WITHOUT A HOME.

By Edward P. Roe, Author of "Barriers Burned Away," "Opening a Chestnut Burr," "Success with Small Fruits," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—*Continued.*

"If you will do this your memory will become sweet and ennobled in my heart. Your action will show me how grandly and swiftly God can develop one who has been wronged by evil."

"God bless you, my good angel. Ask my sister to send for my father and mother at once. I feel a little stronger this evening, and yet I think the beginning of my new life is very near."

Mildred went into Mrs. Sheppard's room and told her of Vinton's purpose. She looked at the young girl for a moment with eyes blinded by tears, and then clasped her in a close passionate embrace which was more eloquent than any words. "Oh, Mildred," she said, with a low sob, "if you only could have been my sister!" Then she hastened to carry out her brother's wishes.

The fire burned brightly in the grate, the softened lights diffused a mild radiance through the room, and the old impression of gloom was utterly absent when Vinton's parents entered. Neither Mrs. Arnold nor her husband were quite able to hide their surprise and embarrassment at the unexpected summons, but Mr. Arnold went promptly to the bedside, and, taking his son's hand, said huskily, "I'll come any time you wish, my dear boy, be it night or day."

Vinton gave as warm a pressure in answer as his feebleness permitted, and then he said gravely, "I wish you and mother to sit here close to me, for I must speak low, and my words must be brief. I have but a little fragment of life left to me, and must hasten to perform the few duties yet within my power."

"Had not this young woman better retire?" suggested Mrs. Arnold, glancing coldly at Mildred, who stood in the background, Mrs. Sheppard detaining her by a strong, warm clasp of her hand.

"No," said Vinton decisively, "she must remain. Were it not for the influence of this Christian—not religious, but Christian—girl, you would never have seen my face again, with my consent. In showing me how God forgives the sinful, she has taught me how to forgive. Mother, I never expected to forgive you, but I do from my heart. I am far beyond the world and all worldly considerations. In the clear light of the endless life to which we are all hastening, I see as never before how small, petty and unworthy are those unatural principles which blight human life at fashion's bidding. Mother, I wish to do you justice. You tried to care for me in my childhood and youth. You spared yourself no expense, no trouble, but you could not seem to understand that what I needed was sympathy and love—that my heart was always repressed and unhappy. The human soul, however weak, is not like an exotic plant. It should be tended by a hand that is gentle as it is firm and careful. I found one who combined gentleness with strength; stern, lofty principle with the most beautiful and delicate womanhood; and you know how I lost her. Could I have followed the instincts of my heart, my fate would have been widely different. But that is now all past. You did not mean to wrong me so terribly. It was only because your own life was all wrong that you wronged me. Your pride and prejudice prevented you from knowing the truth concerning the girl I loved. Mother, I am dying, and my last earnest counsel to you and father is that you will obey the words of the loftiest and greatest, 'Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.' If you cannot do this, your lives will be a more wretched failure than mine has been. Bury your worldly pride in my grave, and learn to be gentle and womanly, and may God forgive you as truly as I do."

As he spoke slowly and feebly, the cold, proud woman began to tremble and weep, and when his words ceased she sank on her knees at his bedside and sobbed, "Oh, what have I done? Must I bear the remorse of having murdered my own child?"

"No, mother, you were blinded as I was. You will be forgiven as I have been. In the better home in heaven we find the secret of our true relationship which we missed here. Good-by now. I must hasten for I am very weak."

Mrs. Arnold rose, put her arms around her son and kissed him, and her daughter supported her from the room, Vinton's eyes following her sorrowfully until she disappeared. Then he said, "Dear old father, come and sit close beside me."

He came, and bowed his head upon his son's hand.

"Millie," he called feebly to the young girl who stood by the fire with her face buried in her hands. She came at once. "God bless you for those tears. They fall like dew into my soul. Millie, I feel as if—I don't know what it means—it seems as if I might go to my rest now. The room is growing dark, and I seem to see you more in my mind than with my eyes. Millie, will you—can you so far forgive me as to take my head upon your bosom and let me say my last words near your heart?"

"Great God!" cried his father, starting up, "is he dying?"

"Father, please be calm. Keep my hand. Let my end come as I wish. Millie, Millie, won't you?"

Her experienced eyes saw that his death was indeed at hand—that his life had but flickered up brightly once more before expiring. Therefore she gratified his final wish, and took his head upon her breast.

"Rest, rest at last," he sighed.

"Father," he said after a moment or two, look at this dear girl who has saved my soul from death." The old man lifted his head and gazed upon the pure, sweet face at which he had looked so often and questioningly before.

"Oh, Vinton, Vinton, God forgive me! I see it all. Our insane pride and prejudice kept a good angel from our home."

"Yes, father, this is Mildred Jocelyn. Was I wrong to love her?"

"Oh, blind, blind fool that I've been!" the old man groaned.

"Don't grieve so, father. If you will listen to her words, her mission to us all will be complete. She is fatherless. Be kind to her after I am gone."

The old man rose slowly and leaned his brow on Mildred's head. "My child," he said brokenly, "all my love for Vinton shall now go to you, and his portion shall be yours."

"God bless you, father. Good-by now. Let me sleep," and his eyes closed wearily.

"That's right, my boy; you'll be better in the morning," and with feeble, faltering steps he left the room murmuring, "Oh that I had only known in time!"

Mrs. Sheppard now entered and took his place. For a little time Vinton seemed to sleep. Then he opened his eyes and looked slowly around. They kindled into loving recognition as they rested on his sister. "Laura, your patience and mercy toward me has been rewarded," he whispered. "Say to Mansfield and my other brother and sisters what I told you. Be as kind to Mildred as you have been to me. Good-by."

"Millie, Millie, good angel of God to me, farewell for a little while."

His eyes closed again, his breath came more and more slowly, and at last it ceased. His sister put her hand over his heart. His sad, thwarted life had ended on earth.

Mildred kissed him for the first time in her ministry and murmured, as she gently laid his head back upon the pillow, "Thank God, it has not ended as I feared."

CHAPTER XLIX.

HOME.

We take up the thread of our story after the lapse of several months. Mildred left the Arnold family softened and full of regret. Even proud Mrs. Arnold asked her forgiveness with many bitter tears, but beyond a few little significant gifts they found it impossible to make the one toward whom their hearts were now so tender take more than the regular compensation that went toward the support of the institution to which she belonged. Mr. Arnold and Mrs. Sheppard would not give her up, and often came to see her, and the old gentleman always made her promise that when he became ill she would take care of him; and once he whispered to her, "You won't take anything from me now, but in my will I can remember my debt. All my wealth cannot pay what I owe to you."

"Money has nothing to do with my relations to you," she replied gently.

"Vinton's portion belongs to you," was his quiet reply. "The poor boy so understood it, and I shall not break faith with the dead."

"Then his portion shall go toward relieving suffering in this city," was her answer.

"You can do what you please with it, for it shall be yours."

While Mildred quiety performed her duties as head-nurse in one of the wards during the last six months of the two years of her sojourn at the training school, some important changes had occurred in Roger's circumstances. He had, more than a year before, graduated second in his class at college, and had given the impression that he would have been first had he taken the full four years' course. His crotchety uncle, with whom since the reconciliation he had resided, had died, and after a few months his wife followed him, and Roger found himself a wealthy man, but not a happy one. Beyond giving his parents every comfort which they craved, and making his sister Susan quite an heiress, he scarcely knew what to do with the money. His uncle's home was not at all to his taste, and he soon left it, purchasing a moderate-sized but substantial and elegant house in a part of the city that best suited his convenience. Here he installed Mrs. Wheaton as housekeeper, and, with the exception of his own suite of rooms and the sleeping apartments, left all the rest unfurnished. After placing himself in a position to offer hospitalities to his country relatives, he determined that the parlors should remain empty, as a mute reproach to Mildred.

One evening, a week before she graduated, he induced her to go with him to see his house. "It's not a home," he whispered; "I merely stay here." Then, without giving time for reply, he ushered her into the hall which was simply but very elegantly furnished. Mildred had time only to note two or three fine old engravings and a bronze figure, when Mrs. Wheaton, bustling up from the basement, overwhelmed her with hospitality. They first inspected her domains, and in neatness and comfort found them all that could be desired. "You see," said the good woman, as she and Mildred were hidden from view in a china closet, "I could get hup quite a grand dinner, but I hain't much use fur these 'ere things, fur he heats less and less hevery day. I'm troubled habout Mr. Roger, fur he seems kinder low hin 'is spirits and discouraged like. Most young men vould feel like lords hin 'is shoes, but he's a-gettin' veary and listless-like. Vun day he vas so down that I vanted 'im to see a doctor, but he smiled kinder strange and said nothin'. He's a-gettin' thin and pale. Vat vould I do hif he should get sick?"

Mildred turned in quick alarm and glanced at the young man, who stood looking at the glowing kitchen-range, as if his thoughts were little interested in the homely appliances for his material comfort. His appearance confirmed Mrs. Wheaton's words, for his features were thinner than they had been since he recovered from his illness, and there was a suggestion of lassitude and dejection in his manner. She went directly to him and said,

"Mrs. Wheaton tells me you are not well."

He started, then threw off all depression, remarking lightly, "Mrs. Wheaton is fidgety. She prepares enough food for four men. I'm well—have been working rather late at night, that's all.

"Why do you, Roger?" she asked, in a voice full of solicitude.

"If I don't feel sleepy there is no use of wasting time. But, come, you have seen enough of the culinary department. Since Mrs. Wheaton has charge of it you can know beforehand that everything will be the best of its kind. I think I can show you something in my sitting-room that will interest you more."

Mrs. Wheaton preceded them, and Mildred took his arm in a way that showed that he had not been able to banish her anxiety on his behalf. "Let me see your parlors, Roger," she said when they again reached the hall. "I expect to find them models of elegance."

He threw open the door and revealed two bare rooms, the brilliantly burning gas showing frescoes of unusual beauty, but beyond these there was nothing to relieve their bleak emptiness. "I have no use for these rooms," he remarked briefly, closing the door. "Come with me," and he led her to the apartment facing the street on the second floor. The gas was burning dimly, but when he had placed her where he wished her to stand, he suddenly turned it up, and before her, smiling into her eyes from the wall, were three exquisitely finished oil portraits—her father and mother and Belle, looking as she remembered them in their best and happiest days.

The effect upon her at first was almost overpowering. She sank into a chair with heart far too full of words, and looked until tears so blinded her eyes that she could see them no longer.

"Roger," she murmured, "it's almost the same as if you had brought them back to life. Oh, Roger, God bless you—you have not banished papa; you have made him look as he asked us to remember him," and her tender grief became uncontrollable for a few moments.

"Don't cry so, Millie," he said gently. "Don't you see they are smiling at you? Are the likenesses good?"

"They are life-like," she answered after a little. "How could you get them so perfect?"

"Belle and your mother gave me their pictures long ago, and you remember that I once asked you for your father's likeness when I was looking for him. There were some who could aid me if they knew how he looked. Then you know my eye is rather correct, and I spent a good deal of time with the artist. Between us we reached these results, and it's a great happiness to me that they please you."

Her eyes were eloquent indeed as she said, in a low tone, "What a loyal friend you are!"

He shook his head so significantly that a sudden crimson came into her face, and she was glad that Mrs. Wheaton was busy in an adjoining room. "Come," he said lightly, "you are neglecting other friends;" and turning she saw fine photographs of Mr. Wentworth, of Clara Wilson, Mrs. Wheaton, and her little brother and sister; also oil portraits of Roger's relatives.

She went and stood before each one, and at last returned to her own kindred, and her eyes began to fill again.

"How rich you are in these!" she at last said. "I have nothing but little pictures."

"These are yours, Millie. "When you are ready for them I shall place them on your walls; myself."

"Roger," she said a little brusquely, dashing the tears out of her eyes, "don't do or say any more kind things to-night, or my self-control will be all gone."

"On the contrary, I shall ask you to do me a kindness. Please sit down on this low chair by the fire. Then I can add the last and best picture to this family gallery."

She did so hesitatingly and was provoked to find that her color would rise as he leaned his elbow on the mantel and looked at her intently. She could not meet his eyes, for there was a heart-hunger in them that seemed to touch her very soul. "Oh," she thought, "why doesn't he—why can't he get over it?" and her tears began to flow so fast that he said lightly:

"That will do, Millie. I won't have that chair moved. Perhaps you think an incipient lawyer has no imagination, but I shall see you there to-morrow night. Come away now from this room of shadows. Your first visit to me has cost you so many tears that you will not come again."

"They are not bitter tears. It almost seems as if I had found the treasure I had lost. So far from being saddened, I'm happier than I've been since I lost them—at least I would be if I saw you looking better. Roger, you are growing thin; you don't act like your old self."

"Well, I won't work late at night any longer if you don't wish me to," he replied evasively.

"Make me that promise," she added eagerly.

"Any promise, Millie."

She wondered at the slight thrill with which her heart responded to his low, deep tones.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Toronto Stock Market.

There are some features about the movement of stocks to-day that will be noticed. Sellers of Montreal asked 200, an advance on yesterday's sellers of 4, but there were no buyers. 60 shares of Ontario sold at 61, the sellers' price. Toronto was offered at 167 with no buyers. Merchants' unchanged, and no buyers. Sellers of Commerce advanced to 140, but buyers remained at 138½. There were 80 shares of Imperial sold at 133; and 25 shares of Federal sold at 154. Buyers offered 193½ for Dominion, held at 195; and buyers advanced ¾ to 111¾ for Standard, which was held at 112. Hamilton unchanged, at 113 offered with no sellers. In miscellaneous stocks sellers of Western Assurance receded ½, to 175. Canada Life was asked for at 350, with no sellers. A bid of 12 cents has at last been made for Toronto, Grey and Bruce bonds. There were no changes of consequence in other stocks.

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Grain and Produce Markets.

CALL BOARD, TORONTO, Jan. 12.—Flour and wheat nominally unchanged; sale of cars of No. 2 barley at 86c; a lot of No. 3 barley at 74c; a lot of western oats, good, at 40c on track.

The street market was more active; 500 bushels wheat sold at $1 23 to $1 26; one load spring sold at $1 35; red winter would bring $1 26 to $1 30. There were 1200 bushels barley bought at from 83c to 90c. Oats steady, 200 bushels sold at 44c. Peas sold at 76c to 80c. There were 75 loads of hay; timothy easier, selling at $11 to $13 50, and clover at $9 to $11. Twenty loads of straw sold at $7 to $8. Poultry is plentiful and demand quiet; turkeys bring 8c to 10c; geese, 5c to 6c. Butter is unchanged; common qualities plentiful, finest grades scarce.

Wheat, fall	$1 25 to $1 27	Apples, brl	1 00 to 2 50
do spring	1 30 to 1 34	Cabbage, dz.	0 60 to 1 00
Barley	0 80 to 0 88	Turnips, bag	0 35 to 0 40
Oats	0 44 to 0 45	Beans, bu	2 10 to 2 15
Peas	0 75 to 0 80	Onions, bag	1 15 to 1 25
Rye	0 83 to 0 86	Cauliflr, doz	0 60 to 1 00
Clover seed	5 00 to 5 05	Chickens, pair	0 45 to 0 60
Beef, hd qrs	6 00 to 7 00	Fowls, pair	0 45 to 0 55
do fore qrs	4 50 to 6 00	Ducks, brace	0 50 to 0 75
Mutton	5 50 to 6 50	Partridge "	0 65 to 0 75
Venison,	10 00 to 12 00	Geese	0 60 to 0 75
" carc	6 00 to 7 50	Turkeys	1 00 to 2 00
Lamb	7 00 to 7 50	Butter, lb. rlls	0 23 to 0 25
Hogs, 100 lbs	7 50 to 8 00	do dairy	0 18 to 0 20
Beets, bag	0 60 to 0 70	Eggs, fresh	0 21 to 0 24
Carrots, bag	0 40 to 0 45	Wool, per lb	0 00 to 0 24
Parsnips, bg	0 65 to 0 75	Hay	9 00 to 14 00
Potatoes, bg	0 90 to 1 00	Straw	8 00 to 10 00

MONTREAL, Jan. 12.—Flour—receipts 1700 brls. Market quiet and steady, demand light; superfine $2 25 to $6 30; spring extra $5 05 to $6; strong bakers' $6 50 to $7 5; Ontario bags $2 65 to $2 90.

TOLEDO, Jan. 12, 10:30 a.m.—Wheat, No. 2 red at $1 37½ to $1 39 for Jan, $1 39½ for Feb, $1 41 to $1 41½ for March, $1 42 to $1 42½ for April, $1 43½ to $1 43¾ for May. Corn 64½c to 65c for cash, 64½c to 65c for Jan, 65c bid for Feb, 68½c to 69½c for May.

MILWAUKEE, Jan. 12.—Wheat opened at $1 30½ for Feb, $1 30¾ for March. Barley firm at 96c.

DETROIT, Jan. 12—Wheat No 1 white at $1 36½ for cash, $1 36½ bid for January $1 37½ for February, $1 39½ for March, $1 41½ for April, $1 42 for May. Receipts—Wheat 4000 bush. Shipments—Wheat 1000.

BEERBOHM SAYS:—"London, Jan. 12.—Floating cargoes—Wheat and maize inactive. Cargoes on passage—Wheat and maize very dull; good cargoes No. 2 spring wheat off coast was 52s, now 51s 6d; do California, was 51s 6d, now 51s 3d. Liverpool—Spot wheat weaker; maize dull; On passage to united kingdom, ports of call and direct ports—Wheat 2,825,000 qrs.; maize 200,000 qrs. Paris—Flour and wheat steady."

NEW YORK, Jan. 12.—Cotton weak and unchanged. Flour—Receipts 19,000 brls; heavy, in some instances shade easier; sales 14,000 brls. Rye flour dull and unchanged. Cornmeal dull and unchanged. Wheat—Receipts 81,000 bush, lower, weak; sales 3,051,000 bush, including 137,000 bush spot; exports 14,000 bush; No 3 spring $1 22½, No 2 red $1 42½ to $1 44½, No 1 white $1 40 to $1 41½. No 2 red Jan $1 42½ to $1 43½. Rye weak at 92c to 96c. Barley strong. Malt firm, four rowed state $1 10. Corn—Receipts 5000 bush; lower and unsettled; sales 1,517,000 bush, including 165,000 bush spot. Exports—29,000 bush. No 2 69½c to 70½c, No 2 Jan 69c to 69½c. Oats—Receipts 16,000 bush, lower; sales 305,000 bush, mixed 49c to 52½c, white 50c to 55½c, No 2 Jan 50c to 50½c. Hay steady at 70c to 75c. Hops firm. Coffee unchanged. Sugar easier, standard A 9c to 9¼c, cut loaf 10¾c, crushed 10¼c. Molasses steady. Rice unchanged. Petroleum dull and nominal. Tallow scarce at 8¾c to 8¾c. Potatoes firm and unchanged. Eggs depressed, 23c to 24c. Pork heavy, new mess $17 25 to $17 50. Beef firm. Cut meats steady, pic led bellies 9½c, middles unchanged. Lard depressed at $11 25 to $11 30. Butter firm at 18c to 40c. Cheese firm at 9 13-14c.

CHICAGO, Jan. 12.—Flour unchanged. Wheat lower. No 2 spring $1 27½ to $1 28 cash, $1 27½ Jan. Corn lower, gilt edge 63½c cash, 61½c Jan. Oats lower, 44½c cash, 44½c Jan. Rye steady and unchanged. Barley easier at $1 05 to $1 07. Pork dull at $17 15 to $20 cash, $22½ to $25 Feb. Lard lower, $11 12½ to $15 cash, $11 12½ Feb. Bulk meats lower, shoulders $6 40, short rib $8, short clear $9 25. Whisky steady unchanged. Receipts—Flour 36,000 brls, wheat 32,000 bush, corn 132,000 bush, oats 80,000 bush, rye 8,000 bush, barley 20,000 bush. Shipments—Flour 13,000 brls, wheat 49,000 bush, corn 112,000 bush, oats 72,000 bush, barley 15,000 bush.

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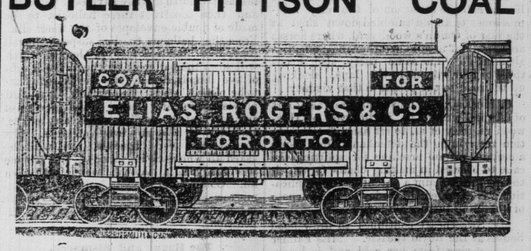

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Do you want to rent a house or store?
Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS.

Have you any property for sale?
Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS

Do you want to lend or borrow money?
Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS.

Do you want to sell or buy a business?
Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS.

Have you lost or found anything?
Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS,

Do you want to sell *anything?*
Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS.

Do you want to buy *anything?*
Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS.

Let Everybody Advertise in the World.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

Arranged specially for the Toronto World.

RAILWAYS.

GRAND TRUNK.

Union Station, foot of York and Simcoe Streets.

	Leave.	Arrive.
East.		
Montreal Day Express	7.12 a.m.	11.07 a.m.
" Night Express	6.52 p.m.	10.52 p.m.
Mixed	11.12 a.m.	6.52 p.m.
Belleville Local	5.07 p.m.	9.57 a.m.
West.		
Chicago Day Express	12.15 p.m.	6.10 p.m
" Nigh t Express	11.45 p.m.	6.15 a.m.
Stratford and London Mixed	7.30 a.m.	11.50 p.m.
" " Local	3.45 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
Stratford Local	5.25 p.m.	11.00 a.m.
Georgetown Mixed	6.40 p.m.	8.28 a.m.

GREAT WESTERN.

Stations—Foot of Yonge and foot of Simcoe streets.

	Leave.	Arrie.
New York Mail	3.30 p.m.	6.45 p.m
N. Y. (Central) & Erie Express	9.55 a.m.	4.50 p.m
London Local & Detroit Express	7.10 a.m.	1.15 p.m
Susp. Bridge & Detroit Express	5.55 p.m.	10.20 a.m
Detroit & Chicago Express	12.50 p.m.	10.35 p.m
New York & Chicago Express	11.45 p.m.	9.15 a.m

Trains leave Simcoe street five minutes later.

SUBURBAN TRAINS.

For Mimico, calling at Union station, Queen's wharf, Parkdale, High Park, and the Humber, going and returning (every day except Sunday).

Leave Yonge street 10.30 a. m., 2.00, 4.10, and 6 20 p. m.

Returning, leave Mimico 8.15, 11.15 a. m., 2.00, 4.50, and 7.10 p. m.

NORTHERN AND NORTH WESTERN

Stations—City Hall, Union and Brock streets.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Express	4.50 p. m.	10.10 a.m.
Accommodation	12.45 p. m.	2.15 p.m.
Mail	7.50 a. m.	9.40 p.m.

Trains leave Union Station Eight minutes and Brock Street Fifteen minutes later.

CREDIT VALLEY.

Station—Union depot.

LEAVE

St. Louis Express. To the North, West, Southwest, South and Northwest ..... 7.4 a.m.

Pacific Express. To West, South, Northwest, West and Southwest ..... 12.50 a.m.

Express. To the West and North ..... 4.30 p.m.

Through cars, Toronto to Detroit, on 7.45 a.m. and 12 noon.

ARRIVE

From Orangeville, Elora and Fergus ..... 9.40 a.m.

From St. Louis, Toledo, Chicago and Detroit ..... 10.20 a.m.

From St. Louis, Toledo, Chicago and Detroit ..... 1.10 p.m.

From Orangeville, Elora and Fergus ..... 6.25 p.m.

From Kansas City St. Louis and Chicago ..... 9.25 p.m.

TORONTO, GREY, AND BRUCE.

Union Station, foot of York and Simcoe streets.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Owen Sound, Harriston, and Teeswater, Mail	7.30 a m	3.00 p.m.
Owen Sound Mixed	12.55 p. m.	9.40 p.m.
Orangeville Express	5.00 p.m.	10.30 a. m.

TORONTO AND NIPISSING.

Station, foot of Berkeley street.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Through Mail	7.45 a. m.	6.30 p. m.
Local	4.00 p.m.	11.15 a. m.

STAGES.

EGLINGTON STAGE.

Leaves Bay Horse hotel, Yonge street, 11.30 a.m., 3.30 p.m., 5 p.m. and 6.30 p.m.

Arrives 8.45, 9.55 a.m., 2.30 and 6 p.m.

THORNHILL STAGE.

Leaves Bay Horse hotel, Yonge street, 3.30 p.m.

Arrives 10.30 a.m.

Mail stage leaves Clyde hotel, King street east, 3.20 p.m.

COOKSVILLE STAGE.

Leaves Bay Horse hotel, Yonge street, p.m.

Arrives 11 a.m.

RICHMOND HILL STAGE.

Leaves Clyde hotel, King street east, 3.10 p.m.

Arrives 10.30 a.m.

HIGHLAND CREEK STAGE.

Leaves Clyde hotel, King street east, 3.15 p.m.

Arrives 11 a.m.

KINGSTON ROAD TRAMWAY,

for Leslieville, Woodbine driving park, Victoria park, and Ben Lamond.

Station, Don bridge, foot of King street.

Leaves Don Station 6.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00 a.m. 12.00 noon; 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.40, 6.30, 7.30 8.30, 9.30 p.m.

Returning leaves Ben Lamond 6.00, 8.20, 9.10 10.10, 11.10 a.m.; 12.10, 1.40, 2.40, 3.40 4.40, 5.40; 00, 7.40 8.40, 9.40 p.m.