

The Earl's Mistake

"I have always admired your temper, Carrie," goes on Philippa, in a tone of judicial calmness, "because it is so thoroughly and entirely a bad one; but to-night you have outdone yourself. Never, in my somewhat extended experience, have you shown to greater disadvantage. If one were to ask Lord Neville's opinion of you, what do you think, if he gave it candidly, it would be—"

"Still silence," he thinks you are a little mad. No one in their right senses would treat a stranger and a guest as you have treated him! There is one thing that consoles me, and that is that he doesn't appear to mind in the very least. How could you, with your good word of common thanks passes my comprehension. He has the touch and expression of an angel."

"Still silence for a minute," then the red lips, closed so tightly, open. "Philippa! I would give half the world to know what was in that telegram."

Philippa starts; it is bed-time, and having delivered herself of her reproach, she has fallen half asleep.

"I dare say. Perhaps you would like me to go and ask him," ironically. "Yes, I should," is the candid admission. "Not that he would tell you, my gentle Philippa. Oh, no! His lordship can keep a secret as well as most men, or I muchly mistaken. Philippa, did you see him when he read that telegram?"

"No," says Philippa, with another yawn. "What a question! Do you think I would be guilty of such utterly bad form as to stare at a person when he is reading his letters?"

"I don't know, I would, and I was," is the calm retort. "Philippa, his face turned as white as white as that mantelpiece. I saw his hand shake. I saw it!"

"Nonsense," he said there was no bad news!"

"No, I might say that it is good news," says Carrie, mimicking Lord Neville's voice and manner with startling accuracy. "What a mystery! The news it must have been to turn his already pale face to the color of marble, and set him shaking like a leaf! For I tell you! I wonder—what was in that telegram?"

Philippa laughs and looks round at the bedroom candlesticks covetously. "If you hadn't behaved like a savage to him, you might have asked him," she says, sarcastically. "As it is, my child, you haven't a chance of knowing."

"No," says Carrie, wistfully, "and I want to know so badly!"

"For a person who has professed so much indifference to his lordship, you display a remarkable amount of curiosity," Philippa remarks, as she gets her candlestick.

"Do I not?" assents Carrie, composedly. "Yes, I admit it! I would give something to penetrate the mystery."

"Yes, my dear," repeats Carrie, pursing her lips and frowning at the fire. "We are indeed a highly blessed family. To have a guest with 'rippling hair' who plays the piano 'like an angel' is much; to have a lord with a mystery! Philippa, our cup of happiness is overflowing! It will hold no more!"

She gets up as she speaks and takes her candle, and moves toward the door. As she does so, she utters an exclamation, and Philippa, turning round, sees her standing in the centre of the room, pointing to a piece of pink paper lying on the carpet.

It was the telegram.

"Look," says Carrie, in an excited whisper. "An answer to my longing! It is the telegram!" and she stoops and picks it up with her finger and thumb, and stands holding it from her, regarding it with her eyes on one side.

"Carrie!" exclaims Philippa, coloring and coming to her side swiftly, "you—surely don't mean to—Give it to me!"

"Be calm, Philippa," retorts Carrie, whisking the telegram behind her back and out of Philippa's reach. "Let us argue the matter, my sweet sister. Telegrams are not like letters, you know. You can't send a secret by telegram; all the post-office would know it. Why, the old woman Malfield knows what's in the paper as well as Lord Neville! Why shouldn't I?"

Philippa laughs, but uneasily. "Don't be silly, Carrie. Give it to me, and I'll give it to Lord Neville in the morning."

"Why not we?" repeats Carrie, with a judicial air. "Now, Philippa, which is it to be? Are we to read it or not? Is the mystery to be solved, or shall it remain a thorn in my heart?" She stops suddenly, and her face goes a vivid crimson, for noisily the door has opened, and Lord Neville stands regarding her.

"I beg your pardon," he says. "I think I have dropped my telegram." Carrie's arm seems to freeze behind her. Philippa stands open-mouthed and wide-eyed with horror.

"I think I dropped it here," he says, advancing, "or else—" then he stops and looks from one to the other, attracted by their guilty countenances.

lands, but also the property which has been settled on your mother. Without the prospect of his mother's property he would have been a wealthy and influential nobleman, with it he is ranked amongst those giants of gold whose income may be reckoned by the thousand pounds per day. Such an immense income sounds extremely pleasant, but as a matter of fact it is somewhat of a nuisance, and most certainly breeds a large amount of hard work. That is, if you are conscientious and do your duty. Lord Cecil's father, the Earl of Fitz-Harwood, was conscientious, and he did his duty, and consequently he was one of the hardest-worked men in England. We all know who is absolutely and beyond question the hardest-worked of all men, and he stands highest in the land. Perhaps, next to the Prince, who appears to know no rest, who is at one end of the kingdom on Monday, laying a foundation stone of a hospital, and at the other end on Tuesday, opening a museum, to be back in London on Wednesday to preside at a charity dinner, Lord Fitz-Harwood worked harder than any man.

No lease was ever issued from his steward's office until he had looked through it; any one of his tenants, servants, or laborers, could procure an audience of him; he answered every letter, and he never ever forgot that he was committed to him, and managed his estates with as much care as a business man. He was a gentleman, with a face deeply wrinkled by his office. A tall, thin, wiry, and his eyes of steel, with a stoop in his shoulders, and a habit of bending forward over his writing-table just such a stoop as a clerk gets, by the way—with hair that had been white since he was forty, such was the Earl of Fitz-Harwood, Lord Cecil Neville's father.

To go by the rule of consistency Cecil Neville should have been a keen man of business also; but nature, who delights in laughing at rules, had designed him on a plan directly opposite to that on which she had modeled his father.

She made him a poet, a scholar, a musician. In addition to a face that, as a boy's, was angelic, and now, as a man's, was almost perfectly handsome, he had bestowed upon him a highly strung soul, that was as sensitive as a lute, and a mind susceptible to the loftiest imaginations.

At college he had spent his days and most of his nights also in hard study, with the result that he took his degrees with high honors—and a low fever.

His father and mother, who were sent for, came post-haste and stood beside the bed of their son and his heir almost in despair; but Lord Cecil comforted them. "Don't fret, mother, I don't mean to die."

And he did not. With the same resolution, the same inflexible will, which had enabled him to distance all competitors in the race for knowledge, he set himself to get well, and he succeeded.

But the earl and the countess were naturally anxious.

Lord Cecil was their only son, and to see him die would have been a disaster for him and he was one to win the warmest love, the earl could not contemplate the prospect of his name dying out, as it would if anything happened to Cecil.

They talked of taking him down to Harwood, the family seat, but the doctors had demurred.

They said that what Lord Cecil required was not some quiet place in which he could find nothing to do, get bored, and in despair return to the fatal books, but a distinct change of scene, and a life in which there should be plenty of variety and amusement, and if possible excitement. They recommended a continental tour.

As Lord Cecil was perfectly indifferent where he went, so that he got well, and as the earl assented to the proposition, it was arranged that Lord Cecil should make the continental trip.

Companion was found for him in a certain Oxford clergyman, who was pledged to keep the young viscount from anything in the shape of study; the pair were provided with a large sum of money, and started on their travels.

Then went to Paris, and Lord Cecil spent a fortnight languidly visiting the places of interest in the capital of the world, and got very little, if any, stronger; the only things he seemed to care for in Paris were the opera and the concert; he would sit for hours listening to the divine music of Joachim's violin, or the exquisite melody of Patti's voice.

Mr. Forsyth, his companion, saw that so far, the trip was a failure.

"You don't get any stronger, Cecil," he said. "Where shall we go?" said Mr. Forsyth. "Where you like," answered Lord Cecil, indifferently.

"I think we'll go to Switzerland," said Mr. Forsyth; and he wrote and told the earl that they were going to Lucerne, and went in a dreary state, which was partly born of his peculiar nature, and partly the result of his illness.

Mr. Forsyth was growing desperate, and yet, apparently, he had not much to complain of.

A sweet-tempered young fellow then Lord Cecil Neville no man could desire for a companion. He was always willing to do anything that was proposed, to go anywhere his friend wished; but he took no interest in anything that was done, or any place they visited.

"I can't make you out, Cecil," said the worthy clergyman. "Is there anything in the wide world that you can get up an interest in? Come, think it over; there must be something, you know; and whatever it is, I suppose you can get it. If you can't, I don't see the use of the stupendous pile of money you are credited with. Just set that astute mind of yours to work on your own behalf for once, and see if you can't get up a long-remembered something; I don't care what it is. I'd rather see you take to beer and skittles, or wine and cards."

like so many of the young fellows that I've had to do with, than see you at cross purposes with all the world, as you seem to be."

And Lord Cecil had smiled and sighed with a mixture of apology and weariness. "I'm very sorry, Forsyth," he said, in his low, grave voice; "and I think it very hard lines that you should be bored to death by such a miserable apology for a companion as I am—"

"Don't mention that, my dear fellow; I am paid to do it, you know, and if I were not, I've got a sneaking fondness for you that would keep me to your side."

"Thanks," said Lord Cecil, just as he had said thanks to Carrie this evening; "I know that, but I am all the more sorry. What is there I can take an interest in? Candidly, I don't know. You speak of money, Forsyth, I am inclined to think that that is at the bottom of the trouble. It is just the fact of knowing that I can get pretty nearly everything I want that makes nothing worth wishing for."

Mr. Forsyth stared, laughed, and then looked grave.

"Extraordinary!" he said. "But I can understand it. Great Heaven! fancy having too much money. Well, Cecil, I'm half inclined to be thankful that I've not got enough."

Lord Cecil laughed sadly and dropped his cigarette into the water; for they were sitting in the sunset of an autumn evening on the margin of the lake, watching the crimson and violet pink shadows pass over the mountains in front of them.

(To be Continued.)

MAKE NEW BLOOD.

That is What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Do—That is Why They Cure So Many Diseases.

When persons have not enough blood, or when their blood is weak and watery, the doctors name the trouble anaemia. The bloodiness is the direct cause of many common diseases, such as indigestion, nervousness, rheumatism, and consumption. The surest sign of poor blood are paleness, bluish lips, cold hands and feet; general weakness, low spirits and headaches and backaches. If anaemia is not checked in time it will probably develop into consumption.

There is one certain cure for anaemia—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills actually make new, rich, red blood, which fills the veins and brings new life, new energy and good health to bloodless people. In proof of this Miss Mabel Clendenning, Niagara Falls, Ont., says: "For two years I suffered from anaemia. I was weak, thin, had no appetite; I sometimes had distressing headaches and felt low spirited. My heart would palpitate violently; I could do no work around the house; I became very pale and my nerves got unstrung. The efforts of two good doctors failed to help me. I was in such a pitiful state. One day a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I did so. Soon I saw the pills were helping me, and by the time I had taken nine boxes I was completely cured. I had a good appetite, gained in weight, I hadn't an ache or pain, could sleep well, and I am in far better health now than I ever was. I cannot speak too highly of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me."

What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for Miss Clendenning they have done for thousands—they will do for you. But you must get the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. If your dealer has not got the genuine pills you can get them at 20 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

TIMES PATTERNS.



No. 3418—Many dressy gowns are made with tunics. The skirt here illustrated is made over a gored foundation that is lengthened by a circular flounce. The tunic has a bias seam in front and back where it is sharply pointed. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires 7 1/2 yards of 27-inch material for the tunic and flounce for 26-inch waist measure.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Address, "Pattern Department," Times Office, Hamilton.

It will take several days before you can get patterns.

Headaches and Neuralgia From Colds LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine, the world wide Cold and Grip remedy removes cause. Call for full name. Look for signature E. W. Grove, 25c.

STUDENT SHOT. (Special Despatch to the Times.) Toronto, Ont., March 2.—Kenneth M. Cameron, a well-known second year student, shot himself last night in his room in a house on Madison avenue. It is thought he was dependent over school work. He was 18 years of age. He was a son of J. M. Cameron, lawyer, St. Thomas. He had been in good spirits and spent the evening with companions, and said nothing to indicate suicide.

Little Boy Drowned. Antigonish, N. S., March 2.—Charles Benjamin Lee, the seven-year-old son of John Lee of this town, was drowned this morning while playing on the river ice with a companion.

RILEY DEPORTED.

MAN IS ALLEGED TO HAVE DROWNED CHINESE.

Regarded as an Old Smuggler of Chinese—Will be Tried for Man-slaughter at Buffalo—Desperate Attempt to Escape.

Niagara Falls, March 2.—William Riley whose last smuggling trip is alleged to have resulted in the death of seven Celestials, was deported from Fort Erie this afternoon as an undesirable citizen. Riley made a desperate attempt to escape. He was placed on a ferry boat at Fort Erie and on arrival at Buffalo was immediately arrested by United States Marshal Conklin, who had a warrant against him for manslaughter. Chief Mains, accompanied by Immigration Inspector Wilcox, arrested Riley this afternoon at Fort Erie, where he was working at the erection of a Chinese laundry. Riley was conducted to a waiting ferry boat, but before the boat left he made a rush past the guarding officer to the shore.

Riley was quickly captured by officers Key and Chief Mains and closely guarded until the boat steamed out. While on board Riley tore up several letters and threw the pieces away. The torn pieces were gathered together and found to contain evidence in reference to smuggling. The torn letter will probably be used by the United States authorities to convict him.

Early in December Riley, with Edward Baltz and George Hanney, it is said, attempted to smuggle a boatload of Chinese into Buffalo from Fort Erie. They crossed the river late at night and a native minister, who was a member of the Seven Chinese were drowned. The smugglers were arrested and warrants for manslaughter were issued. Extradition proceedings were taken by the United States, but the evidence was insufficient to extradite them, and they were released.

Then the Canadian deportation law was put into force, and the simple process of sending Riley back to the United States, has brought him within the pale of the law. Similar proceedings, it is said, are under way to bring Baltz and Hanney to justice.

BURIED WEALTH.

WILL SEARCH FOR KING OF THE MATCHLESS GOLD.

Expedition to be Organized—Consists of \$14,000,000 in Coin, 36 Bars of Gold, 110 Wagon Loads of Ivory and 400 Diamonds.

London, March 2.—The latest story about a hidden treasure and an unsuccessful attempt to recover it comes from the Transvaal. It is not concerned with the mythical Kruger millions, but with a mass of buried wealth which was once the property of Lobengula, King of the Matabeles.

Five men only knew the place where the treasure was deposited, and of them only one is alive to-day—John Jacobs, a native miner, who was at one time private secretary to Lobengula, and who has lately returned to Johannesburg after an expedition in quest of the treasure, which he says consists of \$14,000,000 in coin, 36 bars of gold, 110 wagon loads of ivory and 400 diamonds.

Rather more than a year ago, according to the Transvaal Leader, Jacobs entered into negotiations with a Johannesburg prospector, as the result of which both men, accompanied by Jacobs' two sons and another man, set out for the north, trekking into regions of forest, obtaining supplies of food and water, etc., caused the abandonment of the search. Another expedition is to be organized.

JEWES AND GENESIS.

Toronto Rabbi Says: They Don't Expound That Book.

Toronto, March 3.—Rabbi Jacobs, of Holy Blossom Synagogue, says that the Hebrew Church is the broadest-minded of religious denominations. They have no religious tests, and no inquisitorial council. They consider it criminal to try to coerce men's consciences. All that they demand is that one believes in the universal love of God. They hold that the Old Testament is the inspired word of God, but have been aggrieved by the rabbi that there shall be no exposition of the book of Genesis. In this manner there can never be any mistake made by reading into the writings what God never intended.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson, Proprietor.

DAMAGE SUITS SETTLED.

Widows of Two Men Who Were Drowned Compensated.

St. Catharines, March 2.—The two damage suits brought against Joseph Battle, public works contractor, of Thorold, by the widows of two Chippawa men, Peter Saue and Louis Willson, who were drowned in Hamilton Bay last summer, will not come up for trial at the Welland Assizes, which opened yesterday, as they were settled out of court. The men were in the employ of Mr. Battle, and while doing some harbor work were out in a small boat. A small came up, the boat was capsized, and they were drowned. By the terms of settlement the widow of each man gets \$900 and costs, which is understood, is put up by the London Guarantee & Accident Company.

WOMAN'S DEED.

She Drowned Her Young Son and Herself in a Tank.

Regina, Sask., March 2.—Mrs. William Finlayson this morning murdered her three-year-old son Warren, and then committed suicide. The deed was done in a moment of insanity, brought on by illness. Mr. Finlayson left the house at 7 o'clock to open his store, and when he returned an hour later for breakfast he found the place locked. He knew his wife was ill and was fearful of her actions. Accordingly he broke into the house, and after searching found the bodies of his wife and son in a tank of water. The tank was in the basement of the house, and reached nearly to the ceiling.

The poor woman had evidently thrown the child in and then crawled through the small space between the top of the tank and the joists and drowned herself. The tank was cut open and the bodies removed immediately.

CRESOLENE ANTISEPTIC TABLETS

A simple and effective remedy for SORE THROATS AND COUGHS. They combine the germicidal value of Cresole with the soothing properties of glycerine and licorice. Your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps. Lanning, Mack Co., Limited, Agents, Montreal, etc.

The big grist mill and millhouse at Demoretville were destroyed by fire on Tuesday.

AT R. McKay & Co's. THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1909

HAMILTON'S MOST PROGRESSIVE STORE

A Brilliant Display and Many Special Sales of the New SPRING STYLE GOODS

Visit this bright store to-morrow and view the new style goods that we have gathered together from every quarter of the globe. Our buyers have made great preparations for a big season and we feel satisfied you will be more than delighted with the display, and in connection with this display we offer the following Thursday specials. Come and share in the savings.

Specials From Our Dress Goods Section

Reg. \$1 Chiffon Finished Broadcloths and Venetians for 75c

Very popular materials for the season, new style suits, on sale in splendid shades of navy, brown, myrtle, elephant, stone, taupe, red and black; take advantage of this special Thursday sale event, at per yard 75c

Sale of Serges Again to-morrow, Shadow Stripe Suitings, Reg Value 75c, Sale Price 50c Yard

By all odds the best offering in good quality Serges in years, has a hard finish, just the kind for children's dresses and suits, on sale in navy, brown, myrtle, red and black, at per yard 30c

Whitewear Specials

\$1.35 Gowns 75c Ladies' Flannelette Gowns, kimono style, made of heavy material and cut generously full, to clear at 75c

Drawers 25c Ladies' Fine Cambric Drawers, with deep frill, trimmed with tucks and lace, to clear 25c

Blouses on Sale \$1.50 Blouses For 98c

These Blouses are made of dainty embroidery, with trimmed back and sleeves, regularly \$1.50, for 98c

Come and View the New Wash Materials

New Linen Suitings Colored Cross-Bar Muslins

In pink, Nile, pale blue, cadet and champagne, good firm quality, smooth bright finish, full yard wide, very special value at 25c

In pale pink, pale grey and champagne, with beautiful rose designs, very swell for evening or summer dresses, soft sheer quality, excellent value at 40c yard

Ladies' Corset Covers 19c

White and natural long and no sleeves, well made, neatly trimmed, special value, worth 25c, only 19c

Fleece Lined Vests 39c

Odd makes fleece lined Underwear, white and grey, some exceptional value worth up to 65c, clearing Thursday only 39c

Llama Hose 3 for \$1.00

Black Llama Wool Hose, seamless feet, well fashioned and spliced, a splendid wearing hose, all sizes, only 3 for \$1

Most Attractive Housefurnishings Reductions

BLANKETS—White wool, full size, regular \$4.50 and \$4.75, Thursday \$2.98 pair
BLANKETS—White union, full size, regular \$3.50 per pair, Thursday \$2.28 pair
LACE CURTAINS—Double thread, strong, handsome, \$1.75, Thursday \$1.12 pair
ART SATEEN, for comforter and cushion, regular 25 and 30c yard, Thursday at 17c yard
CREPE WAIVE—Fast colors, in quiet, neutral tones, regular 20c yard, Thursday at 18c yard

R. McKay & Co.

WERE LONESOME.

Two Toronto Ladies Had Great Liner to Themselves.

New York, March 2.—To be the only passengers on a twenty-thousand-ton liner, with stewards at their elbows, a stringed orchestra, and the captain, officers and crew united in waiting attendance, was the experience of two Canadian women, who arrived here this afternoon on the Canadian Campania from Italy. The women, Miss F. A. McLeod and her sister, Mrs. W. Hyslop, 6 South road, Toronto, had this unique experience. It happened on the Catania, a sister ship of the Campania, during a run from Alexandria, Egypt, to Fiume, Austria. The Catania has accommodations for about 400 cabin passengers, and the trip took five days. Among other honors showered upon them, they were permitted to occupy the royal suite.

Miss McLeod had this to say of the rare treat: "We were very much embarrassed when we found we were to be the only passengers. It was awfully trying on one's nerves to sit at table with so many stewards around. We were afraid to talk to each other during the first breakfast. At luncheon Captain Dow sent in some of his young officers to keep us company. They were all good-looking young men, and he saw we were lonesome on deck without another passenger in sight, so he delegated Second Officer Verner as a personal escort to take us around the ship. Mr. Verner is a fine fellow. I have received a bunch of telegrams from him since."

WET OR DRY.

Liquor Selling Chief Issue in Vermont Elections.

Montpelier, Vt., March 2.—Of greater interest than ever before the question of licensed liquor selling was the chief issue in the municipal elections held today in all of the six cities and 249 towns of Vermont.

The closest vote on the license issue was expected in this city and St. Albans. After having license for three years, Montpelier voted "no" in 1906 and the two succeeding years, and to-day the outcome was problematical.

A strenuous campaign for no license had been waged in St. Albans, which usually votes for license. There was a keen majority contest in Rutland, between Frank R. Blanchard, on a so-called "square deal citizens" ticket, Henry O. Carpenter, a "citizen" candidate, and Geo. C. Underhill, on a no license platform.

SHOWED APPENDIX.

Anatomical Evidence Submitted in Case of Arrested Chauffeur.

New York, March 1.—In defence of his chauffeur, who was arrested for speeding, Walter F. Graff, a silk merchant, at the hearing of the chauffeur's case to-day, laid on the bench before the magistrate a small vial containing his verminiform appendix.

Mr. Graff told the court that five weeks ago he underwent the operation for the removal of the appendix. He had been weak ever since, he said, and his physician had warned him that it would be fatal for him to ride in a speedy automobile.

Without in any way questioning the origin of the anatomical evidence, the magistrate refused to accept it as exonerating the chauffeur, who was held for trial.

Berlin's tax rate has been struck at 22 mills on the dollar. This is 2 mill more than last year but 11.4 mills is to provide for deficit of last year. The salary of the Mayor has been raised to \$890.

James Snodden, aged 26, was taken with convulsions at his home, 40 Hayter street, Toronto, Monday night, and died in St. Michael's Hospital yesterday. He was an Englishman and unmarried.

RAILWAYS

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

SETTLERS

Low rates to certain points in Saskatchewan and Alberta, via Chicago or Port Arthur, each Tuesday during March and April.

Pacific Coast Excursions

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ONE WAY, SECOND CLASS FROM HAMILTON.

To Cobalt and Gow Ganda

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Low rates in effect daily for settlers' one-way tickets to all Northwest points, by C.P.R. direct line. Only through service with no change of cars.

Settlers and families can leave Toronto any day in colonist or tourist cars attached to regular train.

When travelling with livestock and effects, settlers should take

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Ask agent for free copy of "Settlers' Guide," giving rates and full information.

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