HAT ROOM

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THE PIECE OF GOLD

When Lucien Hem saw his last hundred-franc note gripped by the bankkeeper's rake, and rose from the soulette table, where he had lost the last fragments of his little fortune, collected for this supreme struggle, he felt giddy, and thought he was going

With a dizzy head and tottering legs, he threw himself down upon the broad leathern settee surrounding the play-

For some minutes he gazed vacantly years of his youth, recognized the ravaged faces of the gamblers, crudely lighted by the three large shaded lamps; listened to the light jingle of gold on the cloth-covered table; felt that he was ruined, lost; recollected that he had at home the pair of regu-lation pistols which his father, Gen. Hem, then a simple captain, had used so well in the attack of Zaatcha; then, overcome by fatigue, he sank into a profound sleep.

When he arose, with a parched mouth, he saw by the clock that he had slept for barely half an hour, and felt an imperious need for breathing the night air. The clock hands marked a quarter before midnight.

At that moment old Dronski-a pillar of the gaming house, the classic Pole, wearing the threadbare hooded woolen cloak, ornamented all over with grease stains-approached Lucien, and muttered a few words in his grizzled

'Lend me a five-franc piece, monsieur. It's now two days since I've stirred out of the club, and for two days the 'seventeen' has never turned up. Laugh at me if you like, but I'll suffer my hand to he cut off if that number does not turn up on the stroke of midnight."

Lucien Hem shrugged his shoulders. He had not even enough in his pocket to meet this tax, which the frequenters of the place called "the Pole's hun-dred sous." He passed into the anteroom, took his hat and fur coat, and descended the stairs with feverish ra-

Since four o'clock, when Lucien had shut himself up in the gaming-house, snow had fallen heavily, and the street -a street in the center of Paris, very narrow, and built with high houses on either side was completely white. In the calm sky, blue-black, the cold

stars glittered. The ruined gambler shuddered under his furs, and walked slowly away, his mind still teeming with thoughts of despair, and more than ever turning to He approached her, he took the remembrance of the case of pistols which awaited him in one of his drawers; but after moving forward a few steps, he stopped suddenly before a heart-wringing sight.

On a stone bench, placed according to old custom near the door of a mansion, a little girl of six or seven years of age, dressed in a ragged black frock, was sitting in the snow. was sleeping, in spite of the cruel cold, in an attitude of frightful fatigue and exhaustion; her poor little head and tiny shoulder pressed as if they had sunk into an angle of the wall, and reposing on the icy stone. One of her n shoes had fallen from her foot, which hung helplessly and lugubriously before her.

With a mechanical gesture, Lucien put his hand to his waistcoat pocket, but a moment afterward he recollected that he had not been able to find even a forgotten piece of 20 sous, and had been obliged to leave the club with-out giving the customary "tip" to the club attendant; yet, moved by an instinctive feeling of pity, he approached the little girl, and might, perhaps, have taken her in his arms, and given her a night's lodging, when, in the wooden shoe which had slipped from her foot he saw something glitter.

He stooped. It was a gold coin.
Some charitable person, doubtless some lady, had passed by, had seen on this night the little wooden shoe lying in front of the sleeping child, and, recalling the touching legend, had placed there, with a secret hand, a magnificent offering, so that this poor abandoned one might believe in presents made for the infant Saviour, and preserve, in spite of her misfortune, some confidence and some hope in the goodness of Providence.

A gold piece! It was several days of rest and riches for the beggar, and Lucien was on the point of waking her to tell her this, when he heard near his ear, as a hallucination, a voice-

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the voice of the Pole, with its coarse, drawling accent, almost whispering: "It's now two days since I stirred out of the club, and for two days the Do you want to seventeen has never turned up. I'll suffer my hand to be cut off if that

Then this young man of three-andtwenty descended from a race of honest men, who bore a proud military name, and who had never swerved stock at 25 per cent. off regular prices. First-class workmen and never swerved from the path of henor, conceived a frightful idea. He was seized with a mad, hysterical, monstrous desire. After planeting of the path of henor, conceived a frightful idea. ter glancing on all sides, to make sure that he was alone in a deserted street, he bent his knee, and, carefully out-stretching his trembling hand, he stole

the gold piece from the fallen shoe! Hurrying, then, with all his speed, he returned to the gambling house, scaled the stairs two and three at a stride, and, entering the accursed playroom as the first stroke of midnight was sounding, placed the gold on the green cloth, and cried:

"I stake on the seventeen!" The seventeen won.

With a turn of the hand, Lucien pushed the 36 louis to the "red." The "red" won. He left the 72 louis on the same

color. The "red" again won. Twice he "doubled"-three timesways with the same success. He had now before him a pile of gold and notes, and began to scatter stakes all over the board. All his bets were fortunate. His luck was unheard of-supernatural. It might have been imagined that the little ivory ball dancing In the roulette was magnetized, fascin-ated by the eyes of this player, and obedient to him. In a dozen stakes he on the clandestine gambling house, in had recovered the few wretched thouwhich he had squandered the best sand franc notes, his last resources. which he had lost at the beginning of the evening.

Now, staking 200 or 300 louis at time, and aided by a strange run of luck, he was on the way to regaining, and more besides, the hereditary capital he had squandered in so few years, and reconstituting his fortune.

In his eagerness to return to the gaming table he had not taken off his fur coat. Already he had crammed the large pockets with bundles of notes and rouleaux of gold pieces, and, not knowing where to heap his winnings, he now loaded the inner and exterior pockets of his frock coat, the pockets of his vest and trousers, his handkerchief-everything that could be made to hold his money.

And still he played, and still he won, like a madman, like a drunken man! Only something like a red-hot iron was in hs heart, and he thought of nothing but of the little mendicant sleeping in the snow, whom he had robbed.
"Is she still at the same spot? Sure-

ly she must be still there. Presentlyyes. when 1 o'clock strikes-I swear it! I will quit this place. I will take her sleeping and carry her to my home. 1 will put her into my warm bed. I will bring her up, give her a dowry, love her as if she were my own daughter, care for her always, always!" But the clock struck 1, then a quar-

ter, then a half, and then three-quar-

And Lucien was still seated at the infernal table At length, one minute before 2 o'clock, the keeper of the bank rose abruptly and said in a loud voice: "The bank is broken, boys-enough

for today." With a bound Lucien was on his feet. Roughly pushing aside the gamblers who surrounded and regarded him with envious admiration, he hurried away quickly, sprang down the stairs, and ran all the way to the stone bench. "Heaven be praised!" he said. "She

is still there.' "Oh, how cold she is, poor little one!" He took her under the arms and raised her so that he might carry her. Her head fell back without her awaking. "How soundly children of her age

He pressed her against his bosom to warm her, and, seized by a vague in-quietude and with a view to rousing her out of this heavy slumber, he kissed her eyelids.

Then it was that he perceived with terror that these eyellds were halfopen, showing the eyeballs - glassy, lightless, motionless. Upon his brain flashed a horrible suspicion. He placed his mouth close to that of the little girl. No breath came from it.

While, with the gold piece which he had stolen from this mendicant, Lucien had won a fortune at the gaming. able, the homeless child had died-died of cold.

At the present time Lucien Hem is a lieutenant in the First Regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique. He has only his pay to live on, but he contrives to make It suffice, being a steady officer, and never touching a card. It appears even that he found the means of saving, for the other day at Algiers one of his comrades, who was following him at a few paces distant in one of the hilly streets of the Kasha, saw him give something in charity to a little Spanish girl sleeping in a doorway, and had the indiscretion to see what it was that Lucien had given the child.

Great was their surprise at the poor leutenant's generosity. Lucien Hem had wit into the hand of the poor child a piece of gold.-From the French of Francois Coppee.

The Hamburg-American Steamship line has let contracts to Bohm & Voss for the construction of a twin-screw steamer with water-tight compartments between the outer and inner sides, and a double bottom, making it practically unsinkable. The new boat will be 600 feet water line, 66 feet beam and 42 feet in depth, and have accommodations for 1,100 passengers.

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FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Giddiness: Fulness after meals, Head-ache, Dizziness, Drowsiness, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Costiveness. Blotches on the Skin, Cold Chills, Dis-turbed Sleep. turbed Sleep. Frightful Dreams and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations. THE PIRST DOSE WILL GIVE BELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. Every sufferer will acknowledge them to be

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Without a Rival LARCEST SALE of any Patent Medicine in the World.

The Ready Wit of the Man of number does not turn up on the stroke Blood and Iron.

> Cemetery That Would Not Agree With Him-Lessons in Politeness to Count Thun of Austria-A Startling Answer to an Indiscreet Question.

The sate Prince Bismarck, although known as a man of blood and iron, was remarkable for his ready wit and his never failing alertness in any emergency. A few years before his death he was surprised by a delegation of peasants from his family estate, Schoenhausen. They had come to ask him to choose their village cemetery for his final resting place.
"It can't be," replied Bismarck calmly.

The conditions of your cemetery do not agree with my rheumatism, and I have no desire to bring my gout with me into the grave."

Naturally brave and often reckless in the face of danger, Bismarck shunned nothing when a life was to be saved. As young lieutenant he risked his own life to save that of his drowning servant. He received the medal "for saving of human life," and he continued to wear it on all ceremonious occasions until he withdrew from public life. Once some high personage, proud of his titles and decorations. noticed the insignificant little medal on the breast of Bismarck and asked sneeringly, "What does that thing mean?" "Not much," said Bismarck, "only

that I am in the habit of saving a life now and then."

He was a man of the world whenever he wanted to be so and an excellent talker. These qualities surprised no one more than the empress of France, who, like most of her countrywomen, was inclined to conceive Bismarck as a rude, cold blooded, clumsy brute of the old uncivilized Teutons, who led a primitive life in the virginal forests of Germany, dividing their hostile attentions between boars, bears and Romans. It was she who said of him, "Mais il est plus causeur qu'un Fran-

While Austria remained the head of the Federation of German States and Bismarck attended the federal council at Frankfort as the representative of Prussia he had many dealings and as many semihostile encounters with the Austrian president of the council, Count Thun, whom he viewed with unlimited disgust. Once he called on Thun, who received him in his shirt sleeves. Bismarck proceeded to pull off his own coat without a moment's hesitation, saying, "Indeed, count, it is very hot in your room!"

The count jumped from his chair and hastened to put on his coat, at the same time pouring out apologies. On the occasion of another visit Thun was seated at his writing desk smoking and with an open box of cigars in front of him. He asked Bismarck to wait for a few moments, but offered him nothing to smoke. Bismarck, who was an enthusiastic devotee of the weed, suffered in silence for a few moments and then walked up to the desk and deliberately picked out a cigar under the nose of the startled count, and once more that gentleman had to apolo-

Bismarck's fondness for tobacco lasted till his death in spite of all protests from his physician. All the faithful Dr. Schweninger could do was to have the strong cigars of earlier years supplanted by long stemmed, well cleaned pipes. On the day before his death Bismarck smoked five of

"He lies like an official news bureau," exclaimed Bismarck once in the Prussian

Bismarck was always disliked by the diplomatists of the old school, whose tricks and conceits he despised. He confounded their clever plans time and again by an almost overbearing use of the truth. In the spring of 1866, when the war against Austria was nothing but a possibility, Bismarck, who was then president of the Prussian cabinet, attended a dinner given by the minister of Saxony. The Countess Hohenthal, who sat by his side, was inconsiderate enough to ask, "Is it true that your excellency intends to go to war with Austria?'

"Certainly, my dear countess," replied Bismarck in his blandest manner. have thought of nothing else since I entered the cabinet. Our guns are ready, and you will soon find that they are superior to the Austrian artillery."

"But, then, you must give me some friendly advice," said the countess. "I have two castles, one in Bohemia and one near Leipsic. Which one will be the safest to go to?"
"If you take my advice," answered Bis-

marck, "you will not go to Bohemia. Your castle is located in the very vicinity where we intend to beat the Austrians. Go to Saxony, and you will be perfectly

The countess made her indiscretion complete by telling every one of this remarkable conversation. The world was startled, and demands for an explanation came from all quarters.

"Pooh!" smiled Bismarck, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Do you pay attention to an ironical answer prompted by an indiscreet question?"

Wolff's Telegraph bureau was honored with Bismarck's attention on account of some alleged irregularities. The chancellor summoned one of the government officers, who promptly asserted that he did not know a thing about the whole matter.

"You had better make a thorough investigation and give me a detailed report,' said Bismarck. "But there is no special hurry. If I have the report by tomorrow at noon, that will be time enough." Good living was one of Bismarck's weak

points, and the first Countess Bismarck said sometimes that the chef de cuisine was the only one who could govern her Iron Chancellor. Certain it is that this magnate, Herr Mueller, could take liberties which would have proved dangerous to other persons. He had sent word twice on one occasion that dinner was ready. "Not hungry yet. Wait another half

hour," was the reply that came from the chancellor The third message received from the kitchen magnate admitted of no appeal:

"His excellency will have to eat now, whether he is hungry or not, for I, the premier of the kitchen, cannot keep the dishes any longer."

The premier of Prussia submitted without demurring and went to dinner at once. -Exchanga

Parson and Bunker.

On the St. Andrews golf course there is bunker known as "hell," says Scottish Life and Humor. A parson who was play-ing got into this bunker one day and could not get out of it. In the midst of his efforts a telegram arrived for him, and a returning caddle was asked if he had seen him. "Oo, aye," was the reply; "I've just left him down in hell, damnin an swearin maist awfn'!"

A BLIZZARD!

Prevails in the West and Southwest-Railway Traffic Delayed.

Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 17 .- A genuine blizzard prevails in the south and west today. A heavy wet snow has fallen since 3 o'clock this morning, driven by a strong wind. Wires are down in all directions and delays railway traffic. The snow followed 24 hours of steady rain. The sidewalks are covered three inches deep with slush. There has been a decided fall in temperature, and the suddenness of the storm, coming as it has on the track of summer weather, will undoubtedly cause great suffering, especially on the ranges covered with cattle, Kansas City is practically cut off with telegraph communication with the west.

SENSATIONAL

Mother Shoots Herself in View of Her Two Little Boys.

against him.

MINNESOTA IMMUNES. "They should send a regiment of im-

"Immunes?"

effects are said to be beneficial.

SUICIDE

Omaha, Neb., Oct. 17.—Mrs. Hattie Steele, wife of William W. Steele, attempted suicide under the most distressing conditions at her home in this city. Her husband had called to arrange final documents for their final separation. While they were discussing the future of the children Mrs. Steele suddenly arose, and in the presence of her husband and two little boys, placed a pistol to her head and fired. She was removed to a hospital and the bullet extracted, but the surgeons say there is no possibility of her recovery. Mr. Steele is held by the police, although there 4s no charge

munes against those Chippewa dians."

'Yes; bald-headed men."

Window plants in Germany are often watered with cold tea or coffee. The

his system is already bankrupt.

It takes a strong body and a healthful constitution to stand

their traces unless promptly stamped out.

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Effervescent Salt

prevents and cures these under-mining ills. Take it every

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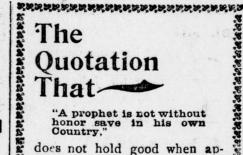
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does not hold good when applied to our Pure Green Olive Oil Soap, for it has the lead in Toilet Soaps in its home, London. Once used, always wanted. Sold by Messrs. McCallum & Co., W. T. Strong & Co.,

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Those persistent attacks of Sleeplessness; those Sick Headaches; those many worrying forms of Indigestion; that constant worn-out feeling, and those many little ills, all leave their traces unless promptly Excursions

PENETANG, MIDLAND, SEVERN to NORTH BAY, inclusive; ARGYLE to COBOCONK, inclusive; CAMERON to HALIEURTON, inclusive, and all points on MUSKOKA LAKES (via Muskoka Naviga-

MUSKOKA LAKES (via Muskoka Navigation Company).

Tickets will be issued Wednesday, Oct. 26, to Tuesday, Nov. 1, 1898 (inclusive), at Normal Single First-Class Fare (not temporarily reduced rates), except on business passing through Toronto.

Tickets will be good to return, leaving destination not later than Wednesday, Dec. 14, 1898, or close of navigation (if earlier) to points reached by Muskoka Navigation Company.

Stop over only allowed at points Severn and mining ills. Take it every morning when you rise. It will improve your digestion, help you enjoy your food, and instil energy and vitality into body and brain.

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A Kansas man is the owner of a floral freak in the shape of a geranium plant that is more than 12 feet high, It grew nine feet in one season.

This is the weather for Flys. 34 tf

Another Permanent Cure. THIS TIME OF A RUNNING SORE.

B. B. B. Cares Mr. D. Burch of Renton, Ont., of a Bad Sore on the Leg in 1892.

IT HAS NEVER BROKEN OUT SINCE.

Look around you and see if you can find any other remedy with such a record of permanent cures to its credit as Burdock Blood Bitters.

Not a little patching and mending up of the system to last a short time, but a thorough renovation, whereby disease is uprooted completely and health permanently restored.

Take the case of Chronic Sores of all kinds, which everyone knows are hard to heal with ordinary remedies.

To make a thorough and permanent care the blood must be cleansed so that pure nutritious blood shall be supplied to the affected part, and supplant the decaying tissues with healthy flesh. Sores or ulcers, no matter how large

or how long standing, heal up readily when Burdock Blood Bitters is applied externally and taken internally according to directions. The statements of Mr. D. Burch of

Renton, Ont., given below, prove this, and again establish the claim made for B. B. that it is the greatest remedy in existence for not only giving temporary relief, but making permanent cures. This is the letter written by him,

dated February 8th, 1894: "In the year 1888 I was taken ill with Typhoid Fever. When I had recovered from the fever I got what the doctors called Phlebitus, which left my ankles a very dusky color, and my leg was swellen to the knee all the time until the spring of 1892 when it broke out half way between my knee and the ankle

"I went to the doctors and they pre-scribed for me but to no effect. I quit taking any medicine for a while when I was persuaded by some friends to try Burdock Blood Bitters.

"I had not much faith that it would do me any good, but after using it for three days I could see that my leg had started to heal up.

"I kept on using the B.B.B. until I had taken five bottles in all, when my leg was healed up completely, and as sound as ever it was. If any one wants more particulars let them write to me enclosing a three-cent stamp for retura postage and I will gladly answer them. (Sgd.) D. Burch.

The following letter, written June 30th, 1898, shows how permanent

the cure made in 1832 has been : "Burdock Blood Bitters, made permanent cure in my case and I have the greatest regard for that remedy. It healed the sore on my leg in 1892 after doctors failed, and there has been no sign of it breaking out since.

"I never fail to recommend B.B.B. to persons suffering from any similar trouble and believe it to be the best remedy for purifying the blood. If there is any way I can be of service in making known the merits of B. B. B. I shall

only be too pleased to (Sgd.) D. Burch. BITTERS

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Express trains leave Montreal 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.

Canadian-European Mail and Passenger Route.

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 of grain and produce intended for the European markets, either by way of St. John or Halifax.

Tickets may be obtained and all information about the route, also freight and passenger about the route, also freight and passenger rates, on application to

A. H. HARRIS,

General Traffic Manager, Board of Trade Building, Montreal D. POTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., May 21, 1897.

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LAURENTIAN Nov. 12 Oct. 6 Oct. 20 Oct. 29 Nov. 5 *Do not call at Rimouski or Moville.

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*MAJESTIC Oct. 12, noor GERMANIC Oct. 19, noor *TEUTONIC Oct. 26, noor BRITANNIC Nov. 2, noor *MAJESTIC Nov. 9, noon GERMANIC Nov. 16, noon *Superior second-cabin accommodation on these steamers.

*Superior second-cabin accommodation on these steamers.

Saloon rates—On Teutonic and Majestic, \$100 and upwards; second cabin rates, Majestic and Teutonic, \$45 and \$47 50; Adriatic, \$40 and upwards, according to location of berth. Round trips at reduced rates. Saloon rates on Germanic and Britannic, \$75 and upwards. Steerage at lowest rates. Company's office, No. 1 Broadway, New York.

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