AT R. McKAY & CO'S. MONDAY, NOV. 29, 1909

Monday Sale Events that will Interest You

On sale sharp at 8.30 Monday morning the following special lines and at prices that beckons every woman to come and save. And as a double attraction you will find on display the very latest in Christmas novelties brought together from every quarter of the globe in endless varieties. Many lines priced Monday for quick selling. Come.

Our Special 79c Glove

Is well worthy of mention—a glove we bought specially to sell at 79c. On account of their being slightly soiled or damaged; a splendid general purpose glove for business wear or in carrying a bag or parcels; 2 domes, silk stitched points, in black, white, grey and tan. Monday morning we place on sale about 75 more pairs of these gloves for only 79c

Wool Golf Gloves 50c

Ladies' Wool Golf Gloves in assorted colors, all sizes, two dome or Jersey wrist. Regular 65c, for..... 50c

Ladies' Cashmere Gloves 29c

Ladies' Cashmere Gloves, silk lining, 2 domes, silk stitching in points, in navy, brown, black and white; regular 35c value, Monday 29c

Buy Dress Goods for Xmas Gifts--You Can Save Here Monday

Regular $1 Stripe Venetian Suiting for 69c Yard

This is a late shipment of nifty Stripe Suitings; on sale in perfect colors of rose, wistaria, Burgundy, taupe, elephant, navy, brown, myrtle and black. If you want a nifty suit or dress length, come Monday and view this line; worth regular $1.00, sale price Monday .... 69c yard

Not a Day Too Early to Get Ready For Christmas---Ribbons For Fancy Work Are Ready Now

Lovely soft Ribbons from abroad, and in such superb shades, making them so adaptable for Christmas gifts. Narrow Ribbons for beading, trimmings and rosettes; wider Ribbons for opera bags, sashes, bows, millinery, etc., and at prices that afford a pretty and pleasing gift for little money. Two enticing items for Monday's selling.

Taffeta With Velvet Stripes 59c Yard

Taffeta Ribbon, with velvet stripe, in all colors, makes a handsome bag for Christmas gifts, special on Monday at 59c per yard, regularly sold for $1.00 yard.

Dresden Ribbon, Regular 50c, For 29c

Dresden Ribbon, 6 inches wide, in demand for bags, mufflers, talcum powder holders and all kinds of fancy work, special showing Monday; come early and get the best patterns, regular 50c yard, for 29c

Special in Net Waists For Monday

$5 Net Waists For $3.49—Third Floor

Ecru and white Net Waists, made with yoke and all-over embroidered front below yoke, silk slip, tucked back and sleeves, all sizes, worth regular $5.00, Monday's sale price $3.49

Monday Reductions in Housefurnishing Department

The past week has been a remarkable selling week in our Lace Curtain Department, owing to the fact that we have been offering Curtains, both in quality and price, to suit our customers. Come on Monday and secure the same bargains

Regular $1.35, sale 97c
Regular $2.25, sale $1.48
Regular $2.75, sale $1.97
Regular $4.25, sale $2.88
Regular $5.00, sale $3.49
Regular $6.00, sale $4.18

Pretty Swiss Point Curtains

In neat, effective open designs, overlock edges, that wear well; dainty enough and pretty enough for any room.

Regular $4.50, sale $3.48
Regular $5.50, sale $3.98
Regular $6.50, sale $4.95

Art Denim

36 inches wide, in colors of green, red, navy and fawn, etc.

Regular 35c, sale 25c
Regular 40c, sale 30c

Sale of Comforters

Full size, choice paterns, in assorted colors, best quality and nicely quilted.

Regular $3.50, sale $2.18
Regular $4.00, sale $2.48
Regular $5.00, sale $3.48

Tapestry Portiers

Regular $3.50, sale $2.47
Regular $5.00, sale $3.48

These Portieres are in a nice soft good hanging quality, full size, and in colors of green, red, fawn, blue, etc., and will certainly beautify any bare door or arch. Fast colors.

White Wool Blankets Reduced

Regular $5.00, sale $3.75
Regular $6.00, sale $4.18
Regular $7.00, sale $5.50
Regular $8.50, sale $6.45
Regular $9.50, sale $7.25

Full size, unshrinkable pure wool; made from the best quality yarn. THESE ARE GOOD VALUE.

50c Art Cretonnes 33c

Nice assortment of patterns, suitable for bed hangings or coverings.

Special Values

Tray Cloths

Plain Hemstitched Tray Cloths for embroidering, 18x27, pure linen, 39 and 50c

Black Pony Cloths

54 inch Pony Cloth, rich Lustrous black, scarce goods, special $3.00 yd.

Quilted Lining 75c

Quilted Sateen lining for Opera Cloaks, Jackets, Mufflers, etc., black, sky, grey and cream, special 75c yd.

Flannelette 10c

36 inch Striped Flannelette, soft, fleecy finish, splendid range of patterns, worth 12½c, for 10c

Odd Napkins

Odd Napkins, hemmed, ready for use, ⅝ size, worth $1.65 dozen for ..... 8½c each

Pillow Cotton 22c Yard

Best quality Circular Pillow Cotton, 42 and 44 inch, special .... 22c yard

Monday is Bargain Day in Kimono Cloth

Kimono Cloth, Regular 25c, Monday 10c Yard

Pretty Kimono Cloths, in red and tan grounds, with fancy ring designs, in white and with Paisley borders, 36 inches wide and regular 25c, Monday ..... 10c yard

Vesting 19c Yard

Fancy White Satin finished Vestings, with drawn work, stripe and floral and spot patterns, worth 25c yard, special price ..... 19c yard

Special Prices For Quick Selling in Carpets, Linoleums, Etc.

Tapestry Rugs

Tapestry Rugs, size 3 x 3½ yards, full range, worth $10.00, special only $8.50

Scotch Linoleums 45c

4 pieces Heavy Scotch Linoleum, well seasoned, 4 yards wide, in floral, tile and block patterns, worth 60c, special, only 45c

R. McKAY & CO.

A Spanish Beauty

"When she fled from me, I pursued and strove to find her in vain. I continued the search for months, and only gave it up when the conviction forced itself upon we that she had died a suicide's death. I remained with her parents while they lived, and for her sake was to them as a son. You say she was jealous. That was impossible. I do not think there was a woman in Toronto of whom she could be jealous, that I knew, even by name."

"In Toronto!" Minnette said, scornfully. "Who said in Toronto? No, my Lord Roderick Desmond, she was jealous of no woman in Toronto! Her rival was the—Lady Inez!"

At the sound of the name so long unheard, the man beside her started as though the ghost of his dead youth had risen before him. His face, pale before blanched to a dead, startled white.

The little actress saw, and laughed aloud.

"I know, you see! No wonder Monsieur Drummond, the teacher of English and mathematics, looked so like an exiled prince. It came naturally. And I am the daughter of my lord, Earl of Clontarf! Fine antecedents for the little American actress! No, Lord Desmond—Colonel Drummond—whichever you like—my mother feared no rival in Toronto. Her rival, who kept your heart from her, was far away in another land. None the less surely, though, was the work done, and her heart broken."

Colonel Drummond listened in pale amaze. But the calm of long habit was back when he spoke.

"How you have learned all this is a profound mystery to me. How your mothere could ever have heard the name you have uttered is still a greater mystery. Certainly it was not from my lips. But all this is beside the question. The past is dead. Let it rest. Whatever I nave been, I am now, and will ever be—plain Robert Drummond. I never was unkind, or unjust, or unfaithful to your dead mother. I tried, to the best of my ability, to make her happy. If she had been a little more patient—waited a little longer—all would have been well. You would have grown up to love me as a child should love its father. My daughter, I am a solitary, a lonesome man—you a litle waif, afloat in a wicked world. Let us bury our dead past, let the future atone for all that is gone. Let me claim you as my child—give you my name and home. Already I love you; you will soon learn to love me. Minnette—my daughter—come!"

He opened his arms. She looked up into his face—glowing, earnest, noble, good. Her heart went out to him with a great bound; her color came and went; a mighty struggle rent her. But the fierce, indomitable pride of the little firebrand held her back.

"Come," he said, the deep, rich tones very sweet—"come, my little wandering child—my poor litle nameless darling! Forgive and forget the past! Come and brighten my lonely life! Come! You, at least, shall never regret it."

He made a step toward her. But she shrunk away, almost in affright.

"No, no, no!" she cried, wildly. "Not yet! Ah, my God! I swore to hate you, and I cannot—I cannot! Leave me, Colonel Drummond. I will not go!"

He saw how excited she was, how she trembled like a leaf with the passionate emotion within her, and he yielded at once.

"I will go, my child," he said, very, very gently. "But first let me hear from your lips that you do not think me altogether the base and unworthy wretch you have thought me. Tell me this, Minnette, and bid me come again. I cannot, I will not give up my daughter!"

She looked up at him suddenly, and stretched forth her hand, great tears standing in her dark eyes.

"I do believe it. For the rest I can promise nothing. Come or not as you like it; only leave me now."

"I will come to-morrow," he answered pressing the hand she gave him between both of his. "Until then, my child, adieu, and God bless you!"

The door closed behind him, and Minnette flung herself on the sofa, and buried her face in the pillows, hating herself for the weakness she felt—for turning traitor to her dead mother at a few pleading words from this man.

And yet, how good, how great, how noble he looked! How brave she knew him to be! And Minnette adored bravery. How true and earnest his eyes were as he spoke! And that lost mother had been passionate and wayward, and rash and impulsive. What if, after all, the fault had been her own, not his?

"She would have him marry her," she thought, "knowing well he did not love her. Passionate reproaches, sullen jealousies, were not the means afterward to win that love. And it might have come with time. She fled from him with his child. Ah, Heaven! who is to teach me what is right? I don't want to yield after all these years, and yet, if I see him again, I know I shall."

Her musings were interrupted by the sudden entrance of Madame Michaud.

"Pardon, mam'selle! Monsieur Trevannance is at the door."

Minnette sat up. She pushed her tangled curls away from her temples, and with that name all the bitterness came back. She was an earl's daughter, and his equal by right, and yet he came here to make love to the little actress—whose name he would not dare mention to the lady he had left behind in England.

At least, he would learn to-day whether she was to be insulted with impunity. She sat up very erect, and all the old light and fire came back to the black eyes.

The dusky face was strangely pale, and its pallor contrasted with the fiery glitter of her eyes.

"Admit Monsieur Trevannance," she said, with a superb wave of her hand, as a princess condescending to admit to an audience her slave.

Madame hastened away to do her bidding, wondering to herself.

"What is it with the Red Queen," she thought, "that she receives to-day all who come?"

Perhaps Monsieur Trevannance was agreeably surprised also. It was but the second time he had ever crossed that threshold. Did she know he was going away, that she was thus unusually gracious? She did not look especially gracious as he entered and bowed before her.

The pale face, glittering eyes and set, unsmiling mouth said, very plainly:

"Not at home to suitors!"

"Good day, Monsieur Trevannance," said mademoiselle, brusquely. "This is an unlooked-for honor. To what do I owe it?"

They had not spoken before since that memorable evening on the street, when she had threatened to give him in charge. Her look and tone were not one with more cordial than they had been then.

"Mademoiselle," he said, courteously, "I have come to beg your pardon. I fear (most unintentionally on my part) that I deeeply offended you the other evening. You will not be implacable, I trust, to me, whose only offence is—admiring you too greatly!"

"As how did you offend?" mademoiselle responded, with supreme carelessness. "I have forgotten. Oh, by following me on the street! My dear Monsieur Trevannance," with a light laugh, "what very unnecessary trouble you have given yourself! Why, I had forgotten the offence and the offender five minutes after."

She looked up in his face with the old audacious, provoking smile he knew so well, on the stage and off it. The color came again to the brunette cheeks.

She made a wonderfully pretty picture, lying carelessly back in her low seat, her little ringed hands crossed on her lap.

"Then you are to be envied, Mignonnette. You have accomplished what I never can."

"And that is —" arching her black brows.

"Forgetfulness! As long as I remember anything, I shall remember—Mignonnette!"

"Mademoiselle, if you please, sir!" the fairy actress said, waving her hand magnificently. "Only my friends have the right to call me by that name."

"Among whom I am not numbered?"

"Most certainly not. A gentleman who, on more than one occasion, has insulted me—no need to stare, sir; I repeat, insulted me—can scarcely hope to be numbered in the list of my friends."

"Insulted, mademoiselle?" Trevannance repeated. "You will pardon me if I say I am utterly at a loss to comprehend you. It is not my habit to insult any woman, much less the woman I—love."

"There it is again!" Minnette said in her most careless tone. "That is the insult. It is the third or fourth time you have told me you love me. What do you call that but an insult?"

"I protest," began Trevannance, half laughing, "it is the first time I have ever been told so, and I—"

"Have made the same declaration to a dozen actresses before, no doubt!" interrupted Minnette, bitterly. "But there are actresses and actresses, sir, as you will find. You love me, you say. I laughed at it before, now let me treat it in earnest. Let me ask you a question. The man who loves a woman should marry her. Monsieur Trevannance, do you wish to marry me?"

She rose as she spoke, her little, slim figure drawn up, her haughty head thrown back, with as lofty a grace as the Lady Evelyn herself, the great black eyes dilated, and fixed on the half-smiling, handsome face before her.

"Do you wish to marry me?" Minnette repeated. "Is that what you mean when you say you love me?"

He colored in spite of himself, and, for once, all his long-trained and perfect self-possession failed to find a reply.

"I am answered," she said, very quietly. "I am a little, friendless, unprotected girl, forced to starve, or earn my living by the one only means in my power. Therefore, all you high-born, high-bred gentlemen have a perfect right to insult me, if you choose. I am pretty and young, and lawful prey to be hunted down, whether I will or no. As a great lady once said to an English King, 'I am too high to be your mistress, and too low to be your wife!' Take your answer, Monsieur Trevannance, and, with it, take this."

She crossed the room with a stately step and mien of a young empress, and lifted from the table a chain and locket, and presented them to him with a deep bow.

"When you were brought into the hospital, monsieur, this fell from around your neck. I took charge of it, intending, of course, to restore it in a few days; but before I could do so you had made me your first declaration of love. I laughed at you then—as I do now, for that matter—and kept it. That lady, whose name and picture are within, is your plighted wife, is she not, monsieur And you go to England next week to wed her? And you thought the flighty little actress, without name, or home, or parents, or friends, was in love with your handsome face, and would only too gladly accept your left hand, while you honored by Lady Evelyn with your right? That was your mistake, you see. Don't fret for me, monsieur. I am altogether heart-whole, where you are concerned!" She laughed saucily up in his face as she said it. "Permit me to thank you for all the pretty bouquets and the love you have so freely lavished upon me, and to say a pleasant voyage, and—farewell!"

She made him a low, sweeping stage courtesy, the pretty, piquant face all dimpling with laughing light, and was gone from the room before he could speak.

CHAPTER V.

The afternoon sunlight brightened the hospital wards, and the many lying in their infinite misery of pain and fever watched it wearily with their dulled, aching eyes.

The man to whose story the little actress had listened the evening before gazed at the golden glory on the white walls, as he tossed restlessly on his feverish couch. He was wondering why Minnette had not been there, with the letter she had promised to write for him, long before.

"It is not like the Red Queen to delay," he thought. "Something out of the common has kept her this time."

"Am I late, Mike?" a voice said, close to his ear. "I didn't want to be recognized on the street, and I have been too busy to come earlier. How are you today, Mike?"

"Doing well, they say," Mike responded, with a half groan. "As if one could do well cooped up here! And the letter, ma'm'selle?"

"I haven't written the letter. There!" as Mike turned his eyes in wistful surprise and reproach on her face. "No need to look like that. There was no occasion to write. I have done much better. I have found—now, don't jump, Mike; you'll displace the bandages—I have found Robert Drummond—your Robert Drummond!"

The man uttered a cry. His face blanched, his eyes dilated.

"Miss Minnettte! For the love of Heaven——"

"Now, now, now, Mike! I told you not to excite yourself. Yes, your Robert Drummond is alive and well—he who was once Lord Roderick Desmond! I saw him and shook hands with him, not three hours ago. Why do you stare? What is there wonderful in it? You never heard he was dead, did you?"

"No, but— Oh, ma'm'selle!" with passionate excitement, "for the love of God, tell me all! Who is he? Where is he? How came you to know him? Does he know I am here? When shall I see him? Speak quick, for Heaven's love!"

Minnette laughed—her sweet, silvery, girlish laugh.

(To be Continued.)

HOPE HALL.

The Work of the Salvation Army Rescue Home.

Touching Story Told by Ensign Price, Matron.

The annual report of the Hamilton Salvation Army Rescue Home has just been issued. As Times readers know, it has been instrumental in doing much good among the unfortunate and erring, and has the hearty support of the citizens in its work. The expenditure for the year was a little over $3,000, leaving an empty exchequer.

The following extract from the report will be read with interest:

How often do we hear the sad words—"Oh! if I could only wake up and find it to be all a dream." Alas! it is not a dream, but a sad reality to the poor fallen girl, who has become the victim of a too trusting confidence in those who have first sought to win, and then to betray, with a betrayal that is worse than death itself; for what is life after virtue and character is gone. Condemn if you will, but in what words shall we their foul purpose. Coward! yes, coward their fou lpurpose. Coward! yes, coward indeed! None but a coward would first seek by false pretenses to win, then deceive, and afterward reject and leave to fate and a cold world, a sad and sorrowful victim.

A dear young girl of 18 years of age came to us the other day to be helped. I said to her: "Have you a mother?" She answered: "Mother died six years ago." "A father?" "No." "Have you any friends?" "I have a brother somewhere in the States, but I don't know where," she replied.

"Why did you come here," I asked, knowing she had come 160 miles. Amidst her sobs, she told me that a few weeks ago, when turning out a cupboard, she saw some old papers, among which she picked up a "War Cry" 8 years old, and in it there was an account of the Hamilton Rescue Home, and some pictures of the Home, and of the Officers and children, and she said she then thought perhaps they would take her. She had no money when she arrived at the station. She was enquiring where the Home was. Just then she noticed a kind Christian lady who lived near the home, and who, after hearing her story, took her to the Home herself.

How glad I was the dear girl fell into such good hands, and what a chain of connecting links! The old "War Cry" served its purpose. The kind-hearted cabman became an Andrew. The appeals to the Christian lady, and she became a Philip, in bringing her to Hope Hall—a place of refuge and safety.

God does indeed know His people by allowing them to become workers together with Him.

DIED QUIETLY.

Spanelli Hanged at North Bay Yesterday.

Radcliffe's Place Taken by Owen Sound Man.

North Bay, Nov. 26.—Sam Spanelli, the young Italian peasant, expiated his crime of murder on the scaffold early this morning. Spanelli's last thoughts were of his mother, and his last hours on earth were spent in composing a letter to his parent telling her that his life must be given up to satisfy the law for taking another's life.

Radcliffe, the official hangman, who had been engaged to do the hanging failed to show up or send any word in reply to urgent messages, the job being filled at the eleventh hour by a man who gave the name of Jack Thompson, of Owen Sound, who arrived late last night. Thompson is a man of about 55 years, of large, heavy physique, slow of movement, and quiet to the verge of taciturnity. Thompson, when questioned, claimed that this was not his first hanging, but refused to give any details, further than that he had taken Radcliffe's place at the last moment to oblige the Department of Justice.

Last night Spanelli was visited twice by his spiritual adviser, Father Terrault, and passed a rather restless night, being up several times.

Spanelli walked calmly to the scaffold, never making a sound or sign, and faced death with supreme nerve. Life was declared extinct at 7.17 o'clock, 13 3-4 minutes after the trap fell. He was convicted before Judge Riddell for killing a young Chinese, Ming Chew, in a restaurant brawl at Haileybury on July 30, using a dirk twelve inches long. Special precautions were taken by Sheriff Varin last night, in view of rumors that the prisoner was a Black Hand leader, and that Italians were coming into town in large numbers in pursuance of a plot to dynamite the jail. Four extra constables were placed on duty, but nothing occurred to cause trouble.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

TO EXHUME BODIES.

Crown to Stave Off Possible Attack of McLaughlin's Counsel.

Uxbridge, Ont., Nov. 26.—Since the departure of Archibald McLachlan from town last evening, the excitement of the inquest and trial is gradually dying away.

A reporter learned to-day on good authority that the bodies of the deceased woman and boys will be exhumed, and a further analysis made of various organs of the bodies, this being necessary owing to the fact that Dr. W. C. Shier, who had charge of the post-mortem, had left the stomach of the dead woman in the undertaking establishment from Saturday afternoon until Sunday afternoon before it was properly sealed and handed over to the authorities.

The exhuming will then shut out any argument by the defence that the stomach might have been tampered with while it was in the box in the undertaker's establishment.

Half a lemon dipped in salt and rubbed on discolored ivory knife handles will restore them to their original whiteness. After this is done the knives should be washed in hot water.

Only One "BROMO QUININE" that is Laxative Bromo Quinine Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days E. W. Grove on every box. 25c

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Niagara Falls, New York—*2.27 a.m., *5.57 a.m., †9.05 a.m., *10.05 a.m., 3.05 p.m., *4.20 p.m.
St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo—*5.57 a.m., †9.05 a.m., *10.05 a.m., †11.20 a.m., *2.20 p.m., *3.35 p.m., †5.45 p.m., †7.20 p.m.
Grimsby, Beamsville, Merritton—†9.05 a.m., †11.20 a.m., †5.45 p.m.
Detroit, Chicago—*1.15 a.m., *8.50 a.m., *9.05 a.m., *3.45 p.m., *6.40 p.m.
Brantford—*1.15 a.m., †7.05 a.m., †7.55 a.m., *8.50 a.m., *9.05 a.m., †1.55 p.m., *3.45 p.m., *5.40 p.m., †7.10 p.m.
Woodstock, Ingersoll, London—*1.15 a.m., †7.55 a.m., *8.50 a.m., *9.05 a.m., *3.45 p.m., *5.45 p.m., †7.10 p.m.
St. George—†7.55 a.m., †3.33 p.m., †7.10 p.m.
Burford, St. Thomas—†9.05 a.m., †3.45 p.m.
Guelph, Palmerston, Stratford and North—†7.55 a.m., †3.33 p.m.
Galt, Preston, Hespeler—†7.55 a.m., †3.33 p.m., †7.10 p.m.
Jarvis, Port Dover, Tillsonburg, Simcoe—†9.05 a.m., †9.15 a.m., †5.50 p.m., ‡†6.00 p.m.
Georgetown, Allandale, North Bay, Collingwood, etc.—†7.10 a.m., †4.05 p.m.
Barrie, Orillia, Huntsville—†7.10 a.m., *11.15 a.m., and *9.05 p.m.
North Bay and points in Canadian North west—†11.15 a.m., *9.05 p.m.
Toronto—†7.00 a.m., †7.50 a.m., *9 a.m., *10.45 a.m., †11.15 a.m., †11.30 a.m., *2.30 p.m., *3.45 p.m., †5.35 p.m., *7.05 p.m., *8.55 p.m., *9.05 p.m.
Burlington, Port Credit, etc—†7.00 a.m., †11.30 a.m., †5.35 p.m.
Port Hope, Cobourg, Belleville, Brockville, Montreal and East—†7.50 a.m., *7.05 p.m., *8.55 p.m., *9.05 p.m.
Lindsay, Peterboro—†11.30 a.m., †3.40 p.m., †5.35 p.m.

*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday. ‡From King street depot.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

7.40 a.m. for Toronto, Lindsay, Bobcaygeon, Tweed, Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Sherbrooke, St. John, N.B., Halifax, N.S., also for Alliston, Coldwater and Bala, and all points in the Maritime Provinces and New England States.
8.35 a.m. for Toronto.
10.00 a.m. (daily) for Toronto.
12.25 p.m. for Toronto, Guelph, Elmira, Milverton and Goderich.
3.15 p.m. (daily), for Toronto, Myrtle, Lindsay, Bobcaygeon, Peterboro, Tweed, Brampton, Fergus, Elora, Orangeville, Owen Sound, Arthur, Mount Forest, Harriston, Wingham, Coldwater and immediate stations.
5.05 p.m. for Toronto.
8.15 p.m. for Toronto, Peterboro, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Sherbrooke, Portland and Boston, also for Alliston, Coldwater, Bala, Parry Sound, Sudbury, Sault Ste. Marie, Fort William, Winnipeg, Canadian Northwest, Kootenay and British Columbia points.
Trains leave Toronto 7.50 a.m., (daily), 9.20 a.m. (daily), 1.15 p.m., 3.45 p.m., 5.20 p.m., (daily), 7.10 p.m., 11.10 p.m.

TORONTO HAMILTON & BUFFALO RAILWAY.

Arrive Hamilton		Leave Hamilton
*2.05 p.m.	Niagara Falls and Buffalo Express	*8.55 a.m.
*8.05 p.m.	Buffalo and New York Express	*10.35 a.m.
*9.55 a.m.	Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York and Boston Express	*6.25 p.m.
**7.35 a.m.	Buffalo accommodation	**4.55 p.m.
	Buffalo & New York Express	**8.15 p.m.
**12.20 p.m.	Buffalo, Pittsburg and Boston Express	**2.20 p.m.

Sleeping car and parlor car on train leaving Hamilton at 6.25 p.m., and on train arriving at 9.55 a.m. Dining car and parlor car on trains leaving Hamilton at 8.55 a.m. and arriving at 8.05 p.m. Pullman parlor cars on all through trains.

Train leaving Hamilton at 8.15 p.m. daily, except Sunday, has Pullman sleeping car, Hamilton to New York.

Arrive Hamilton		Leave Hamilton
*8.30 a.m.	Detroit, Chicago and Toledo Express	**8.55 a.m.
**12.20 a.m.	Brantford and Waterford Express	**10.40 a.m.
**9.53 p.m.	Brantford, Waterford and St. Thomas Express	**6.30 p.m.
**3.05 p.m.	Detroit, Chicago, Toledo and Cincinnati Express	**3.08 p.m.
**7.40 p.m.	Brantford, Waterford and west	*8.20 p.m.

Sleeping cars on Michigan Central connecting at Waterford and west.
*Daily.
**Daily, except Sunday.

HAMILTON & DUNDAS RAILWAY

Terminal Station—*6.15, *7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 a.m., 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, *11.15 p.m.
Leave Hatt St. Station, Dundas—*6.00, *6.15, *7.15, 8.05, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 a.m., 12.15, 1.15 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, *11.15 p.m.
*Daily, except Sunday.

HAMILTON RADIAL ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Hamilton to Burlington and Oakville—*6.10, *7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 a.m., 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, *11.10 p.m.
Burlington to Hamilton—*6.00, *7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00 a.m., 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00 10.00, *11.00, 12.00 p.m.
Oakville to Hamilton—7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a.m., 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, *10.30, 11.30, *12.30.
*Daily, except Sunday.

BRANTFORD & HAMILTON RAILWAY.

Leave Hamilton—*6.30, *7.45, 9.00, 10.30 a.m., 12.00, 1.30, 3.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.00, *11.00 p.m.
Leave Brantford—*6.30, *7.45, 9.00, 10.30 a.m., 12.00 1.30, 3.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.00, *11.00 p.m.
*Daily, except Sunday.

HAMILTON, GRIMSBY & BEAMSVILLE ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Leave Hamilton—*6.10, *7.10, *8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 a.m., *12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, *10.10, *11.10 p.m.
Leave Beamsville—*5.40, *6.40, 7.40, 8.40, 9.40, *10.40, 11.40 a.m., 12.40, 1.40, 2.40, 3.40, 4.40, 5.40, 6.40, 7.40, 8.40, *9.40, *10.40.
*Daily, except Sunday.

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Dec. 24	Steamer	Dec. 10
Dec. 31	Corsican (Chartered)	Dec. 17
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