This is An Age of Reason,

And the keener the competition the sharper becomes human logic. Paint your name on the moon and get notoriety, but if you want to get lasting public support on any line of goods you "must" give all-round better value than your competitors.

This is (in a nutshell) the sole, whole and only reason of the success of the Tea that revolutiouized the trade.



Sealed Lead Packets Only. 25c, 30c, 40c 50c. 60c.

Mr. J. A. Smith, of Burford, was a caller at The Advertiser the other day. He has just returned from a visit to Chicago, and looked hale and hearty. Mr. Smith about 20 years ago published a collection of short humorous stories, which won wide popularity. Many or his contributions appeared first in The Advertiser, and will be remembered with pleasure by old subscribers. One of them, "The Lost Irishman, or Jimmy Butler and the Gwl," has gone round the world, and is a favorite

bundle I set off for the township of Burford, filting a taste of a song, as merry a young fellow as iver took the road. Well, I trudged on and on, past many a plisint place, pleasin' myself wid the thought that some day I might have such a place of my own, wid a world of chickens and ducks and pigs and childer about the door; and along in the afternoon on the second day 1 got to Burford village. A cousin of me mother's, one Dennis O'Dowd, lived or neutral tints—a degree of dowdiabout siven miles from there, and I ness being frequently the result of wanted to make his place that zight, so I inquired the way at the tavern, an' was lucky to find a man who was goin' part of the way an' would show me the way to find Dennis. Sure he was very beige, fawn, tan or pale ecru are thorkind indeed, an' whin I got out of the wagon, he pointed through the wood, A rich, vivid red, bright and glowing, an' told me to go straight south a mile and a half, an' the first house would

"And you've got no time to lose now," said he, "for the sun is low, an' mind you don't get lost in the woods."

"Is it lost now," said I, "that I'd be gittin', an' me uncle as great a navigator as iver steered a ship across the trackless say! Not a bit of it," says 1, 'though I'm obleeged to yiz for your kind advice, and thank yiz for the

An' wid dat he drove off an' left me

all alone. I shouldered me bundle bravely, an' whistlin' a bit of a tune for company like, I started into the bush. Well, I went along over bogs, and turning 'round among the bush an' trees, till I began to think I must be well nigh to Dennis'. But, bad cess to it! all of a suddent I came out of the woods at the very identical spot where I started, which I knew by an ould crotched tree that seemed to be standin' on its head an' kickin' up its heels to make divarsion of me. Ву this time it was growin' dark, an' as a second time, determined to keep straight south this time, an' no mistake. I got on bravely for awhile, but och home! och home! it got so dark I couldn't see the trees, and I bumped me nose, and barked me shins, while the mickaties bit me hands an' face to a blister; an' after tumblin' and stumblin' around till I was fairly bam-foozled, I sat down on a log, all of a trimble, to think that I was lost entirely, an' that may be a lion or some other wild cratur would devour me be-

Just thin I heard somebody a long way off say "Whip poor Will!" "Be-dad," sez I, "I'm glad that it isn't Jamie that's got to take that, though it seems it's more in sorrow than in anger they're doin' it, or why should they 'poor Will'? And sare they can't be Injuns, haythins, or nagurs, for it's plain English that they are after spakin'. Maybe they might help me out of this," so I shouted at the top of my voice, "A lost man!" Thin I listened. Prisintly an answer came:

"Who? Who? Whoo?" 'Jamie Butler, the waiver," sez I as loud as I could roar, an' snatchin up me bundle an' stick I started in the direction of the voice. Whin I thought I had got near the

place I stopped an' shouted ag'in: "A lost man! "Who? Who: Who-ooo!" came a

voice right over me head. Sure, thinks I, it's a mighty quare place for a man to be at this time of night; maybe it's some settler scrapin' sugar off a sugar bush for the childer's breakfast in the mornin'. But where's Will an' the rest of thim? All this wint through me head like a flash, an' thin I answered his inquiry: "Jamie Butler, the waiver, sur." sez

NOTICE!

Cheaper Than Daylight.

Light your bedrooms, summer resorts and enting camps with Paraffine Candles during the hot weather. 10c per lb. 6-lb Cartons, 50c. Complete assortment of Campers' and Picnic-ers' Supplies.

Canned Beef, Tongue, Ham, Chicken, Turkey and Duck. SLICED HAM A SPECIALTY.

Sardines, Shrimps, Lobsters, Herring, Mackerel, FRUITS-CANNED AND IN GLASS.

Best Assorted Fancy Biscuits, Condensed Milk, Coffee, Cocca. TRADING STAMPS GIVEN.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co



I; "an' if it wouldn't inconvaniance yer honor, would yez be kind enough to step down an' show me the way to the house of Dinnis O'Dowd?"

"Who? Who? Whoooo?" sez he.
"Dinnis O'Dowd!" sez I, civil enough, an' a dacent man he is, an' first cousin to me own mother."

"Who! Who! Whooo!" sez he ag'in.
"Me mother!" sez I, "an' as fine a women she is as iver peeled a biled pratie wid her thumb nail, an' her maiden name was Molly McFiggin."

"Who! Who! Whooo!"
"Molly McFiggin!" sez I, "an' her father's name was Paddy McFiggin!"
"Who! Who ooo!"

"Paddy McFiggin! bad luck to yer] deaf old head. Paddy McFiggin, I say, do you hear that? An' he was the tallest man in all the county Tipperary, excipt Jim Doyle, the blacksmith." 'Who! Who! Whooo!"

"Jim Doyle, the blacksmith," sez I, "ye good for nothin' blaggurd nagur, an' if yez don't come down an' show me the way this minit I'll climb up there an' break every bone in your skin, ye spalpane, so sure as my name is Jamie "Who! Who! Whoooo!" sez he,as

impudent as iver.

I said niver a word, but layin' down me bundle and takin' me stick in me teeth I began to climb the tree. Whin I got among the branches I looked

around quietly till I saw a pair of big eyes just forninst me. "Whist!" said I, "an' I'll let him have a taste of an Irish stick," an' wid that I let drive an' lost my balance and came tumblin' to the ground, nearly breakin' my neek wid the fall. When I came to my sinsis I had a very sore head wid a lump on it the size of a goose egg, an' one half of my Sunday coat tail torn off intirely. Dennis is me father-in-law now, an' he often yet delights to tell our childer about their daddy's advinture with the I spoke to the chap in the tree, but owl.

could niver git an answer at all, at Sure, thinks I, he must have gone

home to rowl up his head, for he the powers, I didn't throw me stick for nothin'.

Well, by this time the moon was up, an' I could see a little, an' I determined to make one more effort to reach Den-

I wint on cautiously for awhile, an' thin I heard a bell. "Sure," said I, "I'm comin' to a settlement now, for I hear the church bell." I kept on toward the sound til I came to an ould cow wid a bell on. She started to run, but I was too quick for her, an' got her by the tail an' hung on, thinkin' that maybe she would take me out of the woods. On we wint, like an ould country steeplechase, 'till, sure enough, we come out to a clearin' an' a house in sight wid 2 light in it. So leavin' the ould cow puffin' and blowin' in the shed I wint to the house, an' as luck would have it, whose should it but Dennis'. He gave me a rail Irish welcome, an' introjuced me to his two daughters; as purty a pair of girls as ever ye clapped an eye on. But whin I tould him my advinture in the woods, an' about the fellaw who made fun of me, they all laughed, an' roared, an' laughed; and Dennis said it was an owl. "An old what?" said I.

"Why, an owl, a bird," sez he.
"Do you tell me now," sez I. "Sure it's a quare country and a quare bird." An' thin they all laughed again, till at last I laughed myself that hearty like, and' dropped right into a chair, between the two purty girls, an' the old chap winked at me an' roared again.

worth reproducing: "Twas in the summer of '46 that I landed at Hamilton, fresh as a new pratie just dug out from the "ould sod," and wid a light heart and a heavy bundle I set off for the township of

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Color in Millinery

Much of the handsome black headgear this season is relieved by a touch or more of vivid color. Many women are afraid to venture upon these disthat timidity. A rich orange velvet, judiciously placed, and in suitable quantity, looks remarkably well on a black hat or bonnet, while lighter shades on contrasts admirably, as we all know, with black, yet many women to whom it would be strikinkly becoming, fear to venture with it, and effect a compromise by choosing garnet-mulberry, mahogany, or some other sort of dull red-dowdyism, as aforesaid, being the result. A certain artistic daring, coupled with discretion, gives style to a hat, a dress or other raiment. Lacking this courage and good taste, many sink all individuality of attire, and are content to look like everybody else in their fear of looking conspicuous, forgetting that there is a wide difference, indeed, between a bizarre, and a purely commonplace style.

The Duchess' Vases.

The photographs taken recently of the English residence of the Duchess of Marlborough, born Vanderbilt, shows some odd details in the sumptuously more than another has been harped there was no time to lose, I started in upon as inartistic these many years it is decoration by pairs, especially upon mantels. Almost without exception, the mantels of the gorgeous house of Marlborough show pairs of vases, some of the mantels having as many as three pairs arranged at regular intervals. Moreover, not a single vase holds an iota of anything! The province of a vase is to hold something. In the private sleeping-room of the Duke Marlborough the canopied bed, which is crowded into a corner of the room, is covered with what is doubtless an elegant spread, but it is thrown over bed and pillows in precisely the same careless-looking fashion in which the shiftless housewife "spreads up" her beds when too indolent to make them up neatly. A center-table occupies a position so near the bed that the occupant of the room must go out of his way to reach it.

Bociety Notes

People in elegant society do not push or scramble; they are not awkward; they listen with an appearance of interest, even if bored by the speakers; when they talk it is with ease and cultivated speech, and not in the strident tones, with the boastful air common among people not used to associating with cultivated people.

Man or woman-it is a common fault of women-who insists upon relating upon every possible occasion personal relationship to this or that famous person, upon telling the cost of this or that of their belongings; in short, the person who "blows his own horn" is not only a bore, but he is known at once for an upstart, socially speaking. The woman who has moved in good society all her life, and who belongs to a good family, does not go about explaining that such is the case. The person who is "climbing" in society, and doing it successfully and skillfully, is the one who gracefully conceals the knowedge that she has not always been thus favored.

People who would resent the imputation that they are uncultivated frequently display a shocking lack of refinement by holding coins in their mouths, by drinking from the cups at public fountains, using public toilet rooms, etc. No one who has ever once realized how unclean must be the drinking vessels, the money handled by Tom, Dick and Harry, etc., can ever again offend against cleanliness, not to say endanger her health, by sinning in these particulars. The woman who is dressed like the pink of exquisiteness but uses the comb or brush or towel in the railway station, or holds her change between her lips, tells her true want of gentility from the housetops.

Another Objection to Tight Lacing.

I have often wondered if women realized that the form which is corseted. loosely will retain its prettiness of curve, its texture of skin and its firmness of muscle for years, while the woman who laces tightly becomes old in her figure just as soon as she removes the artificial support and the compress-ing bones of her corset.

Every woman who laces tightly knows that her corset leaves unsightly ridges about her waist and reddens the skin. I have women among my patients, some of them 40 years old and SCHNERY AND SPEED."

the mothers of families, whose figures have all their youthful lines. These women have never become addicted to tight lacing. Some of them have worn corsets, but they have not made the corset their most important item of dress.

A sensible modification of the corset for a woman who thinks she must have a corset to be fitted with a tailor gown or an evening gown, is to wear a loosely laced corset for the street and with evening dress. For the house she may wear loose empire gowns, which for a time at least remove the pressure about the waist. Yes, I know fat women cannot do this.

But women should not be fat Fat is a disease.

New Glove Cleaners.

The woman who has a proper awe of expensive gloves will appreciate the new glove cleaners made of soft, spongy rubber, mounted with silver. They are ornamental enough to look well on the daintiest dressing-table, and really clean gloves better than do bread crumbs, for example.

duttering Bauble of Dress.

Dog collars for both high and lownecked gowns are in favor again. Some are made of a succession of silver coins held together with links of silver, and a pleasing effect. Gold beads have been kept out of sight for some years past, but now nine women out of every ten love at first sight. To the but the being at home but the and break it all to pieces. When we want anything of that kind we'll let you know." furnished apartments. If any one thing have a string of these bright baubles around their bare necks or on the outside of their high-necked gowns, just at the top edge of the collar. Bangles of both silver and gold are again worn. -October Woman's Home Companion.

FAITH CURE

About Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

They Cure Stomach Troubles and Indigestion Anywhere, Whether You Have Faith in Them or Not.

Mere faith will not digest your food for you, will not give an appetite, will not increase your flesh and strengthen your nerves and heart, but Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will do these things, because they are compounded of the elements of digestion, they contain the juices, acids and peptones necessary to the digestion and assimila-

tion of all wholesome food. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest food if placed in a jar or bottle in water heated to 98 degrees, and they will do it much more effectively when taken into the stomach after meals, whether you have faith that they will

or not. They invigorate the stomach, make pure blood and strong nerves, in the only way that nature can do it, and that is, plenty of wholesome food well digested. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that does us good. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by nearly all druggists at 50 cents for full-sized package, by mail from the Stuart Company, Marshall, Mich.

The debris left from the coral made into articles of jewelry, etc., is crushed, scented and sold as tooth powder at a

high price by Italian perfumers. THERE is not a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil-a pulmonic of acknowledged efficacy. It cures soreness and lameness when applied externally, as well as swelled neck and crick in the back. and, as an inward specific, possesses most substantial claim to public con-

A proposal has been made by French chemist to obtain easily assimflable iron tonic from vegetables, by feeding the plants judiciously with iron

fertilizers. DR. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE, BLOWER INCLUDED, 25c., acts magically and cures quickly. One application allays pains, clears the pas-sages, reduces inflammation and gives comfort. Cures Cold in the Hay Fever, Rose Fever, Catarrh, Deafness and all head and throat affections which, if not taken in time, will lead to chronic catarrh and later consumption. It is sure cure and harmless. Easily applied.

One of the novel ideas of decorative effect in Japan is to catch firefles, keep them in a cage or box of wire until guests arrive, and then release them in the garden.

Now that the season is opened, don't lose sight of the Fly.

"ALWAYS TAKE THE G. T. R. WHEN YOU CAN. S. S. S.-SAFETY

READ ABOUT

Major Esterhazy, the French Scoundrel, an Accomplished Man.

Disappearance of Eusch, the Biographer of Bismarck.

Jules Verne's Courtship-The British Officer in Charge at Fashoda-A Cyclist's Hardships.

whose connection with the Dreyfus disclosures brings him now into unenviable prominence, is described as being tall, thin, bony and bald. He shaves in the fashion affected by French officers, has perfect manners and drawls nasally. His chief capability for interesting us lies in his men-tal qualities. His memory is said to be wonderful; he is possessed of an extraordinary fund of useful but out-of-the-way information, knows everybody, and remembers them

as a military house when the knights of Ragotski came from Hungary to France. No fewer than five generals of his name and race have commanded in the French army. And Esterhazy to this day, in spite of his French con-nections and his marriage with Mme. de Nettencourt, remains a Hungarian. His character, his intellect, his soldierly qualities, his unscrupulousness, and his scheming all belong to that part of the Magyar that has never wonderful knowledge of languages is certainly not a common French characteristic.

Major Esterhazy is extremely proud of his birth and ancestry. He remem-Royal Esterhazy Regiment, commanded by his ancestor, fought with commendable valor. It was to this same ancestor that Louis XIV. had given six hundred thousand francs to raise his regiment in Hungary, and who Venice, whence he wrote to the Roi Soleii: I have neither cavaliers nor money to obtain them." The king smiled. He had a formidable appetite, this Hungarian," he said to his minister. "Send him another six hundred turn with his regiment."

shy young man, with an apparent dis-

like to feminine society. Being induced, much against his will, to serve as proved the kindest of stepfathers to her two daughters.

WHERE IS BUSCH?

The roll of Boswell played by Dr. Moritz Busch to Prince Bismarck's Dr. Johnson, would appear to have had a bad ending to the former. He has disappeared. His old haunts know him no more, and his chair at the Stam-mtisch of his favorite inn remains va-His publishers cannot trace cant. him, and it is even whispered in some quarters that the dissemination of Bismarck's tea-table talk has been considered in the light of lese majeste by certain authorities on that delicate subject. Perhaps the emperor has thought so too.

THE EMPRESS' KINDNESS. The kindness of the Empress of Gervery old, but her one great wish was to see the empress drive past. Somechamberlain that it would be a great be allowed to drive slowly when passing the invalid's window. The request paid a long visit to the sick room, and supreme happiness.

A CYCLIST'S HARD TRIP.

four and a half months, Mr. R. L. Jefferson, well-known as a trans-continental cyclist, has just reached Khiva on his bicycle. He arrived there with hardly a stitch of clothing left to him, and owing to the privations he had suffered during his journey, was in a weak and worn-out state. Mr. Jefferson started out from London in April last in the footsteps of Colonel Burnaby. His troubles began after he left Orenburg; the Khirgiz Steppe and the deserts of Kara and Kizil, a distance of about 1,500 miles were beset with difficulties. Bad food and putrid water were among the mishaps that occurred to him, and the dangers of the district rendered an armed escort necessary.

London, Oct. 18.-Major Esterhazy,

The Esterhazy family was illustrious been eliminated from his blood. His

bers with pride that at Fontenoy the breath that he was "only then begin-Royal Esterhazy Regiment, command- ning to understand what painting went to spend it in making holiday in thousand, and let him this time re-

JULES VERNE'S MARRIAGE. Jules Verne's marriage was quite a

the house to find that the whole party had left for the church. There was married the lady; and he has since

THE MAN AT FASHODA. Colonel Jackson, left by Sir Herbert Kitchener in charge of the British and Egyptian troops at Fashoda, is Major Herbert William Jackson, of the Gordon Highlanders. Campaigning in Egypt is no novelty for him. After joining the regiment in 1881 he in the following year with Lord Wolseley's expedition, taking part in the engagements at El Teb and Tamai. Two years later he was with the troops of and '84 Nile campaign. His knowledge of Egyptian service gained him a position on the Egyptian constabulary, whence he joined the Egyptian army, to which he has been attached ever since. He is brevet-major in the British service; and though only in his 37th year wears the Egyptian medal and four clasps, the khedive's star and four classes of the Medjidle and Osmanieh.

many towards people if inferior station wherever she may happen to be traveling is proverbial, and now a very pretty story is told of her recent visit to Westphalia during the maneuvers. In a village close to the imperial headquarters the widow of a captain in the merchant service occupies a small room. She is invalided, bedridden, and one had suggested to the empress kindness if the imperial carriage would came to the empress' ears, and in her kindness of heart she left her carriage, left the lonely sufferer in a state of

After a ride of a little more than

WHAT IS

Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria is the Children's Panacea-the Mother's Friend.

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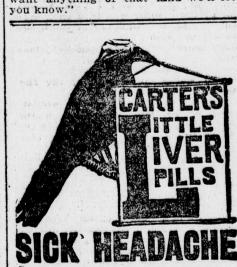


At Khiva, however, he was the guest of the khan, who extended every courtesy to the venturesome traveler.

A VETERAN PAINTER.

Titian, dying at 99, and painting until his last hour, said with his last Mr. Sydney Cooper, who cele was. brated his 95th birthday a few days ago, seems to be running him very close. He is the oldest of the Royal Academicians in point of years, though not in date of election. He was 64 before he became R. A., Mr. Calderon and Mr. Watts entering the same year. Mr. Cooper may be truly said to have studied his profession from the beginning, for he began his career as an artist by painting carriages for Mr. Burgess, of Canterbury, at 12 shillings

A STORY OF EDISON. Mr. Edison tells a story of how he started to make a fortune years ago. romance. He was at that time a quiet, He saved his money industriously for three years, then he put it all into an invention-a wonderful thing. It was to use at the polls, and so perfectly did best man to a friend, he had a fit of forgetfullness on the very morning of the ceremony, and finally arrived at the house to find that the very morning of the house to find that the very morning of the ceremony, and finally arrived at the house to find that the very morning of the completed invention. invention to a well-known politician. The latter looked it over carefully, then said: "Young man, take that machine



Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A per-Sect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable Small Dose 6mall Pill.

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The CPREarth's CPR Circumference.

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OF CANADA

Express trains leave Montreal and Halifax Express trains leave Montreel and Halifax daily (Sunday excepted) and run through without change between these points.

The through express train cars of the Intercolonial Railway are brilliantly lighted by electricity, and heated by steam from the locomotive, thus greatly increasing the comfort and safety of travelers.

Comfortable and elegant buffet, sleeping and day cars are run on all through express trains. The popular summer sea bathing and fishing resorts of Canada are all along the Intercolonial, or are reached by that route.

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Passengers for Great Britain and the Continent can leave Montreal Tuesday morning and join outward Mail Steamers at St. John on Wednesday, or they can leave Montreal on Wednesday morning and join outward Mail Steamers at Halifax on Thursday.

The attention of shippers is directed to the superior facilities offered by this route for the transport of flour and general merchandise intended for the Eastern Provinces, Newfoundland and the West Indies: also for shipments and and the West Indies; also for shipments of grain and produce intended for the European markets, either by way of St. John or Hallfax.

Tickets may be obtained and all information about the route, also freight and passenger

rates, on application to A. H. HARRIS, General Traffic Manage Board of Trade Building, Montree D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., May 21, 1897

New York to Liverpool via Queenstown S.S. TEUTONIC, Oct. 26

S.S. BRITANNIC, Nov. 2

S.S. GERMANIC, Nov. 16

S.S. MAJESTIC, Nov. 9

S.S. ADRIATIC, Nov. 23 S.S. TEUTONIC, Nov. 30 Rates as Low as any First-

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*LAURENTIAN Nov. 12
CALIFORNIAN Nov. 19

*Do not call at Rimouski or Moville. RATES OF PASSAGE. First cabin, Derry and Liverpool, \$52 50 and upwards; return, \$105 and upwards, Second cabin, Liverpool, Derry, London, \$35 and upwards. Steerage, Liverpool, Derry, Belfast, Glasgow, London, everything found, \$22 50. Glasgow-New York service—State of Ne-braska sails from New York, Oct. 28; cabin, \$47 25 and upwards; return, \$89 75 and upwards; cond cabin, \$32 50; return, \$61 75; steerage,

\$23 50 AGENTS—E. De la Hooke, "Clock," corner Richmond and Dundas. Thomas R. Parker, southwest corner of Richmond and Dundas southwest corner of Richmond and Dundas streets, and F.B. Clarke, 416 Richmond street

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MUSKOKA LAKES (via Muskoka Navigation Company).

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Stop over only allowed at points Severn and Full information from G. T. R. agents or from M. C. DICKSON, D. P. A., Toronto.

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