AT R. MCKAY & CO'S.

THURSDAY, DEC. 9, 1909

### **Shop When Selections are**



### Largest and Values the Best

they will be later on. Scan over this splendid list for Thursday's selling, then act by coming out early in the morning, that is if you would secure first choice from by all odds the best values obtainable. Selecting is always made easy from the fact that this store always carries the largest assortments, and if it comes from McKay's a splendid guarantee for quality and correct style. On sharp at 8.30 to-morrow morning the following great specials:

#### The Toy Dept. Welcomes You to Their Big Sale on Thursday

Bring the children in every afternoon to see Santa Claus. He will be here about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. He welcomes the children to see all the beautiful toys he has made during the summer months, and gathered here in the store for their inspection on the second floor. Santa Claus' letter box on sec-

White Folding Beds, with spring and mattress complete.... 35, 50c, \$1.50
Dolls' Swing Hammock Cradles, with comfy, silk olive trimmings. 75c, \$1.25 Color Box with Paints, Crayons, Cards, etc., complete ... 15c, \$1.50 Toy Furniture Dresser, China Cabi-net, Washstands with drawers, glass,

Children's Midget Sewing Machines just the thing for making dolly's clothes, complete . . . . . . . . \$2.50

Dolls' Wicker Cradles, basket tops, vell made and strong. 50, 75c, \$1.25 Boys' and Girls' Hand Sleighs, 25c Boys' Bob Sleighs, with steerer \$4.50

Here is something the little girl would like in glass:

#### Come to McKay's for Xmas **Umbrellas**

HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL THAT IS NEW AND UP-TO-DATE.

We have a wonderful collection of beautiful handles to offer, and the covering is of the very best silk and wool cloth.

The Directoire handle leads this season, and you will find them here at very moderate prices. Some are perfectly plain, others nicely tipped with gold or silver. Choose yours now, before they have been picked over.

Thursday we will make a special showing of this line. Come in and see them. You can't afford to miss this opportunity.

#### Other Specials for Thursday Ladies' \$4.50 Umbrellas for \$2.98

Gents' Silk and Wool Cover Umbrellas \$2.49

### **Christmas Sale of Fancy Pins**

Our Jewelry Department is all aglow with beautiful Christmas Jewelry, have a good assortmena of Gents' Tie Pins, Ladies' Pearl Crescents, Fleur de Lis, etc., Jewel Cases, in oxidized and gold, with pink or pale blue lining, all sires Jewelled Hat Pins, Gold and Silver Chain Purses, Bracelets.

Odd Pins 15c Each

Gloves and Handkerchiefs, Boxed, 35c Aluminum Handkerchiefs and Glove or Te Boxes, floral design on top very pretty Christmas gift. Regular 50c, for

Cameo Stick Pins 50c Bar Stick Pins, with cameo head on gold bar, Thursday

#### Thursday Great Xmas Clearing Sale of Real Cut Jet Buttons Real Cut Jet Buttons all sizes and different cuts at exactly half

Hose Supporters 15c

Belt Pad Hose Supporters; pad all around with supporters attached at front and sides, good elastic; regular 25 and 35c, Thursday to sell for

Fancy Xmas Supporters

#### SPECIAL NOTICE

All gift articles purchased at this store we put up in a pretty gift box free of charge.

#### Fancy Boxed Perfumes and Sachet Powder

Fancy boxed Perfumes, all good odors, in pretty lined boxes, worth

Collar Boxes, 50c for 29c

Sachet Powder 50c Bottle

1 oz. bottle, French Sachet Powder, 12 different odors to chin fancy bottle, regular 75c, Thursday

#### **Great Xmas Sale of Silk Ties**

About 100 dozen fancy Silk Ties, all colors, and the very latest pat-terns, come early and make your selections while they last .. 25c each Linen Handkerchiefs, 3 for 25c

Linen Handkerchiefs in nice gift box, regular \$2 each, Thursday 3

Gents' Silk Handkerchiefs

Gents' Silk Handkerchiefs with Silk Embroidered Initial in the cor ner, 1/2 inch hem, in pretty boxes

Gents' Suspenders 50c

Gents' President suspenders, fancy, in pretty box Pure Linen Handkerchiefs 3 for 50c

R. Mckay & Co.

### A Spanish Beauty

as surely as though the grave had closed over his victim; but the dead face of Roderick Desmond cound never haunt him, night-time and day-time, more, and biast the happiness of his life.

He was weak in body and crushed in mind just now, in his intense shock of amase, white his great enemy reared above him, tall, strong, majestic in the very force of his wrongs.

It was the cowed eart who first spike, with a suiten glance at the recort who.

It was the cowed ear who first spoke, with a suilen glance at the recoor, who, pallid and tremoling, hovered aloof.

"What does he do nere" he asked, doggedly. "Let him leave the room."

"No," the other interposed, "he shalf stay. He holds in his possession a document that will send you from this house to the town jail yonder a felon and an outcast! He holds the death-bed confession of William Morgan!"

outcast: He holds the death-bed corres-sion of William Morgan!"

The man who for so many years had been Lord of Ciontarf caught his breath with a sort of gasp. All, then, was at an end; his cousn's triumph was

was at an enu; and complete.

"Will you hand me that paper, Mr. Hall" the colonel said, with stern gravity. "Nay, sir, never hesitate. Who is there alive has a better right than I? I will read it aloud for my lord earl."

there alive has a better right than I? I will read it aloud for my lord earl."

The rector yielded up the paper; the flashing fire of those blue eyes terrified him into instant compliance.

Roderick Desmond opened it and read it, in a slow, impressive voice, from beginning to end. With the last word dead silence fell.

"You did wrong sir" Pedeside state.

"You did wrong, sir," Roderick said "to fling aside your tool when you had used it. The man who perjured himself at your command was worth watching. But you thought me dead, and fancied yourself safe."

"I thought you dead," Gerald Desmond muttered in a strange thick."

"I thought you dead," Gerald Desmond muttered, in a strange, thick voice, "with a bullet through your heart, and the waters of Wicklow Bay above you."

"That was your mistake. Your aim was hardly as accurate a susual that morning, my worthy kinsman. The bullet aimed with such good will for my heart missed that organ by an inch or two, and a friend was on hand ot rescue me from the waters of Wicklow Bay. You forgot my faithful foster-brother, Mike Muldoon, in your haste, did you not? He rescued me; he took me to Australia; he saved me from the 'slon's death, from the base assassination to which the man who had been to me as a brother consigned me."

Something like awaren.

which the man who had been to me as a brother consigned me."

Something like a moan escaped the livid lips of the cowering man, and his eyes fell before the lightning glance of those fiery eyes.

tyes fell before the lightning glance of those fiery eyes.

"Twenty years have passed. You have prospered; the world has gone will with you; wealth, rank, honor have been yours. I have been an alien and an outcast, a felon and a wanderer over the world, without faith in man or trust in woman. You took from me my honor—dearer to me than life—the woman I loved, the title I should have worn, my life itself, if you could. You know the old German proverb: The mill of the gods grinds slowly, but it grinds exceedingly small. You have run the length of your tether; it is my turn now."

His voice rang, his eyes flashed. The stricken wretch before him seemed to shrivel up in the scorching flame of that lightning glance.

lightning glance.
"I hold in my hand the paper that wil strip you of wealth and rank and hor ors, and all you hold dearest on earth it is mine to drive you forth from the house, with the scorn and hatred of all therein. Your wife's love you never had therein. Your wife's love you never had No. Gerald Desmond, that triumph never was yours. On your bridal-day, with wide leagues of ocean between us, she loved me still. Your daughter's heart 1-mine to-day—that proud and peerless daughter, who, when she learns the truth will abhor the man she once all all of the property of the prope will abhor the man she once called f

ther."

A cry like the cry of a wounded animal broke from the man before him at this last bitter blow.

"O God!" he said, "I deserve it! but have mercy, Roderick Desmond!"

"I left America," Roderick Desmond went on, stern as Rhadamanthus, "to seek my vengeance on you-may, not vengeance, to wring the truth from your guilty heart. I came here, a test vengeance, to wring the truth from your guilty heart. I came here—I met your daughter—the Inez d'Alvarez—of—my youth again; and from the first moment we met I loved her. That love made me blind and mad. She was bound to another; she could be nothing to me; yet for her sake I resolved to spars the wretch who was her father. I said; 'Kathleen is in heaven: no vesses. wretch who was her father. I said;

'Kathleen is in heaven; no vegeance will bring her to me now. For myself, I can die as I have lived, an honest man at least. I will leave this place: I will leave him to God, and her to the man she is to wed. And I would have kept my word: I would have gone and left my vengeance behind; but Providence had willed it otherwise. By merest accident I came upon Morgan, wounded, dying. All unknown, I sat in the room while he made his dying declaration to this clergyman. When he ceased, I bent over him. Like you, like your wife, he knew me at once. His last word was my name. My revenge came to me when I was leaving it. What is there to hinder me wreaking it in full now? For all the deep and deadly wrongs you have done me—for honor lost, for Kathleen murdered, for my father's broken heart, for my bride taken from me, for a life blasted and made desolate, for a name and memory tarnished with dark dishonor—this paper gives me full and complete atonement at last."

A dreadful groan again burst from

at last."

A dreadful groan again burst from the breast of the tortured man; on his face lay the leaden hue of death, and the muscles convulsively twitched. In that hour he suffered as Roderick Desmand had accorded in his life.

mond had never done in his life.

He stood looking at his prostrate foe, while the evening shadows deepened about them, and the soft summer twi-

Roderick Desmond ground the charred fragments under his heel.

"You, sir," he said, turning to Mr. Hall, "who heard the dying man confess the murder for which he afterward swore my life away, will do me justice before the world. I forgave William Morgan, Kathleen's murderer, in his dying hour; surely, then, I can forego all personal revenge. Your crimes are known on earth to but us three. For your daughter's sake, whose heart that knowledge would break, the world shall never known. Mr. Hall, for his own sake, will be discreetly silent, and I—I leave you to a vengeance mightier than any on earth. My civil rights I shall claim and take from you, and your daughter shall be my wife, and Countess of Clontarf—"

He smiled a little as he listened—a smile that had a world of bitterness in it. "There need be a. Lake of forgiveness between us. You lost me, Lady Inez, and you married another man of alea uncommon case. Pray, do not lead to me. I think I would rather not all an uncommon case. Pray, do not lear it. You did as most women would have done. I have no right to complain —nothing to pardon. I am only sorry you did not marry a better man."

She covered her face with her hands, her tears falling like rain.

"Cruel—cruel! But I deserve it all. And yet, I, too, have suffered—oh, my God, so bitterly, so long! Roderick, by the memory of the past, be merciful—speak one kind word to me! Listen while I tell you al!!"

She stretched out her hands to him in an agony of supplication. He bowed low before her, but he would not touch those extended hands. All that passionate pleading only seemed to remind him that through her he had lost faith in had stricken him down almost with the words. For the second time he had words to part the properties of the words. For the second time he had so fallen in a fit of parlysis—a dreadful

daughter shall be my wife, and Countess of Clontarf—"

He stopped abruptly. The man he addressed had slipped from his chair and fallen on the floor.

The rector sprang forward and raised him up. The Omnipotent vengeance to which Roderick Desmond had left him had stricken him down almost with the words. For the second time he had fallen in a fit of parlysis—a dreadful sight.

CHAPTER XIV.

Lady Inez Desmond Iay long in that deep, death-like swoon. The evening shadows fell thick about them ere the great dark eyes opened to light and life once more. Her daughter hung above her; the gentle, loving lips fondly kissed her own. With the first glance into that pale, young face, memory returned. Slowly and painfully she struggled up and gazed around.

"Where is he?" she asked. "Was it a dream, Evelyn? Has my reason left me, or did I really see Roderick Desmond—dead and gone twenty long years?"

"You saw Colonel Drummond, sweet-

-"You saw Colonel Drummond, sweetest mother," her daughter said, caressingly. "You saw a strange likeness—the startling likeness—the bears to the lost lover of your youth. I, too, was struck by it the first moment we met." "No, no, no!" Lady Inez cried, "it is no mere resemblance. If I saw a living man, I saw Roderick Desmond in the flesh. Do you think there could be another man alive to look at me with his eyes, speak to me with his voice? I tell you I saw Roderick Desmond—the dead alive! Oh, my daughter, what if, after all those years that we have mourned for him as dead, he should be still alive? Tell me," she wildly cried—"tell me, Evelyn, all you know of this man. Who is he?"

mother straight in the eyes.

"A man—whoever he may be—whose name I desire to bear to my dying day."

Lady Inez uttered a faint cry.

"My daughter! And Vivian Trevan—

annance and me. If I do not marry Rob-ert Drummond, I will go to my grave unwedded." Her mother drew her closer to her and

Her mother drew ner close.
kissed the pale, cold face.
"Tell me all about him, my darling—
"Tell me all about him, my darling—
you

"Tell me all about him, my darling—who brought him here—how long you have known him—all, all!"
"That all is but little. Mr. Trevannance met him in America: he saved his life there; he brought him with him here when he returned. We met, and mother mine, I think I loved him from that first meeting. I, too, saw the wonderful likeness to the picture you gave me, and I think—I believe—papa saw it, too, and for that reason dreaded him. Of his previous history I know little or nothing. I do not ask to know. He is all that is noble and good, and I love him. I need say no more."

im. I need say no more."
"And he loves you?"
"With his whole brave heart!"
The lovely face glowed as she made

Just then came a soft tan at the door

Just then came a soft tap at the door. Evelyn crossed the room and opened the door, expecting to see Lady Clydesmore. But in the twilight her lover stood before her, paler than herself.

"My dearest," he said, drawing her to him. "an accident has happened. Do not be alarmed: but your father is very ill. He has had a stroke of paralysis."

She grew so white that he thought she was going to faint. The large violet eyes fixed themselves with strange, startled intensity upon his face.

"He has had a slock of some kind," she said, breathlessly. "Have you been the cause?"

she said, breathlessly. "Have you been not your of my the cause?"

"I am. Evelyn, my love, your father knows who I am—your mother knows it. My beloved, do you?"

"You are Roderick Desmond!"

She said it with a sobbing cry. He drew her into his arms and held her large and the close—close to his beating heart.

"I am Roderick Desmond, so long

"I am Roderick Desmond, so long thought dead—afive to love you with stronger love than man ever felt for woman before."

She freed herself by an effort.
"And my mother?"

"Ah, your mother?"

"Ah, your mother?"—his face darkened ever so little—"that was dust and ashes years ago. But you are now what your mother was twenty years back, and I think I loved you first for that. My dearest, I have a very long story to tell you of the bitter past—of the woman I loved and lost—of the woman who loved me and whom I wedded; of a daughter, a stray waif, somewhere in America. But not now—you must go to your father."
"And you must, go to my methers!

"And you must go to my mother!
Yes, Roderick, she desires to see you with a desire not to be denied. And she was not so false as you think. Let herpleád her cause, and pardon her, for my sake!"

about them, and the soft summer twilight fell.

A change came over the fixed, stern fire of his eyes—the proud and splendid face of Evelyn floating before him, unuterably soft and tender with the love she had learned from him.

"For your daughter's sake I would have spared you once, Gerald Desmond for your daughter's sake I take my vengeance now—thus?"

He lifted the paper—the confession of William Morgan—and held it in the blaze of the chandelier.

Gerald Desmond sprung to his feet, with a great cry, a cry echoed by the rector; but both stood rooted to the ground, while the paper shriveled and scorched to cinders.

"Roderick!"

He stood drawn up before her, tall, stern, gray as doom. Lady Evelyn gave him one pleading glance—a glance vnathing the said alainly as words, "Oh. be merciful!" and a slight concussion of the brain. Mr. Drew regained consciousness about two hours after the accident, and it was said at the hospital to-night that he was recovering from the shock as rapidly as week in his heart to atone for the past, it was hard to forget all his crue, litter wrongs. Twenty years rolled away—be thought of the happy, true-hearted, gladsome boy who had loved the Snanish beauty with his whole solu, and of his death, she had thought the day of his death, she had given herself whole accorded to cinders.

Any fastidious diner will tell you that a hair in the omelet is worth two in the soup.

hose years.
"I listen, Lady Inez,' he said, grave "I listen, Lady lnez,' he said, gravely; "but once more 1 repeat, it is unnecessary. Let the dead past stay dead—
—the suffering and misery, have gone
by. If it gives you pain, I do not ask
you to speak one word."

"It is your coldness, your sternness,
your cruel indifference that give me
pain. Ah! you are very unlike tie Roderick Desmond of twenty years ago!"

He smiled again.

"Very unlike, my Lady Inez. You can
hardly wonder at that."

"No: your lot has been cruelly hard—
your exile long and terrible. And I seemed so false, so base, so heartless. And
yet it was for love of you I wedded Gerald Desmond."

Rory Desmond's blue eyes opened wide
at this declaration. He almost laughed
aloud.

"Pardon me, Lady Inez, but really

aloud.
"Pardon me, Lady Inez, but really, that is hard to believe. You marry my rival—the man I have every reason to hate—because you love me! Sounds rather like a paradox, does it not?"
"Nevertheless, it is true. I can never tell you what I felt, what I suffered, in those first dreadful days when we all thought you murdered. I only wonder now I did not die or go mad. But I lived on, in a stupor of anguish, under the on, in a stupor of anguish, under the blow which killed your father. Ah! he

was happier far then than I. And on his death-bed he called me to his side and begged me to be Gerald Desmond's wife." "My father did this?"

(To be continued.) Headaches and Neuralgia From Colds

#### A LIBERAL

Foolish Break of Magistrate Denison of Torento.

No Wonder You're Hard Up If Your Liberal.

arms took place in the police court ves-Frederick Thompson.

"They say you are a vagrant," began the beak. the beak.
"No, sir!" declared the man in the dock, with a bang on the rail. "What I want is steady work."
"Have you any home!"
"No."

"That's not much. According to the law you are a vagrant; you are without visible means of support."

"Where do you come from?"

"Leeds—been here a year."

"What's your occupation?"

"A tanner."

"No work of that sort here for you?"

"I could get it in Leeds."

"They don't do any of that work in Leeds now—they get it all done in Germany by cheap labor. There are thousands upon thousands of idle men in Leeds to-dax."

in Leeds to-day." in Leeds to-day."
"I paid a second-class passage out here, and have been in the Northwest. I have a wife and children in England."
"Why don't you go back there and vote?" asked Mr. Corley.
"I've lost my vote now."
"How did you vote?" went on the colonel.

olonel. "Good old Liberal," declared Thomp-son, with an emphatic ring in his voice. "No wonder you're hard up if you vote Liberal."

"We get nothing for our votes in the old country the same as you do here," shot back the accused.
The court first fined him \$1 without costs or sixty days, but after the confind him work. He had never been in

#### JOHN DREW.

### Actor Has Collarbone Broken in

plead her cause, and passes.

my sake!"

He kissed the pleading lips.
"For your sake, my darling, there is nothing on earth I would not do. Lead me to your mother—as well now as another time."

She drew him into the apartment, It was still light enough, even among the gathering shadows, for them to see each other's colorless face. Lady lnez reared herself upright where she lay, with one faint word on her lips:

Mew York, Dec. 7.—John Drew, the actor, was painfully, but not seriously hurt this afternon by being thrown from his horse while riding in Central Park with his daughter, Louise.

Mr. Drew was stunned by his fall and while he lay unconscious his horse stepped on him. At the Presbyterian Hospital, where the actor was hurried in an automobile, it was found that his in an automobile, it was found that he

#### TRAVELERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. Ninsara Falis, New York—2.27 a.m., %.57 a. m., 19.65 a.m., \*10.05 a.m., 5.37 p.m., \*7.20 p.m. 50. Catharines, Niagara Falis, Buffarlo—5.57 a.m., 19.05 a.m., \*10.05 a.m., 11.120 a.m., \*2.30 p.m., \*5.47 p.m., 7.64 p.m., 71.20 p.m. 7.27 p.m., 7.64 p.m., 7.65 p.m., 71.20 p.m. 7.1120 a.m., 15.45 p.m., 15.45 p.m., 71.20 p.m. See Catharines, Nagara Falls, Sulfillo a.m., 18.66 a.m., 10.06 a.m., 11.10 a.m., 17.20 p.m., 5.45 p.m., 17.30 a.m., 17.30 p.m., 17.30 p.m.

\*9.05 p.m. Burlindon. Port Credit, etc.—\(^{7.00}\) a.m., \(^{11.30}\) a.m., \(^{15.5}\) p.m.
Port Hone. Cobourg. Belleville. Brockville.

Montreel and Best.—\(^{7.50}\) a.m., \(^{7.05}\) p.m.,
\(^{3.50}\) p.m., \(^{5.05}\) p.m.

Lindsay. Peterboro—\(^{11.30}\) a.m., \(^{13.40}\) p.m.,
\(^{5.45}\) p.m.

Lindeay, Peterboro—†11.30 a.m., †3.40 p.m., †5.85 p. m.

\*\*Daily, †Daily, except Sunday, ‡From King atreet depot. CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

CANADIAN PACIFIC HAILWAY.

7.46 a.m. for Torouto, Lindsay, Boboay,
geon, Tweed, Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal,
Quebec, Sherbrooke, St. John, N.B., Halifaat, N.S., also for Alliston, Coldwater and
Bais, and all points in the Martime Provlaces and New England States.

8.35 a.m. for Torouto,
10.9 a.m. (daily) for Torouto,
Milverton and Godericho, Guelph, Elmira,
Milverton and Godericho, Orongeville, Owen
Schudd, Arthur, Mount Forest, Harriston,
Brampton, Fergus, Elora, Orangeville, Owen
Sound, Arthur, Mount Forest, Harriston,
Wingham, Coldwater and Immediate sta1882.

Wingham, Couractes
tions.

8.08 p. m. for Toronto, Peterboro, Ottawa,
Mostreal, Quebec, Minton, Coldwater, Bala,
Parry Sound, Substitution, Coldwater, Bala,
Parry Sound, Substitution, Coldwater, Bala,
Parry Sound, Substitution, Sault Ste. Marie, Fort
William, Winnipeg, Casedian Northwest,
Kootenay and British Columbia points.
Trains leave Toronto 7.50 a.m., (daily), 12, 9.3 a.m., (daily), 11, p. m. 3.48 p. m., 5.20
p. m., (daily), 1.10 p. m., 11.10 p. m.

TORONTO HAMILTON & DUFALO

HAMILTON & DUNDAS RAILWAY.

Terminal Station—48.16, 97.16, 8.15, 9.15, 1

HAMILTON RADIAL ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Hamilton to Burlington and Oakville—86.10, 97.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 a.m., 12.10, 1.1 \*7.10 5.10, 1.00, 1.00, 1.00, 1.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 12.10, 2.10 5.10, 1.10, 1.10, 1.10, 1.10 p. m. util 1.0 p. m. util 1.10 p. 1.10

n. m. Oakville to Hamilton—7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m. 12.30, 1.20, 2.20, 3.20, 4.30, 5.30, 8.30, 7.30, 8.30, 8.30, \*10.30, 11.30, \*12.30, \*Delily, except Sunday, BRANTFORD & HAMILTON RAIL-WAY. Leave Hamilton—8-00, \*7.45, 9.60, 10.30 a. m., 12.00, 1.30, 3.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.00, \*11.04

7. m. Leave Brantford—\*6.30, \*7.45, 9.00, 10.30 a. m., 12.00, 1.30, 3.90, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.00, \*11.00 Daily, except Sunday. HAMILTON, GRIMSBY & BEAMS VILLE ELECTRIC RAILWAY. VILLE ELECTRIC HAILWAY.

Leave Hamilton—6.10, 7-10, \*8.10, \$10, 10.10
11.10 a. m., \*12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, \*11.10 p. m.

Leave Beamwrille—75.40, \*\$40, 7.40, 2.40, 3.40, 4.40, 5.40, 5.40, 4.40, 5.

# Grandma

What to give grandma is sometimes a conundrum. We have the solution in our stock of Brooches. Just the thing to please her. Ask to see them. We have other Brooches for baby, missie and my lady. A most complete and varied assortment of the newest stylee, with prices ranging over so wide a field that we can supply to a certainty the exact article to please you, and come within your means.

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#### RAILWAYS

#### GRAND TRUNK SYSTEM

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RETURN LIMIT DEC. 13.
Account

Ontario Provincial Fair

#### Christmas and New Year Excursions

tickets and further informs



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order
Repairing neatly and promptly
executed 232 Robinson Street

