a sack.

Only One "BROMO QUININE," that is Laxative Bromo Quinine & Therewood on every Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

RAILWAYS

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SINGLE FARE

Ontario Horticultural Exhibition

TORONTO Tickets good going Nov. 13th and 14th. Valid for return until Nov. 16th, 1907. Full information may be obtained from Chas. E. Morgan, City Agent; W. G. Webster. Depot Agent; or write to J. D. McDonald, D.P.A., Union Station, Toronto, Ont.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Ontario Horticultural Exhibition

\$1.15 **TORONTO**

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Wed. and Nov. 13 AND .14 Return limit Nov. 16

SPLENDID NEW SERVICE SPOKANE-PORTLAND ASK THE AGENT

Full information at Hamilton offices: W. J. Grant, corner James and King St., A. Craig, C.P.R. Hunter St. Station, or write C. B. Foster, D.P.A., C.P.R., Toronto

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\$9.40

Via New York Central Railway. (Except Empire State Express). ONLY RAILROAD landing PASSEN in the HEART OF THE CITY (42nd Station). New end elegant buffer were accomposable.

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Moose Caribou Dear

Bear

New Brunswick Quebec

Nova Scotia (Moose only.)

October 1st.

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the Micmacs Big Game of the Southwest Miramich!

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Lake Champlain ...
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Lake Manitoba ...

REDUCTION IN RATES. Until further notice the following rates first and second, eastbound and westbound, will be effective: "Empreses," 1st. 355 and upwards; 2ad., \$42.50 and \$45. "Lake Maultobe," let., \$45 and upwards; 2ad., \$42.50 and \$45. "Lake Champlain" and, "Lake Erie" (one class boats only) \$40 and \$42.50.

For further particulars apply to Steamship agents.

For further particulars apply to Steam-ship agents.
Until further notice the following 1st and addresses as the control of the following 1st and cable rates castbound (i.e., Montreal to Liverpoot), will be effective:
Empresses (int) \$35.00 and upwards.
Empresses (int) \$35.00 and upwards.
Lake Manitoba (ist) \$45.00 and upwards.
Lake Manitoba (2nd) \$37.50.
Lake Champiain and Lake Erig (one class bosts) \$40 and \$42.50.

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For full particulars apply to Steamship

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Kensington, Nov. 9.
Southwark, Nov. 16.
Chanda, Dec. 7.
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Chanda Is one of the fastest and most comfortable steamers in the Canadian trade.
The Ottawa holds the record for the fast-est passage between Montreal and Liverpool.
First-class rate, \$50; second-class, \$37.50 and unwards, according to steamer.
MODERATE RATE SERVICE.
To Liverpool, \$40.60 and \$42.50.
To London, \$2.50 additional.
Third-class to Liverpool, London, London-derry. Belfast, Glasgow, \$77.50.
MONTREAL TO BRISTOL (Avonmouth).
Englishman, Oct. 26.
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TRAVELERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM,
Niagara Falls, New York-"2.30 a. m., "5.67 p. m., "5.67 p. m., "7.65 p. m., "7.65 p. m., "7.65 p. m., "7.65 p. m., "5.67 p. m., "7.65 p. m., "7.65 p. m., "1.120 a. m., "5.65 p. m., "9.65 p. m., "11.20 a. m., "1.20 a. m., "9.65 p. m., 11.20 a. m., "1.20 a. m., "6.65 p. m., "9.65 p. m., 11.20 a. m., "6.67 p. m., "9.68 p. m., "9.68 p. m., "9.68 p. m., "1.20 a. m., "6.69 p. m., "1.20 a. m., "6.69 p. m., "5.35 p. m., "1.20 a. m., "8.46 p. m., "5.35 p. m., 11.45 p. m., "2.45 p. m., "5.35 p. m., 11.45 p. m., "2.45 p. m., "7.60 p. m., "1.20 a. m., "8.46 p. m., "1.76 p. m., "1.80 a. m., "8.46 p. m., "1.76 p. m., "1.80 a. m., "8.46 p. m., "1.76 p. m., "1.80 p. m., "1. GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

7.40 a. m.—For Toronto, Lindsay, Boboaygeon, Peterboro, Tweed, Kingston, Ottawa,
Monireal, Quebec, Sherbrooke, St. John, N.
B. Hailfax, N. S., and all points in Maritime
Frovinces and New England States. Tettenham, Beeton, Alliston, Craighurst, Bala and
the state of the state of the state of the state

10.00 a.m.—[Oally)—For Toronto.

12.25 p. m.—For Toronto, Fort William,
Winnipeg, and all points in the Northwest
and British Columbia.

3.10 p. m.—For Toronto, Myrtle, Lindsay,
Bobcaygeon, Peterboro, Tweed, Brampton,
Fergus, Elora, Orangeville, Owen Sound,
Arthur, Mount Forest, Harriston, Wingham,
Alliston, Craighurst, and intermediate of the state of th

Acticham, Alliston, Craighurst, vangham, mediate stations.

Arthur Mount Forest, Harriston, Wingham, and thermediate stations.

S. 15 p. — For Toronto, Peterboro, S. 15 p. — Sor Toronto, Peterboro, Ottawa, Montroalily for Toronto, Peterboro, Ottawa, Montroalily for Toronto, Peterboro, Indiana, Montroalily States, Marie, For William, Winnipeg, Canadian Service, S. 15 p. — William, Winnipeg, Canadian peterboro, and Petilab Columbia points.

Trains arrive—8:45 a. m. (daily), 19.25 a.m., (daily), and 2:10, 4:40, 6:15 (daily), 8:19 and 10:25 p. m.

TORONTO, HAMILTON & BUFFALO RAILWAY.

Arrive Hamilton **8.40 a. m...Detroit, Chicago and Toiedo express **8.55 a. m. **8.40 a. m. ...Detroit, Chicago and Teledo express ... **5.55 a. m. *9.45 a. m. ...Brantford and Wat**12.79 p. m. ..Brantford and Wat**12.79 p. m. ..Brantford and Wat**14.45 p. m. ..Detroit, Chicago, Toledo and Cholmanti express ... **3.10 p. m.

**7.40 p. m. ..Brantford, Waterford
and St. Thomas ... *8.30 p. m.
Sleeping cars on Michigan Central connecting at Waterford.
Dally.

HAMILTON RADIAL ELECTRIC RAIL-

HAMILTON RADIAL ELECTRIC RAILROAD—TIME TABLE.

Taking effect October 1st. 1897.

Cars leave Hamilton for Burlington and intermediate points—6.19, 7.10, 8.00, 9.19, 10.10, 11.10, 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 2.10, 4.10, 5.30, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10.

Cars leave Hamilton for Burlington and Oakville—6.10, 8.00, 10.30, 1.30, 2.30, 5.19, 8.50, 17.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10, 12.10, 10.10

ville. Some service of the service o These cars stop at all stations between Cars leave Burlington for Hamilton and in-Eridge and No. 12 station.

HAMILTON & DUNDAS RAILWAY. MERK DAV & ERVICE.

Leave Uundus-6.00 7.15, 8.05, 9.15, 10.15
11.16 a. m., 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, 3.15, 4.13, 9.15
6.15, 7.16, 8.15, 9.30, 10.30, 11.16 p. m.
Leave Hamilton-6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.5
11.15 a.m., 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 6.15, 6.15, 6.15, 6.15
7.15, 8.15, 9.20, 10.30, 11.15 p. in.

SUNDAY SERVICE.

Leave Dundas-8.30, 10.00, 11.45 a. m., 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.15, 10.15
p. m.

p. m. Leave Hamilton—9.15, 11.00 a. m., 12.40, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.40, 8.30, 9.15, 10 15 HAMILTON, GRIMSEY & BEAMS-VILLE ELECTRIC RAILWAY. VILLE ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Leave Hamilton—7.3, 8.10, 9.13, 19.10 a.m., 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 2.10, 4.10, 6.10, 6.19, 7.10, 8.19, 9.10, 10.10, 2.10, 2.10, 4.20, 6.10, 6.19, 7.10, 8.19, 9.10, 10.10, 10.10, 10.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.12, 1.15 a. m. 12.15, 1.52, 1.52, 5.15, 6.15, 6.15, 1.53, 9.40, m. 12.15, 1.54, 1.52, 1.52, 1.53, 6.15, 1.54,

HAMILTON STEAMBOAT CO.

TIME TABLE.

Leave Hamilton 9 a. m. Leave Beach 9.20 m. Arrive Toronto 11.45 a. m.

Leave Toronto 4.30 p. m. Arrive Beach 6.55 m. Arrive Hamilton 7.15 p. m.

Only 1 Dollar

For a good stem-wind and stem-set Watch. New make; good timekeeper; have sold over 50 of them in a short time. You need one to save your good watch.

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