A Cast for Fortune

By Christian Reid.

AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER," "A DAUGHTER OF BOHEMIA," "HEART OF STEEL," "BONNY KATE," ETC.

Thither, then, he took his way, as the sun of the day which might have been his last on earth was slowly sinking behind the western mountains. Crossing the quiet, cloister-like court which led to the church, he entered by the side-door, and found himself in the soft, mellow gloom with which he was by this time familiar. As usual, two or three figures were kneeling here and there over the nave; but it was not until he had been in the church for several minutes that he identified one of them as Zarifa. She was kneeling on a prie-dieu just before the altar, her bowed head covered and her form partially concealed by the black drapery thrown around her. She seemed absorbed in prayer, and Derwent watched her for some time before she made the faintest movement. It was not until the dusk had deepened and the only light in the church was that of the flickering, golden radiance from the tabernacle lamps that she lifted her head, and, rising, glided across the nave toward the door by which he had entered. He followed her at once, and, when she paused for a moment under the pointed archway outside, reached her and spoke.

"Senor Derwent!" she exclaimed, with a slight start. "I did not know that you were here."

"Could I be in a better place?" he asked, in a voice that trembled a little from emotion. "I came here to thank God for my escape from sudden and violent death. And, having thanked God, senorita, will you now let me thank you? Thank you! Ah, what a word that is to express such a debt! If I could only utter what I feel!—if there were only words in which I might venture to utter it!"

She lifted one hand with a slight, silencing gesture as she turned her face toward him. There was still light enough from the blue sky overarching the court to show him that it looked like a pale, beautiful cameo in the setting of the soft, black drapery of China crape which surrounded it. Yet, beautiful as it looked, Derwent was almost shocked to see what a change the last few hours had wrought. It was not only the pallor of the skin and the purple shadows under the eyes, those shadows which come so quickly in a sensitive organization from illness or mental pain, but the very features looked chiseled and attenuated, as if by suffering.

"Do not thank me, senor," she said, with grave gentleness. "Thank God if you will, and as you truly should, that I was there in time. But how could I have helped doing what I did? It was no merit on my part. I saw and I fired. The two things were simultaneous. There was not an instant to be lost. I stepped down upon the path, ah, how lightly, how unconsciously!—and some instinct caused me to glance up at the hill-side. The rest was like a flash of lightning. I saw the sunshine reflected on the barrel of that gun, I saw the man leaning over the rock and taking aim at you so intently that he did not perceive me. To see was to act. I had still in the pocket of my habit the little pistol we used yesterday; and do you think it was an accident that I had not taken off that habit? I felt one thrill of passionate indignation as I saw you sitting so quietly, so unsuspiciously, and that coward drawing his gun upon you behind your back, on the very soil of Miraflores!"—he saw the flash that came into her eyes at the recollection. "I fired, and I was glad to see him drop. Yes; I could not have believed it, if I had been told of it beforehand, but I was glad! The horror of what I had been forced to do did not come over me until I saw the poor creature bleeding to death. Then—oh, then it was awful? I do not think I can ever forget the sight!"

As she lifted one hand, with an involuntary gesture, to her eyes, as if to shut out the memory, he took the other and kissed it, the hand that had saved his life, so gently and so reverently that it was like offering homage.

"What can I say?" he exclaimed. "To spare you such pain, I would have done anything. Would to God I had never come to Miraflores, since my coming was to cost you what you have suffered to-day!"

She withdrew her hand and looked at him with a sweet and pathetic regard. "You must not think that," she said. "I should be very sorry if you believed that I regretted it. How could that be possible? It was a great privilege to be allowed to interpose to save the innocent from the guilty. But that I am a little unnerved is surely natural. The peril was so awfully near. In another instant it would have been you who lay bleeding, dying, before me. The piteous sight of the other helps me to realize that. And then, while I thank God that it was spared, the picture of the poor wretch yonder in the hospital comes before me, and I shudder at the thought that he is suffering, that he will die, from a wound inflicted by my hand."

He saw that she was indeed thoroughly unnerved. Something in the tragedy had certainly stirred her nature to its depths. The fire that he had suspected was there, he had seen it blazing in her eyes as she stood with the uplifted weapon that had struck the destroyer down, but how soon it was quenched by gentlest pity and divinest compassion! His heart melted within him in the stress of his love and sympathy. Yet what could he say or do? Never had he felt more keenly how wide were the barriers between them than as they stood alone together in the soft twilight and the cloistral quiet.

"I feel for you more than I can or dare express," he said. "I understand what a shock it is to have had such a necessity laid upon you, and to have seen the result with your own eyes. It is vain to repeat that I would have done anything—anything whatever—to spare you. But we were both powerless; it was the work of fate—"

"No," she interposed, "it was the mercy of God that sent me there and placed the duty before me. That being so, what reason have I for regret? None; believe me, none. If I shudder at the memory of what I have seen, I am nevertheless very grateful—grateful, beyond measure—to have been allowed to save your life."

He longed to take and kiss her hand again, as she said those words with the most earnest emphasis; but never could he less have dared anything that savored in the remotest degree of presumption. Not only the greatness of his obligation overpowered him, but, as she revealed to him (with unconscious reliance upon his sympathy which touched him to the heart) all the depths of her feelings, he was like one taken into a sanctuary, where the very atmosphere rebuked anything that inclined to selfish passion.

"Yes, you have saved my life," he said. "And I beg you never to forget it, for it is a thought upon which I shall always be glad to dwell. Life given to me through your hands seems to have a greater value than ever before, as a gift is cherished according to our feeling for the giver. God knows, I would gladly give this life to you, if you had any use for it, even the least. There is no service I could render you that I would not perform, at any cost. I know this as I know that I exist; yet how idle the words must sound to you! For your life is so full to overflowing of every good gift of fortune, nay, let me say, every good gift of God; for fortune is blind, but God, seeing how worthy you are of these things, has given them to you in such abundant measure that there is no room for anything that I can do. It seems hard to owe so much and to be able to give nothing; yet there is a sweetness even in that. If one cannot give, the next best thing is to take, from—from one so gentle, so noble, so worthy of a man's best homage, as yourself."

He had no idea how his voice was betraying him in the treacherous twilight that threw its soft veil of shadow into the pillared archway where they stood. At the last sentence he stopped himself abruptly, and substituted other words for the passionate ones that trembled upon his tongue; but, as his voice fell, there was a minute's silence that seemed still to vibrate with the deep thrill of feeling in his tones.

Zarifa, standing motionless in her clinging black draperies, with her statue-like face and her eyes of soft gloom, had asked herself at one moment what she should do. But it was only for a moment. She had felt the next instant how entirely unconscious was his betrayal; and the strong self-restraint which was evident in his last words touched her deeply. She had to pause for a moment to imitate that self-restraint before she could answer. Then she said, with something wistful in the sweet music of her tones:

"You are a little wrong. No life can be so prosperous, so well filled with the good gifts of God, that there is no room in it for the kindness of a friend. I have been able to save your life. That is true. But it was an accident. Some day you may be able to do for me what will outweight it as much as an ach of deliberate intention outweighs an act of impulse. And if not, if the opportunity is not given to you, for one does not make these things for one's self, I shall know at least that you have the will to serve me; and that is enough."

(To be Continued.)

FUN, FACTS AND FICTION

"A maiden fair to see," is what the young man remarked when he met his affinity on an ocean voyage.

Without pure blood real health is impossible Burdock Blood Bitters, say those who have tried it, is the best blood purifier in the world.

It is past time when one misses the train, although it may be difficult to determine where the fun comes in.

"Since I made a practice of using B. B. B. my children have got rid of Pimples, Headaches, etc," R. McCONNELL, 28 Henderson avenue, Toronto.

The other girl—"Why, hello, Jen?" The telephone girl (on her vacation)—"Number, please?"

From disordered Liver a whole train of discases may result. Regulate the Liver with Burdock Blood Bitters, nature's remedy for Liver troubles.

Hay fever sufferers say its sneezy thing to get rid of if you go—t—to the right place.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite Dizziness, and all symptoms of dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cent per bottle. W. T. Strong, 184 Dundas street, agent.

Nothing in the world will produce such activity in real estate as an earthquake.

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The same—with a difference. Edith—You can't imagine how Mr. Bulfinch complimented your singing. Ethel—Did he though? Edith—Yes, he said 'twas heavenly. Ethel—Really? Edith—Well, just the same the same thing! he said 'twas simply unearthly.

CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. W. T. Strong, 184 Dundas street, agent.

Father—Well, my son, did you succeed in breaking the new horses so that they would stand steam? No father but I broke the carriage.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. W. T. Strong, 184 Dundas street, agent.

Mrs. Cumso—They say Mr. Snooper has gone to the dogs. I'm so sorry. Cumso—So am I—for the dogs.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Optimus—What do you think the most obvious tendency of modern poetry? Pessimus—The waste-basket.

Carter's Little Liver Pills must not be confounded with common Cathartic or Purgative Pills, as they are entirely unlike them in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority

He Know the Reason Probably.

"Why doesn't your beau come to the house, Mary instead of asking you to go out walking with him?"

"I'm sure I don't know. He is attentive enough, and all that, but he doesn't seem to care to come to the house."

"Has he ever been to the house at all?"

"Yes, one night, and he cannot say that he wasn't entertained, for I played and sang to him everything I knew."

Sir Robert Burnett's Malt Vinegar.
Bouchard's French Vinegar.
Crosse & Blackwell's Malt Vinegar.
Lazenby's Tarragon Vinegar.
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169 Dundas Street

THE FALL FAIRS.

When and Where They Will Be Held This Year.

Detroit International	Aug. 25-Sept. 4
Grand Valley	Sept. 6-7
Lansing State Fair	Sept. 7-11
Toronto Industrial	Sept. 7-19
Drumbo	Sept. 8-9
Rockton	Sept. 13-14
Zurich	Sept. 14-15
Thamesville	Sept. 14-16
Hensall	Sept. 15-16
Preston	Sept. 15-17
St. Thomas	Sept. 15-17
Lucan	Sept. 16-17
Goderich	Sept. 16-18
London Western Fair	Sept. 17-26
St. Catharines	Sept. 21-23
Brantford	Sept. 21-22
Dundas	Sept. 22-23
Wellesley	Sept. 22-23
Guelph Central	Sept. 23-24
Paisley	Sept. 23-24
Ottawa Central	Sept. 28-Oct. 2
Mitchell	Sept. 24-24
Barrie	Sept. 24-25
Tilsonburg	Sept. 24-25
New Hamburg	Sept. 24-25
Pinkerton	Sept. 25
Exeter	Sept. 28-29
Palmerston	Sept. 28-29
Aylmer	Sept. 28-30
Clinton	Sept. 28-30
Gravenhurst	Sept. 29-30
Kemptville	Sept. 29-30
Nassagaweya	Sept. 29-30
St. Marys	Sept. 29-30
Berlin	Sept. 29-30
Ripley	Sept. 29-30
Woodstock	Sept. 29-30
Wingham	Sept. 29-30
Wyoming	Sept. 29-30
Ailsa Craig	Sept. 29-30
Brampton	Sept. 29-30
Cayuga	Sept. 29-30
Smithville	Sept. 29-30
Chatham	Sept. 29-Oct. 1
Six Nations	Sept. 29-Oct. 1
Winnipeg	Sept. 29-Oct. 2
Halifax	Sept. 29-Oct. 2
Walkerton	Sept. 29-Oct. 2
Collingwood	Sept. 29-Oct. 2
Harriston	Sept. 30-Oct. 1
Strathroy	Oct. 1-2
Brussels	Oct. 1-2
Jarvis	Oct. 1-2
Stouffville	Oct. 1-2
Belmont	Oct. 1-2
Forest	Oct. 1-2
Arthur	Oct. 1-2
Gait	Oct. 1-2
Rockwood	Oct. 1-2
Seaforth	Oct. 1-2
Wallacetown	Oct. 1-2
Stratford	Oct. 1-2
Springfield	Oct. 2-3
Petrolea	Oct. 2-3
Otterville	Oct. 2-3
Ridgetown	Oct. 5-7
Holstein	Oct. 6
Puslinch	Oct. 6
Mcoretown	Oct. 6
Arkona	Oct. 6-7
Paris	Oct. 6-7
Welland	Oct. 6-7
Belgrave	Oct. 6-7
Clarksburg	Oct. 6-7
Arran-Tara	Oct. 6-7
Sault Ste. Marie	Oct. 6-8
Acton	Oct. 7
Yorkton, N. W. T.	Oct. 7
Ingersoll	Oct. 7-8
Norwich	Oct. 7-8
Tilbury East	Oct. 7-8
Thorndale	Oct. 8
Clifford	Oct. 8-9
Kincardine	Oct. 8-9
Kirkton	Oct. 8-9
Milton	Oct. 8-9
Fergus	Oct. 8-9
Blyth	Oct. 8-9
Embro	Oct. 8-9
Elora	Oct. 8-9
Orangeville	Oct. 8-9
Underwood	Oct. 9
Simcoe	Oct. 13-14
Wallaceburg	Oct. 13-14
Erin	Oct. 14-15
Port Elgin	Oct. 14-15
Burford	Oct. 15-16

A CONVENT DESECRATED.

Midnight Assault on Dominican Sisters at Williamsburgh, N. Y.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—The Dominican Sisters of the convent situated at the corner of Morgan avenue and Harrison place, Williamsburg, were subjected early Saturday morning to most atrocious indignities, and searching parties have since been scouring that section of the country for the perpetrators.

The house is a branch of the Dominican Convent, corner of Montrose and Graham avenues, and adjoins the Church of Our Mother of Sorrow. Rev. Father John K. Fentgraf is the rector. The convent is a two-story frame building and runs along the rear of the church and parochial residence. The main entrance is on Harrison place and the rear backing into Ingraham street. Six sisters, together with the Mother Superior, occupy the building. There are also eight orphans who are being cared for. The upper floor is given up to the sisters for sleeping apartments. The lower floor is used as a schoolroom and sleeping apartments for the children, and as a dining room. The kitchen is situated in the rear of the convent, facing Ingraham street. A door leads out on a lawn and a well kept garden. Two high fences separate the convent grounds from the last named street.

The sisters, according to rules, retire at 9 o'clock, after which all lights are extinguished. They rise at 4:30 o'clock. The lower floor is securely locked, but the sleeping apartments of the sisters are left open. It was shortly after 1 o'clock in the morning when one of the sisters, who is described as 19, was suddenly awakened. She felt herself in the grasp of a powerful man. It was some time before the sister recovered from her surprise and shrieked for help. She wrenched her night garments from the grasp of the ruffian and made a dash for the door leading into the hall, but was interrupted by the marauder. The sister, after a long and desperate struggle, escaped into the hall, leaving a portion of her night gown in the hands of the ruffian. By this time her associates had rushed from their bedrooms into the hall. The Mother Superior attempted to light the gas, but in her nervousness was unable to do so. The excitement among the inmates was added to by the children, who had by this time also been awakened.

The fellow, who continued his pursuit of the first sister, suddenly turned his attention to the others. He grasped several, who managed to escape and rush down stairs, followed by the wretch. The Mother Superior ran into the children's playroom, where she shrieked for help in hopes of awakening Father Fentgraf. Finally the reverend gentlemen was aroused and came to a window. When the situation was explained he went out on the lawn with a gun, which he discharged. The report alarmed the scoundrel, who left the fainting women and escaped through the rear kitchen door, scaled the fences, and disappeared. The noise of the gun and shrieks had aroused the neighborhood. Several policemen also appeared on the scene and with several hundred excited neighbors began scouring the section for the miscreant.

The excited neighbors have declared their intentions of lynching the ruffian should he fall into their hands.

Surprised.

Why? We keep on telling you, "day in and day out," that you need not be surprised, that it will surely cure promptly and permanently. Mr. Thos. McDonald, 108 Winchester street, Toronto, writes: "It is with pleasure that I testify to the many virtues of St. Jacobs Oil. I used it for a sprained leg, which it effectually cured in a surprisingly short time. I shall always recommend it." It will always be recommended, as it is the best.

Attention is the stuff that memory is made of; and memory is accumulated genius.

A man's wife should always be the same especially to her husband; but if she is weak and nervous and uses Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be, for they will make her "feel like a different person," at least so they all say, and their husbands say so, too.

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me" H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

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INSTANTANEOUS IN ITS ACTION.

Perry Davis' PAIN-KILLER

FOR CRAMPS, CHILLS, COLIC, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA MORBUS, AND ALL BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

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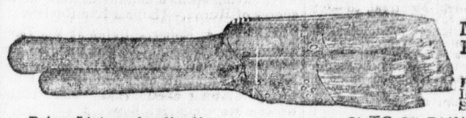

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Classes Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 7 to 9 p.m.
Fees for 36 lessons, $3. Subjects taught: Mechanical, Geometrical, Freehand and Model Drawing, Perspective Geometry, Ornamental and Industrial Designing, Modeling, Lettering.
Extra classes—China Painting, Oil and Water Color Painting Monday, Friday and Saturday, 2:30 to 4:30.
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Send for circulars.
zxv J. H. GRIFFITH, Sec.-Treas.

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Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism.
For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal. For SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.
HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT
Manufactured only at 78, NEW OXFORD STREET (late 533, OXFORD STREET), LONDON, and sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.
Purchasers should look to the label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

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Richmond street, near C. P. R. station. Mr. H. M. Dougias has sold out to Mr. Wm. Tripp, who will be pleased to meet all the old customers of this well-kept livery. Telephone No., 423.

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And we cordially invite the inspection of the most critical mothers, who wish good value at reasonable prices.
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RAILWAY TIME TABLES

CORRECTED TO JAN. 1, 1891.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

LONDON TIME.

Canada Southern Division—Going East.

	Leave London	Leave St. Thomas.
North Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 p.m.	11:00 p.m
N. Y. Express (daily)	8:30 p.m.	3:05 a.m
American Express (except Monday)	9:50 a.m.	11:15 a.m
Atlantic Express (daily)	9:50 a.m.	1:50 p.m
Mail (except Sundays)	2:25 p.m.	3:15 p.m
Limited Express (daily)	2:30 p.m.	2:05 a.m
N. Y. and Boston Express (daily)	2:25 p.m.	5:05 p.m
Accom'd'n (except Sunday)	8:30 p.m.	7:00 a.m

Canada Southern Division—Going West.

North Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 p.m.	7:23 a.m
Chicago Express (daily)	8:30 p.m.	3:05 a.m
Chicago L't'd Exp. (daily)	9:55 a.m.	10:55 a.m
American Express (except Monday)	8:45 a.m.	1:35 p.m
Mail (except Sundays)	2:20 p.m.	3:10 p.m
Pacific Express (daily)	2:25 p.m.	3:45 p.m
Accom'd'n (except Sunday)	6:30 p.m.	7:10 a.m

Trains arrive in London at 8:05 a.m., 12 m and 6:40 p.m.
(NOTE.—No trains to or from London on Sundays.)

JOHN PAUL, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 395 Richmond street.

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division

CORRECTED MAY 11, 1891.

MAIN LINE—Going East

	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Limited Express (a)	3:35 a.m.	3:55 a.m
Mail	.....	6:00 a.m
Atlantic Express (a)	12:05 p.m.	12:10 p.m
Day Express	10:50 a.m.	2:20 p.m
St. Louis Express (a) (b)	4:20 p.m.	4:25 p.m
Mixed—No. 28 Freight (c)	6:45 p.m.	6:50 p.m
Erie Limited	11:20 p.m.	11:40 p.m

MAIN LINE—Going West.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Chicago Express (a)	5:10 a.m.	5:30 a.m
West End Mixed	.....	6:45 a.m
Erie Limited	11:00 a.m.	.....
St. Louis Express (a)	11:20 a.m.	11:30 a.m
Accommodation	12:40 p.m.	2:15 p.m
Pacific Express (a)	6:50 p.m.	7:10 p.m
Mail	9:55 p.m.	.....
Accommodation	.....	7:20 p.m

Sarnia Branch.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Limited Express (n)	3:50 a.m.	.....
Atlantic Express (n)	11:45 a.m.	.....
Accommodation	2:15 p.m.	.....
Accommodation	8:45 p.m.	.....
Erie Limited (n)	11:35 p.m.	.....

Sarnia Branch.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Chicago Express (n)	.....	5:20 a.m
Accommodation	.....	7:35 a.m
Erie Limited (n)	.....	11:05 a.m
Accommodation	.....	2:20 p.m
Pacific Express (n)	.....	7:00 p.m

London, Huron and Bruce.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Express	10:15 a.m.	8:05 a.m
Mail	6:45 p.m.	4:25 p.m

London and Port Stanley.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Mail	.....	6:40 a.m
Accommodation	7:20 a.m.	9:30 a.m
Mail	2:10 p.m.	4:00 p.m
Accommodation	6:35 p.m.	7:00 p.m
Mixed	6:50 p.m.	.....
Mail	11:15 p.m.	.....

St. Marys and Stratford Branch.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Mixed—Mail	10:55 a.m.	7:35 a.m
Express	5:40 p.m.	2:15 p.m
Express—Mixed	9:30 p.m.	6:00 p.m

Toronto Branch.

Hamilton—Depart—							
a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m
*7:00	9:15	10:50	12:25	4:10	†5:40	n*7:00	9:25

Hamilton—Arrive—							
a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m
†12:30	8:50	10:00	11:10	4:00	6:25	8:15	

* These trains for Montreal.
† These trains from Montreal.
(a) Runs daily, Sundays included.
(n) Runs daily, Sundays included, but makes no intermediate stops on Sundays.
(c) No. 38 carries passengers between London and Paris.
(b) This train connects at Toronto for all points in Manitoba, the Northwest and British Columbia via North Bay and Winnipeg.

E. DE LA HOOKE, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, No. 3 Masonic Temple.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Going East.

DEPART—			
London	4:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	5:35 p.m
Woodstock	4:46 a.m.	8:50 a.m.	6:33 p.m
Galt	5:40 a.m.	9:50 a.m.	7:30 p.m
Guelph	9:20 a.m.	11:05 a.m.	8:40 p.m
Toronto	8:15 a.m.	12:00 noon	9:55 p.m
Peterboro	11:45 a.m.	.....	12:13 a.m
Kingston	4:00 p.m.	.....	9:40 p.m
Ottawa	5:45 p.m.	.....	6:00 a.m
Montreal	7.55 p.m.	.....	8:15 a.m
Quebec	6:30 a.m.	.....	3:00 p.m
Portland, Me.	8:50 a.m.	.....	8:35 p.m
Boston	8:10 a.m.	.....	8:50 p.m
Halifax, N. S.	11:10 p.m.	.....	.....

Trains arrive from the east at 11:25 a.m., 7:05 p.m., 10:00 p.m.

Going West.

DEPART—			
London	7:00 a.m.	11:35 a.m.	7:05 p.m
ARRIVE—			
Chatham	10:00 a.m.	1:05 p.m.	8:52 p.m
Detroit	.....	2:45 p.m.	10:40 p.m
Chicago	.....	10:15 p.m.	7:20 a.m
St. Louis	.....	7:45 a.m.	6:15 p.m
Kansas City	.....	6:10 p.m.	9:20 a.m

Trains arrive from the west at 3:55 a.m., 12:15 noon, 5:25 p.m.

E. M. PEEL, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, No. 1 Masonic Temple.

ERIE & HURON RAILWAY.

Trains South.

Stations.	Exp	Exp	Mix	Mix
	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
Sarnia (G. T. R.)	.....	5:10	7:40	....
Courtright	.....	5:30	8:20	....
M. C. R. Junction	.....	5:45	8:29	....
Chatham (C. P. R.) arr	.....	7:45	10:35	3:30
Chatham (C. P. R.) dep	7:45	.....	10:40	4:40
Fargo (M. C. R.)	8:15	.....	2:35	6:10
Blenheim arr	8:25	.....	11:20	5:25

Trains North.

Stations.	Exp	Exp	Mix
	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Blenheim dep	8:30	2:55	5:45
Fargo (M. C. R.)	8:43	3:10	6:00
Chatham (C. P. R.) arr	9:08	3:50	6:20
Chatham (C. P. R.) dep	9:13	3:57	....
M. C. R. Junction	11:20	7:10	....
Courtright	11:35	8:55	....
Sarnia (G. T. R.) arr	12:00	6:25	....

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