

Have you tried Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea yet?

THE WOMEN OF BRAZIL

How They Live in the city of Para.

They Are Fond of Candy - Not Good Looking as a Rule.

Frank S. Carpenter, in one of his letters from South America, writes about the city of Para, Brazil, as follows:

Let me tell you how Para looks. As you see it from the river it is a low white city with red and other brightly-colored buildings rising out of the water. A long row of palm trees lines the shore, and back of these are the great wood and corrugated iron warehouses from which the Para rubber is shipped to all parts of the world. You look at this scene through a sheet of mist. The Amazon is here filled with shipping. There are big ocean steamers from Europe and the United States. There are from lighters shaped much like the whaleback boats of the lakes. There are scores of queer sailing vessels, and hundreds of dugout canoes, with dark-faced boatmen paddling them to and fro.

A STREET SCENE.

As you land you find yourself in one of the busiest of the South American ports. Negroes and mulattoes are loading and unloading the steamers. They are carrying board great boxes of rubber. They are toting on their heads boxes and bales to the shore. The crowd about the wharves is much the same as that on the docks of New Orleans. The people are of all shades of white, yellow and black. There are swarthy negroes from Jamaica, yellow-skinned men from Upper Brazil, sallow Portuguese and a sprinkling of all the nations of Europe.

The laboring people are in the bare feet, and most of them are bare-headed. The men wear cotton shirts and trousers, the latter held up by waistbands. The women dress in bright-colored calicoes. See that negro trotting along with a bale of sole leather on his head. Behind him is a woman carrying a great basket of mandioca in the same way. The women dress in bright-colored New Orleans. The people are of all shades of white, yellow and black. There are swarthy negroes from Jamaica, yellow-skinned men from Upper Brazil, sallow Portuguese and a sprinkling of all the nations of Europe.

Here comes a cart, hauled by a pony. It looks as though it had a load of hams in it, and as it goes by the hams smell like a smokehouse. Those are lumps of rubber on their way to the shipping houses for sale.

There are scores of rubber-houses near the wharves. Everyone is handling rubber and the air smells as though there had been a recent fire and water had been dashed over it. Men are carrying rubber from the canoes to the warehouses. They are taking it in and out of the buildings. They are chopping it up and packing it into boxes and marking it for shipment to all parts of the world. Para is the greatest rubber port on earth, and the chief business of the city is the supplying rubber camps with goods and selling the product.

A LOOK AT THE GIRLS.

But let us take a street car and ride out through the residence section. Para is one of the cleanest and best built towns of Brazil. It has hundreds of houses, made of ventilated brick, covered with stucco and painted in all the colors of the rainbow. Some are frescoed and others are daubed with plaster. There are many houses faced with porcelain tiles, which have been brought here from Portugal. Some of the houses have balconies of wrought iron, and many have wrought ironwork over their windows.

The houses all face the streets and are flush with the sidewalk. Each has two or more windows on the first floor looking on the street, and each window has one of more Brazilian girls looking on its sill, looking out. The girls are bareheaded, with flowers in their hair. They are of all ages from 6 to 60, and many are sweet sixteen. They are the streets cars as they pass. If they see anyone they know they crook their fingers at him as though beckoning him to come in. This is the method of salutation, and means "How do you do?" All the girls are brunettes, and some to such an extent that you can see the negro blood in their faces. They are not as a rule, good-looking, and so far the homeliest women I have found on this continent are in the land of Brazil.

BRAZILIAN WOMEN.

The women here are not as far advanced as they are in Chili. They have no business chances in comparison with our women. They do not clerk in the stores. They have not made their way in to the telegraph office and the girl book-keeper has yet to break into the business establishment. The beautiful typewriter has not yet appeared, nor are there Brazilian postoffice girls or telegraph clerks. Wherever there are telephone women are employed at the central station, but outside of this about the only respectable thing a woman can do is to take a place in the public school or become a governess.

Marriage is considered the chief end of women, and so far the new woman is unknown in Brazil. Marriage is more a matter of love than is generally thought. The men make good husbands and fathers. The parents love their children, and the children show great affection for their parents. A child always kisses the hands of its elderly relatives, and men often kiss the hands of women as a mark of respect.

The average Brazilian woman does not spend much time on her dress before afternoon. She is, in fact, a little slovenly and likes to do things easy. She often wears a Mother Hubbard until noon, or goes about in a dressing-sacque and a black skirt. She has a cup of coffee and a roll upon rising, and does not eat again until the noon breakfast. She frequently appears at breakfast with her hair down, and after a siesta which follows she dresses up for her pose at the window.

You may see women looking out of the Brazilian windows at all hours of

the day. They have cushions made to fit the window-sill upon which they rest their arms, and they often have padded stools or benches, upon which they kneel while looking out. The Brazilian women, I venture, spend more time on their knees than any other women in the world; but, alas! it is not in prayer.

I have met a number of the ladies during my stay in Brazil, and I have discovered one way to their hearts. This is through their mouths. Each of them has 20 teeth, more or less, and all of them sweet. Some of them would sell their souls for American candy, and they all like choice confections. They are fond of rich desserts, and one of their favorite dishes is a cake made of the yolks of eggs and flour. It is a kind of sponge cake of the lightest nature. It is eaten with melted sugar poured over it, and it soaks up the syrup like a sponge. Quince marmalade is another favorite dish, and there is a guava cheese, exceedingly sweet, which is eaten at almost every meal.

A LAND OF PEDDLERS.

Brazilian women seldom go out shopping, and in neither Para nor Manaus is there a store with a bargain counter. Many kinds of goods are sold by peddlers who carry packs on their backs, and go through the streets slapping their yard-sticks together. When a woman hears the slapping she beckons to them to come in. This custom is changing slightly now, but until lately almost all drygoods were sold in this way.

And still some of the Brazilian stores here are very large. There are establishments at Para which carry quite as big stocks of goods as any store in a city of similar size in the United States. The goods are brought here from Europe, with the exception of a few coming from our country.

Cured of Epilepsy.

The Story of a St. Catharines Lady Who Is Restored to Health.

She Suffered Severely, Sometimes Having as Many as Four Spasms in a Week—Several Doctors Consulted Without Benefit.

[From the Star, St. Catharines.]

Mrs. S. B. Wright, of St. Catharines, has for a number of years been a severe sufferer from epilepsy, from which dread disease she is now happily free. A reporter who recently called upon her to ascertain the manner of her cure, she said: "It is to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I owe my release. I had some years since I had my first attack. At the time I did not know what the trouble was, but the doctor who was called in to attend me at once said it was epilepsy, and that the disease was incurable. After this I had spasms as often as two, three and four times a week. I had no premonitory symptoms, but would fall, no matter where I was. I always slept heavily after an attack. Finding that the local treatment was not helping me, my husband took me to a doctor in Hamilton. He also said that he could not cure me, but that he could give me medicine that would prolong the time between the spasms. This he accomplished, but I longed for a cure rather than for relief, and I finally consulted a specialist, who told me that he could cure me, but that I must have patience. I asked him how long he thought it would require to effect a cure, and he replied at least six months. He gave me medicine, and I took it faithfully, but instead of getting better I was surely growing worse. After following this treatment for some months without avail, I felt that I could not hope for a cure and was about resigning myself to my fate. My sister, however, urged me to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People a trial and reluctantly I decided to take her advice. For a time after beginning to use the pills I continued to have the spasms, but I must have gradually they were less severe and my strength to bear them greater. I persisted in the treatment until the time came when the spasms ceased and I was as well and strong as I ever was. I took in all twelve or fourteen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although several years have elapsed since I discontinued their use, I have not in that time had any return. I owe this happy release to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and will always have a good word to say for them."

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time, and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who for the sake of the extra profit to himself, may say is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

Live only for today and you ruin tomorrow.

The world produced in 1898 more gold than it produced both gold and silver in 1888.

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

According to official returns Great Britain expended \$90,000,000 a year on the support of the poor. This does not include private charities.

A DINNER PILL - Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healing nutriment, it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmentier's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open the secretions and convey the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with indigestion.

A MODEL CITY

Wonderful Changes in Glasgow in 80 Years.

Marvelous Result of Municipal Ownership—The City Built at No Cost.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Appropos of the recent agitation for municipal ownership, a few facts concerning the much-talked-of Glasgow will doubtless be of interest.

Eighty years ago Glasgow was a filthy manufacturing city, situated on a muddy ditch. Today it stands second only in population and commerce in the British Empire, and in matters of sanitation and municipal government a century in advance of its nearest rival. Till 1845 the corporation levied no taxes. The whole of its revenue was derived from duties made on all articles of food brought into the city. Every year this revenue was in excess of the expenditure, and the surplus was put aside, and in 1845 this accumulated money was invested in the purchase of ground right in the heart of the city, now known as the "common good." That purchase was the foundation of Glasgow as it stands today. At first the income from the "common good" was only a little over \$75,000. It is now \$1,700,000 yearly.

Glasgow is owned by its population. The people own the ground, the street railways, the gas plants, the water-works, the parks and gardens and concert hall, and although every one of these institutions is worked more cheaply than in any other town, each one is made to bring in a greater yearly profit to the community, the total profit per annum on municipal undertakings being \$750,000. The corporation of Glasgow has spent over \$150,000,000 on making its mud ditch into a river upon which the greatest ships afloat can sail, and in raising the town to its present level. The water supply is taken, by far the smallest of any city in the world. The key to its prosperity is that every common improvement has been done by the corporation.

The water supply is supplied with these necessities of life, water and gas, by private companies, the people, through their own corporation, supply themselves at the nominal rate of 12 cents per 100 gallons. In the second, 27 as against 17 and 64 when formerly supplied by companies. And it may be added that not only is the charge for water the very lowest of any town, but the water itself is acknowledged by experts to be the very purest supplied to any city or village. Yet Glasgow reaps from the water supply alone an annual profit of \$210,000. At the same time as Glasgow purchased the water supply, it bought the markets were also bought. And although the highest tolls are levied, so that the sellers are able to dispose of their goods to the inhabitants at less price than in any other town, the city gains in a yearly revenue of \$16,500. And \$147,500 is also gained from the gas supply.

Working on the good results of their former enterprise in these directions, they have now taken the electric lighting of the city at a yearly profit of \$10,070. With this money the corporation has looked to procuring public recreation parks, with the result that in the matter of "lungs" Glasgow is second in the world. It has some 700 acres allotted to this purpose, which works out at one acre of public grass-covered ground for every 800 of the population. During the spring and summer months play in each of these parks, and there is no collection. They are paid by the corporation, which puts aside \$8,000 for this purpose.

In one matter Glasgow stands alone. All laundries are public property. This means the inhabitants are able to have their clothes washed in the very best manner at the very lowest price. And one can feel, when indulging in an extra clean shirt, that any profit made on it goes to the public welfare. There is one great source of evil which, up to the present, Glasgow has not been able to cast off. Millions upon millions of tons of coal are consumed yearly, and this means the suffering of the inhabitants in the very best manner at the very lowest price. And one can feel, when indulging in an extra clean shirt, that any profit made on it goes to the public welfare. There is one great source of evil which, up to the present, Glasgow has not been able to cast off. Millions upon millions of tons of coal are consumed yearly, and this means the suffering of the inhabitants in the very best manner at the very lowest price. And one can feel, when indulging in an extra clean shirt, that any profit made on it goes to the public welfare.

The Man With The Lawn Mower

[With suitable explanations to Edward Markham.]

Bowed by the meanness of the act, he leans Upon the handle, gazed on the ground, With empty stomach—'tis but 5 a.m. And on his back naught but an under-shirt.

Who made him dead to other people's rights, A thing that cares not how much woe he makes, Stolid and selfish brother to the ox? His is the hand that shoves that thing along, Whose loud, infernal racket breaks the sleep:

Is this Thing, made in likeness of a man, To take dominion o'er the neighborhood; To end the tired dreamer's morning nap;

And shall no victim have the right to shoot him, Is this the dream of all the ages past, For whose sake bends the spacious firmament?

Down all the block to its remotest house There is no dread so terrible as this—More potent to overwhelm the soul With wrath.

More filled with portent of a day's unrest—More fraught with emphasized profanity!

O masters, lords and aldermen, give ear! How will ye deal out justice to this Man? How answer when some gaunt, long-suffering wretch Whose slumbers he has murdered craves the right To punish his head off, and once more bring peace To a distracted neighborhood? Ye men—

Ye men who rule the town, 'tis up to you! Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done it will do again.

BOBBLETON PACKS UP

Shows His Wife How to Get Out of Town in a Rush on His Vacation.

With nervous haste Mr. Bobbleton rushed into his flat where his wife was giving the dinner a finishing touch. "Well, Mary, it's come at last," he shouted Bobbleton, throwing down his hat and dropping tired and hot into the next easy chair.

"You don't mean to say that you've lost your place in the bank?" faltered Mrs. Bobbleton.

"Lost my place? No, not at all! I mean that my vacation has come at last, and that we are going to start tomorrow morning for the country. I bought the tickets on the way home, and here they are!"

Bobbleton flourished two long green slips of paper, and laid at one end, "Good for thirty days."

"They look long enough to go to Denver with," replied Mrs. Bobbleton. Then she added, with a shade of concern in her voice, "But, Henry, I can't get ready in time. A man can put on his hat and walk right away. With a woman it's different. I want to look well, you know, for the Davises and the Fowlers are at Daisy-Town-in-the-Mountains."

"Who cares for dress when it's 90 degrees in the shade?" said Mr. Bobbleton, recklessly.

"But, Henry, a woman must dress. Society expects and demands it. 'Oh, hang society,' replied Mr. Bobbleton. 'Society cuts no ice with me.' 'Well, I'll do the best I can,' replied Mrs. Bobbleton, in a resigned sort of a way. "But for goodness sake, Henry, don't put everything off until the last minute. We want to have the two trunks packed without delay."

"And so they will be," answered Mr. Bobbleton. "The baggage expressman will be here at 8 o'clock in the morning for the trunks. I'll pack my trunk right after dinner. It won't take me over an hour."

"I'm mighty thankful that the wash came in today," said Mrs. Bobbleton, as they sat down in their little dining-room. "We'll have enough clean clothes to last us, anyhow."

"That's that," replied Bobbleton. Immediately after dinner Mr. Bobbleton went into his room. For the next hour or two Mrs. Bobbleton heard him slammering around, upsetting things and murmuring to himself.

"I wonder how Henry is getting along?" thought Mrs. Bobbleton. Yet she did not dare go into his room, for their are times when Mr. Bobbleton becomes highly fractious, and consequently dangerous to approach. About half past nine Mr. Bobbleton emerged from his room very hot, but still triumphant.

"That's the way to do," he said. "Pack up in a hurry without any fuss and feathers. Why, I could get ready to go to Europe just as easily! You women don't know how to do anything! My trunk's all ready to go."

"So is my trunk," said Mrs. Bobbleton, quietly, as she banged down the lid and snapped the lock. Early the next morning the expressmen were on hand for the trunks.

"Hawkins, the baggage-master, is a particular friend of mine," Bobbleton explained to the expressman. "Just tell him to check these trunks to Daisy-Town-in-the-Mountains, and to hold the checks until I reach the station. I want the trunks to go out on that 7:55 train. We follow on the 8:40."

When the express men had departed Mrs. Bobbleton turned back into his flat and said to Mrs. Bobbleton:

"There! That's the way to do." "But are you quite sure you did everything just right; that you didn't leave anything out or pack up anything you will need?"

"Mary," replied Mr. Bobbleton, severely, "don't you think I know my business?"

About an hour later Mrs. Bobbleton heard her husband storming around his room.

"I wonder what's the matter now," she thought. Just then Bobbleton came out of his room very red and very angry.

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Bobbleton.

"Have you seen my blue serge vest?" "No, I have not."

"Well, I can't find it anywhere. It had two weeks' salary and the railroad tickets in it."

"You mislaid it in your room."

"Mislaid nothing, I didn't."

"Then you packed it up in your trunk."

Mr. Bobbleton groaned. Then he sank feebly into a chair.

"Any thunder, so I did!"

"Henry!"

"It's true. I haven't another cent with me. The tickets are no good to us now. I'll have to get them redeemed, I suppose, if ever we get them back again. I can't."

Mr. Bobbleton jammed his hat on his head and went out. In twenty minutes he was back again.

"I borrowed \$20 from Pillets, the corner druggist. Let's get out of here."

"I'm awfully sorry you packed up that vest, Henry," said Mrs. Bobbleton timidly.

"What do you suppose I feel like?" snorted Mr. Bobbleton, as he hailed a passing car.

You Do Not Know

What "Delicious" tea is until you have tried MONSOON. All grocers sell it, in lead packets only—25c, 50c, 40c, 60c and 60c per pound.

MONSOON
INDO-CYLON TEA

tion to the canto of "Marmion" which he dedicated to Sir William Forbes's brother-in-law, James Skene, of Rubislaw. Speaking of their early companions, he adds:

"And one whose name I may not say; For not Mimosa's tender tree Shrinks sooner from the touch than he."

Only at the call of duty did Sir William Forbes ever emerge from his retirement, and on one occasion, when he did so, he gave a touching proof that the friendship between him and Walter Scott had not been affected at all by their early rivalry. When the great financial misfortune fell on Scott which drove him to the heroic, ceaseless toil that undermined his health and life, Sir William Forbes, whose bank was among the largest losers by the disaster, came forward at once with most generous offers of help in every way. Scott writes thus of those efforts to lighten his heavy burden:

"Sir William Forbes called, with all offers of assistance—high-spirited, noble fellow as ever, and true to his friend. In what scenes have Sir William and I not borne share together! It is fated our planets should cross, though, and that at the periods most interesting to me. Down, down, a hundred thoughts!"

Even then, amid his crushing anxiety, the vision of Williamina had evidently risen up before him. In all its alluring sweetness, but he never knew till after the man who had won her from him was laid beside her in the grave that he had secretly paid one of Scott's most pressing debts for a large amount out of his own private means, and carefully concealed the generous action from him.

It were better to be of no church than to be bitter for any—Penn. STUFFING h&s&s ooga at, et The sherry cobbler is one kind of a shoe-horn.

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Railways and Navigation

L. E. & D. R. R.

Steamer Urania

on each Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday during season will leave Port Stanley for Cleveland, 11 p.m., returning leaves Cleveland 10 p.m. Sunday, Wednesday and Friday. Fare from London \$2, return \$3.

CAR FERRY, "SHENANGO NO. 1."

on each Monday and Friday during the season will leave Pt. Stanley at 6 p.m. (eastern standard time) arriving at Conneaut, Ohio, at 11 p.m. Returning leaves Conneaut, each Monday and Friday at 9 a.m. (central time), carrying Pt. Stanley at 4 p.m. Fare, one way, from Pt. Stanley, \$1; return, \$2. Saturday to Monday, return fare, \$1.50. Special tourist rates to points in Ohio and Pennsylvania.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"The Niagara Falls Route."

Excursions

At Following Low Rates

Seattle, Tacoma, Wash., Vancouver and Victoria, B. C., and Portland, Ore., round trip.....\$76.55
Nelson, Robson and Rossland, B. C., round trip.....\$71.55
Arizona and California Points, one way.....\$50.00
British Columbia Points, one way.....\$38.80 and \$41.30
Montana Points, one way.....\$36.85 and \$37.85

Grocers' Excursion—

Niagara Falls, July 25, good for two days. Return fare.....\$1.75

Further particulars at City Ticket Office 236 Richmond Street, JOHN PAUL City Passenger Agent, O. W. RUGGLES, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Upper Lake Service
Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday during season of navigation, Steamships Alberta, Athabasca and Manitoba will leave Owen Sound at 6:30 p.m., after arrival of S.S. Express leaving Toronto at 1:30 p.m.
Connection will be made at CPR Sault Ste. Marie and Port Arthur and Port William for all points west.
H. NOTMAN, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, 1 King Street East, CPR Toronto.
THOS. R. PARKER, City Pass. Agent, 14 Dundas Street, corner of Richmond.
CPR + CPR + CPR + CPR + CPR + CPR

WHITE STAR LINE

REDUCED FARES.

New York to Liverpool via Queenstown

S.S. MAJESTIC, July 26.....12 Noon
S.S. BRITANNIC, Aug. 2.....12 Noon
S.S. TRUTONIC, Aug. 9.....12 Noon
S.S. CYMBIC, Aug. 15.....12 Noon
S.S. GERMANIC, Aug. 16.....12 Noon
S.S. MAJESTIC, Aug. 23.....12 Noon

*Excellent Second Cabin accommodation on these steamers.
Rates as low as by any first-class line. Berths secured by wire if desired.

E. De La Hooke,</