Katharine's Sacrifice

CHAPTER XV.

The waltz Katharine chose was one of Strauss', soft, dreamy, delicious — she played without her music, hardly conscious indeed that she played; her hands wandered over the keys mechanically, and yet they seemed to find pleasure in bringing out the delicate melody that mingled and melted in with the exquisite happiness in which she had allowed herself to be enveloped. Ormande stood leaning on the piano—he utterly forgot the excuse which he had urged so eagerly as a means to procure him that position; the music was on the stand, but it was unopened and unturned. Katharine was playing from memory, as has been said, and even had it been otherwise, the young man would have proved himself a bad reader of music, for his eyes were fixed only on the girl's tremulous, lovely face, with such an intensity of tenderness and love that she was dazed by it into a dreamy, ecstatic state, which she had never experienced before, and had neither strength nor will to comprehend or question.

Captain Derwent, pulling his tawny moustache, watched the two at the piano with an amused though sympathetic smile.

"By Jove! it is a case with Otway; wonder where he met her, and who she is. How the deuce does she come under the same roof as Barbara Mostyn—it's a rum thing they should be together." He happened at this moment to glance in the direction of Miss Mostyn, and his brow contracted suddenly. "She means mischief, too," he thought quickly. "By Jove! I pity that girl; if ever there was a good savage cat, it is Barbara Mistyn. This is going to be interesting. I never imagined I should get in for a comedy when I agreed to run down to Brexley. Comedy," repeated Captain Derwent to himself, slowly, as he glanced again at Barbara, "deuced nearer like a tragedy, I fancy."

Barbara was dancing with one of her most distinguished guests, a man whom she had only known slightly, but whom she had anxiously entreated Lady Clara Lennox to get down to Brexley for her fete, and whose coming had filled her pretentious heart with delight.

For although Barbara was a rich woman, and of very good birth and descent, she was by nature an arrant snob, and her greatest ambition was to be classed with that portion of the world who has its every doing chronicled in the society journals, and which lives on notoriety.

Thus, though she had had the entree, as her father's daughter and Lady Drummond's niece, into the very best set, she had speedily left it to enter one more amusing, more rapid and less exclusive. This step taken, Barbara never ceased to regret it, for she found to her surprise and dismay that, although of enormous importance in her own eyes, she was a person of very secondary consideration with those ladies who controlled the higher social circle, and who refused to lend the light of their countenance to any one who had strayed from their ranks into any others.

And so it was that Barbara, to her intense vexation, found herself left out in the cold when some great entertainment was being given by one of these ladies, and she had to resort to strategy to get invitations to the houses which had opened their doors to her so willingly when she had first gone into the world. Her circle now was mainly composed of seedy, titled people, who all tolerated her for the sake of her money.

Lady Blanche Bellairs was one of the sole remaining great social leaders who admitted Miss Mostyn to her friendship, and as we know, even she was not altogether disinterested in so doing.

The guests who now filled Brexley Hall were all in society, let that be clearly understood; but they all belonged to the racing, semi-Bohemian, semi-frisky class which has been so popular of late years. Lady Clara Lennox was one of the most prominent of these, and Barbara clung to her with much outward show of affection, patronizing the faded woman, who was so very poor, and using her as a means to obtain such things as she desired.

This partner in her waltz, a celebrity in the political world, was the guest par excellence of the present house party, Lord Otway alone excepted, and Barbara's mortification can be imagined when, as the waltz came to an end, he immediately, and somewhat eagerly, too, requested an introduction to Miss Brereton.

"She is distinctly the most lovely creature I have ever seen in my life," he observed, with a want of tact that was only equaled by his candor. "Brereton—Brereton! Why, dear me, can she be Robert Brereton's daughter, I wonder? Upon my word, I do believe she is!"

And then Katharine's brief mad dream of happiness was broken; the spell that had chained her soul to Ormande's was snapped asunder, and she was standing up, hurriedly and nervously, having her hand nearly shaken off by Mr. Montrose, who claimed old friendship with her father and herself.

Ormande felt a throb of jealousy seize him as he saw Mr. Montrose draw Katharine's little hand through his arm, and walk away with her to have a good long chat; but his jealousy was as nothing to that which surged and stormed in Barbara's angry breast.

That she should stand by and see herself defeated at every turn! It was simply maddening! She put her hand on Lord Otway's arm as he stood gazing after Katharine.

"I have seen nothing of you," she said in what she tried to make very dulcet tones. "Shall we have a chat, too? We must do without our music, since Miss Brereton is so much engaged just now."

"Is there no one else who can play?" Ormande asked bluntly. He resented her words, though why, he scarcely knew. "Surely there is some one able to play a waltz; it can't be very difficult."

He spoke almost irritably.

He spoke almost irritably.

Barbara shot an angry gleam at him.

"I am afraid I can't permit any of my guests to be so energetic," she said with a smile; "but I fancy I might manage to get through one myself. Will you come and turn over for me, too, Lord Otway?

She drew off her long white gloves, and tripped over to the piano.

Katharine was trying to reply to the dozens of questions Mr. Montrose poured out about her father and herself, as Miss Mostyn seated herself at the piano. But at this she started up suddenly.

"I must go," she said, hurriedly; "Miss Mostyn wants me to play."

"Stuff and nonsense! She is playing herself, and you have certainly done your share. Sit down again; I want to hear all you can tell me of poor old Brereton. What a good old chap he was!"

Tears filled Katharine's eyes. It was like dew to the parched flowers, this praise and affectionate remembrance of her father; but she was not easy in her mind.

"I think I will ask you to excuse me to-night, Mr. Montrose," she said rather nervously; "you see, I can not allow Miss Mostyn to play while I am here."

"I don't see anything of the sort," Mr. Montrose replied, good-humoredly, "but I will not keep you, my dear, if you want to go, only you must promise to have a good long chat with me after."

Katharine gave him a grateful glance and hurried across the polished floor to Miss Mostyn's side.

The rest were not dancing, for, truth to tell, Barbara was a very indifferent musician, and she was only striking a few bars while she talked to Lord Otway, her shrill tones sunk to a confidential whisper.

Katharine's heart turned cold as ice as she saw the young man leaning in the same position on the piano, smiling down at Barbara with the old tender look in his eyes that she knew so well.

"My one moment is dead and buried—he belongs to her now," she thought, bitterly and sadly.

How was she to know that Ormande was only wooed into standing there and smiling, because Miss Mostyn was speaking of Katharine—speaking in a soft, gentle, affectionate way, that made its path straight into Ormande's love-laden heart. No, Katharine did not know that, she could not penetrate beneath the surface, and the surface was conclusive enough for her.

Barbara saw the girl coming, but she pretended not to do so. As Katharine came up to her chair she gave a little jump of surprise.

"Oh, my dear, how you startled me; do you want anything?"

"Only to relieve you and do my duty," Katharine answered, bravely forcing a smile to her pale lips.

"I am very happy as I am. Go and talk to Mr. Montrose. I am sure you must have heaps to say to each other, since you are such old friends."

Katharine hesitated; there was no mistaking the hint conveyed in these words to leave Miss Mostyn and Lord Otway undisturbed, and yet somehow the girl was uncomfortable. She was so sensitive, and Barbara's voice did not ring pleasantly in her ears.

"She is vexed with me," she thought to herself, and she waited a moment undecidedly.

Barbara only delighted in putting Katharine into an awkward position; she leaned back in her chair, striking a few notes languidly with her jewel-bedecked left hand and looking up at Lord Otway with a coquettish gleam in her cold eyes.

"Please tell me more about you cousin, Lord Otway," she said, totally ignoring Katharine; "I am so interested. I feel as much relieved to find he is alive as though he were my cousin, too," and Barbara gave a shy little laugh.

Katharine's face was turned from her. The girl was standing at the further end of the piano, looking at a piece of music she had picked up casually. She could hear every word, and try though she might, she could not move a limb to get away. Ormande was gazing at her eagerly, all ignorant of the ugly expression that came on Barbara's face, and Captain Derwent had sauntered up to the piano also.

"Yes, tell us more, old fellow," he said languidly, as he caught Barbara's words. He wondered whether Katharine would permit him to address her without the ceremony of an introduction, which latter formality Captain Derwent despaired of obtaining from anybody present.

"I think I have told you all," Ormande replied. "Craven has gone off to Australia or Kamtschatka, or some such outlandish place; he is a foolish boy. After all, he is not the first, nor the last, who will get into difficulties, and if he had only come to me with his trouble I might have been able to pull him through."

Barbara murmured some soft words, conveying her belief in this theory, and Ormande went on, his eyes still glued to that slender, black-robed figure, to the soft, delicate, cream-white throat that bore the small head so proudly.

"He would have spared us much anxiety and suffering. His disappearance nearly killed his little sister, poor child; but I expect he rushed away on the spur of the moment to escape from his difficulties, and—"

"They were money, weren't they?" Captain Derwent observed. "Ah! lots of us would like to be in Kamtschatka, too, sometimes. Let me see, you said something about Adair losing everything in that Japanese swindle, didn't you? I was deuced near putting the small spare cash I possess into it, too. Glad I am I was warned in time. Another fellow I know was in exactly the same position. I can tell you we shook hands with each other the other day when we found out what an escape we had had. You don't know the man I mean, Miss Mostyn, a dark, handsome, clever fellow, Gordon Smythe? You remem—"

But Captain Derwent got no further in his reminiscence just then, for Katharine, who was trembling in every limb, gave an inarticulate cry, and half staggered against the piano.

Both men turned toward her quickly, and Barbara rose from her chair suddenly. Was the girl going to faint?

Her cold, curt, "Are you ill, Miss Brereton?" was the most efficacious remedy for Katharine at this moment. She looked eagerly at Barbara, with her face grown very white and wan.

"It is so warm. May I—will you allow me to retire?"

And as Barabra assented with a curt nod, Katharine turned and moved away from the piano.

"Thank you, I do not need help, I am better alone," she murmured to both Lord Otway and Captain Derwent, and bending her head, she went away slowly, walking like a woman in a dream. That horrible, indefinable sensation that had come to her earlier in the day came to her now, a sensation that a net was closing slowly but surely round her, and she was being drawn, despite all her efforts, gradually into the cruel hands of the man who weaved this mesh about her—this man, who was at once her husband her foe!

CHAPTER XVI.

All through the next day Ormande watched in vain for a glimpse of Katharine. She was invisible, and Barbara was always at his elbow, wishing to take him here, show him this, explain that, and have his advice on her various institutionsa nd charities.

"Ah! if I only had you for my vicar!" she sighed, trying to bring a soft, tender, religious look into her most worldly face.

She was sauntering with Lord Otway under the trees. She had made a very careful toilet, imagining that simplicity above everything else would appeal most to the young clergyman's tastes. She would have been deeply mortified if she had realized that Lord Otway never even observed what colored gown she wore, and, indeed, except when his attention was attracted to her by force, that he completely forgot her existence altogether.

He was very unsettled and miserable all through this long summer day; he had come down here on purpose to speak to Katharine, to declare his love, and learn his fate. It hurt him beyond description to remember that she—his proud, dainty, delicate, beautiful love—she was living here, dependent on Barbara's will and subservient to her word. It was chiefly this thought that had brought him down so soon.

"It is early days, I know it," he had murmured to himself, as he resolved to fling aside all doubt and speak openly of his love; "she does not know me yet—she does not even think of me; while I—cannot let one moment of the day go without her sweet image rising to haunt and tempt me. And she has gone out into the world alone to brave its storms! She—my queen, my lovely queen! How proud and beautiful she will look in the old rooms at Thane! Even my father will bow down and do her homage! Aunt Blanche, too"—for one instant a shade fell on Ormande's face, but only for an instant—"Aunt Blanche will fall a desperate victim to her; she adores pretty girls, and Katharine is more than pretty—she is absolutely the loveliest girl in all the wide, wide world! Who could resist her?"

This was the one vein of thought that filled the young man's mind day and night. And now, as he walked under the trees at Brexley with Barbara, and tried to listen to her monotonous, shrill voice, and answer her as coherently as he could, he was htinking it still, only he had a new and deeper question to occupy him to-day.

That Katharine was not happy Lord Otway had discovered from the very first. He could never recall her exquisite face without that sad expression round the mouth, that hungry, longing look in the wonderful grey eyes; but the charm she had woven upon him had taken such swift and potent hold on him that, lost in its sweetness, Ormande had not, strange as it may seem, pondered much as to the cause of this unhappiness. He had even forgotten the episode that had occurred at the railway station that by-gone day, just before he was able to offer her his friendship and assistance, and not until now did he recall with a strat the fact that the Mr. Gordon Smythe whom he had met casually in London during his close inquiries for Craven Adair was one and the same with that dark, evil-faced man whom he had watched crossing the line at Northminster Station, and whose pictured face had jarred on him so keenly in that quiet, peaceful cottage home in Ledstone.

(To be Continued).

Romance in Real Life.

Was your first meeting with your wife romantic?

Extremely so. It occurred at a picnic. I was eating a very ripe tomato, and some of it squirted into her eye.—Kansas City Journal.

Some Blenheim residents carried off a building that was said to encroach upon the street.

At R. McKay & Co's. - - Thursday, Sept. 30th, 1909

300 YARDS

VENETIAN SUITING

Worth Reg. $1 Yard, Thursday Sale Price 75c yd.

On sale to-morrow 300 yards of Venetian Suiting with a lovely pearl finish, 52 inches wide, one of the season's favorite materials, in perfect shades of navy, brown, wistaria, taupe, Burgundy, myrtle and black. This is a decided bargain, right at the commencement of the season, and would advise early shopping. Worth regularly $1.00; sale price Thursday ..... 75c yard

On Sale 2,000 Yards Fine Corset Cover Embroidery, Worth Reg. 50c, for 39c yd.

Sharp at 8.30 to-morrow morning a manufacturer's stock of fine Corset Cover Embroidery, 18 inches wide, in dainty cross effect. This is a rare chance to secure best quality Corset Cover Embroidery at less than maker's price, at, per yard 39c

Hundreds of Yards of Embroideries Wonderfully Reduced for Thursday's Selling

Thursday morning we will place on sale 2,500 yards of fine Swiss and Nainsook Embroideries, from 4 to 12 inches wide. Note reduced prices, and come early to share in this great sale event:

At 29c, worth 40c yd. At 14c, worth 19c yard. At 9c, worth 12c yard.
At 19c, worth 29c yard. At 11c, worth 15c yad. At 5c, worth 8c yard.

Black Tights 50c

Ladies' Black Tights, elastic and button tops, Thursday sale price 50c

Ladies Natural Wool Underwear 89c

Ladies' Natural Wool Underwear, vests neatly trimmed, pearl buttons, drawers ankle length, both styles, this underwear is positively unshrinkable, regularly $1.25 value, for only 89c

Elastic Belts Reg. 50c for 39c

10 dozen Elastic Belts, in black, brown, navy, gray, green and mauve, regular 50c, for 39c

Embroidered Handkerchiefs Clearing at 10c

300 dozen Dainty Swiss Embroidered Handkerchiefs, plain and scalloped edge, regular 20c, to clear at ..... 10c each

Linen Collars 2 for 25c

White and Colored Linen Collars, all sizes, worth regular 20c, at ..... 2 for 25c

Kid Gloves $1, Reg. $1.25

Ladies' Kid Gloves, made of specially selected skins, in all the latest shades, in self or colored embroidered fronts, all sizes, worth regular $1.25, special for Thursday $1.00

Ladies' Cape Gloves on Sale

Just arrived, full range of Ladies' Cape Gloves, the very thing for fall and winter wear, in black, tan and gray, dome fastened, all sizes, regular $1.25, for 98c

Black Moirette Underskirts for 59c

THIRD FLOOR

We will put on sale Thursday morning at 9 o'clock 5 dozen only Black Moreen Underskirts, made with deep knife pleated flounce, full skirt, for only 59c

Only one allowed to each customer.

Some Special Bargains for Men

Thursday we will place on sale Men's Soft Front Shirts at a greatly reduced price; sizes 14½ to 16½. Regular $1.25 and $1.50, to clear at .. 69c

Men's Sweater Coats $1.25

A large range of Men's Sweater Coats, in plain grey, navy, grey with red trimming, and grey with navy; all sizes, Thursday sale price $1.25

Men's Braces

Men's Braces, President styles, regular 50c, Thursday special 25c

Working Shirts 39c

Men's Working Shirts, made from best American duck, all sizes, regular 50c, for 39c

Men's Socks 19c Pair

Men's Heavy Ribbed Heather-make Socks, worth up to 40c, Thursday we will sell only 4 pairs to one customer for ..... 19c pair

Women's Winter Coats $9.98

50 only sample Coats in a splendid assortment of colors and black, semi and tight fitting styles, all beautifully tailored garments and worth twice the price asked. On sale Thursday at $9.98

Smart Tailored Suits $12.50

Imported Cheviots and Serges in leading fall shades and black. Three-quarter and seven-eighth length coats. All newest skirts. Regular $18.50, on sale at $12.50

4 Wonderful Bargains in Carpets

Tapestry Carpet 59c

Clearing line Tapestry Carpet, all good patterns, extra quality, a wonderful bargain, worth 80 and 85c, clearing price 59c

Tapestry Carpet 67½c

Clearing line Tapestry Carpet, very heavy quality, excellent patterns, a decided bargain, worth 95c, clearing price 67½c

Brussels Carpet 98c

Clearing line Brussels Carpet, choice quality, splendid patterns, very serviceable, worth $1.25 and $1.35, clearing prices 98c

Wilton Carpet $1.09

Clearing line Wilton Carpets, serviceable patterns, extra quality, worth $1.65, clearing price $1.09

From Our "House Beautiful" Department

Many attractive special prices in goods which are needed in every home to make it more cosy and pleasant during the months of winter.

Art Sateens Reduced

For comforter coverings, etc. A splendid range of colorings and designs. Fast colors.

Regular 25 and 30c quality, Thursday ..... 19c yard

Regular 40 and 45c, downproof, Thursday ..... 29c yard

Bordered Swiss Sash Nets

30-inch goods, for windows, doors, etc. In fine choice of designs, mostly white. Regular $1.00 and $1.25 yard, Thursday atw..... 68c yard

Beautiful Allover Nets

In dainty art designs, has no special border, is finished with an edging. Very popular just now for sill length curtains. In white, ivory and ecru. See them..... 75c yard

Note.—These goods are double width.

Art Cretonnes Reduced

A collection of beautiful English and French Cretonnes, light or dark grounds. For coverings and hangings; 31 inches wide. Elegant designs and coverings. Regular 40 and 45c yard, Thursday ..... 33c yard

Sale of Flannelette Blankets

Extra splendid quality. White or grey; in three sizes. Special at ..... $1.09, $1.29 and $1.48 pair

Art Denim and Burlap 25c

36 inches wide, plain, all colors, very decorative.

Art Crepe for Kimonos 23c Yard

Pretty colorings and designs; 30 inches wide.

NOTE--We do Upholstery Work. Let us figure on your Work

R. McKAY & Co.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Niagara Falls, New York—2.27 a. m., 5.57 2.27 a. m., 5.57 a. m., †9.05 a.m., *10.05 a.m., 5.35 p.m., *7.20 p.m.

St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo—*5.57 a.m., †9.05 a.m., *10.05 a.m., †11.20 a.m., 2.20 p.m., *5.35 p.m., 5.45 p.m., *7.20 p.m. a.m., †9.05 a.m., *10.05 a.m., 5.35 p.m., *7.20 p. m.

Grimsby, Beamsville, Merritton—†9.05 a.m., †11.20 a.m., †5.45 p. m.

Detroit, Chicago—*1.17 a.m., 8.50 a.m., 9.05 a.m., *3.45 p.m., *6:45 p.m.

Brantford—*1.17 a.m., †7.05 a.m., †7.55 a.m., *8.50 a.m., *9.05 a.m., †1.55 p.m., *3.45 p. m., *5.45 p.m., †7.10 p.m.

Woodstock, Ingersoll, London—*1.17 a.m., †7.55 a.m., *8.50 a.m., *9.05 a.m., *3.45 p. m., *5.45 p.m., †7.10 p.m.

St. George—†7.55 a.m., †3.22 p.m., †7.10 p.m.,

Burford, St. Thomas—†9.05 a.m., †3.45 p.m.

Guelph, Palmerston, Stratford and North—†7.55 a.m., †3.33 p.m.

Galt, Preston, Hespeler—†7.55 a.m., †3.33 p. m., †7.10 p.m.

Jarvis, Port Dover, Tillsonburg, Simcoe—†9.05 a. m., †9.15 a. m., †5.50 p. m., ‡†6.00 p. m.

Georgetown, Allandale, North Bay, Collingwood, etc.—7.10 a.m., †4.05 p.m.

Barrie, Orillia, Huntsville—†7.10 a.m., 11.15 a.m., and *9.05 p.m.

North Bay and points in Canadian Northwest—*9.05 p.m.

Toronto—7.00 a.m., †7.50 a.m., *9 a.m., *10.45 a.m., †11.15 a.m., †11.20 a.m., *2.30 p.m., *3.40 p.m., †5.35 p.m., *7.05 p.m., *8.55 p.m., *9.05 p.m.

Burlington, Port Credit, etc.—7.00 a.m., †11.30 a.m., †5.35 p.m.

Cobourg, Port Hope, Peterboro', Lindsay—†11.30 a.m., †3.40 p.m., †5.35 p.m.

Belleville, Brockville, Montreal and East—†7.50 a.m., *7.05 p.m., *8.55 p.m., 9.05 p.m.

*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday. ‡From King street depot.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

7.40 a. m. for Toronto, Lindsay, Bobcaygeon, Tweed, Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Sherbrooke, St. John, N.B., Halifax, N.S., also for Alliston, Coldwater and Bala, and all points in the Maritime Provinces and New England States.

8.35 a. m. for Toronto.

10.00 a. m. (daily) for Toronto, Tottenham, Beeton, Alliston, Coldwater, Bala, the Muskoka Lakes, Parry Sound, Point au Baril, Byng Inlet and Sudbury.

12.25 p. m. for Toronto, Guelph, Elmira, Milverton and Goderich.

3.15 p. m. (daily), for Toronto, Myrtle, Lindsay, Bobcaygeon, Peterboro, Tweed, Brampton, Fergus, Elora, Orangeville, Owen Sound, Arthur, Mount Forest, Harriston, Wingham, Coldwater and immediate stations.

5.05 p. m. for Toronto.

8.15 p. m. for Toronto, Peterboro, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Sherbrooke, Portland and Boston, also for Alliston, Coldwater, Bala, Parry Sound, Sudbury, Sault Ste. Marie, Fort William, Winnipeg, Canadian Northwest, Kootenay and British Columbia points.

Trains leave Toronto 7.50 a. m., (daily), 9.30 a. m. (daily), 1.15 p. m., 3.45 p. m., 5.20 p. m., (daily), 7.10 p. m., 11.10 p. m.

TORONTO HAMILTON & BUFALO RAILWAY.

Arrive Hamilton		Leave Hamilton
*2.05 p. m.	Niagara Falls and Buffalo Express	*8.55 a. m.
*8.05 p. m.	Buffalo and New York Express	*10.35 a. m.
*9.55 a. m.	Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York and Boston Express	*6.35 p. m.
**7.35 a. m.	Buffalo accommodation	**4.55 p. m.
	Buffalo & New York Express	**8.15 p. m.
**12.20 p. m.	Buffalo, Pittsburg and Boston Express	**2.20 p. m.

Sleeping car and parlor car on train leaving Hamilton at 6.25 p. m., and on train arriving at 9.55 a. m. Dining car and parlor car on trains leaving Hamilton at 8.55 a. m. and arriving at 8.05 p. m. Pullman parlor cars on all through trains.

Train leaving Hamilton at 8.15 p. m. daily, except Sunday, has Pullman sleeping car, Hamilton to New York, Cleveland and Pittsburg.

Arrive Hamilton		Leave Hamilton
*8.20 a. m.	Detroit, Chicago and Toledo Express	**8.55 a. m.
**12.20 a. m.	Brantford and Waterford Express	**10.40 a. m.
**9.53 p. m.	Brantford, Waterford and St. Thomas Express	**6.30 p. m.
**3.05 p. m.	Detroit, Chicago, Toledo and Cincinnati Express	**3.08 p. m.
**7.40 p. m.	Brantford, Waterford and west	**8.20 p. m.

Sleeping cars on Michigan Central connecting at Waterford and west.

*Daily.

**Daily, except Sunday.

HAMILTON & DUNDAS RAILWAY.

Terminal Station—*6.15, *7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, *11.15 p. m.

Leave Hatt St. Station, Dundas—*6.00, *6.15, *7.15., 8.05, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.15, 1.15 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, *11.15 p. m.

*Daily, except Sunday.

HAMILTON RADIAL ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Hamilton to Burlington and Oakville—*6.10, *7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 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.

Burlington to Hamilton—*6.00, *7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00 a. m., 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, *11.00, 12.00 p. m.

Oakville to Hamilton—7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, *10.30, 11.30, *12.30.

*Daily, except Sunday.

BRANTFORD & HAMILTON RAILWAY.

Leave Hamilton—*6.30, *7.45, 9.00, 10.30 a. m., 12.00, 1.30, 3.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.00, *11.00 p. m.

Leave Brantford—*6.30, *7.45, 9.00, 10.30 a. m., 12.00, 1.30, 3.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.00, *11.00 p. m.

*Daily, except Sunday.

HAMILTON, GRIMSBY & BEAMSVILLE ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Leave Hamilton—*6.10, *7.10, *8.10, 9.10, 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 Beamsville—*5.40, *6.40, 7.40, 8.40, 9.40, *10.40, 11.40 a. m., 12.40, 1.40, 2.40, 3.40, 4.40, 5.40, 6.40, 7.40, 8.40, *9.40, *10.40.

*Daily, except Sunday.

HAMILTON STEAMBOAT CO.

STEAMER MACASSA.

Leave Hamilton, 9.00 a. m.
Leave Toronto, 4.30 p. m.

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Return limit on all tickets December 4th, or until close of navigation, if earlier, to points reached by steamers.

Tickets and further information may be obtained from any Grand Trunk agent, or write J. D. McDonald, Dis. Pass. Agent, Toronto, Ont.

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