By "THE DUCHESS."

"What is love? "Tis not hereafter; Present mirth hath present laughter. What's to come is still unsure."

" 1) RIDGET! BRIDGET!" cries Bridget's young mistress, in a clear, sweet tone. There is this.' something of anxiety in it—enough to make the old woman to whom the name kitchen to the sitting room than is her

An' what is it, agra?' says she, stepping over the thres old, and looking up window, a tall, slight, childish figure is enter the hall by the lower door.

standing. Smething dreadful, I'm certain Come here! Come here! beckoning hur riedly to the old woman, without taking hereyes off the window. 'Hurry, can't you Look out over there,'-pointing.
What is that? A man, eh?-a man

her!, wounded?'
'l'aix, 'tis like that'' says the old woman, laying her hand to her brow, and staring into the growing darkness of November evening.
What can be the matter with him,

British ? laon't know, me dear. But he do to a bad, whatever it is !!

·He shouldn't have come this way, such Miss McDermot, anxiously. You know those bogs down there and those too. Bridget! did you see! He was nearly in then!

Well, let him help himself' says Brigget, wrathfully, 'whoever he is, for throughn' ye like this! An' may the heavens sind him sine, to kape him for heavens sind him sine, to kape him for the niture from searchin' for cowls mud Dates at this sayson of the year?

You never care a pin about anything, deliget,' says her young mistress, gland mg angrily at her over her shoulder,

You, me dear!' retorts the old woman promptly; whereupon both mistress and mad laugh in a subdued sort of way, satta little afraid of being heard.

Then me conscience! he'll be there all mont, if the morning doesn't see him grother world, says the old woman as seady, who again has returned to her eding of the distant figure that is trying in an uncertain familion to cross norms. She is a rather handsome woman, with masses of snow white ... ir their are but partly hidden beneath a still more snowy cap. Her dress is of the ordinary Irish peasant, with ag white apron flowing over the skirt

t the gown. Whoever he is, says Miss McDermot, sring over the old servant's should r rough the parlor window, 'he certainknows nothing of the neighborhood. Dars is about the most dangerous bog choat here. Don't you think, Bridget, we ought to send some one to help

Unless ye mane me,' sayı Mrs. Dris. oil, whose Christian name is Bridget, I den't know who ye can sind; as ye know well enough yerself, miss (an' taix ly lights up the gratis you've had cause to know it), the tral figure prone. master niver lets Patsy out ev his sight rom mornin' till night. 'Twould be ndic'tons to count on him And besides --- Glory be miss! did ye see that? For a winged bird, he's a wondhermi

Indeed, the man in the beg below wems (in spite of the fact that he is entling with an injured arm) extraordinarily full of life. The ill luck that has led him into this dangerous mass of water and spongy soil is not strong enough to destroy him; even as the two wemen, watching him breathlessly in the window of the gaunt old house, have dn at given way to despair, he makes t last effort, and, landing on a firm bit of turk jumps from that again to the firm

That last effort seems, however, to have exhausted him. He staggers rather fear than walks towards the house. As no nears it, the girl, watching nim, can see how ghastly is his there, and, flinging open the old tassioned casement with an abrupt gestare, she springs down to the soft grass beneath, regardless of the old servant's a monstrances.

A few minutes brings her to the stranger's side.

'You are hurt, sir. You are faint. Lean on me. Ch! we watched you crossing that terrible bog, and at one time we feared - But you are safe now. You will come in? Your arm, I fear,

'Broken,' says the young man, with a

nervous smile. Oh! I hope not. Sprained, perhaps --but not broken. There!--are you easier now? Lean heavier on me; I don't mind it a bit; and—Oh, don't faint! Oh, Patsy! Patsy!'-to the groom, gardener, boot cleaner, man ofall work, who comes nurrying up to her. 'Catch him! He's awfully heavy.'

l'atsy catches him. Is he dead entirely, d'ye think,

'No; only fainted. There! Be care ful! His arm, he says, is broken. There, now! Oh, is that you, Bridget? to the old woman, who has hobbled ou: to her in a very angry frame of mind): where can we put him, do you think? In the north room?"

'The hall will do him. I'm thinkin', till the docther tell us where to sind him, says the old woman icity. With one to warn him? or hadn't he an cye in open unwillingness she lends a hand to his own head? Br. what's the good of convey the fainting man into the house.

Two or three chairs arranged in the hall make an improvised stretcher; but the unconscious man lying on them looks so miserably uncomfortable that the girl's heart dies within her.

'He can't stay there! Take him to the morth room, she says, sherply, 'Miss Dulcinca, don't do that!' says Bridget, compressing her lips and re-

garding her young mistres with an 'Tis unlucky enrugh anxious gaze. that a half-dead crature should cross the threshold; but to take him in-to keep nerves and a good APPETITE.

The state of the s

him—till death claims him, that will is so dark. Did you notice that? And be bad miss! I'm tellin' ye't will be from where is he? What is he? 'One o'thim young gintlemen up at

going to die because his arm is broken. the cab driver. You know him, miss? Patsy, give a hand here—to the north 'No—no,' dresmily. 'Not at all.'

Patsy, give a hand here—to the north room I tell you!

'Miss Dulcie darlin', be sinsible now.
I tell ye a hurt man brings no luck.
An' yer father, darlin'—think ov him!
What'll he say."

'The McDermot, whatever his faults, would not grudge hospitality to a fainting man.'

'Well, well! maybe. But look here now, my dearie! There's Sir Raiph to be thought of! If he should hear of

'Let him hear of it!' says the girl angrily. 'Am I to study his wishes, even before I—?' she pauses as if to belongs to hobble more swittly from the finish the sentence is distasteful to her, and a frown contracts her exquisite, low, broad Greek brow. 'I'm tired of hearing of Sir Ruph!' says she a second later, in a clear, ringing, wrathful tone.

A tone loud enough to reach the cars the hig bare room to where, in the third of the foremost of two men who now

II.

"O sweet Fancy! Let her loose; . Everything is spoilt by use."

"There is a garden in her face."

He is a tall man, between thirty and thirtytwo years, but looking considerably older. Not a handsome man-not even a commonly good-looking one. A more de-cidedly plain man in a well bred way than Ralph Anketell it would be difficult to find. That his large mouth is cult to find. That his inegative does kindly and his small eyes earnest does little to redeem his face. But one thing sigh.

Wid them that are risin', but not 'Wid them that are risin', but not hetter set up man than he, or one strong er or more vigorous, is hardly to be found in the Irish county to which he

Miss McDermot's last words have been quite clear to him, and being engaged to her he may be pardoned for not finding them exactly palatable. B yond a swift glance at the girl however, he takes no notice of them; and the glance goes astray, as she is looking at the ; rostrate figure on the chairs rather than at him-a fact that comes home to Anke tell with a little chill.

He had entered the big hall (beauti fulley n in its decay and disorder) by the lower door that bads to the games followed by Duleinea's father. The bit ter-The Mollerm w-is a spare, tall, gaunt man, with dull eyes c vered by overhanging brown, and a most dogged mouth. Perhaps from him the girl one taken her obstinacy and hatrad of control, it ir on the dead mother she has in herited the great love of truth and benor and the well of hidden affection that lives almost unexpected within mr

What is this? what is this? do mands her father, hurrying forward to where, in the dim grawing the autumn twilight, the silent figure des.

Daleinea, in a low tone, and with a slender hand uplifted, as if to insurquiet for the wounded man, tells her

The whole scene makes a picture hardly to be forgotten if once seen-as once seen it was:

The soil gray, dying light, that scarce trat figure prone, inanimate; the old careful I'm tellinge. He's none of yer woman there, with her white hair and soft test. He and soft test. cap and scornful sir; the bending tigurthe manaervant; and here, where the lights from the eastern window fall full upon her, the proud, slight figure of the girl, drawn to its fullest height and with the lovely face uplitted. The rays from the departing our fall with a wintry rapture on her nut brown hair, lighting it in parts to gold. She is looking stirred, anxious; she is leaning a little for ward towards her father; and her eyessuch eyes! blue, deep, heavenly blue; blue, like the ocean when it dreams of storm-are turned expectantly to his. Her lips are parted. And in the background. the two still figures-the father's and the lover's-both silent, w. ndering.

The is ill f ther; he will die if rioved, says the girl, in soft tones fraught with

'He?-who is he?' asks The McDer mot suspiciously.

'Ah' of that we know nothing.' Her hand is still uplifted. 'But Bridget says he is not to rest there-there!' with a swift gesture towards towards the comfortless lounge, until the doctor comes.

'Certainly not' says The M Dermot, taking a step forward. 'There! Here. Patsy, what are you about? Carry this stranger to—where Dulcie?

'The north room is the warmest. It has been prepared for Andy; but he may not come,' says Miss McDermot. 'And even if he does-Take care, Patsy. Father! his arm is broken.'

She runs to the body they are lifting. and thrusts her own young firm arm under it, where the broken limb bangs helpless.

She is a second later a little surprised at finding herself thrust gently if some what unceremoniously aside.

'This is a man's work, not a woman's, says Sir Ralph curily, if courteously You must try to torgive me il you find me in the way.'

'Who is he, who do you think, Bridget?' asks Miss McDermot half ar hour later of her henchwoman, when she has soothed that angry despot to a proper state of mind. How can I tell hinney? He may be the

ould by timselt for aught I know; an' tey, I wouldn't wendher. Who but the ould bey could come through that bog alive? What did he mane at al , I wondher, hy coming this way? Was there no an eye wid them English? Why they haven't a gr in o' sins between them.'

You think he's E glish ? - eagerly, Couldn't enee that much in the cock o' his mise? Fax yers mar as blind as he is himself if ye e n dn't note that much; and the strange twist o' his

tongue. Och ! English, sure!' 'I con't think he looks English! He

BETTER than cure is prevention. By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla you may keep well, with pure blood, strong

for your undoin', miss.'

Nonsense!' says the girl, scornfully.
What superstition! Besides, he is not last night, as I'm towld by Larry Murphy.

'What! Not Larry the Thief? Arrah, what ails ye at all, me dear " 'Oh, Larry? Oh! of course,' blushing furiously. 'I thought you were talking of-of--'

Well. I wasn't says the old woman dryly. 'I wouldn't presume to let me

tongue run a race about them English 'You really think the poor man we

rescued was-is-au Englishman? 'Sorra doubt of it! Bad scran to the day we saw him. 'Ye'll see now, miss, 'twill bring us no luck. An' naught but a wandherin' artist, I'd bet me life! The ould Lord above there is cracked on fools o' that kind, I'm towld.'

'Why should artists be fools?' asked Dulcines, perhaps a little coldly.

Well, for one thing, they never has a

penny to their name. 'We haven't a penny either' says the girl, with a superb straightening of her lovely figure. 'Are we fools?'
'More or less,' says Mrs. Driscoll.

serenely,—'yer father anyway' What's he bin doin' wid the property all these years? Makin' ducks and dhrakes of it. However,' eave the old woman, 'let Mc-Dermot do what he like. It's not of the likes of him I'd dare spake the unkind word; but thim others" with a contemptuous snill. 'What's thim ' Nothin'! People as go travellin' here an' there through the country 'an' niver a reof to their heads, or a grandfather to their portion. A McDermet shouldn't be named in the same day wid thim, penny

or no penny. 'Ah! the pennies count, Bridget,' says the girl, with a quick but heavy

with the ould stock,' says the old woman eagerly. 'A McDermot poor is the same as a McD amot rich.

No no's mking her head sadly. 'Ye say that? The more shame to thim as makes we feel it " crics the old woman fiercely, her line quivering. How dare any one forget, the days, not so long distant ayther, when this cold is use was the heat in the County Cork, and when the MeDermots could shake their fists in the faces of all their enemis ?"

'I suppose we could do that row' sav Dulcinea, laughing in spite of herself. Then going back to her former morel, Well that's all over, Bridget, says she imperiently. 'The end of the MeDorin its hes come. Father, as you know, is the ber of them."

*N. 1 don't. There's you' there's erice the old woman has the on knielely suciment sive the with a rather and lough. 'I'm afr 13 I should never sum months on the correge to shake my list at anyle dv." "There's one at whom you shake it often enough, says the old woman re-*Take care ye don't do it

ance too often." ·Would the consequences? (saucily) her edisastrons, then.

' $\chi_{\rm S}$ ' now, me dear' you know but ther shout that than I could tell ye " " Who could tell me if you couldn't?"

orn sely misuederstanding ber And 6 I shake my fist at you, Bridget? And when I do it or ee too often, what ' (mus-" usly) will you do to me then ch" I kin w that, whativer comes of it. But with a little smile. He from the deputs don't go ton far wid Sir Ralph, reise; me of the ancient armeledir, smalls back at

turning with a little petulant gesturand walking away.

111.

When a man is old And the weather blows cold. Well fare a fire and a furried gowne: But when he is young

And his blood new sprang

His sweetheart is worth half the towns It is a month later, and now very cl asto Christmas.

S it wreaths of snow heng upon every bough. Nature has spread herself a mantle so white, so chill, that scarce one dares to dream of life beneath it. In the eld bouse, if nothing else is then tiful, fires are To The McMcDermet warmth is gold-and so much gold he grants himself if in other ways he is compelled to study strict economy. Something in the brilliant glare of the huge pine logs lying on the massive lumps of glowing coal remind him in a measure of the days gone by, when he could hold up his head with the best,

and keep open house for all his friends. A whole month ' Thirty full days, and still the young man who had been brought in fainting to the old castle of the McDermots is the McDermot's guest. The dector, summoned in haste, had pronounced him in a highly feverish state, and unlit for removal. He had broken his arm out shooting, in some unaccountable fashion; and the walking for miles afterwards, trying in vain to find a short cut to Ballybeg, the residerce of Lord Begmore, with whom he was staying, and the subsequent immersion in the castle bog, and his exer tions to escape from it, all had combined to render him as weak a creature as nature ever kept life in. To remove

him had been impossible. The McDermot, to whose sins inhos pitality earl dinty never could be laid and made his guest as welcome as possible. Lord Begn-ore, too, whose guesta he young man was, had been assidulus in his attentions, calling every other day at first and to the present moment sending ing flowers, fruit and game. These last were a godsend to Bridget and Daleines. who, with the short purse they held for housekeeping expenses, would hardly have known how to keep their guest in the little delic cies needful for an invalid

without this help. And after all he has not proved an artist! He has nev r 'wandered' in the sense Bridget had suggested; and cer tainly he has always had a grandfather Brangcombe So there certainly is no |doubt about the grandfather.

His name is Lucien Eyre, and his appeasunce beyond argument. A hetter cult to find. Miss McDermot came to before, something about it.'

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this conclusion early in his stay with her; and even now, when he is mending, and one need not feel so altogether sen- tory way. 'Never' not fer a moment timental about him as when he lay stretched upon his bed, hovering between beautiful life and hideous death, she have thought about that sometimes so; sees no cause to alter her decision. As | way; and, besides --a fact, he is distinctly handsome—of the dark Italian type one sometimes sees in didn't occur to me was, that you were English people. And at all events his free laugning mouth, and the tall muscubar figure he possesses, are essemially English.

Yesterday he was well enough to be moved down to one of the lower rooms. -a rather gaunt, impossible room, that had once been a schoolroom, to judge by the general break-up of the faculture. Miss McD rmed had wished him to be brought to the drawing-room, the one dee ntly if peorly kept up room in the to some otner place, where the advent of visitors used not distarbustus. Secre old scaredroom, had been requisitioned. and a contestable chair pot 1140 it, next to a routh thre.

"Well, new do you feel " "...sked Delei n, a, coming into the room like a your spring by executly life and ensures.

She used to be alread of frim at first when we learned ne was so hear to be table, - abrided the poverty of her own. surrouseings, that must be one by binso long as to was borbath requestable. he had proved so briget as day gay, and so gram ful for even the smollest merchs. that her heart had gone out to min. Even the difficult Bridget had been conquered-in a measure.

Say has stepped in the light of the

'I'm a swindle!' sevene. well as any follow, only --only what?

timly I don't want to go, says he, in a low tone, but boldly, ... How good of you that is I says suc.

slipping into a chair at the other side of the glowing bearth, and spreading out hound "cries Eyre, with passional conher pretty white fingers to the blaze, tempt. Just precending-to please me-that we have made you comfortable. Well, girl quickly, 'I may not want to marry with a sigh) 'we've done our best kim; I may have been persuaded to en ather and I; but it hasn't been much, gage myself to bim; I may not care for

I know that. she is leaning towards it, and the rays. catching her bins eyes, light them up

until they gleam like supphires. . I am not pretending, says the young man, leaning towards her. 'And-

so delight'ul. 'No, you have not understood,' says he now. Dulcie, don't you know why Don't you-don't you know?'

'No, says she, shrinking from him a ittle, and growing pale beneath the lirelight -

10h, yea must know! says he, vehemently. For a whole week I have believed you knew. Last Monday, when you brought me those Christmas roses. . and I took them, . . . and you blushed; and, Dulcie-

He breaks off suddenly, and rising to To buy drinks for the boys-it don't pay his feet comes over to her. 'Dulcie, I love you. rising in turn, and drawing back from him. You must not. You cannot.

Don't you know about me?" K: ow about you?" 'Yes. No man must love me,' says the girl, putting out both her hands, as if in renunciation of all affections.

'But why? Durling why?' 'B cause I am engaged to be married,' returns she, with terrible a demnity.

have given him tood for mirch; being, phone 3085. however, a young man of the world for once honestly in love, it only gives him food for consternation.

'Engaged!' is all he can say

head. that grand courage comes to him.

a icle, his father being dead, and he an be broken Blessed thought! Now, it and timidity? No min can convince only son, and his grandfather Lord you had been married though even so the world of such faliacies.—HENRY D -well; but an engagement! 'Ah! you don't know,' says she

This one can't be broken.

"It didn't occur to me," says Ind. opening her tingers in her little explana-"What didn't" in a puzzled ton .your engagement. But really you must

'That' Nonsense,' says she, 'What' were --- she glanced at him shyly and ! snamefacedly, "well--were -you know."

"Dulcie?" cries he. "Oh, no?" cries she. "Don't touch me It is so abourd. You couldn't be in love with me in a month could you?

*Condn't I 'save he. "Well, even if you could," says of e, shaking her mead dismally, tit isn't of any use. Lather has made up his min by I am to many him."

"gir Rahm An" co II."

State in the Principal of Miss April 1. I of quantity. The isotropic from "I contract the true between वेग्रेजाचे । देश १ वर्ष भूपार वह भा।

of A fine earlier for purpose the a superior of E Anywhenti i sa penjaraji ma a Tran Anasti benan pangara Jingelsa Halada pangaraji

of the Late Country of the Add the records haji Himila yak kecamatang "I believe you do not be with."

cus Γ_{SP} , so nowing while $\delta \kappa_{GS}$. "You can believe very a configuration STARRY Were, accept a in the work large. It

mands the young man as ently, with I Tim in love with rot key on terts and, with cranic message, they be r thinks it will be a good thing for the bod

marry Sir Ralpia you are being correct little a mar myswith nim?

He is not a mean heard, says the girl onickly. I may not want to nearly tion in the cry least; but he is ask The firelight has fallen on her face; mean, and he is one of the kindest, just men I over met.

"Well, never mind what I have said." puts in E-re quickly. Her sudden de fence of the man whom she so plainly does not love has struck tim as a torch of nobility in her character. He can-'Hm!' says she, using the light soft | admire it the more as it seems to prove mentioning sound that belong to her, to him that love has no part in her deand that has often struck him as being fence. 'The thing I do want to but on, is -Daleie! lock at me! Tele ne you will try to love me."

"Why should I my to love you " says don't want to leave?—why I would she, tears rising in her eyes. Why rather be an invalid for ever than leave? should I try to love any one? I teal you, I am beand to marry Sir Raph, and-I must faithl my promise." Sarely not, if you courself object t

> 'To what?' 'To the promise' (To be continued.)

> > IT DON'T PAY

to buy drinks for yourself. It will pay to quit, but the treude has been to do 'Oh, no! Oh, no! cries she sharply, this. THE A HUTTON DIXON cure will absolutely remove all desire for liquor in a couple of days so you can quit with out using any self-denial and nobody need know you are taking the medicine You'll save in may and gain in health and self-respect from the start. Modicine is pleasant to taste, and produces go d apperise, refreshing sleep, steady nerves and coes not interfere with busi ness duties. Full particulars sealed. THE Being a young man of the world, this Dixon Core Co. No. 40 Perk Avenue, declaration might, on an ther ceasion, near Misson street, Montreal. Tele

Is the bel of in coastity which has run round the world 'r mi east to west, no h-'Yes! yes! Indeed!' hanging her ing but a superstition born of fear? Has it fasted to long only to be providet the There is little joy in her announces end a coward and a dupe? Is this sacriment-so little of anything but grief in thee of self mere instinctive folly in the the hanging of her dainty little head, Individual? Does he gain nothing by it? Are the worship of the Virgin Mary, and a roof over his next. In effect, he is 'An engagement! What is tout?' the praise of Galahad, the joys of self-a young man of family, and next heir to cries he eagerly. 'An engagement can denial, no more than monkish ignorance

America's greatest medicine is Hood's 'Why not? And -who ---? Oh, Dul- Sarsaparilla, which cures when all other featured man it would be perhaps diffi- cie! I think you might have told me, preparations fail to do any good whatBusiness Eards.

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