COMFORT SOAP
"IT'S ALL RIGHT"
MORE SOAP FOR LESS MONEY—LESS MONEY FOR MORE SOAP.
POSITIVELY THE LARGEST SALE IN CANADA

THE JUST AND THE UNJUST

By Vaughan Kester
Author of The Prodigal Judge

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"I seem to have been wholly at fault, at least from your point of view; but don't you suppose there is something I could say? Do you suppose I sit here silent because I am convinced that it is all my fault?"

He did not answer her at once, but continued to pace the floor. At length he jerked out:

"No, I was at fault too. I've a nasty temper. I should have had more patience with you, Evelyn—but it was so hard to deny you anything you wanted that I could possibly give you. I'd have laid the whole world at your feet if I could."

"I believe you would, Marsh—then," she said.

"It's a pity you didn't understand me," he answered indifferently.

Nothing he could say led in the direction he would have had it lead, for he wanted her to realize her part in what had happened, to knoow that the burden beneath which he had gone down was in a measure the work of her hands. His instinct was as primitive as a child's fear of the dark; he must escape from the horror of his isolation; his secret was made doubly terrifying because he knew he dared not share it with any living creature. Yet his mind played strange tricks with him; he was ready to risk much that he might learn what part of the truth he could tell her; he was even ready to risk all in a dumb brute impulse to gather up the remnants of his strength of heart and brain, and be the centre of some widespread catastrophe; to put his fear in her soul just as it was in his own. How was she ever to comprehend the horror that held him in its cruel grasp, the thousand subtle shades of thought and feeling that had led up to this thing, from the memory of which he revolted! He turned his bloodshot eyes upon her; something of the old light was there along with the new; he had indeed loved her, but the fruit of this love had been rotten. He was silent, and again his heavy tread resounded in the room as he dragged himself back and forth.

The force in him was stirring her. Sensation of any sort had always made its strong appeal to her. Without knowing what was passing in her mind she yet understood that it was some powerful emotion, and her pliant nerves responded. For the moment she forgot that she no longer loved him. She rose and went to his side.

"Is it all my fault, Marsh?" she said.

"What is your fault?" he asked, pausing.

"That we are so unhappy; am I the only one at fault there?"

He looked down into her face relentingly.

"I don't know—I swear I don't know!" he said hoarsely.

"What is it, Marsh—why are you so unhappy? Just because you love me? What an unkind thing to say!"

He turned to the table to pour himself a drink, but she caught his hand.

"For my sake, Marsh?" she entreated. Again he looked down into her eyes.

"For my sake," she repeated softly.

"I swear I'll never touch another drop!" he said.

"Oh, you make me so happy!" she exclaimed.

He crushed her in his arms until his muscles were tense. She did not struggle for release, but abandoned herself without a word to the emotion of the moment. Her head thrown back, her cheeks pale, her full lips smiling, she gazed up into his face with eyes burning with sudden fire.

"How I love you!" he whispered.

She slipped her arms about his neck with a little cry of ecstasy.

"Oh, Marsh, I have been foolish, too, but this is the place for me—my place—against your very heart," she said softly.

For a long minute Langham held her so, and then, tortured by sudden memory, he came back sharply to the actualities. His arms dropped from about her.

"What is it, dear?" she asked.

She was not yet ready to pass from the passion of the moment.

"It's too late!" he muttered brokenly.

"No, dear, it's not too late; we have only been a little foolish. Of course we can go back; of course we can begin all over, and we know now what to avoid; that was it, we didn't know before, we were ignorant of ourselves—of each other. Why, don't you see, we are only just beginning to live, dear—you must have faith," and again her arms encircled him.

"But you don't know——" he stammered.

"Don't know what, dear?"

He dropped into his chair and she sank on her knees at his side. A horrible black abyss into which he was falling seemed to open at his feet. Her hands were the only ones that could draw him back and save him.

"Don't know what?" she repeated.

The mystery of this man's nature, with its mingled strength and weakness, was something she could not resist.

"Does it ever do any good to pray, I wonder?" he gasped.

"I wonder, too!" she echoed breathlessly.

He laughed.

"What rot I'm talking!" he said.

"What is it that is wrong, Marsh?"

"Nothing—nothing. I can't tell you——"

"You can tell me anything; I would always understand—always, dear. Prove to me that our love is everything; take me back into your confidence."

"No," he gasped hoarsely. "I can't tell you—you'd hate me if I did; you'd never forget—you couldn't."

She turned her eyes on him in breathless inquiry.

"I would—I promise you now. Marsh, I promise you; can't you believe——"

He shook his head and gazed sombrely into her eyes. She rested her cheek against the back of his hand where it lay on the arm of his chair. There was a long silence.

"But what is it, Marsh? What has happened?"

"Nothing's happened," he said at last. "I'm a bit worried, that's all, about myself—my debts—my extravagance; isn't that enough to upset me? Everyone's crowding me!"

There was another long pause. Evelyn sighed softly; she felt that they were coming back too swiftly to the everyday concerns of life.

"I'm worried, too, about North," Langham said presently.

"About North—what about North?"

"They are going to bring him back; didn't you know he had gone West? He went last night."

"But who is going to bring him back?"

"They want him as a witness in the McBride case. They—Moxlow, that is—seems to think he has something that may be of importance. He's a crazy fool, with his notions."

"But North——" Evelyn began.

"It may make a lot of trouble for him. They are going to bring him back as a witness, and unless he gives a pretty good account of himself, Moxlow's scheme is to try and hold him——"

"What do you mean by a good account of himself?"

"He'll have to be able to tell just where he was between half-past five and six o'clock last night; that's when the murder was committed, according to Taylor."

"Do you mean he's suspected, Marsh? But he couldn't have done it!" she cried.

"How do you know?" he asked quickly.

"Why, I was there——"

"Where?"

"With him——"

"Here—was he here?" A great load seemed lifted from him.

She was silent.

"He was here between five and six?" he repeated. He glanced at her sharply. "Why don't you answer me?"

"No, he was not here," she said slowly.

"Where was he, then?" he demanded. "What's the secret, anyhow?"

"Marsh, I'm going to tell you something," she said slowly. "Nothing shall stand between our perfect understanding, our perfect trust for the future. You know I have been none too happy for the last year—I don't reproach you—but we have gotten very far apart somehow. I've never been really bad—I've always been your true and faithful wife, dear, always—but—you have made me very unhappy." She felt him shiver. "And I am not a very wise or settled person—and we haven't any children to keep me steady——"

"Thank God!" the man mutter hoarsely under his breath.

"What do you say?" she asked.

"Nothing; go on. What is it you want to tell me?"

"Something—and then perhaps you will trust me more fully with the things that are oppressing you. I believe you love me, I believe it absolutely——" She paused.

The light died out of his eyes.

"Marsh," she began again. "Could you forgive me if you knew that I'd thought I cared for someone else? Could you, if I told you that for a moment I had the thought—the silly thought, that I cared for another man?" She was conscious that his hand had grown cold beneath her cheek. "It was just a foolish fancy, quite as innocent as it was foolish, dear; you left me so much alone, and I thought you really didn't care for me any more, and so—and so——"

"Go on."

"Well, that is all, Marsh."

"All?"

"Yes, it went no further than that, just a silly fancy, and I'd known him all my life——"

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"Of John North."

"Curse him!" he cried. "And so that's what brought him here—and you were with him last night!" He sprang to his feet, his face livid. "What do you take me for? Do you expect me to forgive you for that——"

"But, Marsh, it was just a silly, sentimental fancy! Oh, why did I tell you?"

"Yes, why did you tell me?" he stormed.

"Because I thought it would make it easier for you to confess to me."

"Confess to you? I've nothing to confess—I've loved you honestly. Did you think I'd been carrying on some sneaking intrigue with a friend's wife—did you think I was that sort of a fellow—the sort of a fellow North is? Do you take me for a common blackguard?"

"Marsh, don't! Marshall, please—for my sake——" and she clung to him, but he cast her off roughly.

"Keep away from me!" he said with sullen repression, but there was a murderous light in his eyes. "Don't touch me!" he warned.

"But say you forgive me!"

"Forgive you!" He laughed.

"Yes, forgive me—Marsh!"

"Forgive you—never!"

He reached for the bottle.

"Not that—not that, Marsh; your promise only a moment ago—your promise, Marsh!"

But he poured himself half a tumbler of whisky and emptied it at a swallow.

"There goes my promise!" he said, and strode from the room.

To Be Continued.

Heated Carriages.
Closed, heated carriages for all occasions. Palace Livery, 'Phone 838. Ross & Boss, proprietors.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold all over the world.

Old Winter Coughs Now Easily Cured

A New Remedy Now Cures Without the Use of Cough Syrups or Drugs.

Just think of it—you can clear away that hard, racking cough, drive it completely out of the system, make yourself perfectly well by the new breathing cure that employs no medicine at all.

You wonder how; very simple, indeed; you simply breathe in through a **Catarrhozone Inhaler** rich balsamic essences that heal and soothe away the cough in a few hours' time.

In using Catarrhozone you bathe the lining of the nose and throat with that powerful antiseptic of the Blue Gum tree of Australia, which is probably the surest cold and cough cure in the world today.

Clarence E. Cromwell, writing from Medicine Hat, says: "To cure a sneezing cold in about ten minutes the one thing I know of to do it is Catarrhozone. To relieve an irritated throat quickly, nothing can excel Catarrhozone. It simply eats up a cough or cold of any kind. I know of colds that have hung on for months that Catarrhozone cured quickly. Nearly every man I know carries a Catarrhzone Inhaler wtih him day and night, and in this country it makes a wonderful protection against all winter ills."

Get the dollar outfit, including the hard rubber inhaler, and medication to last two months; medium size 50c, sample size 25c, at all storekeepers and druggists, or The Catarrhozone Company, Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

INGERSOLL EXPECTS CHEAPER GAS SOON

Plant Which Supplies the Town Is Included in Big Merger.

[Special to The Advertiser.]

Ingersoll, March 19.—Interesting information has been obtained relative to the prospects for cheap gas. Some time ago the announcement was made that the local gas works would be included in the merger of Western Ontario works by a syndicate. The announcement has now been made that it is expected Ingersoll will get cheap gas by the first of September.

But very little evidence of the recent high water in the Thames valley now exists. The water has receded with almost astonishing rapidity. For a couple of days the water was unusually high, but the extreme mild weather and rains, wiped out what little snow there was so quickly that practically all sources of surface water have been exhausted. Unless there should be another heavy snowfall, which seems very improbable, there is no danger of a further freshet this season.

Many relatives and friends yesterday afternoon followed the remains of Christopher Bailey to their last resting place in the Ingersoll Rural Cemetery. The funeral was held from the family residence, King street west, to St. James' Church, where an impressive service was conducted by the rector, Rev. J. M. Perkins.

PLAN CELEBRATION

Fort William Board of Trade To Hold Reception For Marine Men.

[Canadian Press.]

Fort William, March 18.—Fort William Board of Trade makes the announcement that on the opening of navigation, which will occur some time about the 15th of next month, the members will give an elaborate reception to all the vessel owners and a banquet to all the lake captains calling at this port.

Previous to the opening ceremonies, which will be participated in by all the leading officials of the city, as well as the marine men there, will be a parade of captains and crews of the various boats, and the opening generally will be marked by several novel features that will provide scenes of real action for the Pathe moving picture people, who will spend a week here during the navigation opening taking moving pictures. These pictures will show scenes in all the big elevators and along Fort William's water-front.

EMBRO CONCERT

Members of Congregational Church Had a Delightful Evening.

[Special to The Advertiser.]

Embro, March 19. — The St. Patrick supper and entertainment which was given in the Congregational Church was a decided success. Rev. Mr. McLean acted as chairman and the following took part in the program: Master Roy McNeil, mouth-organ selection; Miss Loveys, solo; Mr. Carney, solo; Miss McArthur, violin selection; Misses Ada Vannatter and Bertha Ensign, instrumental duet; Miss E. Munro, instrumental. A very interesting address was given by Rev. Mr. Osborne. After the above program was rendered, games were played till midnight.

MAPLETON MEETING

Members of the C. W. B. M. Enjoyed a Number of Interesting Papers.

[Special to The Advertiser.]

Mapleton, March 19.—The March meeting of the C. W. B. M. of the Church of Christ was held recently at the home of Mrs. Cecil Legg. The vice-president, Mrs. John D. Thompson, presided. Misses Mabel Bancroft and Eva Warwick gave excellent papers on the topic, "Japan." Rev. A. McCracken, of Pennsylvania, also delivered a splendid address, and Miss Mamie Brown sang a solo. After the meeting a ten-cent tea was held. The attendance was large.

FADING AT THIRTY

When Woman Should Be in the Prime of Charm and Beauty.

At thirty to thirty-five a woman should be in the prime of charm and beauty, and yet many women begin to fade before then. Wrinkles appear and the complexion grows sallow. Dark rings surround the eyes, and headaches follow, with backaches and low spirits. The cause of this is simply need of blood nourishment. Good, pure blood is the life of a woman's beauty and health. It is good blood that brings the glow of health to the cheek, brightness to the eye, and elasticity to the step, and the general happiness of good health. When woman feels jaded and worn out her blood supply needs attention, and the one unrivalled and sure remedy is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which supply the rich, red blood that repairs the waste, dispels disease and restores the brightness and charm of womanly health.

Mrs. H. G. Hart, Winnipeg, Man., is one of the thousands of sufferers who owes her present health to Dr. William' Pink Pills. She says: "I had suffered for a long time, not knowing what the trouble was. I had doctored with several doctors, but only seemed to be growing worse. The last doctor I had told me the trouble was anaemia, that my blood was turned to water, and that my condition was serious. But his treatment, like the rest, did me no good. I got so bad that if I excited myself, or went up stairs, I was completely out of breath, and felt as if I was going to suffocate. My heart would palpitate violently, and at times I would suffer with terrible pains from it. I had a yellow complexion, my lips had lost their color, and I had no appetite and could not eat. I grew so weak I could hardly drag myself along, and my feet seemed to have weights on them. I was so completely run down that I thought I was going into consumption. At this time a friend urged me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking a few boxes I found my health improving, and after taking the Pills for a couple of months I was entirely well, and have since enjoyed the best of health, and I feel that I can never say enough in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These Pills are sold by all dealers in medicine or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY LONDON TOLD TO HISTORICAL S'TY

F. B. Perrin Reads Paper Touching on City's Early History.

Cost of Living Today Contrasted With That of Long Ago.

Befoe ar largely-attended meeting of the Middlesex Historical Society on Tuesday night, M.r Finlay Perrin read a paper, prepared by Mr. F. B. Perrin, entitled "Reminiscences of Early London." The paper was full of interesting information of the early history of the commercial, industrial and social life of the city, and the points furnished provided much food for retrospecting over the good old days when London was in its infancy, and later when still a minor in the matter of years.

A knowing smile flittered over the faces of his auditors as Mr. Perrin contrasted the cost of living in the 30's and 40's to the prices existing in this day of combines, mergers and other conditions affecting values. Butter sold at 6 and 7 cents a pound; eggs at 7 cents per dozen; potatoes at 25 cents a bag; lamb and pork retailed at 7 cents a pound, and Indians sold their 20 and 25 pound turkeys for as much as 50 cents each.

Prices in Pioneer Days.

The causes assigned for the existing prices in the pioneer days were the low rate of wages, scarcity of money, small demand for produce, as nearly every person raised their own supply, and the supply being in abundance.

The story of the visit of the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII., to London in 1860, was an interesting portion of the address.

Civic authorities in the city at that date had prepared to honor their future sovereign on a grand scale and to fittingly welcome him, a large platform had been built at the corner of Waterloo and Queen's avenue, where St. Andrew's Church now stands, and it was from this stage that addresses from prominent Londoners and patriotic choruses from 2,000 school children were rendered. The official address of welcome had been given on the prince's arrival at the depot. In the evening, a brilliant society ball was en fete at the Tecumseh House, erected only a few years previous, and the prince danced all of the 21 dances on the list, to show his appreciation of the efforts made in his behalf.

Crimean War.

In 1858, when the Crimean war was occupying the centre of the world's stage, London was gripped in the wave of prosperity, and a remarkable land boom was manifest, probably only second to the one which she is experiencing today. But realty men held on to their land too long in many cases, for in 1859 a slump appeared, and the assessment on land lowered 80 per cent. in one year. Ten years later, a revival of the boom appeared, when the Western Ontario oil fields were discovered, and speculators from all over the continent flocked to this neighborhood.

Among the earliest storekeepers in London were: Douglass & Warren, Glennon & Co., Angus & Birrell, Moore & Co., Smith Mathieson, J. H. Voyse, Dennis O'Brien, John Jennings, and George J. Goodhue, the latter being the pioneer merchant.

The members of London's first board of trade were: Adam Hope, president; Lionel Ridout, vice-president; J. C. Macklin, secretary; J. L. McKenzie, John Birrell, H. Chisholm, C. D. Shaw, Walter Simpson, Charles J. Hope, E. Leonard, T. H. Buckley, G. M. Gunn, James Coyne, D. Farrar and Charles Hunt.

At the close of the reading of the paper, discussion followed for several minutes, and a vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Perrin. The paper will be stored in the archives of the Historical Society. Ex-Ald. Murphy presided.

CORRESPONDENCE

Baptist Bibles.

To the Editor of The Advertiser:

Your edition of Monday, 17th inst., contains an item, stating that Mr. Owen Cambridge has a Baptist Bible which he thinks is the only one in the city, and was presented to him by Mr. Harding McConnell, who, with Squire Edwards, he says, were the founders of Egerton Street Baptist Church. With your permission, I wish to correct a few errors contained in that item.

The Egerton Street Church is the result of a mission work on South street, commenced in 1886 by two young men belonging to the Adelaide Street Baptist Church, and afterwards removed to Egerton street and continued by a number of workers connected with the Adelaide Church, until there were sufficient members in the vicinity of Egerton street who felt that they were strong enough to carry on the work themselves, and so in 1904 applied to the Adelaide Street Church for letters of dismissal to form a separate church. These letters were granted, and Egerton Street Church was organized by a resolution of the dismissed members to unite in fellowship for mutual benefit and the building of Christ's kingdom.

The part which Harding McConnell had in the work was the erecting of the Sunday school room by contract on the present property, and Squire Edwards contributed his share to the work in teaching the Bible class in the mission on South street.

As to Mr. Cambridge being the only one in the city who owns a Baptist Bible, that is a mistake, for I have one; also the standard American edition of the revised version of the Bible; also what is commonly known as King James' version, which is in many respects an exceedingly correct and valuable translation, but some of the phrases then used have changed their meaning, and some have become obsolete, as in Rom., 1:13 (was let hitherto), which means, was hindered hitherto, which would make revision necessary. The word baptism in King James' translation for immersion, is an arbitrary disposal of the word Baptiro, for instead of a translation we have part of the Greek word transposed with an English termination, viz., baptism, which is misleading to an English reader and gives excuse for the many different practices under the guise an ordinance of Christ. The so-called Baptist Bible is almost identical with the American standard revised version, but gives the word baptiro, properly translated into English, viz., immersion.

Yours truly, G. F. ROBERTSON.
827 Dundas street.

The Publicity Commissionership.

To the Editor of The Advertiser:

I would like you to give a little space in your valuable paper for a thought or two relative to the question of publicity commissioner for the city. I was a member of the city council and largely instrumental in bringing into being the office of publicity agent, and in the appointment of the first publicity agent, Mr. C. A. Carruthers, a London man, whose hands the city council of that year tied up, in that he was paid the handsome sum of $100 a month, and not a cent allowed him for expense to help him to get out to do anything. Then the next thing the following council did was to send outside of the city to get a stranger who knew practically nothing of the city and pay him $2,500 a year and expenses for travelling. Now I am not going to find any fault with either the man as a man nor his salary and expense. No doubt Mr. Henderson did the best he could, being an entire stranger to the city of London, and not at all conversant with London and London's situation, and now I see that a similar move is on foot to try and get another stranger, say from Buffalo or Toronto, or some other city, and it will take him, whoever they get from any of these outside places, fully a year to get the run of things and acquainted with the city. Why in the world do we want to import a stranger at all, when we have just as good stuff in London as in any other city? How is it that lots of our boys and men of all professions go to other cities and make good—and real good—and command big jobs and big salaries, but when London wants a man they must send to Hamilton or elsewhere to get one?

Some of the applicants for the position, as reported in your issue of yesterday, have lived in London practically all their life, and in whom is just as good timber for publicity agent as any that Buffalo or Hamilton or Toronto or any other city can turn out. Give them the same chance you have given our late publicity agent and I am sure results will be very much greater, because, in the first place, they know the city like a book, and nearly every one in it, and are in a very much better position than a stranger to set about to boost the city. Another thing: you get a stranger, and all he is after is his salary, but get a man of the city and it is his home. He loves his city because of what it is and has been to him, and he also is a taxpayer, and particularly from a financial point of view will he seek to build up the city by boosting it and seeking to get only first-class industries that will not be a charge on the city.

I am surprised at the action of the president of the Trades and Labor Council in supporting an action to advertise outside of London for a man. And this is just where London always transgresses: if there is any kind of a man wanted for, no matter what position, an outsider is always looked for. This is another way of knocking, instead of boosting the city. Other cities simply give us the laugh, in that we have no confidence in our own material. I say again give one of our own men a chance, and stand by him, and help him as you would a stranger, and results will not be lacking, and the city will not be bled because the interests of the city are the interests of the man on the job, in that he is a resident and a taxpayer. Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for taking up the amount of space necessary, I am, yours,

W. J. UNDERWOOD.

Excuse haste and a bad pen,

is obsolete in modern business correspondence and is rapidly becoming so in social correspondence.

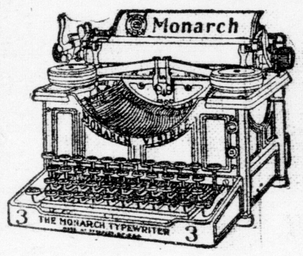
A hand-written letter inevitably has a repellant effect upon the business man who opens it. His first thought is that his correspondent who writes "longhand" isn't modern—isn't progressive—isn't up-to-date—in fact isn't a good business man.

Typewriter type, on the contrary, has a compactness, clarity and precision which begets confidence—and business.

The Monarch Typewriter

solves in a very satisfactory way the vexed problem—"what typewriter?"

It combines solidity of construction with a remarkable lightness of touch. It is one of the newest typewriters on the market but it is making up in friends for what it lacks in years.



Stenographers like it, Business men endorse it, and Monarch letters need no excuse.

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Limited,

FOR DANDRUFF, FALLING HAIR OR ITCHY SCALP---25-CENT "DANDERINE"

Save Your Hair! Danderine Destroys Dandruff and Stops Falling Hair at Once—Grows Hair, We Prove It.

If you care for heavy hair, that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, you must use Danderine, because nothing else accomplishes so much for the hair.

Just one application of Knowlton's Danderine will double the beauty of your hair, besides it immediately dissolves every particle of dandruff; you cannot have nice, heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its lustre, its strength, and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp; the hair roots famish, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast.

If your hair has been neglected and is thin, faded, dry, scraggy, or too oily, don't hesitate, but get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine at any drug store or toilet counter; apply a little as directed and ten minutes after you will say this was the best investment you ever made.

We sincerely believe, regardless of everything else advertised, that if you desire soft, lustrous, beautiful hair and lots of it — no dandruff — no itching scalp and no more falling hair — you must use Knowlton's Danderine. If eventually — why not now? A 25-cent bottle will truly amaze you.

FRY'S
Nut Milk Chocolate
Nourishing and of Enticing Flavor.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
SARNIA TUNNEL TO SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND TORONTO.

Arrive from the East—*3:52 a.m., 10:56 a.m., *11:12 a.m., *11:28 a.m., *6:30 p.m., *8:00 p.m., 10:45 p.m.

Arrive from the West—*12:14 a.m., 3:43 a.m., 8:50 a.m., *11:55 a.m., 1:10 p.m., *4:10 p.m., 6:25 p.m.

Depart for the East—*12:19 a.m., *3:48 a.m., 7:20 a.m., 9:00 a.m., *12:05 p.m., 2:05 p.m., *4:25 p.m., *6:53 p.m.

Depart for the West—*3:57 a.m., 7:40 a.m., *11:18 a.m., *11:35 a.m., 1:40 p.m., 8:20 p.m.

LONDON AND WINDSOR.
Arrive—10:23 a.m., *4:00 p.m., 6:50 p.m., 11:05 p.m.
Depart—6:35 a.m., *11:43 a.m., 2:05 p.m., 8:05 p.m.

STRATFORD BRANCH.
Arrive—11:15 a.m., 1:39 p.m., 6:45 p.m., 11:25 p.m.
Depart—6:00 a.m., 10:20 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 2:45 p.m., 4:55 p.m.

LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE.
Arrive—10:00 a.m., 6:10 p.m.
Depart—8:30 a.m., 4:40 p.m.

Trains marked * run daily. Those not marked, daily, except Sunday.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.
Arrive from the East—*11:42 a.m., 6:50 p.m., *8:15 p.m., *11:12 p.m.
Arrive from the West—*4:20 a.m., 11:20 a.m., *12:15 p.m., *5:45 p.m., 5:15 p.m.
Depart for the East—*4:33 a.m., 7:00 a.m., *12:25 p.m., *5:55 p.m.
Depart for the West—8:00 a.m., *11:50 a.m., 7:00 p.m., *8:23 p.m., *11:20 p.m.
Trains marked * run daily. Those not marked, daily, except Sunday.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.
Arrive—7:04 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 4:55 p.m., 9:40 p.m.
Depart—7:20 a.m. 2:20 p.m., 5:20 p.m., 10:11 p.m.

PERE MARQUETTE RAILWAY.
Arrive—8:45 a.m., *12:50, 1:50, 5:10, *10:10 p.m.
Depart—5:40, *7:10, 9:45 a.m., 2:30, *4:20, †7:00 p.m.
*To and from Walkerville. All trains to and from Port Stanley, except trains marked with star. †To St. Thomas only. All trains week days only.

Traction Company
Cars hourly between London and St. Thomas from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m.; last car at 11:15 p.m.
Cars every hour and a half between St. Thomas and Port Stanley until 10 p.m., then 11:15 p.m. St. Thomas. Time card No. 2 at all stations.

WHEN YOU GO ABROAD
Unsurpassed Steamers, Service, Cuisine, at Low Rates, All Classes.
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PERE MARQUETTE
Trains between London and Walkerville and intermediate points without change, connecting at Blenheim for all points north to Sarnia.
LEAVE LONDON: 7:10 a.m., 4:20 p.m.
ARRIVE LONDON: 12:50 p.m., 10:10 p.m.

Grand Trunk Railway System

Colonist Rates
On Sale Daily
MARCH 15 TO APRIL 15 INCLUSIVE
From LONDON to
VANCOUVER, B. C.....
VICTORIA, B. C.....
SEATTLE, WASH.....
SPOKANE, WASH.....
$46.05
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL..
LOS ANGELES, CAL....
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MEXICO CITY, MEX....
$46.05
Proportionate low rates to other points in Arizona, British Columbia, California, Idaho, Mexico, Montana, Nevada, Oregon, Utah, Washington, etc. From all stations in Ontario.
Ask Grand Trunk agents for full particulars.
The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway is the shortest and quickest route between Winnipeg-Saskatoon-Edmonton.

Homeseekers' Excursions
To Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta,
Each Tuesday, March to October inclusive, via Chicago and St. Paul.
Through coaches and Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars will leave Toronto 11 p.m. on above dates for WINNIPEG.
No Change of Cars.
WINNIPEG and return.....$35.00
EDMONTON and return.....$43.00
Tickets good for 60 days. Proportionate low rates to other points.
SETTLERS' EXCURSIONS
To Alberta and Saskatchewan
March 11
and every Tuesday thereafter until April 29 inclusive, from stations in Ontario, Peterboro, Port Hope and west.
LOW RATES
Through Coaches and Tourist Sleepers to WINNIPEG without change, leaving Toronto 11 p.m. on above dates.
Berth Reservations, Literature and Full Information from any Grand Trunk agent. R. E. RUSE, C. P. and T. A., "Clock Corner," London. Steamship tickets on sale via all lines.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
EXCURSIONS
to Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta

HOMESEEKERS
Low Round Trip Rates Each Tuesday, March to October Inclusive.
Winnipeg and Return.....$35.00
Edmonton and Return..... 43.00
Other points in proportion.
Return limit, two months.
TOURIST SLEEPING CARS
on all excursions. Comfortable berths, fully equipped with bedding, can be secured at moderate rates through local agent.

SETTLERS
For settlers travelling with live stock and effects, SPECIAL TRAINS will leave Toronto each TUESDAY, March and April, 10:20 p.m.
Settlers and families without live stock should use REGULAR TRAINS, leaving Toronto 10:20 p.m. Daily. Through Colonist and Tourist Sleepers.
COLONIST CARS ON ALL TRAINS.
No charge for Berths.
Through Trains, Toronto to Winnipeg and West.

AROUND THE WORLD
via "Empress of Asia"
The "Empress of Asia" will leave Liverpool June 14, calling at Madeira, Cape Town, Durban, Colombo, Singapore and Hong Kong, arriving Vancouver Aug. 30. Vessel remains 14 days at Hong Kong. "Rate for entire cruise, $639.10." Exclusive of maintenance between arrival time in England and departure of "Empress of Asia," and stop-over at Hong Kong.

COLONIST RATES.
Vancouver, B.C.....
Victoria, B.C.....
Seattle, Wash.....
Spokane, Wash.....
Portland, Ore.....
Nelson, B.C.....
$46.05
Los Angeles, Cal.....
San Diego, Cal.....
San Francisco, Cal.....
$46.05
Above rates apply from London, Ont., daily, March 15 to April 15.
Proportionate rates from other points in Ontario.
Full particulars from any C. P. R. Agent, or write M. G. Murphy, D. P. A., Toronto. W. Fulton, C. P. and T. A. 161 Dundas, corner Richmond, London.