Love and Crime

The girlish naivete of this remark does not much impress Mr. Blamire, although Lady Cardonnel flatters herself that it has had its effect.

"I dare say my Lady Christabel would like a little confidence in return for her condescension!" he thinks, and the next remark made by "my Lady Christabel" makes him smile to himself at the correctness of his guess.

"It must be very pleasant to feel oneself rich!" she says, with a soft little sigh.

"It must, indeed!" Mr. Blamire says, gravely, and as he utters the words her ladyship lifts those drooping, white eyelids of hers for the space of a second, and a lurid glance, like a flame, seems to leap out from behind the long, auburn eyelashes and makes him wince, as from a gleam of lightning.

There is another pause, and then the lady looks up, and fixes her greenish-blue eyes, dilating and glowing like jewels beneath the shadow of the fringing lashes, steadily on the lawyer's face.

"Tell me—I wish you would tell me," she says, softly, in a low, persuasive voice in gentle tones, with those magnetic eyes gazing into his in a close unwavering regard, "is Lady Cardonnel very rich? You know all her affairs, Mr. Blamire; do tell me— I wish you to tell me—is she very rich? She talked so much of her money before, when she was Miss Surtees, that I thought she must be very wealthy indeed. Is she, Mr. Blamire? Tell me."

"As far as I know, I should not consider her very wealthy, Lady Christabel," he answers, coldly and formally, his heart beating faster with a vague feeling of trouble and annoyance and a displeased sense of being trapped into making admissions respecting a client's affairs.

"No. And yet she always talked of being very rich—of having 'heaps of money!'" Lady Christabel says, disdainfully.

Mr. Blamire knows the phrase well, as having been rather a favorite with Miss Surtees.

"Then that explains her having overdrawn her bank account in buying her trousseau!" continues the woman, speaking with a smile of contempt. "In fact, only this morning she had to borrow fifty pounds of me. She said she was going to write to her lawyer—that is you, I suppose—to sell out five hundred pounds' worth of securities—railway shares, or something of that kind," with another little moue of dainty disdain, "and to send her the money."

"Overdrawn her bank account!" Mr. Blamire repeats, in surprice and concern; and then he recollects himself ,seeing those lustrous, glittering eyes fixed on him. "I dare say Lady Cardonnel thought that the occasion warranted a little extravagance," he says, smiling. "It is rather fortunate I called, then. It will save her ladyship the trouble of writing."

"Oh, you have brought her the money?" she says, playing with her teaspoon.

"No, no, Lady Christabel; I have not brought Lady Cardonnel any money. I did not know she wanted any," Mr. Blamire replies, dryly.

"That is a curious state of affairs!" he says, mentally. "Lydia Surtees has certainly altered in every way. Her new dignities seem to have turned her brain. Overdrawn her bank account, and then borrowing fifty pounds from her haughty stepdaughter, who evidently despises her!"

"I am sorry for my own sake that you have not, Mr. Blamire!" the lady retorts, her brows gathering in a frown. "Lady Cardonnel talks as if she were a millionaire, and before she is a fortnight married borrows all my quarter's pocket money!"

"It is only a temporary inconvenience, as, of course, your ladyship must be aware," Mr. Blamrie says, stiffly. "Lady Cardonnel has, to the best of my belief, an income of more than three thousand a year. She can most easily repay your loan in her next remittance from England, which, of course, I will forward without delay."

"It is all very well for you to talk, Mr. Blamire. I don't deny that Lady Cardonnel is very well off. You are very well off, too, I dare say. You have no idea what it is to have every shilling of your pocket money borrowed for an indefinite time by your stepmother, and you up to your eyes in debt to your modiste at the same time."

She ends by another of those gay, shrill laughs, rather a hysterical laugh, Mr. Blamire fancies, and he suddenly perceives a solution of her meaning.

"Fancy an earl's daughter stooping to such an old, shabby trick of impecunious womanhood!" he thinks, scornfully. "Not but what I've known earls' daughters to do as shabby things as anybody else's daughters."

"If I might be allowed, Lady Christabel," he says, courteously, but with no diffidence now, "as Lady Cardonnel's agent, to prevent you from feeling any inconvenience from this loan." He is drawing out his well-filled pocketbook, as he speaks, and, looking up, he sees her eyes glitter like a cat's eyes. "I shall esteem it a favor if you will permit me to pay this little debt without waiting for her remittance.

He takes out a sovereign purse, and drops, one by one, in five little heaps, fifty gold coins, and pushes them gently toyard her.

Her eyes are glittering, her lips are trembling, her face is deathly white as she stares silently at the little piles of gold.

"You—you are very kind. I didn't want you to pay Lady Cardonnel's debts," she says, in low tones, biting her lips and staring at the money with distended eyes. "I—I oughtn't to take it from you. But I reallly want some money very much just now, and—"

"Pray do not think anything of such a trifling obligation, Lady Christabel," Mr. Blamire urges, more kindly. "I am only acting as Lady Cardonnel's agent, you know. I am happy to be of service to you. Would you prefer Italian money? Unfortunately, I have scarcely any in gold. Would you like notes?"

"No, thank you,' 'she answers quickly. "I prefer this English gold."

There is another period of silence, and then the lady looks up with a brief, forced laugh, passing her hands across her eyes, as one does to brush away the dimness of tears.

"I don't know what you think of me, Mr. Blamire!" she says, in a pathetic, broken voice. "If—if I could tell you all, you would not blame me!"

"I don't blame you at all, Lady Christabel; why should I?" he says, politely, but a little constrainedly; wishing, fervently, indeed, that he had never come to the Villa Marati, and never plunged into the middle of the family discords and difficulties of Lord and Lady Cardonnel. "I dare say I should have heard of them soon enough," he muses, vexedly. "I might as well have had my holiday in peace. Lydia Surtees' aristocratic marriage doesn't seem to promise absolute bliss for the future!"

"Will you try half a cup of tea after my recipe, Mr. Blamire? Do!" he hears the soft voice saying, while he is deep in vexed thought. His first impulse is to say "No," decidedly, as he detests all so-called "improvements" on good, black tea, sugar and cream. "Do, Mr. Blamire; only half a cup? It is so nice, when you get used to it!" she urges, smiling.

And as he has just placed her under some obligation, courtesy pursuades him to yield to her request.

"Thank you; I will try tea and—essence of almonds, isn't it, Lady Christabel?" he replies, smiling.

"Yes, essence of almonds," she says, and commences dropping the liquid out of the little flagon on the lump of sugar, and then fills the cup half full of tea. almonds than it tastes," she says, quietly. "The taste is scarcely perceptible! Drink it at a draught, or you will not taste it at all."

And, as she hands him the cup, she glances swiftly around the room, at the door, at the window.

Despite the lady's direction, Mr. Blamire hesitates before drinking the half-cold, creamless, strong-scented draught.

"I think it will make me ill!" he mutters, vexedly, and, putting the cup to his lips, he drinks about a tablespoonful. "It tastes—tastes—horribly!" he gasps, and starts to his feet, his hands extended ,and beating at the air. "What—what have you done? Lord! I am choking—dying——"

"Drink some water! You are only a little faint!" she says, rushing to a side table, while Mr. Blamire, with his hand clinched on the table where the tea is laid, sways backward and forward, gasping for breath, and feebly striving to pull at his cravat.

"The tea—poison—air! air!" he says, thickly and feebly, gazing helplessly at the distant window. "Help—air! I am choking!" The words come from a feeble, suffocated cry from his white lips.

The woman puts a wineglass, with a little water in it, to his mouth, and, as he either cannot or will not drink it, she pours it in between his parted lips.

He mechanically swallows the cold liquid, and his eyes open wildly wide and bright, and glare on her in a last look of death agony.

A frightful convulsion passes all over him, and with a few rattling breaths, he falls heavily to the floor—dead!

CHAPTER XXII.

With a last spasmodic effort the lawyer clutches at the edge of the table, and as he falls heavily to the floor, the dainty table, with its silver service, its delicate china, its flowers and fruits, falls with him with a loud crash. Almost everything which can break is broken; and among the rest, the cup from which he has drunk is shivered to pieces. And the woman who has given him his final potion from the little flagon, throws that also among the debris of the smashed china, and, setting her heel on it, stamps the flagon to atoms. Then she slips a little oval bottle—empty—into the bosom of her dress; while yet a second little bottle—a facsimile of the first, and half full of liquid—lies among the scattered articles on the floor. Then, with one glance at the prostrate form, whose last convulsive breath has ceased now, she rushes to the door with a piercing cry for aid.

The Italian house servants come rushing in, and all sorts of remedies are distractedly tried, by the lady's orders, she herself kneeling on the floor and pouring brandy and ammonia between the tightly clinched teeth.

The Villa Marati is a roomy, rather straggligly-built house, and a few minutes elapse ere the noise of hurrying footsteps and alarmed voices reach Lord Cardonnel's rooms, and brings his valet Harrold on the scene.

The English signor—the notary of the countess, is ill—is in a fit—is dying, they tell him, volubly.

"He is dead," the valet says, gravely; his pale, cold, clean-shaven English face growing paler and severer, in strange contrast with all the excited, flushed faces, the glowing eyes, the agitated voices of the Southern servants. "My lady, you had better not stay. The doctor will be sent for at once, and ——"

"He was drinking tea, when he suddenly seemed to grow faint, and said he felt choking," my lady says, looking up with terrified eyes from where she is crouching on the floor, "and I ran to get him a drink of water, and he just swallowed it, and—dropped—as you see him, pulling the table over with him! Oh, Harrold, what is it? Can he be dead?" my lady reiterates, piteously.

"He is quite dead, my lady," Harrold says, deliberately, and for one moment his eyes look into hers, and my lady struggles to her feet, clasping her hands and looking about her distractedly.

"It can't be possible! It can't be possible!" she moans. "Have you sent for the doctor?"

"Yes, my lady. I have sent the groom for the nearest doctor, though it is of no use," Harrold says, quietly. "Would your ladyship break the news to the earl? I will have the poor gentleman lifted on to the couch, and will wait here until the doctor comes."

"Oh, Harrold, I would rather you told Lord Cardonnel!" her ladyship says, burying her face in her handkerchief. "I shall terrify him if I attempt it! I can't! I must go to my own room! I can't believe it! What could he have died of so suddenly! He can't be dead, Harrold! Are you sure?"

"He appears to me to be quite dead, my lady," Harrold answers in his unmoved way.

And my lady, moaning hysterically, and trembling violently, goes slowly away, followed by the Italian maid, Annunciata.

But almost the next instant she is back in the room again, looking wilder and more excited than she has yet been.

"Harrold, Lord Cardonnel is calling you! You must go to him! You must!" she says, in a sort of frantic entreaty. "I dare not go near him! I am ill myself, I am frightened to death!" She is striking her hands wildly together, her eyes glittering, her face white and contracted.

"Certainly, my lady, I will go," Harrold responds, in his icy, deferential manner, but pauses to beckon the only indoor manservant to the side of the couch where they have stretched the dead man. "Allow no one to touch him, Beppo, no one—you understand?" Harrold Italian. "Let none of the women rold warns the man sternly, in very littvery well I will dine in his dressing lay a finger on him. Do not touch him yourself, understand?"

(To be continued.)

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

FIRED FOUR SHOTS.

BULLETS MISSED MAN HE AIMED AT AND PENETRATED DOOR.

Used Revolver as Club—John Hodges, a Hackman, Arrested on Charge of Attempting to Kill Wm. Lee, Inkerman Street, Toronto.

Toronto, Dec. 2.—While William Lee cowered in a corner of his house at 24 Inkerman street on Saturday night, John Hodges, a hackman, aged 18, fired four shots from a revolver at him. One shot struck the top hinge of the door. The next two perforated a lady's hat hanging on the door and went through the panels, while the fourth went through the lower part of the door, close to where Lee was huddled in the corner. The trouble was caused by Lee objecting to Hodges' attentions to his wife. Lee went to the Yorkville police station for assistance and Hodges was arrested.

Lee is about 40 years of age and his wife is scarcely 28. They have one child. Hodges lives next door at 24 Inkerman street, with his mother. On Saturday night Mrs. Lee was going out to do some shopping and after getting some money from her husband, she asked him to go with her, which he declined. She went out alone and about 12 o'clock she returned. When she got in her husband began to remonstrate with her for staying away so long and he accused her of being with Hodges.

Through the half-open door, Hodges, who was standing outside, heard what he said and rushed in, revolver in hand. Lee tried to escape through the dining room door, but it was locked, and Hodges began to fire. Four shots emptied the weapon and Lee turned on him. Using the revolver as a club Hodges struck him over the head and fled into his own house next door. With his forehead bleeding, Lee ran to the Yorkville police station and returned with Patrol Sergeant Beatty. Hodges was found in his own house and was taken to the Agnes street station, where he was lodged with a charge of shooting with intent registered against him.

Lee's wound is not a serious one, and it was not necessary to consult a doctor. Detective McKinney went to the house after the arrest had been made and picked the bullets out of the door and the walls. Hodges had purchased the revolver at the Model Hardware Company, on Yonge street, and has been carrying it for some days. On the way to the police station in the patrol wagon he lost his nerve and cried over his plight.

THROWS KNIFE AT WIFE.

Englishman Declares Intention of Killing His Wife.

Toronto, Dec. 2.—Albert Stevenson, an Englishman, who has only been in Canada since September, was arrested on Saturday night for attempting to do grievous bodily harm to his wife Annie Stevenson, at whom he threw a penknife when she refused him money. Stevenson had been out on a farm till a few days ago, but at 5 o'clock on Saturday went to where his wife lives at 51 Simcoe street, and demanded money. She refused him, and Stevenson the nthrew a penknife at her, inflicting a slight wound on the left breast. At the same time he threatened her, and said he was going to kill her. She was taken to St. Michael's Hospital, but not detained. Since he has been arrested Stevenson has reiterated his intention of killing his wife, stating that he only wished that the blade of the knife had been four inches longer.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

KEEP NAVIGATION OPEN.

Lighthouses Will Be Operated as Long as Canals Are.

Ottawa, Dec. 1.—The Marine Department has ararnged to have lighthouses and other aids to navigation on the upper lakes kept in operation this fall as long as the Soo Canal can possibly be kept open for the passage of vessels. The Government is anxious to facilitate in every way the movement of western grain, and it is hoped that vessels will be able to go down the lakes for at least two weeks yet.

FELL OVER BANISTER.

Little Daughter of Dr. Bowie Will Probably Die.

Brockville, Dec. 1.—Phyllis, the little daughter of Dr. R. A. Bowie, lies in a precarious condition at her father's home as a result of falling from a bannister at the third flight to the floor below, a distance of 25 feet. Her skull was fractured in two places, and she has been unconscious since noon yesterday, when the accident occurred. The chances of recovery are slight.

Passersby Quenched Flames.

Port Hope, Dec. 1.—A lamp exploded in Mrs. Graham's house in Englishtown here last night. Mrs. Graham was away from home at the time, and several small children were asleep upstairs. Fortunately the blaze from the lamp, which was on a table down stairs, was noticed by passersby and was extinguished before much damage had been done.

To cure a cold in one night—use Vapo-Cresoline. It has been used extensively during more than twenty-four years. All druggists.

Walter J. Fitzgerald, 24 years of age, bookkeeper at the Walkerville branch of the Trussed Concrete Steel Company, is under arrest. He is alleged to have misappropriated about $2,500 of the company's money

AT R. McKAY & CO'S, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 3rd, 1907

McKAY'S VALUES MERIT ATTENTION

Hamilton's most progressive store is now ready with one of the most attractive Christmas stocks ever carried by this enterprising firm. Ready to serve you with large assortments and better values than ever before. This Tuesday price list will undoubtedly influence many to investigate the splendid values without loss of time. COME.

Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs
Nicely Boxed with Fancy Xmas Card

Fine Irish Handkerchiefs 3 in Fancy Box for 43c
Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, in dainty hemstitched hems, put up three in fancy imported boxes, with old country views, and fancy Christmas card, regularly 60c a box, on sale ... 43c

Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs 6 in Fancy Box for 98c
Pure Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, with dainty hemstitched hems, regularly 25c each, put up half dozen in pretty imported box, with old country views, and Christmas card, regularly $1.50, for ... 98c

Children's Handkerchiefs 3 for 25c
Fine Cambric Handkerchiefs, nicely hemstitched, put up three in fancy tin trunk, size ... 25c

Children's Handkerchiefs 6 in Fancy Box for 47c
Fine Linen Finished Handkerchiefs, in ¼-inch hems, nicely hemstitched, put up six in fancy picture box, for ... 47c

Linen and Initial Handkerchiefs 15c and 25c
Pure Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, in the ¼-inch hems, with open hemstitching and dainty hand embroidered initials, put up in fancy box, regularly 20 and 35c each, for ... 15 and 25c each

Specials in Beautiful New Christmas Waists
THIRD FLOOR

$5 Net Waists for $2.98
White Net Waists, made with tucked yoke and trimmed with insertion, lace collar and cuffs, silk slip, baby laces, worth regularly $5.00, on sale Tuesday for ... $2.98

$10 Silk Waists for $4.98
French Hand Made Silk Waists, made with lace yoke and trimmed with German Valenciennes insertion, beautifully trimmed sleeves, worth regularly $10.00, Tuesday only ... $4.98

Reduction Sale of
Cream Dress Goods

To-morrow we place on sale some very special values in Cream Mohairs, Serges, and Panamas. This is a splendid opportunity to secure some splendid washing materials at a good reduction for you.
50c Cream Mohairs for ... 39c
65c Panamas and Serges for ... 47c
85c and $1.00 Panamas and Serges for ... 69c
$1.00 and $1.25 Panamas and Serges for ... 79c

Half Price Sale of Costume Lengths
in Fine Tweeds and Worsteds

A final clearing sale of all our fine Imported Costume Lengths, comprising Scotch Tweeds, Vicunas, Broadcloths, and Cheviots, etc. All this season's very newest designs, in shadow stripes, plaids and broken checks, in lengths of 7 and 8 yards each, on sale to-morrow at exactly half price.

Christmas Linens BUY NOW

Irish and Japanese Hand Drawn and Hand Linens, Scotch and Irish Damasks, Cloths and Napkins.

Pure Linen Table Cloths, rich satin finish, 2, 2½ and 3 yards, from ... $2 to $20

JAPANESE LINENS
Hand Drawn Centrepieces, Tray Cloths, 5 O'clock Cloths, Sideboard Covers, etc. ... 25c to $5.00

Hand Embroidered Linens
Irish Hand Embroidered Centrepieces, Tray Cloths, Lunch Cloths, Sideboard Covers, etc. ... 75c to $15

R. McKAY & CO.

WOMAN DETECTIVE.

TRACED ALLEGED BRASS THIEF TO MONTREAL.

In Doing It, She Cruelly Took Advantage of the Friendship of the Man's Wife, Who Unconsciously Caused His Arrest.

Cleveland, Ohio, Dec. 1.—To-morrow Salmon Herman, of Cleveland, will be brought back from Montreal to face a charge of receiving thousands of dollars' worth of brass stolen from the National Tube Company.

The return will mark a signal triumph for a young woman, Mrs. Dan Muckler, 2,537 Scoville avenue, employed by a local detective agency, who succeeded in located Herman, and having him adrested, after dozens of detectives and secret service men had spent months of time and thousands of dollars in a search for him that failed.

She went to Lorain, where, representing herself as being a fugitive from justice, she won the confidence of Herman's wife. One day Mrs. Herman came to her. "I can't write the English," she said. "Will you address a letter for me?"

It was the address, under an assumed name, of the man she had been looking for. She wrote the required words calmly, though she knew that she was at last on the trail of the man. She hurried to Montreal. At Montreal Herman was working in a car shop underthe name of Cohen. Mrs. Muckler recognized him from the descriptions she had.

"Hello, Salmon Herman!" she said.

"Hello!" said Herman, staring at her wonderingly.

It was the end of the great search. The story of the pursuit reads like a chapter from Sherlock Holmes. The National Tube Company, a subsidiary concern of the United States Steel Company, had been missing small loads of brass from its Lorain plant for months. For a long time no clue existed. Then some of the booty was unearthed in a Cleveland junk shop.

SUICIDE CAUSED SUICIDE.

Brooklyn Man's Despondency Aggravated by Maxwell's Death.

New York, Dec. 1.—Despondent over the fact that he had failed to withdraw in time a considerable sum he is said to have ha don deposit in the suspended Borough Bank of Brooklyn, George Fruitman, aged 32, a diamond polisher, committed suicide last night by hanging himself with a piece of clothes line at his home in Brooklyn. The man's despondency apparently entered the aggravated stage on his learning of the suicide of President Maxwell of the suspended institution.

U. S. Naval Message Intercepted.

Victoria, B. C., Dec. 1.—While exchanging with the Vancouver office recently the local station of the Dominion Wireless Systems received a message sent by the United States naval yard at Mare Island, Cal., to one of the American warships off the coast.

Threatened Queen Alexandra.

London, Dec. 1.—The Scotland Yard authorities have sequestrated in a private asylum a young Asiatic of the name of Horace Narik, who has caused Queen Alexandra much anxiety by writing threatening letters to her.

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than
EPPS'S
A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.
COCOA
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Fine New Stock
Diamond, Signet and Gem Rings
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BENNETT BROS.
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The famous GOLD MEDAL FLOUR has played an important part in the households of Hamilton for twenty years. It is universally recognized as standing for the BEST FLOUR.
LAKE & BAILEY, Main St. East

STEAMSHIPS

DOMINION LINE
ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS
FROM PORTLAND.
*Dominion, Dec. 7. Ottoman, Dec. 28.
*Kensington, Dec. 14. *Canada, Jan. 4.
Welshman, Dec. 21. Cornishman, Jan. 11.
*These steamers carry passengers.
Steamers sail from Portland 2 p. m.
The Canada is one of the fastest and most comfortable steamers in the Canadian trade.
First-class rate, $50; second-class, $37.50 and upwards, according to steamer.
MODERATE RATE SERVICE.
To Liverpool, $40.00 and $42.50.
To London, $2.50 additional.
Third-class to Liverpool, London, Londonderry, Belfast, Glasgow, $27.50.
PORTLAND TO BRISTOL (Avonmouth).
Turcoman, Dec. 5. Englishman, Dec. 19.
For all information apply to local agent or
DOMINION LINE,
17 St. Sacrament street, Montreal.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

Niagara Falls, New York—*2.30 a. m., *5.37 a. m., †9.05 a. m., *5.00 p. m., *7.05 p. m.
St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo—*5.37 a. m., †9.05 a. m., *3.55 p. m., †11.20 a. m., 1.55 p. m., *5.00 p. m., †5.35 p. m., †7.05 p.m.
Grimsby, Beamsville, Merritton—†9.05 a. m., †11.20 a. m., †5.35 p. m.
Detroit, Chicago—*1.12 a. m., *8.50 a. m., *9.02 a. m., *3.45 p. m., *5.35 p. m.
Brantford—*1.12 a. m., †7.00 a. m., †8.00 a. m., *3.50 a. m., *9.02 a. m., †1.45 p.m., *3.45 p. m., *5.35 p. m., †7.05 p. m.
Paris, Woodstock, Ingersoll, London—*1.12 a. m., †8.00 a. m., *8.50 a. m., *9.02 a. m., *3.45 p. m., *5.35 p. m., †7.05 p. m.
St. George—†8.00 a. m., †3.33 p. m., †7.05 p. m.
Burford, St. Thomas—†8.50 a. m., †3.45 p. m.
Guelph, Palmerston, Stratford and North—8.00 a. m., †3.33 p. m.
Galt, Preston, Hespeler—†8.00 a.m., †3.33 p.m., †7.05 p. m.
Jarvis, Port Dover, Tillsonburg, Simcoe—†9.00 a. m. ‡9.10 a. m., †5.25 p. m., ‡5.32 p. m.
Georgetown, Allandale, North Bay, Collingwood, etc.—†7.20, †4.05 p. m.
Barrie, Orillia, Huntsville—†7.20 a. m., 10.43 a.m., †11.20 a.m., and *9.05 p. m.
North Bay and points in Canadian Northwest—*11.20 a. m., *8.55 p. m.
Toronto—†7.00 a.m., 7.50 a. m., *9.00 a. m., *10.45 a.m., †11.20 a.m., *11.30 a.m., *2.00 p.m. *3.40 p. m., †5.35 p. m., *7.10 p. m., *8.55 p. m., *9.05 p. m.
Burlington, Port Credit, etc.— †7.00 a. m., †11.20 a.m., †5.35 p. m.
Cobourg, Port Hope, Peterboro', Lindsay—†11.20 a. m., †3.40 p. m., †5.35 p. m.
Belleville, Brockville, Montreal and East—†7.55 a.m., *7.10 p.m., *8.55 p. m., *9.05 p.m.
*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday. ‡From King Street Depot.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

7.40 a. m.—For Toronto, Lindsay, Bobcaygeon, Peterboro, Tweed, Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Sherbrooke, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S., and all points in Maritime Provinces and New England States. Tottenham, Beeton, Alliston, Craighurst, Bala and the Muskoka Lakes.
8.50 a.m.—For Toronto.
10.00 a.m.—(Daily)—For Toronto.
12.25 p. m.—For Toronto, Fort William, Winnipeg, and all points in the Northwest and British Columbia.
3.40 p. m.—For Toronto, Myrtle, Lindsay, Bobcaygeon, Peterboro, Tweed, Brampton, Fergus, Elora, Orangeville, Owen Sound, Arthur, Mount Forest, Harriston, Wingham, Tottenham, Alliston, Craighurst, and intermediate stations.
Arthur, Mount Forest, Harriston, Wingham, and intermediate stations.
5:05 p. m.—For Toronto.
8.15 p. m.—(Daily) for Toronto, Peterboro, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Sherbrooke, Portland and Boston, Sault Ste. Marie, For William, Winnipeg, Canadian Northwest, Kootenay, and British Columbia points.
Trains arrive—8:45 a. m. (daily), 10.25 a.m., (daily), and 2:10, 4:40, 6:15 (daily), 8:10 and 10:25 p. m.

TORONTO, HAMILTON & BUFFALO RAILWAY.

Arrive Hamilton		Leave Hamilton
*3.05 p. m.	Niagara Falls and Buffalo Express	*8.50 a. m.
*6.05 p. m.	Buffalo and New York express	*10.30 a. m.
*9.55 a. m.	Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York and Boston express	*6.20 p. m.
**8.35 a. m.	Niagara Falls, Buffalo accommodation	**4.50 p. m.
**12.20 p. m.	Buffalo, New York and Pittsburg express	**8.15 p. m.

Sleeping car, dining car and parlor car on train leaving Hamilton at 6.20 p. m., and on train arriving at 9.55 a. m. Cafe coach on trains leaving Hamilton at 8.50 a. m. and arriving at 8.05 p. m. Pullman parlor cars on all through trains.

Arrive Hamilton		Leave Hamilton
**8.40 a. m.	Detroit, Chicago and Toledo express	**8.55 a. m.
*9.45 a. m.	Brantford and Waterford express	**10.35 a. m.
**12.20 p. m.	Brantford and Waterford express	**6.30 p. m.
**4.45 p. m.	Detroit, Chicago, Toledo and Cincinnati express	**3.10 p. m.
**7.40 p. m.	Brantford, Waterford and St. Thomas	**8.50 p. m.

Sleeping cars on Michigan Central connecting at Waterford.
*Daily.
**Daily Except Sunday.

HAMILTON RADIAL ELECTRIC RAILROAD—TIME TABLE.

Taking effect October 1st, 1907.
Cars leave Hamilton for Burlington and intermediate points—6.10, 7.10, 8.00, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10, 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.30, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10.
Cars leave Hamilton for Burlington and Oakville—6.10, 8.00, 10.30, 1.30, 2.30, 5.10, 8.25, 11.10.
These cars stop at Beach Road, No. 12, Canal, Hotel Brant, Burlington, and all stations between Burlington and Oakville.
Cars leave Burlington for Hamilton and intermediate points—6.00, 7.10, 8.00, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10, 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10.
Cars leave Oakville for Hamilton—7.50, 9.35, 11.50, 2.50, 4.00, 6.45, 9.45.
These cars stop at all Stations between Oakville and Burlington, Hotel Brant, Canal Bridge and No. 12.
SUNDAY SERVICE.
Cars leave Hamilton for Burlington and intermediate points—8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10, 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10.
Cars leave Hamilton for Burlington and Oakville—8.10, 11.30, 2.30, 5.30, 8.25.
These cars stop at Beach Rord, No. 12, Canal Bridge, Hotel Brant, Burlington, and all stations between Burlington and Oakville.
Cars leave Burlington for Hamilton and intermediate points—8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10, 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10.
Cars leave Oakville for Hamilton—9.30, 12.50, 3.50, 7.00, 9.45.
These cars stop at all stations between Cars leave Burlington for Hamilton and in-Bridge and No. 12 station.

HAMILTON & DUNDAS RAILWAY.

WEEK DAY SERVICE.
Leave Dundas—6.00 7.15, 8.05, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.30, 10.30, 11.15 p. m.
Leave Hamilton—6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 a.m., 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15 7.15, 8.15, 9.30, 10.30, 11.15 p. m.
SUNDAY SERVICE.
Leave Dundas—8.30 10.00, 11.45 a. m., 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.15, 10.15 p. m.
Leave Hamilton—9.15, 11.00 a. m., 12.40, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.15, 10.15 p. m.

HAMILTON, GRIMSBY & BEAMSVILLE ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

WEEK DAY SERVICE.
Leave Hamilton—7.00, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10 a.m., 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 p. m.
Leave Beamsville—6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.40 p. m.
SUNDAY TIME TABLE.
Leave Hamilton—9.10, 10.10, 11.10 a. m., 12.45, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10 2.10 p. m.
Leave Beamsville—7.15, 8.15, 9.15, a. m., 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15.

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Lv. Toronto	10.45 pm	Ar. Peterboro'	4.48 am
Lv. Peterboro'	1.10 am	Ar. Toronto	7.00 am
Ar. Ottawa	7.00 am	Ar. Hamilton	8.45 am

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