Anxious People Often Magnify an Evil and Make It Worse.

"Old Curiosity Shop,"

Don't Worry---Drink

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

Sealed Lead Packets — 25c, 40c, 50c, 60c.

FAITHFUL TILL THE END

"Is he?" says Maria. She is evidently surprised. "Are you sure?"

"Absolutely. Believe me, my dear friend, there is nothing in this absurd scandal."

"Well, if he goes, I'll agree with you," says Maria, grimly. "In the meantime," with a levity very foreign, "we must go now. He gloves are already drawn on, and she begins to button them.

Mrs. Chance, being shunted by Gaveston, has found her way to Nell, who is standing in one of the windows with Grant. Cecilia has mentioned Sir Stephen as a guest for this strange luncheon party, but Nell had implored her to leave him out. She had not explained to Cecilia her reasons for refusing to have him and Cecilia had not asked. The truth was that Nell wished to be left, as far as possible, with as few distractions as might be on this one day. Grant she could manage, but Sir Stephen was always a little en evidence; he was shrewder than Grant, too, she thought, and she feared for Cecilia. Her heart, indeed, was full of Cecilia! Who was there to look after her except she, Nell? Peter was going—Mickey was gone!

Mickey's going had been at once a relief and a regret to Nell. When with her, she felt she had a trusty companion, who would stick to her and hers, through all storms and troubles. The Irishman, if rough, and a little boisterous at times, was kind at heart, and would have done all he could for those he loved, when at their worst point. And she was sure that he loved Cecilia and Cecilia's husband. He would help them if here. Yet nor all that, relief lay in the fact that he was not here. It would have been terrible to hear that Mickey should have been present when Philip came—and during Philip's stay.

"So Mr. McNamara is really gone?" says Mrs. Chance, coming up to Nell and her brother. "Do you know I quite thought he was a—a—fixture."

Mrs. Wilding, who is close to them, talking to Mr. Nobbs, smiles and moves a little bit away, taking her small companion with her.

"One could almost wish he was," says Nell, gently. "He is such a very charming companion."

"Of course, you miss him?"

"Very much, indeed."

"I can quite understand his being delightful in little ways—but an Irishman—is an Irishman ever to be trusted?"

"A gentleman is always to be trusted."

"Do you think so? Now, Mr. McNamara struck me as being a . . . well—a little troublesome—a little unsure. Always talking, you know — always looking round corners, as it were!" (Poor Mickey! he had seen through her, and she knows it!)

"You mistake Mr. McNamara," says Nell coldly. "He was the last person in the world to look round corners."

"Oh, as for that, I hardly meant that! At least, I did not mean what you mean, naughty girl!" She smiles sweetly, and taps Nell with the glove she is holding, preparatory to putting it on.

"What do you mean?" asks Nell, haughtily.

"Ha! ha! we won't go into that," with an arch glance that maddens Nell still further. "What I was going to say was that, Mr. McNamara struck me as being clever . . . a little too clever, perhaps."

"I am afraid you have studied him in vain," says Nell. "It is an open secret that he missed his exam. for the army and had to take an agency instead."

She moves away, shaking her head at Grant—who is boiling with indignation—to prevent his following her.

Mrs. Wilding, from her place a few yards away, sees the girl's face as she goes.

"I'm afraid 'Mis' Chance has been a little more chancy than usual this time," says she to herself. "She has evidently been resurrecting that story about Capt. Stairs and Mrs. Gaveston." And forthwith goes up to the widow, who is now being severely condemned by her brother.

"You look a little upset," says Mrs. Wilding lightly.

"Who? I?" smiling with some difficulty. "Miss Prendergast looks upset, if you like, and only because I hinted——"

"No! no! I hate hearing about hints," says Mrs. Wilding, putting up her perfectly gloved hand. "And," naively, "that is such a dreadfully old story, isn't it? No one with a grain of sense believes in it now. Why pick up the ashes of an agony that is quite burned out? You know he is leaving this evening."

"Yes." Mrs. Chance's smile takes a vicious turn. "I hope he will go alone!" says she.

Her brother casts an annihilating glance at her.

CHAPTER XLV.

They are all gone now. Nell has walked up the avenue with Mr. Nobbs and Grant, the latter giving way to curses, "not loud, but deep," directed against the stupid little toady, who, perhaps, after all, is not so stupid, as no cause for leaving Nell and Grant alone together is apparent to him. Nell's attentions to himself being decidedly marked, she seems, indeed, al-Geoffrey, running after her, steps to her most to cling to Mr. Nobbs, and when side—the side near Nobbs, she draws him over to the other side, slipping her arm round his neck, thus putting Grant even farther from her, but all in the sweetest way, and always giving her best and prettiest smiles to Grant. She is feeling almost happy, sure in the belief that Cecilia is coming on, behind her, with Mrs. Wilding.

But Cecilia had stopped at the last step of the stone staircase leading to the terrace, with Stairs beside her, and had there bidden Mrs. Wilding and her husband "good-bye."

As they turned the corner where the escalonia bush hides the terrace from view, Stairs turns to her quickly.

"Give me half an hour before I go. Let me bid you good-bye alone."

"Cecilia's eyes filled with tears.

"Ah! you won't go," says she. And with this grief-lorn light within her eyes, she leads the way to the eastern garden, the "Old Garden," as it is called; and, indeed, a sweet, old-fashioned spot it is, filled with old flowers, and older memories and griefs and joys of many a hundred years. It had belonged to the Gavestons for generations untold; it had been planned and laid out by them.

A little summer-house stands in a far corner. Having reached it—it is Cecilia's favorite resort—she turns to him.

"You don't really mean it, do you?" says she. "Of course," with a little nervous laugh. "I know you meant to go. But there is no such great hurry, is there?"

"I shall go," says he with determination. "Do not let us waste our last moments over an argument so vain as that."

"Why should it be vain? Peter will come back tonight, and——"

He makes an impatient movement.

"Can't you see that is why I shall go?"

"Oh, no! That is why you can stay." She looks mournfully at him. "I know how horrid people can be; what unpleasant things they can say. But when Peter is here——"

Stairs checks her by a gesture. Does she know what she is saying—the horrible dishonor of it? No, surely she cannot.

And, indeed, she does not. She is looking at him with open grief, with deepest misery. There is no under-current of meaning in her eyes. He will go, unless she can make him stay, and if he goes she will be wretched—that is all.

"Come, think, Cecilia!" says he almost roughly. "God knows the word honor is a poor thing on my tongue, but such as it is it has some small life in it yet. Do you think I can stay beneath the roof of your husband, loving you as I do? His voice is agitated, the remembrance of Peter, kind and hospitable, has come back to him. "I cannot! It is impossible."

"Oh, why talk of love?" says she eagerly. "We are friends?" She breaks off, and her face changes. "However!" says she, pausing as if thinking—perhaps it is the first thought that ever stirred her greatly in her life. "If it is your honor," she pauses again, and bursts into tears. "Go then! I would not have you afterwards look back, and perhaps hate me."

"I shall never do anything but love you," says he with mournful conviction.

"Honor!" she repeats the word as if it is strange to her, and yet as if it touched some new untried string within her breast. "Do you know, Phil, I have sometimes thought of telling Peter . . . about it . . . our old love, I mean. . . ."

"Don't!" says Stairs, interrupting her, almost fiercely. "Would you destroy the only good that remains to you? I am going—he will remain. I shall in an hour drop out of your life forever, he ——"

"In an hour!" She seems to have heard only those words. "You don't mean it, really, Phil. You won't go so soon. You will wait a day—a day or so—just a few little hours. See now, Phil," with a sad attempt at reasoning calmly, "what a little time it is out of our lives. And we are only friends—good friends, no more. People"—piteously—"can be friends without other people finding fault with them, can't they, now?"

He makes no answer. What answer is there to give, save one?

To be Continued.

FALL FAIRS.

Where and When the Exhibitions Will Take Place.

Western, London	Sept. 9 to 18
Mornington, Milverton	Sept. 16-17
Central, Ottawa	Sept. 17-25
East Lambton, Watford	Sept. 21-22
North Waterloo, Berlin	Sept. 21-22
Great Northwestern, Goderich	Sept. 21-24
Southern, Brantford	Sept. 21-24
Peninsular, Chatham	Sept. 21-24
North Oxford, Woodstock	Sept. 22-23
Hay Agricultural Society, Zurich	Sept. 22-23
West Middlesex, Strathroy	Sept. 22-24
Horticultural, Guilford	Sept. 23-24
North Perth, Stratford	Sept. 23-24
Aylmer	Sept. 23-25
Palmerston, Palmerston	Sept. 27-28
Oxford, Kempville	Sept. 27-28
Ontario and Durham, Whitby	Sept. 27-28
Blenheim, Drumbo	Sept. 28-29
South Oxford, Tilsonburg	Sept. 28-29
Zone and Bothwell	Sept. 28-29
Lambton, Sarnia	Sept. 29-30
Cayuga	Sept. 28-30
Essex	Sept. 28-30
North Bruce, Port Elgin	Sept. 30-Oct. 1
West Elgin, Wallacetown	Sept. 30-Oct. 1
Kinloss, Lucknow	Sept. 30-Oct. 1
East Nissouri	Oct. 1
London Township, Ilderton	Oct. 1
Florence	Oct. 1-2
Bayham, Vienna	Oct. 2
South Norwich, Otterville	Oct. 1-2
Brigden	Oct. 5
Comber	Oct. 5
Moss and Ekfrid	Oct. 5-6
Perth, South, St. Mary's	Oct. 5-6
Woolwich, Elmira	Oct. 5-6
North Brant, Paris	Oct. 5-6
N. and W. Oxford, Ingersoll	Oct. 5-6
Glencoe	Oct. 5-6
Westminster, Lambeth	Oct 6
Alvinston, Alvinston	Oct. 6-7
Leamington	Oct. 6-8
Highgate	Oct. 7-8
Embro, Embro	Oct. 7
Petrolea, Petrolea	Oct. 8
West Nissouri, Thorndale	Oct. 8
Springfield	Oct. 8-9
Norwich, Norwich	Oct. 8-9
Howard	Oct 11-13
Ridgetown	Oct. 11-13
Norfolk Union, Simcoe	Oct. 12-14
Delaware	Oct. 13
Rodney	Oct. 14-15
Moravian Indian Fair	Oct. 19-21

No one need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly, and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, rich and poor, and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

The Very Finest In the Land . . .

Norwood Ceylon Tea.

Nothing Like It.

Ordinary price in large cities, $5.00 per lb.

We offer a special lot at 75c per lb. to introduce High Grade Teas.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co., 160 DUNDAS STREET.

Murderer on the Jury

Sat on the Inquest Over His Victim's Body.

Gave Himself Up to the Sheriff and Confessed the Shooting.

A dispatch from Columbus, Ga., says: One of the coroner's jury called yesterday to investigate the murder of Wm. C. Cornet, a cotton-picking contractor, whose home was near Chipley, was Edgar Stripling, a well-known painter. At noon today Stripling came to the city and surrendered himself to Sheriff Bowles, confessing that he had killed Cornet.

He said that Cornet had insulted his sister, and that he committed the murder to avenge her honor. The sheriff of the county in which the murder occurred, arrived to get his prisoner today, and was astonished to find that his man was one of his own neighbors and one of the coroner's jury of yesterday.

Stripling always was one of the most popular men in his community, and is an influential politician. His sister, whom he alleges was insulted by the dead man, is Mrs. Howell Durham, and it is said that her husband took part in the shooting, because there is evidence that two men, armed differently, fired the fatal shots. Stripling, however, denies this.

Cornet was about 25 years old. On Friday night his wife and child spent the evening with relatives nearby. The young man returned home about 11 o'clock, and at that hour persons in the neighborhood heard the sounds of two shots in the direction of his home. Yesterday morning ab out 10 o'clock when Mrs. Cornet returned home she found her husband dead. The body was seated in a chair by the side of a window, and Cornet had evidently been in the act of retiring when killed, as one shoe was off. His head and body were covered in many places with blood, and his brains had oozed from a wound in his head.

The footprints of two men were found near the house. There were two holes in the window pane, and it is thought both men fired simultaneously. One used a Winchester rifle and the other used a double-barreled shot gun. In Mr. Cornet's head were found four buckshot and near his heart was a wound from a rifle ball. He evidently died instantly.

STORIES OF FORTUNE

The Lucky Ones—A Woman Just Back From Dawson Tells Stories of Sudden Wealth.

Tacoma, Wash., Sept. 16. — Mrs. E. A. Henderson, the first newspaper correspondent to make the trip to Dawson City, arrived on the Cleveland from St. Michael's and is visiting friends in this city. She spent some months in the mining districts and gives the Ledger some interesting experiences in the far north.

"Talk about my report of the finding of the $583 25 nugget, the largest yet discovered in the Yukon country, which Nick Kutson picked up on No. 36 Eldorado, and is bringing to San Francisco on the Excelsior, has increased the excitement. When the Excelsior with its reported cargo of nearly a million of dust reaches San Francisco the fever will probably reach its height. Yet the excitement is all on the outside. In the Klondike country even this huge nugget, which is as large as your hand, with almost a perfect hatchet head shape, did not greatly excite the miners.

"I am asked a score of times: 'Is the Klondike country as rich as reported?' I was prepared to say that it could scarcely be exaggerated, but have replied more cautiously. In several papers I saw the statement that somebody had seen five five-gallon cans of gold in one cabin, the work of two men for last winter. No one in that country ever heard of such a cabin.

"The truth is, I lifted less than $13,000 of dust in a granite bowl with difficulty.

"Alexander McDonald, who went in not long ago strapped, is now more than a millionaire.

"Bill Coatwell bought a claim for $100 and sold 60 feet of it for $10,000. This was No. 17 Eldorado. On No. 9 Eldorado there is a streak above bed rock three or four inches thick. The owners are taking out very little, because they can do nothing with the cumbrous gold dust now.

"On the claim of Frank Denn, 90 pounds of gold were taken out in one day. That is equal to something like $25,000. The stories of lucky failures are extremely interesting. Fritz Kloke tried to sell his half-interest in a claim for $100. He could not get it. He has just sold the same half to John J. Henley for $10,000. There are dozens of just such fortunate strikes made blindfolded.

"This is the lucky side of Yukon mining."

A GLOOMY PICTURE.

Ottawa, Sept. 16.—Capt. A. H. Lee, of the Kingston Royal Military College, who has for some time past been investigating the overland route to the Klondike, gives a most gloomy description of the White Pass, and says that death from cold, starvation and suicide will be the fate of hundreds this winter. The find of gold is greatly exaggerated, and he says a wicked conspiracy exists between the Pacific coast transportation companies and the press to lure thousands to their ruin for the sake of their fares and advertising.

SUES HIS WITCH-WIFE.

Here's a Novel Divorce Suit Brought Down in Kentucky.

Louisville, Sept. 16.—O. F. Woodruff, a young hatter, who married a few months ago a young woman of excellent character, possessed of money and connected with a rich and influential German family, is suing his wife on the ground that she is a witch.

Woodruff was in court recently on the charge of whipping Mrs. Woodruff. The wife relented and they made up. A few days ago Woodruff filed a divorce petition.

Some time after their marriage Woodruff says he learned that his wife claimed power to foretell events and to charm or injure any person by means of decoctions of roots, herbs, flesh of animals, insects and reptiles, powders, acids, poisons, etc. On several occasions he says she put her decoctions in his food and made him sick and hung sachets filled with her powders around his picture and his head. Woodruff alleges also that his wife lived improperly before their marriage.

Mr. Alexander Sanderson, Choudrant, La., says: "Having used Ayer's Pills at least 25 years, I would say that for all diseases of the bowels, stomach and liver, which can be remedied by pills, these are always effective. They keep the system in perfect order."

THE ONLY GENUINE HUNYADI WATER.

Hunyadi János

BEST AND SAFEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

Prescribed and approved by all the medical authorities, for CONSTIPATION, DYSPEPSIA, TORPIDITY OF THE LIVER, HEMORRHOIDS, as well as for all kindred ailments resulting from indiscretion in diet.

"It is remarkably and exceptionally uniform in its composition."—*British Medical Journal.*

"The prototype of all Bitter Waters." "Absolutely constant in composition."—*Lancet.*

ORDINARY DOSE: ONE WINEGLASSFUL BEFORE BREAKFAST.

CAUTION: *See that the label bears the signature of the firm* Andreas Saxlehner.

Ghost on Its Muscle.

Thrashes a Man Who Tried to Prevent Its Wanderings.

A Boy Driven Almost to Death by the Repeated Visits of This Substantial Wraith.

New Haven, Conn., Sept. 17. — The Italian colony in Fair Haven is excited over a "ghost." This is no visionary, common-place ghost, but a ghost possessing great muscular strength, and one that is endowed with all the power of becoming invisible. So excited have the Italians become that tonight they asked the police protection, and a score of stalwart men have gone on guard to watch for the ghost's coming.

It walks at half an hour after midnight three times a week, according to the stories told the police.

The scene of its haunts is the home of John Gootslon, at No. 397 East street. Gootslon has a boy 12 years old. He has always been a healthy child, but lately he has wasted until he has become almost a living skeleton, and has taken to his bed too ill to arise. The nature of his disease has baffled his doctor, but at last the boy could stand it no longer, and yesterday he confessed to his friends that he was haunted. He says:

"A ghost, an old witch, has been in the habit of visiting my room three times a week for a long time, and each time she has said she intended to kill me and then kill off the family one by one unless we at once decided to return to Italy."

Last night the boy's friends decided they would sit up and watch with the sick boy, as it was the regular night for the ghost to come, and they did so. Three able-bodied men watched and waited for midnight. They hid the light under a barrel in one corner of the room and sat in the dark, patiently waiting.

Slowly and solemnly the bell on a neighboring church tower struck the hour of midnight. In the sick room all was hushed into a breathless silence. Not long after the midnight hour, say those who tell the police the story, the watchers heard a creaking noise in the room.

A pale radiance seemed to penetrate the darkness, and in this halo stood a figure in long white robes. And such a figure, a head of ghastly features, witch-like and awful to behold. It came toward the bed on which the sick boy lay.

With a shriek that rang through the silent house and startled all who heard it one of the watchers threw himself upon the "ghost." There was a terrible fight. The strong man was like an infant in the grasp of a Hercules. The ghost threw him aside, and before another of the watchers could raise the barrel and turn on the light, there was a maniacal laugh that chilled the watchers to the marrow, and the ghost had gone. Where, no one could tell. The house was searched, but nothing was found.

The watcher who grasped the ghost had his shirt torn off and his arm badly scratched.

The haunted boy's condition became alarming. Today he told his friends that tonight the ghost was sure to come again, and begged them not to leave him alone.

His father, accompanied by a delegation of a dozen persons, visited the Grand avenue police precinct, and begged the sergeant to give them police protection. The sergeant promised to have his officers keep an eye on the place, and advised the boy's father to double the boy's guard tonight in the sick room, and if the ghost came to catch it and bring it to the police station, and they would put it under arrest.

Tonight twenty watchers are quartered in the Gootslon domicile waiting for midnight and the ghost.

FOUGHT WITH AN EAGLE

It Overturned Kellog's Boat, but He Subdued It and Swam Ashore.

Elizabeth, N. J., Sept. 16.—Word has been received here that James C. Kellogg, jun., a prominent member of the Elizabeth Athletic Club, had been seriously injured while spending a vacation at Chippewa Bay, N.Y., a few days ago. Kellogg saw a bald eagle circling near the house where he was staying, and, securing a rifle, took a shot at the bird. The bullet broke one of the eagle's wings and the great bird fell into the river. Kellogg rowed out to secure his prize, and it put up such a stiff fight that it took him half an hour to capture it. The wounded eagle defended itself with its powerful beak and sharp talons, and before he had been battling with it five minutes Kellogg's hands and face were gashed and cut in a dozen places.

After fighting half an hour, and just as he was growing weak from loss of blood, Kellogg succeeded in grasping the eagle about the neck with both hands. A short struggle followed, and the boat was overturned, throwing Kellogg into the water. But the eagle was mastered, and although badly exhausted, Kellogg succeeded in swimming ashore with his prize. The eagle was a magnificent specimen, and measured 7 feet 6 inches from tip to top of its outstretched wings. The bird will be stuffed and mounted.

Practice Economy.

In buying medicine as in other matters. It is economy to get Hood's Sarsaparilla because there is more medicinal value in Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other. Every bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains 100 doses, and will average, taking according to directions, to last a month, while others last but a fortnight.

HOOD'S PILLS are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Easy and yet efficient.

Under old European law, wrecked crews and passengers could be enslaved and their property forfeited to the crown, or to the lord of the coast upon which their vessel perished.

In Another Week.

Navigation on the Yukon Will Soon Close.

Proposal to Send Dog Trains Over the Snow by the Dalton Trail.

Tacoma, Wash., Sept. 16.—Snow has fallen twice on the summits of White and Chilkoot Passes, indicating that winter will soon hold full sway. A few more storms will effectually close travel until the snows permit the use of sleds. The first snow fell on the night of Aug. 29, and the second three days later. Very strong winds howled through Lynn Canal between Juneau and Dyea at the same time.

At Juneau one man was blown off a roof and injured. At Skaguay buildings in course of erection were blown down and steamers ceased unloading. The next day the body of an unknown man was found in the bay at Dyea. He apparently had been blown off a scow.

Men just out from the Yukon country think navigation will be closed by Sept. 20. There was thin ice along the shore in places when they came down the river late in August. It is considered improbable that the steamers Healy, Weare, Alice and Bella will reach Dawson again. The steamer Hamilton may get there.

The trading companies have sent runners to many camps to warn miners that enough food cannot possibly be gotten to keep all from starving. Hundreds of men are now en route out. The pinch will begin about Christmas.

It is proposed here that the American and Canadian governments join hands and send an expedition in. Yukon mail carriers declare that overland trips can be safely made any month during the year.

Meetings have been called for this week here and at Seattle to decide how the matter shall be presented to the Washington authorities. Old Yukon miners say such a trip could be made over the Dalton trail by securing plenty of dogs to draw sleds. They think dogs could be purchased cheap in Labrador and Canada. If such an expedition could start in October they think it could reach Dawson in December.

MR. JONES' SCHEME.

Representative F. N. Jones, of Bakeoven, Wasco county, who is the owner of numerous flocks of sheep, proposes to take 2,000 of his strong-limbed wethers to Dyea, and from that point use them to pack supplies into the gold camps. His idea is to have a pack saddle made for each wether, and load them with 30 pounds of freight, one-half to carry oats for their own feed, the remainder with such light merchandise as may offer. He says all that will be necessary is to point the wethers on the snow, and they will scurry across the country in good time. The merchandise will bring $9,000 freight money, and the 2,000 sheep, on reaching Dawson, can be sold for $10 a head; so if the scheme is successful, a nice pile of money can be made.

BUENOS AYRES' BIG WHEAT CROP.

Buenos Ayres, Sept. 16.—Despite the invasion of the flying locust, which has come into Argentine by the million, the reports received in Buenos Ayres as to the wheat crop are of a most encouraging character. In the province of Entre Rios, Santa Fe, Cordova, and Buenos Ayres, indication is now that the wheat crop, with good luck, will be so great that they will be able to export about two million tons. With a fair degree of success there will be at least a million and a half tons for export. The prospect for a big crop is splendid.

DROPSY CURED BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

I have been troubled for three years with Dropsy. Could not get any relief. My limbs were swollen to a size I could not rest. I was advised to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. I have only used two boxes and I am completely cured. I have no objection in allowing you to publish this so as to help others.

I remain, yours,
ARTHUR JONES,
Ottawa, Ont.

Dodd's Kidney Pills Always Cure Dropsy.

Navigation and Railways

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

GRAND OPENING OF THE New Single Arch Steel Bridge

Over the Niagara River at Niagara Falls

THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, Sept. 23rd, 24th and 25th, 1897.

London to Niagara Falls and Return $1.75

Going on the 23rd, 24th and 25th, returning up to Sept. 27th, 1897.

Special passenger train will leave Niagara Falls, Ont., on 23rd, 24th and 25th at 10:30 p.m., for Hamilton and Toronto, stopping at all intermediate stations.

Full information at "Clock" corner Dundas and Richmond streets and G. T. R. depot.

Our Reopening A Grand Success.

The Big Store thronged with thousands. Everybody delighted with the enlarged store accommodation and the comfort and convenience of shopping at the

BIG DEPARTMENTAL

Where you can buy nearly everything and save an ordinary retailer's profit. If you've never bought at the Big Store before try it the next time and you'll save money. Anyone will tell you where it is. There's but one departmental in London.

Runians & Butler,

208, 210, 210½ and 212 Dundas Street.

Fall Dress Goods Novelties.

The enthusiasm of trade this week on the ground floor has been centered in the Dress Goods section, where many attractive novelties are shown; in fact this department has been thronged with ladies, all eager to get a first idea of our exclusive styles, and there's many happy inspirations of the weavers' art displayed here that won't be seen anywhere else.

Novelties in Jackets and Capes.

The new showrooms on the second floor, which are the largest and best lighted in London, have been crowded daily since the reopening, and the stock of Jackets, Capes, Fine Furs, etc., of every description has been the admiration of all, while the sales here have been marvelous.

MILLINERY

Ladies' and Misses' Trimmed Felt Walking Hats and Short Back Sailors. The sale of Ladies' Fine Whitewear continues all week. The "New Idea" Patterns for sale, 10c

Runians & Butler.

DIRECT IMPORTERS.

Navigation and Railways.

ALLAN LINE

Royal Mail Steamships, Liverpool, Calling at Moville.

	From Montreal.	Quebec.
Parisian	Sept. 25	Sept. 26
Numidian	Oct. 2	Oct. 2
Carthaginian	Oct. 9	Oct. 9
California	Oct. 16	Oct. 17
Laurentian	Oct. 23	Oct. 23
Parisian	Oct. 30	Oct. 31

RATES OF PASSAGE.

First cabin Derry and Liverpool, $82 50 and upwards; return $105 and upwards. Second cabin, Liverpool, Derry, London, $34. Steerage, Liverpool, Derry, Belfast, Glasgow, London, everything found, $22 50 and $23 50.

Glasgow-New York service — From New York: State of Nebraska, Oct. 1; Mongolian, Oct. 8. Cabin, $45 to $85; return $90 to $123 50; second cabin, $35; return, $64 15; steerage, $23 50.

AGENTS—E. De la Hooke, "Clock" corner Richmond and Dundas, Thos. R. Parker, southwest corner Richmond and Dundas streets, and F. B. Clarke, 416 Richmond street.

RICHELIEU & ONTARIO NAVIGATION CO.

ONE OF THE palatial side-wheel steamers of this line will leave Toronto daily (Sundays excepted) at 2 p.m. for Montreal and intermediate ports, passing through by daylight the

THOUSAND ISLANDS AND RAPIDS.

Special low rates by steamer Hamilton, leaving Hamilton every Monday at noon and Toronto at 6 p.m., for Bay of Quinte, Montreal and way ports; charges on this boat include meals and berths both ways.

For tickets, state rooms, etc., apply to E. De la Hooke, "Clock" corner, Richmond and Dundas streets, or T. R. Parker, southwest corner Richmond and Dundas streets.

☞This is the only line running through the Thousand Isles and all the rapids. yy

WHITE STAR LINE

New York to Liverpool via Queenstown

S.S. BRITANNIC, Sept. 22
S.S. MAJESTIC, Sept. 29
S.S. GERMANIC, Oct. 6
S.S. TEUTONIC, Oct. 13
S.S. BRITANNIC, Oct. 20
S.S. MAJESTIC, Oct. 27
S.S. GERMANIC, Nov. 3
} 12 noon

Rates as low as by any first-class line.

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Sole Agent for London, "Clock" Corner. zxv

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