Shadow and Sunlight

Madge turns to the window. The Honorable Francis looks at her sideways, and toys with his handkerchief.

"Er—I think there was some mention of a little excursion for today. I would go, my dear Madge. Yes, certainly, I think you might go."

"Too late," says Madge, sorrowfully. "Lady Carton has been here and gone away; no doubt Miss Tetbury refused for me. She"—with a significant tone—"did not know you were coming, you see!"

"Confound the old woman!" he murmurs behind his handkerchief. Then, aloud, "Ahem! the excellent Miss Tetbury feels her great responsibility, no doubt, my dear Madge. But I think there is time to rectify the little matter. I will step around to Sophie's and mention that you have changed your mind."

"Do," says Madge; "she will have no difficulty in believing you."

"Really, my dear Madge," he says, with delicate repulse, "you possess a knack of retort which is as remarkable as it is unfortunate in a mere school-girl——"

"Of eighteen!" says Madge.

A faint flush rises to her face, and an angry light to her eyes, as he rises.

"My dear child," he says, with fine sarcasm, "every moment I spend in your society impresses me with the loss I sustain in being separated from you. And the moment for separation has now arrived. I must tear myself away. Will you please ring the bell that I may make my adieus to your excellent instructress? And," he adds, "I hope you will enjoy yourself this afternoon. By the way," he said, dropping to the most careless and conventional tone, "Sophie tells me that Lord Lashwood was extremely attentive to you last night. Very kind of him! Most unusual—most distinguished man, Lashwood. Fine old title, and great estate! What an excellent parti for some fortunate girl, my dear Madge!"

"Yes, very fortunate girl," Madge replies, her color coming and going; "she will have so estimable, so good a husband. Lord Lashwood is a model of all the virtues, is he not, papa?"

He looks at her, and his color comes again, whether from a touch of shame or from indignation will never be known, for at the moment Miss Tetbury appears, and with his sweetest and softest smile, he is ready to play his well-known part.

With honeyed accents and neatest of sentences he begs for a holiday for "his dear child," receives his request, makes his adieus, takes his dear child to his heart, and retires with the air and grace of a Chesterfield, filling the crowd of girls at the window with boundless admiration by the manner in which he kisses his hand as the hansom drives off.

Three hours later Madge is seated in the best-appointed four-in-hand of the day, in company with what the Honorable Francis would call "the best of good people." Lady Carton has accomplished her task well; she has secured the reigning beauty, a great heiress, a budding marquis, a famous poet, Sir Ralph Ormsby, the pet Guardsman, and two daughters of a duke as makeweight. Her own cleverly-constructed figure is clothed in a cloth costume by Worth; she looks round with pardonable pride and triumph. It is for such triumphs that Lady Carton lives, and her satisfaction is not dimmed when her eyes rest on Madge. There are some beautiful women in the group, there are dresses which will create many a pang of envy when they are described in tomorrow's Post, but there is no face more beautiful than Madge's fresh loveliness, no costume more perfectly fiting than the plain blue serge, which sets off every line of the lithe, graceful figure.

If ever Madge was happy she is today—the dark eyes, brave with the radiant softness; the red, rich lips are half apart; the clear olive of her face warms with a peachlike tint. By accident—or is it intention?—she has a seat next to Lord Lashwood himself. Not a word has he spoken, save the formal "good-morning," but his hand, as it grasped hers, closed upon it with a pressure that still seems to cling to it.

More silent and impressive than ever, he sits upright as a dart on his perch, his whole attention absorbed by the high-bred, restless team, that, fresh and beautiful as new paint, fret at the bit and toss their sleek heads. Hats fly off as the perfectly appointed coach makes its way through the park, but he sees no one, returns no greeting; the chatter and laughter of the "fares" float toward the front seats, but he is, apparently, deaf to every sound; and yet, if she could but know it, his eyes have taken in every detail of her dress, have noted the look of supreme happiness on her face, and his heart—if he possesses such an organ—is thrilling with a dangerous admiration. But he is quite silent; and Madge is quite content that it should be so. Her heart, too, is throbbing—throbbing with that ecstatic delight which the young and healthy experience in sitting behind four high-spirited horses, and dashing down a smooth road at breakneck pace; and throbbing, too, with some other feeling—vague, undefined, excepting in its perfect, unalloyed happiness. She, too, hears not the laughing and chattering behind her. Her eyes are fixed on every movement of the strong hands as they hold and guide the pulling, tearing horses; and her soul rejoices and sympathizes in his strength and dexterity.

Presently they come to a difficult turn in the road; there is a pair of vehicles, a dust-cart, and the usual brewer's van crawls in their way. Apparently, they must either stop or leap over the obstacles. But no; with a turn of the wrist, and a touch of the long whip, he guides the team through the channel, and away they go once more.

Then suddenly, while she is thinking, "Oh, to be a man—such a man!" he turns and looks at her, at the very moment her eyes are fixed on his face with eloquent admiration.

"Well," he says, "and so you changed your mind?"

"Never!" she replies.

"I understood so," he says in his low, slow voice. "I had sent the horses back to the stables when they told me that you were not coming after all."

Madge looks up at him, and crimsons. For a moment she is speechless.

"You should not say that," she says at last. "You do not expect me to believe that you would have given up this because a mere school-girl was not coming!"

He flicks an imaginary fly from the off leader's ear.

"You are right," he says, "I should not have said it. But it is true. Do you forget last night?"

Madge turns her head away and tries to laugh.

"My life is such an endless whirl of gayety and dissipation that it is difficult to remember one particular evening."

"Why did you say you could not come?" he asks.

Madge laughs without any effort now.

"Do you suppose I said it? It was Miss Tetbury. Luckily for me my father called this morning, and — and changed her mind."

"Your father?" he says. "How is he?"

She is about to reply, when a voice behind them—it is the Guardsman's—breaks in:

"I say, Lashwood, is it true that you lost a couple of hundred to the exquisite Yorke last night?"

Madge starts and half turns, then stares straight in front of her, with white face.

Lord Lashwood's face darkens, and he mutters something that is smothered by the vicious crack of the whip.

"What do you say, Ormsby?" he says, in a cold, hard voice. 'I was talking to Miss Yorke and did not hear you."

The Guardsman looks hastily at the white, beautiful face, and drops back into his seat.

"Oh, George!" he mutters. "I've put my foot in it."

Silence for a full minute, then in a small, tearful voice, Madge murmurs:

"Is it true?"

He bestows a cut on the near wheeler before he answers.

"What does it matter?" he says curtly; then in a hurried, almost eager whisper, he says:

"For heaven's sake, don't look like that, or I shall break every neck on board."

Madge gulps back the lump which rises in her throat.

"You don't know — you don't understand; please do not be angry. I was so grateful to him: and to think, after all, that it was through you that I came. Don't whip the horses, please. I—I am all right now, see!" and she turns her face toward him with a tremulous smile.

He does look, at her invitation—looks anxiously, with a darkened brow, that clears as his eyes drink in the beauty of her face.

"I don't understand," he says, with a puzzled frown—"not the least in the world. What is it? I know this, that I would rather lose a kingdom than see you look like that again."

Sick, sore, disappointed as Madge is her heart thrills with a subtle joy.

"Never mind," she says in a low voice, "it was nothing; I am quite happy—I am, indeed. I mean to be happy today—for the whole day."

Oh, Madge! Madge! be careful! It is a bold thing to say.

CHAPTER VI.

To the popping of corks, the ripple of laughter, the buzz of lightest of small talk, Lord Lashwood's dinner dances merrily on its way. There is not a dull soul around the festive board; even the duke's two daughters unbend and graciously receive the Guardsman's witty sallies with responsive smiles and laughing aprobation. Lady Carton "cackles," as Sir Robert would term it, unceasingly; Mrs. Sowerby, of course, doesn't talk much, conversation is not her forte; but she goes through most of her celebrated attitudes, and looks supremely, faultlessly beautiful.

And Madge? Well, Madge is in paradise. To the others, excepting, perhaps, the ducal young ladies, a dinner at the Star and Garter is no novelty; but to Madge it is all new, and fresh and intoxicating. The handsome room, the gayly decorated table, the elaborate menu, innumerable wines, the solemn and atentive waiters, all have a charm for her; but it is the air of the unforced gayety, the flow of wit, the unbending from the conventional, which finds so prompt a response in Madge's Bohemian heart.

Even Lord Lashwood relaxes, and the cold, impassive face grows genial and, if possible, gay-looking. By the same happy chance which befriended her in the coach, she is within reach of his arm, within hearing of is deep, curt voice, and it is to her that he principally addresses his remarks. They are not brilliant, even if it lay within his powers—and his observations are merely confined to recommending such and such a dish, such and such a wine. Small attentions, no doubt, but they are paid to Madge almost exclusively; and from Lord Lashwood they count.

"No, thanks! Not even another quarter of a glass," she says, with a laugh as the waiter stands with a bottle of Heidsieck's Dry Monopole hovering over her glass, and Lord Lashwood pleads for him. "Not another sip, even," she adds. "I have had two glasses already, and I am not used to champagne; now, if it were ginger-beer——"

He smiles and looks round the table with grim significance; Lady Carton, Mrs. Sowerby and the other well-grounded worldlings have had more than two glasses, and are not refusing the dry Monopole by any means. How different to them she looks in his eyes; not insipid and colorless like the two ducal ones, but full of life and wit, and lithe energy, and yet so pure and untainted by the world.

"Time," he murmurs, "time will spoil even this fair flower—some rude hand——" he stops suddenly, and a faint red flashes into his face. What is it he is saying?

"Don't you think it is very hot?" says someone, in the midst of a burst of laughter at one of the Guardsman's witticisms.

Lord Lashwood shrugs his shoulders.

"I've been in India," he says, "but some of the ladies—let us go into the fresh air, Miss Yorke. Bobby, come and point out the beauties of nature for us."

"Bobby" is Robert Plantagenet Fitzpare de Bruin Vallory, fifth Marquis of Vallory, a young fair-haired boy, with bright blue eyes, who writes poetry, paints pictures, and looks upon Lord Lashwood as one of the greatest heroes that ever lived, for which Lord Lashwood "chaffs" him, and looks after him after a fashion, and as Bobby is the only one Lord Lashwood ever chaffs, he is quite content, and, indeed, more than content.

"Lord Vallory, you must know," says Lord Lashwood, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, "is our great authority in matters pertaining to nature; he would be a great poet if he would give up painting bad pictures, and a great artist if he would give up writing bad poetry. Don't blush, Bobby; you know I never flatter."

"Flatter!" says the boy, glancing at him admiringly, and then turning his laughing blue eyes upon Madge's smiling face. "He calls that flattery, Miss Yorke! There never was such a fellow for saying hard things to a man's face, and the worst of it is you don't realize how hard they are till you get away by yourself and think them over. What do you want me to do, Lashwood?"

"Point out St. Paul's, Crystal Palace—anything you can see—or fancy you can see, for the benefit of the ladies," says Lashwood. "No matter if you're wrong; they won't dare to contradict you, who never tell anything but the sober truth."

"There!" exclaims Lord Vallory, appealing to Madge, laughingly. "He bids me tell any amount of fibs, and in the same breath assures me that I can only speak the truth."

Lord Lashwood smiles, and half-playfully draws Madge away.

"Don't listen to him, Miss Yorke; there isn't a more dangerous man in London; he's a red republican and a democrat, and he has only one ambition——"

"What is that?" asks Madge, laughing in spite of herself.

[To be Continued.]

Child's Life Saved by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Mrs. John Englehardt, of Gera, Mich., tells of the anxious moments spent over her little two-year-old daughter who had taken a hard cold resulting in croup. She says: "I am satisfied that if it had not been for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy she would have choked to death. I gave this medicine every ten minutes and she soon began to throw up the phlegm I can recommend it in the highest terms as I have another child that was cured in the same way." Sold by all dealers.

PHONOGRAPH AS EVIDENCE

Record That Wrecked a Happy Family Affair in Paris.

Paris, Jan. 12.—That it is sometimes most imprudent to register private phonograph records is shown by an adventure that has befallen a lady in Paris, which will lead to her husband taking divorce proceedings against her.

M. Partant, an insurance agent, gave a party at his house. Among those present was his friend, M. Paul Carmin.

After his wife, Amelie, who is a good singer, had given a song, M. Partant brought out a phonograph and placed what he thought was the record of a comic song in the machine.

To the surprise of all, however, it was a duet that was rendered, and the voices were recognized to be those of Mme. Partant and M. Carmin.

The duet was interlarded with the sounds of kissing, and with various acclamations, such as "Paul, my precious," "Amelie, my own sweet one."

The party broke up in confusion. The husband sent for a policeman, and accompanied his wife and his friend to the office of the district magistrate, where he charged the pair with misconduct and left the phonograph record as proof of the fact.

DEVICES LESSEN DEATH

Decrease in the Number Killed by Railroads in the United States

Albany, N. Y., Jan. 12. — The total number of persons killed on steam surface railroads in this state was 903, and the total number injured was 1,961 during the year ending June 30, 1905, as compared with 952 killed and 2,399 injured the year before, a decrease of 49 in the number killed and of 438 in the number injured. These figures are given in the annual report of the state railroad commission, made public tonight.

These totals include persons not passengers or employes, as well as passengers and employes.

Fifteen passengers were killed and 265 injured in 1905, compared with 12 killed and 446 injured in 1904. The average for the past five years is 20 passengers killed and 104 more injured than in 1905. Improvements in railroad construction, equipment and operation are preventing accidents.

During the year ending June 30, 1905, the number of persons killed on street surface railways, was 240, the number injured was 929, an increase in both over 1904, when 196 persons were killed and 878 injured.

Food Value.

The weak, sick body requires nourishment that can only be obtained through easy and perfect digestion of wholesome food. Angier's Emulsion perfects and compels digestion. It acts as a natural nerve tonic, relieves irritation and pain and induces calm rest and sleep. It is the best for worn out nature. Try a fifty-cent bottle.

When one woman is unable to reply to the keen wit of another she gets even by hating her and talking behind her back.

CLARK'S READY LUNCH VEAL LOAF,

better than plain veal, wholesome and most tasty. It's one of the best ready to serve meats you can buy.

When a man finds it necessary to boast of the greatness of his ancestors he has reached the limit of his descent.

GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES

Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days. 50c. sv

An average man is never satisfied until after he has called some other man a fool to his face at least once.

THEY ARE CAREFULLY PREPARED.—Pills which dissipate themselves in the stomach cannot be expected to have much effect upon the intestines, and to overcome costiveness the medicine administered must influence the action of these canals. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so made, under the supervision of experts, that the substance in them intetarded in action until they pass through the stomach to the bowels.

Don't imagine that because one of the participants in a quarrel is wrong the other is altogether right.

HOLLOWAY'S Corn Cure is a specific for the removal of corns and warts. We have never heard of its failing to remove even the worst kind.

Some women pretend to be void of sentiment, but they don't expect men to believe it.

TO BAR MARRIAGE OF CONSUMPTIVES

Congress Asked to Pass Laws Prohibiting Phthisis Patients from Wedlock.

Washington, Jan. 11.—Should marriage between consumptives be prohibited? Should there be a general law enacted by congress putting the ban upon marriage of those who are victims of the fell disease?

Dr. Starr Parsons of this city, who has made a study of phthisis, declares that there should be such inhibitions. In an adress before the Washington Citizens' Association, he advocated the "elimination of the unfit."

He points out that where couples are victims of consumption, their children are predestined to a living death.

He declares that phthisis is a contagious disease and suggests that no persons be permitted to marry until they have been examined and pronounced free of the disease. Dr. Parsons said:

"It is a well known fact that consumption is a contagious disease. The offspring of a married couple afflicted with tuberculosis, must necessarily be inoculated with the germs of that disease, and sooner or later it will manifest itself in the innocent children, bringing not only unhappiness, but perhaps years of misery and suffering.

"How much better to find the cause and stamp out the disease at the very beginning by legislative enactment that shall regulate and provide such procedure as will prove beyond the possibility of a doubt that applicants for a marriage license are free from contamination, than to allow, as at present, a free and unrestrained marriage license?

"What we seek to accomplish is that tuberculosis shall be considered a legal impediment so far as such persons that may be afflicted with consumption are concerned, and that they shall be prohibited from entering the marriage relation."

A resolution setting forth that special laws should be passed by congress for the purpose of preventing the marriage of persons afflicted with tuberculosis was adopted by the association.

WOMEN IN POLITICS

The Present Campaign in England Arouses the Fair Sex.

London, Jan. 11.—The campaign leading up to the general elections has had many interesting features, and during the past week a regular deluge of oratory has burst upon the united kingdom.

Even women have been impressed into service, and society ladies have deserted bridge whist in order to master the intricacies of electioneering. Some of them freely confess they find political work more fascinating than social campaigning. It has become the fashion for wives to accompany their husbands to platforms during campaigns, and the prospect of the excitement of a hotly fought contest fascinates most women.

There is hardly an election agent in the country who does not estimate the women's influence in elections at its full value, but they also realize that a tactless canvasser or one who does not understand the business can do more to mar the chances of a candidate for whom she is working than an actual opponent. In view of the rapid approach of the general election, west end drawing room meetings are being held, at which practiced canvassers and expert electioneerers explain the art of wooing British votes first hand.

To win a vote, so the fair students of ethics of electioneering are told, is the first consideration; the second is to know what the vote is likely to be. Sometimes feminine electioneerers forget the laws against bribery and corruption, and rules are laid down for them at canvass drill.

Enormous wealth is vested in the persons of leading politicians on the Liberal side, and during the lifetime of the next Liberal ministry Liberal entertaining will recover much of the solid magnificence which characterized it in former days. There will be many hostesses of almost equal political importance, and with few exceptions entertaining will be in the hands of the younger generation.

TASHI LAMA SEES PRINCE

Political Head of Tibet at the Calcutta Reception.

London, Jan. 11.—With astonishing rapidity every nook and corner of mysterious Tibet is being bared to the world in word and picture since the recent British invasion. With the exception of a few fanatic warriors the Tibetans are found to be a peace-loving, tractable people.

The humane campaign of England which resulted in the enforcement of a treaty with comparatively little bloodshed secured a foothold that will prove a telling blow to Russia's pan-Asian ambitions. The good will of the Tibetans has been shown of late by the appearance of the virtual ruler of Tibet at the reception of the Prince of Wales in Calcutta. More like a vassal potentate that a royal visitor was the Tashi Lama's presence at the reception of the King's son in India.

Tibet has two spiritual heads. One is the Dalai Lama of Lhassa, who is practical ruler of the state as well, and the other is the Tashi Lama of Shegatse. When the Dalai Lama fled before the British expedition last year Tashi Lama was placed in charge of political affairs as president of a council of state. This Tashi Lama accepted the invitation of the India Government to be present at the royal reception at Calcutta. Like the Dalai, the Tashi is regarded by the followers of Buddhism as an incarnation of some deity, and is held in high reverence. He is a young man of about 22, of middle size, and wears spectacles.

Losing the temper takes the edge off any argument.

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Great One-Fifth Off Sale

Grand Opportunity to Buy Children's Coats

We have a fine line of stylish coats for children. Warm garments are needed now to keep the little ones comfortable. It's not compulsory for us to part with these coats at 20% off—they are intrinsically worth regular prices, but we want to have as few goods to handle as possible at stocktaking. Mothers will do well to buy while such good values are marked at such low prices.

20 Per Cent. Off These Needed Goods

After stocktaking all prices go back to regular. Buy now—buy freely. The more you buy the more you save.

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All Whitewear Goods
All Wrapperette Goods
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All Millinery Goods
Lace Curtains
White Vestings
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Corduroy Velvets
All Golf Jackets
Wool Blankets
Comfortable Comforters
All Men's Furnishings
Newest Ribbons
Parasols and Umbrellas
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Plain and Fancy Silks
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72-Inch Wool Sheeting

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GUNFIGHTERS IN DUEL

One Dead and Other Wounded in Political Feud Fight.

Durango, Colo., Jan. 11.—Two noted "gun fighters" engaged in a duel here today, with the result that Sheriff W. J. Thompson is dead and Police Chief Jesse Stansel is seriously wounded. The affray was the outcome of a political feud of years which was brought to a crisis by the sheriff's raid on the El Moro saloon last evening, which was made in pursuance of his closed town policy.

Shortly before noon the men met in front of the El Moro. Thompson was the first to draw, but his bullet struck Stansel in the breast and caused him to turn half way round.

While in this position he drew a revolver and fired four shots, all of which hit Thompson, who died two hours later.

No one was close enough to hear what passed between the men prior to the shooting. Thompson was a giant, lacking only two inches of being seven feet tall.

Florence Nightingale, the woman who revolutionized the sickrooms and hospitals of the civilized world, is now 85 years old. The $250,000 testimonial presented to her a few years ago she gave to a school for trained nurses. She has written many books on nursing.

Lover's music is never perfect without the chords of pain.

Obstacle is often another way of spelling opportunity.

"Mechanics Wanted"

(ONE CENT PER WORD).

Business houses, not only in Toronto, but all over Canada, rely on "The Globe" to supply them with good mechanics. In one day, 73 firms made known their wants in "The Globe." Answer "The Globe" ads and get a good position.

"THE GLOBE" - TORONTO.

More Terrible Than War!

More terrible than war, famine or pestilence is that awful destroyer, that hydra-headed monster, Consumption, that annually sweeps away more of earth's inhabitants than any other single disease known to the human race.

"It is only a cold, a trifling cough," say the careless, as the irritation upon the delicate mucous membrane causes them to hack away with an irritable tickling of the throat. When the irritation settles on the mucous surface of the throat, a cough is the result. To prevent Bronchitis or Consumption of the Lungs, do not neglect a cough however slight as the irritation spreading throughout the delicate lining of the sensitive air passages soon leads to fatal results. If on the first appearance of a cough or cold you would take a few doses of

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

you would save yourself a great deal of unnecessary suffering. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup contains all the life-giving properties of the pine trees of Norway, and for Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough and all Throat and Lung affections it is a specific. Be sure when you ask for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup to get it. Don't be humbugged into taking something else. Price 25 cts.

Miss Lena Johnston, Toledo, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for throat troubles after taking numerous other remedies, and I must say that nothing can take the place of it. I would not be without a bottle of it in the house."

Consider your own faults and you will have less to say about the faults of others.

Many Women have Kidney Trouble

and don't know it. They attribute their ill-health to weakness." Dragging pains in the hips, backache, nervousness, tiredness, headaches—are more often caused by sick kidneys. If your kidneys are not well, the other delicate organs are disturbed and inflamed, bringing on the horrors of female weakness and the serious troubles often attending pregnancy.

Bu-Ju

THE GENTLE KIDNEY PILL

cures these cases of "Female Weakness" because they cure the Kidneys. They promptly restore the Kidneys to health, allay inflammation, take away the pains, and make the delicate organs well and strong.

At druggists, or direct on receipt of price, 50c.

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Leaving Montreal at 12:00 (noon), Sundays, carries the European mail, and conveys passengers, baggage, mails, etc., to the steamship wharf at Halifax, arriving on the following Monday.

A Special Mail Train

Leaves Halifax on the arrival of inward mail steamers, with passengers and mail, for St. John, Quebec, Montreal, making connections for Ottawa, Toronto, and all points west, when regular trains do not make close connections at Halifax.

Write for time-tables, descriptive pamphlets, fans, etc., to TORONTO TICKET OFFICE,

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and from NORTH BAY, connecting with train from Toronto, on
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Cars are fully equipped with bedding, cooking range, etc. For use of first or second class passengers. Moderate berth rates.

Call on nearest Canadian Pacific agent, W. FULTON, C. P. A., 161 Dundas street, London, Ont., or write C. B. FOSTER, D. P. A., Toronto.

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"The Land of Summer's Sunshine."

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Leaving Toronto on Jan. 29, covering all points of interest. Special reduced rate.

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Delightful resorts for those who need a rest. Best of hotel accommodation.

For tickets and full information call on E. DE LA HOOKE, city passenger and ticket agent, or at depot office.

A GUIDE FOR TRAVELERS

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

MAIN LINE—SARNIA TUNNEL TO SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

Arrive from the east—4 a.m., 10:45 a.m. (except Sunday), 11 a.m., 11:20 a.m., 6:35 p.m., 7:43 p.m., 10 p.m. (except Sunday).

Arrive from the west—12:15 a.m., 3:20 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 1:25 p.m., 4:10 p.m., 6:25 p.m.

Depart for the east—12:20 a.m., 3:25 a.m., 8:10 a.m. (except Sunday), 11:20 a.m., 2:05 p.m. (except Sunday), 4:25 p.m., 6:55 p.m. (Eastern Flyer).

Depart for the west—4:15 a.m., 7:40 a.m. (except Sunday), 11:10 a.m., 11:32 a.m., 1:55 p.m. (except Sunday), 8:10 p.m.

LONDON AND WINDSOR.

Arrive—10:40 a.m. (except Sunday), 4 p.m., 6:50 p.m., 11 p.m.

Depart—6:35 a.m. (except Sunday), 11:25 a.m., 2:20 p.m. (except Sunday), 7:50 p.m. (International Limited).

STRATFORD BRANCH.

Arrive—10:40 a.m., 10:55 a.m., 1:25 p.m., 6:35 p.m., 10:55 p.m.

Depart—6:20 a.m., 10:45 a.m., 2:50 p.m., 5 p.m.

Passenger trains do not run on this branch on Sundays.

LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE.

Arrive—9:45 a.m., 6:10 p.m.

Depart—8:15 a.m., 4:50 p.m.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Arrive—From the east—11:30 a.m., 8 p.m., 11:30 p.m. From the west—5 a.m., 8:35 a.m.,* 5:20 p.m.

Depart—For the east—5:05 a.m., 8:40 a.m., 5:28 p.m. For the west—11:38 a.m., 8:10 p.m.,** 11:35 p.m.

*From Chatham only.
**Runs only to Chatham.

PERE MARQUETTE RAILWAY.

Arrive—8:45 a.m., 12:15 p.m.,* 2 p.m., 4:45 p.m., 10 p.m.*

*From Walkerville.

Depart—5:45 a.m.,* 9:45 a.m., 2:35 p.m. 4 p.m.,* 6:40 p.m.**

*To Walkerville, without change.
**To St. Thomas only.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Arrive—6:55 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 5:10 p.m., 9:45 p.m.

Depart—7:15 a.m., 2:20 p.m., 5:35 p.m., 10:25 p.m.

There is nothing wrong with the mind of a man who minds his own business.