TEA CEYLON in Sealed Lead Packets only? It is because the leaded airtight packets preserve the quality and aroma, and the name "Salada" on each package is your safeguard against imitations. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c.

A Transient Experience

"Now, my dear Gerard," said Mrs. Gladwyn, interposing with cheerful commonplaces. "I cannot allow any scene at all. It would be very bad for No one is to say another word. you. No one is to say another word. Then when you are about again, we can settle how to make it all properly known, and you and Helena can have your honeymoon at last. No, I must insist on beef tea, and no sentiment. Nella, come away. He has to get

"Oh, yes I will," said Gerard, with conviction, "I shall now, but—"
He held her hands tighter, he drew her closer, he raised himself on his pillows, life came back into his face, as she bent towards him, and they kissed each other, owning the bond between them, and yet far more as making it anew. Nella was swept away from him, but

there was no trouble about the beef tea that morning. The needful spur to nerves and will was given. It almost seemed a foregone conclusion, and yet it was as like an outburst

of sunlight when George's message arrived, and they knew that the trouble There was much to be done in the

course of the next week, after a hopeful message had been sent in reply and before any explanatory letters could arrive.

Before they came Gerard had malie such good use of his beef tea, that he was up on the sofa, and was able to discuss the somewhat puzzling ques-tion as to how his relations with Helena could best be made public. It was decided, after full consultation with the Flemings and with Bradbury, that Helena and her aunt should go to the Isle of Wight, and that Helena should there assume her true name and title. Gerard would join them, and would take his wife away with him would take his wife away with him from there, and as soon as they had left Whitebury, Mr. and Mrs. Fleming and Mrs. Gladwyn should make the true story public. There had been a marriage in very early youth, from family reasons arranged for the young people. They had been parted ever since, and had now met again with mutual satisfaction. The circumstances had been known all al ong to the wyn family, and also for some time to Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, with whom Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth-Norman would come and stay, as soon as they returned from what was in fact their wedding tour. When the business which had brought the young man to England had been concluded, they would go out to Atala, where he would be taken into partnership with his late

employer, Mr. Hunter.
This fact was made perfectly clear by the explanatory and apologetic let-ter from Mr. Hunter, which arrived by the first possible post after the telegram, while all the details were clearly explained by George. Mark wrote to his mother, and it seemed to come in with peculiar appropriateness that, "my son Mark, who performed the marriage ceremony when he was curate of Ashdew, is now going to marry Miss Hunter, the daughter of

Gerard Norman's employer."
"It sounded beautiful." as George said, when he came back, "as if old Mark had been in it all along." Georgie arrived two days before Helena and Miss Wynne were to go to Ventnor, and was received by Gerard with quite inexpressible grati-

tude and cordiality.
"It's been such luck your having been in the matter," he said.

"Yes," said George, "you never would have got married at all if I hadn't held the candle on that foggy morning. I've thrown some light on your af airs since. I am fit to

a candle to you, no one can say other. Gerard laughed. The joke seemed to him an excellent one.

"There's one thing more I want you to do for me," he said, coloring up and smiling. "They won't let me up and smiling. "They won't let me out on these damp days. I'm to wait fortnight before I go to Ventnor. I want you to go and get me another ring. She threw the first one away, poor little girl, on the very day, in a passion with her aunt, no wonder. But now, you see, I must give her

"All right." said George, "I'll do it. Do you know I started to come back before the second message arrived, and I did not know till I got back how I should find you. Well—I'll go and

Appetizing

For this season of the year when fresh vegetables are scarce.....

Large 3-lb. tins French String Beans, 20C.

Rodel French Peas, 15c. Rodel Mushrooms, 28c. Whole Tomatoes for slicing, ecc. Canned Corn, Peas, Tomatoes, Beans, French Kidney Beans, Succotash,

Baked Beans, Tomato Sauce. California Prunes, 8c per lb.

California Silver Prunes, 12 1/2c per ib. California Dried Peaches, 100 per lb.

Fitzgerald, Scandreit & Co



buy the wedding ring for her. That will be the finish of it." "Yes," said Gerard, gaily, "the finish of all the queer and uncomfortable part and the beginning of all that's good. For you know, Gladwyn, it would be just the same if we hadn't been married in that absurd fashion, we should have chosen each other the we should have chosen each other the moment we saw one another. It never could have been otherwise."

"The Fates are sometimes kind," said George, "but like all ladies, they are rather capricious."

There was a kind of grim humor in

rapturous surprise. George held in his hand a bunch of lovely white roses, "For Mrs. Wentworth-Norman," he said, and laid them on her lap.

There was an outery and a clapping of hands. "How clever of George!" eried his sisters, and Gerard was radi-

antly delighted.
"You must write a poem about it George," cried Mabel.
"The poem doesn't want writing," he said. "It's here."
There was a great deal of chatter and winth questions from the Flem-

and mirth, questions from the Flemings about Tom Repton's share in the

matter, whispered confidences from Miss Wynne, who seemed to find peni-

tence interesting enough to be endur-

"Well, the queen is on her throne, and the episode's over," George said to her as he walked a little way back

with them when the party broke

and turned them in the right direction.

tet at least, Fanny, I tried."
"I know. It's very strange. I don't

"That's very good," said Fanny. She stopped recupily. It would be too silly

to let tears sound in her voice: George went home to his own room,

and throwing himself into his arm-

arranged his light to fall.
Yes, it had been an episode and it

was over. There had been passion and

tween past and present, and their ef-

shown a specimen of its power. There would be many future demands upon

life, were over for him. There had

It was not only in one short, sharp

and unlucky passion that the nature

inherited from his wild old forefather

It was not only in one short instant that he would need to feel, that the

Spirit which spoke to the old prophet

There was a long life yet to come

And before Fanny Fleming also, there was still a long life; from which

ROOTED TO THE SPOT.

"Ma," said the young fly, "what are

"That's flypaper," said her mother. 'Keep away from it."

"Oh, they look as if they were hold-

ing a convention and couldn't ad-

A HORROR AVOIDED.

"I wonder why whist has to be such

'Why, in old times, Nan, when high-

The first part of an athelete's training re-

It should be every one's care. Life is

struggle for the prize of success. The man who wins must take care of his stomach. It

is not lack of energy or exercise that has caused so many a break-down in the race.

It is neglect of the stomach.
Incessant dull headache aggravated by

eating, flatulence, gnawing in the stomach, heartburn, acid eructations, coated tongue

bad taste in the mouth, nervousness, mental depression, sleeplessness; these are only a few of the symptoms of a weak stomach and an enfeebled condition of the digestive

and an enfeebled condition of the digestive and nutritive functions. Not all these symptoms will be experienced at once, but any one of them means danger.

"It has made a new man of me," is the constant testimony of those who have used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This remarkable remedy has such a perfect

control of the stomach, digestive and assimilative organs and blood making glands that

it speedily corrects the derangements which weaken them, re-establishes them in healthy

weaken them, re-establishes them in healthy working order, so that once more the whole body—blood, brain, nerves and muscles—is nourished, and built up into rugged health.

"Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant. Its protracted use does not create a craving for estimators.

or the dealer's after the dollar and the customer's after the cure. Its the dealer with his eye on the dollar who proposes substitution. Let the customers keep his eye on the cure and insist on "Golden Medical Discovery."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets do not gripe

They effectually cleanse the system of mulated impurities

lates to the care of the stomach. The nour-ishing quality of his food is considered. The quantity he cats is carefully weighed

stances.

had begun. And the Voice,

would come into play.

of Wardale spoke to him.

no possibility was excluded.

all those flies doing?"

silent game, Kitty?"

to call names."

journ.

the background.

An Eleguent and Piercing Protest Against the Dreyfus Infamy.

the fate that sent him to buy Helena's wedding ring, at which he smiled, even while he felt a grlp at his heart.

The commission was duly performed, and when he next saw Helena, she and when he next saw Helena, she was the smilett by Carard's was sitting in the firelight by Gerard's sofe, and the ring was glittering on her finger. The Flemings had come to tea at Corner's, the girls who had been let into the secret were all in manturous surprise. George held in

Nemesis Will Arrive in a Thunderclap Unless Explation Is Made-Denunciation or Military "Justice."

The Herald prints the full text of the sensational letter, "The Fifth Act," which the celebrated novelist, Emile Zola, published on Tuesday in L'Aurore, and which has been printed in large type and is posted up and read

THE FIFTH ACT. I am in mortal fear. It is not anger, avenging indignation, the need to proclaim the crime and demand its punishment in the name of truth and justice. The ideal shall be crucified; the saber must remain ishment in the name of truth and justice that I teel now; it is terror, the sacred terror of the man who sees the impossible being realized, the rivers flowing back to their sources, the earth turning without the sun; and in my fear I cry the distress of our generous and noble France. My dread is of the abyss into which she is falling.

We had fondly imagined that the Rennes court martial was the fifth act of the terrible tragedy which we have able, and a bustle which effectually prevented any one from noting either George's words or looks. Only Fanny Fleming was very quiet, and kept in

of the terrible tragedy which we have been living for close upon two years past. All the dangerous stages seemed to us to have been passed. We thought we were approaching a "denouement" "Yes, George," said Fanny, "and you have helped to set her there."
"Not much of that," said George.
"The kind angels kept the perversity of human wills and affections in order of pacification and concord. After the dreadful battle the victory of right be came inevitable; the play must end happily, with the classic triumph of the innocent.

And we have been deceived! A new feel somehow as if this was my own old Nella. I used to think she would stage opens before us, and that the most unexpected and the most terrifying of all, still further darkening the be a great author, and was too clever to marry, and now—" "The t's and now—"
"A good deal might be made of Canadian local coloring," said George, reflectively. "Good night, Fanny, I am never going to be late for school next term, and after Christmas, I'm going into Devonshire to coach the two Trenthams for the holidays."
"The t's are good," said Eanny, She drama, prolonging it and urging it toward an unknown termination, before which our very reason trembles and grows weak

act be? What new tortures and sufferings will it bring? To what supreme expiation will it force our people? For is it not certain that the innocent cannot be twice condemned, and that such France chair, lit a pipe, and sat looking at old Daniel's picture, on which he had an ending would blot out the sun and arouse the nations?

Ah, that fourth act, that trial at Rennes! In what mortal agony did I not live through it, in that solitude where I had taken refuge in order to disappear from the scene like a good crizen desirous of giving no cause for passion or disorder! With what a tightening of the heart did I not await telegrams, letters, papers, and what restress and peril, during this short three months, they made a barrier befects would never altogether pass away. But life remained, various and full. The Force which had carried him through this experience had only telegrams, letters, papers, and what revolt and what pain did their perusal not cause me! The days of that splenwould be many future demands upon it. George's cargo could never be all in one ship. He had had a sharp wound, but his body, soul and spirit were all too strong to be used up in one encounter. There would be other joys, higher hopes, more violent did month of August were blackened. and never have I felt the gloom and chill of mourning under skies so glori-

Assuredly for two years past I have had my share of suffering. I have heard is not above that sort of thing. the mob shouting death at my heels. I Is all this possible? Are we g struggles before even youth, much less insult and menace. For eighteen months I tasted the despair of exile. been others, not altogether unimport-ant before the transient experience Then there were my two trials—lamentable spectacles of villainy and iniquity! small Voice," for which he had listen-ed on the mountain, and which had But what are my trials in comparison with the trial at Rennes? Idyls, come not in storm and in whirlwind, but in the spiritual depths of his own refreshing scenes where hope flowers, conscience, had a great deal yet to

WITNESS OF MONSTROUS THINGS. We had been witness of monstrous things-the prosecution of Colonel Picquart, the inquiry into the criminal chamber of the court of cassation, the "loi de dessaisissement" which resulted from it. But all that seems childish The lamentable progression has followed its course. The Rennes trial stands out above all like the abominable flower of all these heaped-up dunghills.

We have seen the most extraordinary collection of attempts against truth and justice—a band of witnesses directing the course of the trial, making their plans every night for the cowardly ambush of the morrow, pressing the charge, in place of the public prosecutor, with lies; terrorizing and insulting those who contradicted them, imposing, with the insolence of their stripes and their plumes, upon a tribunat knuckling down to this invasion or their chiefs, visibly annoyed at seeing them in criminal posture, acting in obedience to a peculiar mental process; a grotesque public prosecutor, who en-larges the bounds of imbecility and leaves to future historians a charge whose stupid and muruerous emptiness born ladies got mad at cards, they used will be an eternal cause of wonder: a man of such senile and obstinate cruelty that it seems to be irresponsible, born of a human animal not yet classed; a defense which it was at first endeavored to assassinate, which was atterward made to sit down every time it became troublesome, and which fin-ally was refused permission to produce and measured. It is curious that this care of the stomach is looked upon as an extraordinary thing only to be practiced in special circumthe decisive proof which it demanded,

the only witnesses who know. WOULD MAKE STONES WEEP. And this abomination lasted for a whole month, in face of the innocentthat piteous Dreyfus, the poor shreds of whose humanity would make the very stones weep. And his former comrades came and kicked him, and his former chiefs came and crushed him with their rank, so as to save them-selves from the galleys. And there was never a cry of pity, never a throb or generosity in those shameful souls! And it is our sweet France that has given this spectacle to the world!

When the complete report of the Rennes trial is published there will exist no more execrable monument of human infamy. This is beyond all. Never will a document of such wickedness have been furnished to history. Ignorance, folly, cruelty, falsehood, crime, are displayed there with an impudence that will make future generations shudder. There are in that collection avowals of our baseness at which human nature will blush.

IS DEATH APPROACHING? And it is this that makes me tremble, for in order that such a trial shape have been possible in a nation, that a nation should lay itself open to the nation should lay itself open to the Rennes trial.

On my return to France I hurried to the chergy social and intellectual condition, it must undergo a terrible crisis.

Is it death that is approaching? And what bath of truth, of purity, of equity will save us from the poisonous mud in which we are agonizing?

As I wrote in my letter to the presi dent of the republic, after the scandalous acquittal of Esterhazy, it is impossible for a court-martial to undo what a court-martial has done. This is contrary to discipline, and the judgment of the Rennes court-martial that judgment which in its Jesuitical say yes or no—is the plain proof that military justice is powerless to be just, since it is not free, since it defies evi-

dence almost to the point of again con-demning an innocent man rather than that doubt upon its own infallibility.

Military justice is seen to be nothing more than a weapon of execution in the hands of the commanders. Henceforward it can be but an expeditious form of justice in time of war—it must disappear in time of peace. The nioment it showed itself incapable of equity, of simple logic and of mere ommon sense it condemned itself. Has thought been given to the atroclous situation in which we are made to stand among the civilized nations?

A first court-martial, deceived in its Says France Is Drifting Toward importance of the law and its want of skill in sifting evidence, condemns an innocent man. A second court-martial, which likewise was deceived by a most impudent conspiracy of lies and frauds acquits a guilty man. A third court martial, when light has been thrown on the matter, when the hignese magistracy of the country consents to leave it to the glory of making reparation for an error, dares to deny the full daylight, and a second time finds the innocent guilty.

This is irreparable. The last crime has been committed. Jesus was con-

demned but once. But let final ruin come, let France fall a prey to faction, let the country be aflame and perish in the embers, le the army itself lose honor rather than were llars and forgers. The ideal shall be crucified; the saber must remain king!

And so we find ourselves in this glor lous condition before Europe, before the world! The whole world is convinced of the innocence of Dreyfus. If a doubt had remained in the minds of some far-away race the blinding glare of the Rennes trial would have carried the full light there. All the courts of the powers that are our neighbors are well informed, know the documents, have proof of the worthlessness of three our of our generals and of the shameful paralysis of our military jus-A MORAL SEDAN.

A moral Sedan has been lost-a Sedan a hundredfold more disastrous than that other one, where only blood was

spilt.
And I repeat, what fills me with dread is that this defeat of our honor seems irreparable, for how are we to quash the judgments of three courts-mar-tial? Where shall we find the heroism to confess our fault, to march onward grows weak.

WHAT WILL THE FIFTH ACT BE? the government with courage to be
The Rennes trial was only the fourth act, and, great God, what will the fifth atre the chambers that will understand and act before the inevitable final

The worst of it all is that we have come to a reckoning day of glory. France desires to cerebrate its century of labor, of science, of struggle for liberty, for truth and for justice.

will come; and what they will find will be the innocent twice condemned, truth trampled upon, justice assassinated. We have fallen beneath their contempt, and they will come and laugh at us in our very faces. They will drink our wines, they will kiss our maid servants, as people do in the low-class inn. which

Is all this possible? Are we going to ow our exhibition to be the foul. despised place where the whole world is willing to seek its pleasures only? No! a thousand times no! We must have, and that at once, the fifth act of the monstrous tragedy, even if we have to lose our flesh and blood in the effort. We must have our honor restored before we salute the visiting peoples in a France healed and regenerated.

This fifth act haunts me, and I am ever recurring to it. I am working on it; I build it up in my imagination Has it been noticed that this Dreyfus affair, this gigantic drama which moves the universe, seems to be staged by some sublime dramatist desirous of making it an incomparable master-piece? I will not recall the extraorsouls. At every fresh act passion has swollen, herror has grown more intense. In this lying peace it is fate that has genius. Destiny is there, actuating the players, determining the incidents under the tempest it unchains; and assuredly it wants the masterpiece to be complete and is preparing for us a fifth act-a superhuman act, which will make France glorious once again and replace her in the forefront of the

For you may be sure of this-it was Fate that decreed the supreme crimethe second condemnation of the inno-The crime had to be committed the avenging Nemesis. for the sake of the tragic grandeur, the sovereign beauty, the explation, per-haps, which will allow of the apotheosis, the final transformation scene.

AWAITING THE FINAL ACT. And now that we have sounded the uttermost depths of horror, I await the fifth act, which will end the drama by delivering us, by restoring us to health

and fresh youth.

I will now speak plainly of my fear. It has always been, as I have allowed it to be understood on several occa-sions, that the truth, the decisive, overwhelming proof, should come to us from Germany. We must look the pos-sibility of Germany bringing out the fifth act of the drama in a thunder-clap squarely and courageously in the

Here is my confession: Previous to my trial, in January, 1898

I learned with certainty that Esterhazy was the traitor; that he had supplied M. de Swartzkoppen with a large number of documents; that many of these documents were in his handwriting, and that a complete collection of them was to be found in the war office at Berlin. From that time on I have, as a good

Frenchman, been in constant dread. I thought with terror that Germany, our of tomorrow, would perhaps slap us in the face with the proofs in its possession. Accordingly, with Labori, I decided to cite as witnesses the foreign military attaches. We were well aware we were not likely to bring them to the bar, but we desired to let the government know we knew the truth, in the hope that it would take action

No heed was taken. Mock was made of us. The weapon Germany has in her

see Labor. I insisted, with the energy of despair, on steps being taken to bring the matter before the cabinet, to demonstrate the dreadful character the situation, and to ask if the government would not intervene, so as to obtain the documents for us. That was certainly a most delicate matter. Then there was that unfortunate Dreyfus fo be saved, so that we were prepared to make every concession for fear of irri-tating public opinion, already at a high pitch of excitement. If the court martial acquitted Dreyfus, it thereby de-prived the documents of their nocuous virus; it shattered in the hands of Germany the weapon she might have used. The acquittal of Dreyfus meant the re-

WHATIS CASTOR

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EVERY WRAPPER BEARS THE SIGNATURE OF

TORMENT MORE INTOLERABLE My patriotic forment grew more intelerable when I felt that a court martial was about to aggravate the danger by again condemning the innocent—the man whose innocence would one day be cried aloud by the publication of the

documents in Berlin.

That is why I have never ceased to act, begging M. Labori to demand the documents, the cite M. de Swartzkoppen, who alone can throw full light on the matter, and the day that Labori the matter, and the day that Labori took advantage of the opportunity given him by the accusers bringing to the bar an unworthy foreigner, the day he arose and demanded that the court martial hear the men from whom a sin-gle word would close the affair, he did his duty. His was the heroic voice that nothing can reduce to silence. His de-mand has survived the trial, and must inevitably reopen it and end it once for all by the only possible solution—the acquittal of the innocent.

THE DOCUMENTS WILL BE MADE

PUBLIC. The demand for the documents has been made. Their ultimate production

You see the awful, intolerable danger in which the president of the Rennes court martial has put us by refusing to use his discretionary power to prevent the publication of the documents. Never was anything more brutal! Never was the door so willfully shut upon the truth! And a third court martial was added to the two others, in which the error was so blinding that the denial from Berlin would now condemn three iniquitous sentences.

The minstry forgot that government is foresight. If it does not wish to leave to the good pleasure of Germany the fifth act, the "denouement," before which every good Frenchman should tremble, it is the government's duty to play this fifth act without delay in or-der to prevent its coming to us from Germany. The Government can procure the documents. Diplomacy has settled greater difficulties than this. Whenever it ventures to ask for the docu-ments enumerated in the bordereau they will be given, and that will be the "fait nouveau" which will necessitate a second revision before the court of cassation, which will be this time, I hope, fully informed, and would quash the verdict "sans renvoi" in the pleni-

tude of its sovereign majesty.
But if the government still hesitates the defenders of truth and justice will do what is necessary. Not one of us will desert his post. Invincible proof we shall finally end by obtaining.
On Nov. 23 we shall be at Versailles.
My trial will recommence, inasmuch as It is to recommence in all its fullness. If, meanwhile, justice is not done, we will again have to do it. My beloved, making it an incomparable masterpiece? I will not recall the extraordinary incidents that have stirred our
sails Ale every frash and produce at Versails are sailed the address which he was unable to pronounce at Rennes. And thus, as you see, nothing will be lost. will merely have to tell the truth, without fear of injuring me, for I am ready to pay for it with my liberty and my blood. Before the Seine assize court I swore to the innocence of Dreyfus. I swear to it before the entire world, which now proclaims it with me; and, I repeat, truth is on the march. Nothing will stop it. At Rennes it has just' made a giant's

I no longer have any fear except that I may see it arrive in a thunderclap of EMILE ZOLA.

HER DEFINITION.

Fisher-I'll bet you don't know what landing net is. Miss Anglin (coyly)—It's a slang term for a hammock, isn't it?

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The Maritime Express will leave Montreal 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

points.
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 Montreal daily. except Sunday, at 7:40 a.m., due to arrive at Riviere du Loup at 5:05 p.m., and Little Metis at 8:25 p.m.

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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erate cost.

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Royal Mail Steamships, For Liverpool, Calling at Moville, Californian Sopt. 14. 9 a.m.
Tainui Sopt. 14. 9 a.m.
Tainui Sopt. 14. 9 a.m.
Tainui Sopt. 21, 5 a.m.
Parisian Sopt. 28, 9 a.m.
Bavarian (new) Oct. 5, 9 a.m.
Californian Oct. 12, 9 a.m.
From New York to Glasgow—Laurentian,
Sopt. 16; Mongollan, Sopt. 28: Numidian, Oct. 7.
RATES OF PASSAGE.
First cabin, \$50 and upwards. Second cabin,
\$35. Steerage, \$250 and \$3550. New York to
Glasgow. First cabin, \$4750 and upwards.
Second cabin, \$30. Steerage, \$2850. Reduction on first and second cabin return tickets.
London agents—E. De la Hooke, T. R. Parker, F. B. Clarke.

Senator Morrill was the only member of the present senate who wrote with a