Love Finds the Way

"While you are resting I will go in search of Miss Lucas," he said, and this time Lilian did not detain him—indeed, she seemed to have forgotten that she had ever refused to permit him.

He left his book on the tree and pushed into the undergrowth.

Lilian looked after him for a moment, then sank into a reverie.

As she had said, it was a beautiful spot; the birds were singing melodiously; the shaded light fell softly on the moss; the tutor's voice, always low-pitched and musical, had chimed in with the air and beauty of the place. Now it had ceased, she felt—she was half conscious rather—that something was missing. The melody was broken, the harmony was a note, a chord wanting. Her eyes wandering dreamily round fell on the book, she took it up and turned over the pages idly. Then naturally looked curiously at the flyleaf. Her curiosity was rewarded but poorly. The page bore a very slight inscription, simply:

"To Cli."

"Cli," she repeated. "It is short and musical. Not written by a woman's hand though. Yet who could tell? Cli! Short for Clifford! Yes, it must have been a woman."

Voices reached her, she put the book down hastily with a slight blush, though why she should have been ashamed of looking at the book, she could not have explained.

"My dear Lilian," said the monotonous voice of Miss Lucas, as that lady stepped into the glade with her expressionless face and not less expressionless embroidery. "Where have you been? I feared you were lost."

"What, Kate, within a mile of dear old Rivershall?" laughed the heiress, banteringly. "Do not lead Mr. Clifford to think our people so disloyal. Sir," she added, turning to him with a look of pride, "there is not a cottage within ten miles at which I should not be at home."

He bowed.

"I believe it, Miss Melville," he said, quietly. And with a slight inclination of the head the beautiful girl was led away.

He resumed his seat and his book, but the former was hard and uncomfortable, and the latter less beautiful than he had pronounced it, for he threw it down with a gesture of uneasiness, and took to pacing across the moss, backwards and forwards as he paced the gallery at the Hall.

When Mr. Clifford, the following evening, entered the drawing room he found it occupied by a stranger—a young gentleman, with a good-looking but rather insipid face, fair hair and blue but rather unmeaning eyes, and a gentlemanly bearing.

He was standing with his hands in his pockets, looking at the pictures, and turned as Mr. Clifford entered, expecting to see Sir Ralph.

He bowed, and the salutation was returned.

"Fine evening," he commenced. "Been a capital day for the hounds if it was a couple of months later. Do you hunt?"

Mr. Clifford shook his head.

"No, unfortunately."

"You are right, it's fine sport, the rarest and grandest amusement going."

"Yes," said the tutor, "I have heard so."

The gentleman looked at him askance. A man who had only heard of hunting was, in his eye, a curiosity—or, rather, a monstrosity.

He looked him up and down critically, and shook his head decisively.

"You should hunt," he said, "you're made for it. This country's a rough un, wants a showy-made fellow, neat about the pastern. Now you——"

What the gentleman considered Mr. Clifford to be was to remain a mystery, for Sir Ralph entered with Lilian on his arm as an interruption.

"Ah, my dear Harry, how do you do?" he said, shaking hands, at which Miss Lilian followed suit.

'Let me introduce you—Mr. Clifford, Mr. Harry Besant."

The gentlemen bowed again, this time with more formality.

"And how are the hounds?" asked Lilian, from her chair.

"Capital, first-rate condition," replied Mr. Besant, with ready enthusiasm. "We shall have a fine pack, this season, Sir Ralph. I wish we could get Miss Melville to follow."

"Oh, I haven't the courage," said Lilian. "I am afraid the moment I hear them tonguing."

"Nonsense!" retirted Mr. Besant. "You've got quite as much pluck as the Warner girls, and see how they ride."

Lilian's lip curled slightly, and there was a twinkle in her eyes.

"Ah, you are mistaken," she said. 'Ask papa."

Sir Ralph shook his head and smiled.

"How did you come over, Harry?"

'On the brown cob, old Harkaway," replied the fox hunter. "Three-quarters of an hour."

"So," thought the tutor, "Mr. Harry Besant lives within ten miles of Riversdale," and with the thought he glanced at the sweet, girlish face before him.

"That's quick," said Sir Ralph. Then turning to Mr. Clifford, "I don't know whether you ride, Mr. Clifford?"

Mr. Clifford hesitated.

"No," he said, "I do not ride."

"Can't understand that," said Mr. Besant, with genuine astonishment.

On the road to the dining room he expatiated on the delights of equestrianism and the especial joy of riding to hounds.

He was evidently a favorite with Sir Ralph, possibly one with Lilian, for she talked to him with little reserve, and laughed freely at his mild jokes.

'She has known him since girlhood," thought the silent tutor. "Boy and girl together, estates joining closely, perhaps."

With a slight darkening of the brow, he took a longer look at the fair, insipid face.

But the conversation came his way, and, with a start, he exerted himself.

He could not ride, but he knew something of the horse, it was evident.

Much to Mr. Besant's delight he could enumerate the various Arabian breeds, tell the heights and capabilities of the Spanish roan, and the Hungarian sheltie, and knew more of the physique and proper training of the animal than Mr. Besant himself.

Sir Ralph was surprised.

Lilian might have been, but she did not look it.

Mr. Besant was charmed. His opinion of the quiet gentleman went up twenty degrees on the spot, and with the wine he grew pleasantly familiar, so much so that Mr. Clifford grew reserved, and, murmuring, "Now for the change," said aloud: "How do you think Miss Melville progresses with her Italian, Sir Ralph?"

Mr. Besant pricked up his ears and stared.

"Very well, I think," said Sir Ralph, in his stately way. "I am confident that she will attain perfection if she will but profit by your excellent teaching."

"Then, seeing that Mr. Besant was looking with all his eyes—and mouth, which was wide open—for an explanation, and feeling that the quiet tutor had acted honorably in refusing to sail under false colors, he said:

"Mr. Clifford has undertaken to teach Lilian Italian. It is a beautiful language."

"Yes," said Mr. Besant, staring at the grave face opposite, entirely unconscious that the "tutor fellow," as he always afterwards called him, was enjoying in a prim way his uncouth bewilderment and surprise.

For politeness' sake, and to take from the shock something of its suddenness, Mr. Besant addressed a few more words to the tutor, but long before the wine was done with his conversation had been confined to Sir Ralph.

Lilian was at the piano when they reentered the drawing room, and Sir Ralph's white hand kept her there.

"Play us something, Lily; Harry is fond of music," he said, in the gentle, loving voice in which he always spoke to her.

She complied instantly, and in a clear, soft voice sang a simple little song.

Mr. Besant beat time with his enamel-covered feet, and wagged his head with delight. The tutor fellow grew sterner and more saturnine.

"Thank you, Miss Melville. By Jove! a treat, a perfect treat," said Mr. Besant, walking across to the piano with the tread of a groom, tempered by a whipper-in. "Won't you sing us something else? Do."

"Yes, if you wish it," said Lilian, good-naturedly. "What shall it be?" and she turned over the contents of the portfolio.

"Do you know, 'Hurrah for a Hunting Morning'!"

Lilian nodded.

Sir Ralph laughed.

"That's a gentleman's song, Harry. Hunting is never out of your head or heart. Give us my old favorite, Lily, dear."

She sang the old song which she had hummed the night Mr. Clifford had presented himself, and sang it sweetly.

Sir Ralph's eyes half closed; who would believe that there were tears under the lids? And Mr. Besant was still more enthusiastic, and the tutor more grim and stern.

To him Lillian turned with a sudden gesture.

"Did you like that, Mr. Clifford?"

He half started and bowed.

"Yes," he said.

He did not thank her, for he knew that Mr. Besant would deem his thanks presumption.

The beautiful girl crossed over to the low chair at Sir Ralph's feet, and a conversation on music, the opera and the principal singers of the day was started.

She saw that a change had come over Mr. Besant's manner to Mr. Clifford, and glancing under her long eyelashes at his grave face knew, if she had not heard him, that he had explained his position in the house to the fox-hunting squire.

Her face grew wonderfully thoughtful, and then strangely sweet as she looked up suddenly, and turning on the arm that rested on Sir Ralph's knee, said:

"Mr. Clifford, you sing?"

He looked for a moment as if he would deny it, but she gave him no time.

"Pray sing up something."

Again, as if obeying her absolute command, he rose and walked to the piano.

Sir Ralph settled himself with easy dignity as he would have prepared himself to hear a hired professional.

Mr. Besant stared with insolent curiosity

The long, white hands lingered on the keys for a few seconds, then he commenced in a full and sweetly musical voice, that held you and charmed you out of yourself before half a dozen bars were got through, a peasant's song of Provence.

The words were in English, simple, with no love meaning, plain and manly.

The listeners were surprised; one of them might have owned to another feeling, perhaps.

The singer got up and resumed his seat with grave composure.

"Sir," said Sir Ralph, with slow gravity, "you have an exceedingly pure voice. If you teach but half as well as you sing, Miss Melville's Italian will be fluent."

Mr. Clifford bowed gratefully.

"May we trespass on your good nature for another?" said Sir Ralph.

"Certainly," said the tutor, taking this as fully a command as the other

As he played the symphony the door opened, and Miss Lucas, who had dined in her own partment that day and not appeared before this, entered.

She paused for one moment, and if her eyes could have borne any expression that one would have been astonishment, but with her catlike tread she moved on to a seat, and bent over her embroidery without the loss of a moment.

This time the song was in Italian. None but Lillian knew the meaning save the singer, but she remembered one verse as that which he had read in the wood, and so held the clue.

Mr. Besant found his voice by the time the song was concluded, and drowned Sir Ralph's encomiums with his:

"Splendid, by Jove! Never heard anything like it, except at the opera."

Lillian rose and walked over to her companion. She had not thanked him by word or look, and he knew it.

"What a recluse you are, Kate!" she said; "what have you been doing all the evening?"

"Writing some letters, my dear," replied the monotonous voice.

This reminded Mr Clifford that he had some writing to do, and he retired for the night.

"He's a clever card that tutor fellow," said Mr. Besant, barely giving the "tutor fellow" time to get clear of his voice—"talks about horses like a book, and sings like a nightingale."

"Yes," said Sir Ralph, who did not like anything in which he had a proprietorship to be carelessly praised or blamed. "Mr. Clifford is an excellent young man and a very clever one. An excellent young man."

"Yes," said Mr. Besant, "quite the gentleman, too, eh? almost, eh?" and he looked round interrogatively.

Lillian turned to him with a calm, inquiring gaze.

"So you thought him a gentleman, did you, Mr Besant?"

"Ye-es," said Mr. Besant, as if he were ashamed to admit it. "Yes, I did, 'pon my honor."

"Well," said Lillian, as quietly and simply as before, "I think the mistake was pardonable."

Mr. Besant's horse was at the door, and he took his leave.

Miss Lucas retired with noiseless footsteps.

Sir Ralph, with his daughter's beautiful head on his breast, said:

"Well, Lily, dear, Mr. Clifford sings well—he has a beautiful voice. Do you like him better than you did, my dear?"

Lily shrugged her shoulders with a pretty affectation of haughty indifference.

"No papa, I cannot say I do. Mr. Clifford is perfection, but I abhor a paragon."

(To be Continued.)

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Fine Colored Muslins

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Sharp at 8.30 to-morrow morning we place on sale 500 yards of New York Muslins, without a doubt the prettiest muslins for cool summer dresses, displayed to-morrow for the first time, and at a special price for quick selling. Intending buyers should take advantage of this special sale. Worth regular 40c, sale price ..... 25c yard

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Visit this busy section of the store to-morrow, when you will find displayed a late shipment of beautiful Blouse Fronting Embroidery, and better still on sale at less than manufacturer's prices. Worth regular up to $1.50, yours for ..... 75c front

35 Dozen Women's Lisle and Cotton Hose to Go

They are Worth Reg. 25c, Tuesday to Clear 15c each

A special maker's lot of high grade Summer Vests by special purchase will go on sale to-morrow at a price for immediate selling. Buy your summer supply to-morrow and save, at each 15c, 2 for 25c

Manufacturer's Stock of Taffeta Ribbon

Good Value at 25c, Sale Price 12½c Yard

600 yards of lovely Taffeta Ribbon, splendid for millinery, hair bows and sashes, 5 inches wide, perfect quality; on sale in 17 different shades; the best ribbon chance of the season. Buy to-morrow, at per yard .. 12½c

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Jumper Dresses $1.98

A splendid assortment of colors, also smart Polka Dot Muslins, trimmed with Val. lace and insertion, regularly $4.50, on sale at $1.98

Wash Suits $3.98

Navy, white, pink and pale blue Indian Head, semi-fitting, coat nicely tailored and trimmed, skirts gored, trimmed with fold, regularly $6.95, sale price $3.98

Special Values from Our Staple Section

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Fine, soft finish Underwear Nainsook, 42 inches wide, worth 22c yd., special ..... 17c yd.

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50-inch Linen Suiting, round, even thread, special weight for coats and skirts, worth 60c yd., for 43c

Galatea 19c

Hyde-grade Galateas, neat stripes in blues, tans, greys, etc., for ladies' and children's wear, regularly 25c, for 19c

Bath Towels 29c

20 dozen Fancy Striped Bath Towels, heavy, absorbent weave, extra large size, soft and rough finish, 40c value, for 29c

White Cotton 10c

50 pieces Round Thread English Cotton, clean, even weave, full 36 inches wide, worth 12½c, for 10c

Thursday Housefurnishing Bargains

Snaps in Lace Curtains

Regular $1.35, special Tuesday 95c pair
Regular $2, special Tuesday $1.35 pair
Regular $3, special Tuesday $1.89 pair

All are strong, double thread, strong and durable, handsome designs.

50c Window Shades 25c each

Only 5 dozen left, in assorted colors, full size, good roller, all complete.

Hammocks! Hammocks!!

Besides several fine styles in low prices we have three grand Hammocks, in various coolrings, all with splendid pillows and valances, Tuesday at ..... $4.00, $5.00 and $6.00 each

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CASTORIA

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

The dirigible baloon Zepplin I. landed at Metz on Sunday afternoon. The balloon left Friederichshaff last Monday, but was detained several days on account of an accident to her machinery and gales.

Mr. D. D. Mann has made a satisfactory settlement with the Canadian Northern engineers.

FOOLISH YANKEES.

British Captain Rouses Their Ire at Stamford, Conn.

Stamford, Conn., July 4.—Because he flew the British flag on his vessel here to-day, Captain Merriam, of the British schooner King Josiah, aroused the ire of some patriotic Americans, and they made complaint to the police. Chief of Police Brennan went down and had a talk with Captain Merriam, and the captain hauled down the British flag.

"It is ridiculous," he said, "to find fault with the display of my flag. I ran it up as a mark of respect to the United States. I have done the same thing many times in Boston, New York and other American ports, and no complaint was made. In fact, it would be disrespectful to the United States if I didn't run up my flag on this holiday."

Captain Merriam is a Nova Scotian. The schooner is a two-master, and the owner is Josiah Saley, of Nova Scotia.

The "Lake of Bays" Country.

A handsome brochure, artistically illustrated, has been issued by the passenger department of the Grand Trunk Railway system, telling of the beauties of the Lake of Bays district in the "Highlands of Ontario." A new feature of this district is the new hotel—the Wawa—at Norway Point. The hotel itself has a page illustration reflecting the summer glories of woodland and water, with a brood of seven wild geese soaring skyward beyond the tower. The concise description embodies the story of a charming resort. A copy can be obtained free on application to J. D. McDonald, D. P. A., Toronto.

C. W. Hayes, manager of the mail advertising department of the T. Eaton Co., Winnipeg, was drowned while boating on the river while a celebration was in progress. His home was in Wilmington, Ohio.

STEAMSHIPS

White Star-Dominion Royal Mail Steamships

Laurentic, triple screw; Megantic, twin screw; largest and most modern steamers on the St. Lawrence route. Latest production of the ship-builders' art; passenger elevator serving four decks. Every detail of comfort and luxury of present day travel will be found on these steamers.

OTTAWA .. .. .. July 10, Aug. 14, Sept. 18
CANADA .. .. .. July 17, Aug. 21, Sept. 25
LAURENTIC .... .. July 24, Aug. 28, Oct. 2
DOMINION .. .. .. July 31, Sept. 4, Oct. 9
MEGANTIC .. .... Aug. 7, Sept. 11, Oct. 14

The popular steamer "CANADA" is also again scheduled to carry three classes of passengers. While the fast steamer "OTTAWA," and the comfortable steamer "DOMINION," as one-class cabin steamers (called second class), are very attractive, at moderate rates. Third class carried on all steamers. See plans and rates at local agent's or company's offices.

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New Twin-Screw Steamships "California," "Caledonia" and "Columbia" (Average passage 7½ days.)

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NORTHERN NAVIGATION CO.

GRAND TRUNK ROUTE

CHANGE OF TIME PARRY SOUND DIV. Effective this date, Trips of Str. WAUBIC to Point au Baril are discontinued. Str. leaves Parry Sound, south bound, at 6.30 a.m. instead of 7.00 a. m.

FULL SUMMER SERVICE Mackinac Div. Four trips weekly to Mackinac. Lv. Collingwood and Owen Sound Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

FOR SOO, PORT ARTHUR, FORT WILLIAM. Strs. leave Sarnia Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. Wednesday and Saturday Strs. through to Duluth.

H. H. Gildersleeve, Mgr., Collingwood. C. H. Nicholson, Traf. Mgr., Sarnia.

RICHELIEU & ONTARIO NAV. CO. Steamer Belleville

Leaves every Tuesday 12 noon for Bay of Quinte, Thousand Islands, Montreal and intermediate ports.

STEAMERS TORONTO and KINGSTON leave Toronto 3 p. m. daily for Rochester, Thousand Islands, running the Rapids to Montreal, Quebec and the Saguenay River.

For tickets apply to R. & O. local agents.

FIGHT WITH DEATH.

Diver's Apparatus Failed to Keep Him Supplied With Air.

St. John, N. B., July 3.—Thirty-five feet beneath the waters of the channel between Partridge Island and the shore, Diver Fred Doyle fought a desperate battle with death through failure of the pump of the diving apparatus to keep him supplied with air. After repeated signals for air he had just strength enough to pull the life-line and was hauled to the surface in a semi-conscious condition, blue in the face and with blood flowing from his mouth and nostrils.

He was revived by means of stimulants adbinistered by Dr. R. C. Ruddick, who was hastily summoned from Partridge Island, and later was able to walk from the landing stage at Reed's Point to his home. Last night, although suffering from the effects of the terrible ordeal, he was making good progress towards recovery.

SHOOTS EIGHT MEN.

An Armed Ex-Convict Defies an Oregon Posse.

Ione, Oregon, July 3.—Eight men, including Postmaster E. T. Perkins, were shot here to-day in a battle between a sheriff's posse and T. G. Earheart, said to be an ex-convict. W. H. Escue, an aged man of Portland, was shot, perhaps fatally, by members of a posse by mistake, and Earheart was wounded in the back after having shot six of his pursuers. None of the victims, with the exception of Escue, is seriously wounded. Earheart surrendered to the posse after his ammunition was exhausted, and was taken to Heppner.

Earheart quarreled with E. E. Miller, on whom he is alleged to have drawn a knife. Earheart afterwards, it is stated, broke into a store and stole a shotgun and a quantity of ammunition. Meanwhile Deputy Sheriff Cason gathered a posse and called on Earheart to surrender. The reply was a shot, and then Earheart started to run. The posse fired several dozen shots after the fleeing man, who returned the fire.

Earheart took refuge under a warehouse, whence he fired at his pursuers, hitting several. Escue, who had been sleeping on the ground nearby, arose and some members of the posse mistook him for Earheart and fired at him, inflicting injuries from which he may die.

When Earheart's ammunition was exhausted he surrendered. He appeared to have been drinking, and he said that he believed a conspiracy was on foot to murder him.

HUNTSVILLE MAN

Drowned While on His Way to Deerhurst, Muskoka.

Huntsville, July 3.—This morning as the steamer Algonquin was passing the mouth of the canal on her way to the portage, the body of a man was seen lying in shallow water. It proved to be that of Joe McIlwain, 60 years old, of Huntsville.

He left Huntsville last night in a punt and rowed over Fairy Lake, evidently with the intention of going to "Deerhurst," where in previous years he had been employed. It appears that the boat capsized close to the mouth of the canal, and the body drifted into shallow water.

The Havana House of Representatives passed the bill legalizing cock-fighting in Cuba, which was immediately signed by President Gomez.

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For tickets and further information call on CHAS. E. MORGAN, City Agent, or W. J. WEBSTER, Depot Agent.

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Commencing July 5th steamships will leave Owen Sound at 5 p.m.,

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Steamship express leaves Toronto 1 p.m. on above days. For tickets, berth reservations and further particulars apply at city ticket office, corner King and James streets, or Hunter street station.

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Trains Nos. 79 and 76 have through Pullman sleepers between Toronto, Hamilton, Pittsburg and Cleveland. See new time cards.

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GREEN BROS., Funeral Directors.
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The Newport Iron mine, near Bessemer, Mich., is on fire below the sixteenth level. One man is cut off by the fire, and is undoubtedly dead. The mine has been sealed. Four hundred men will be rendered idle.

Rev. Michael Lynch died at Peterboro, aged 82.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Niagara Falls, New York—1.05 a.m. daily, 2.27 a. m., *5.37 a. m., †9.05 a.m., *10.05 a.m., 5.45 p.m., *4.20 p.m.

St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo—1.05 a.m., *5.37 a.m., †9.05 a.m., *10.05 a.m., †11.20 a.m., 2.20 p.m., *5.35 p.m., †5.43 p.m., *7.20 p.m.

Grimsby, Beamsville, Merritton—†9.05 a.m., †11.20 a.m., †5.43 p.m.

Detroit, Chicago—*1.12 a.m., 6.50 a.m., 9.05 a.m., *3.45 p.m., *5:45 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., †3.33 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—12.45 a.m., †7.10 a.m., †11.20 a.m., and *9.05 p.m.

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

Toronto—*12.45 a.m., 6.50 a.m., †7.50 a.m., *9 a.m., *10.45 a.m., †11.15 a.m., †11.30 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.

*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., and all points in the Maritime Provinces and New England States.

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

10.00 a. m. (daily) for Toronto.

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), 9.20 a. m. (daily), 1.15 p. m., 3.45 p. m., 5.20 p. m., (daily), 7.15 p. m., 11.10 p. m.

TORONTO, HAMILTON & BUFFALO 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	*6.25 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, dining 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
*3.30 a. m.	.. Detroit, Chicago and Toledo Express	**8.55 a. m.
**9.53 a. m.	.. Brantford and Waterford Express	**10.40 p. m.
**12.20 p. m.	.. Brantford, Waterford and St. Thomas Express	**6.30 p. m.
**3.05 p. m.	.. Detroit, Chicago, Toledo and Cincinnati Express	**3.05 p. m.
**7.40 p. m.	.. Brantford, Waterford and St. Thomas ..	**8.20 p. m.

Sleeping cars on Michigan Central connecting at Waterford.

*Daily.
**Daily, except Sunday.

HAMILTON RADIAL ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Hamilton to Burlington—*6.10, *6.40, *7.10, *7.40, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10, 10.40, 11.10, 11.40 a. m., 12.10, 12.40, 1.10, 1.40, 2.10, 2.40, 3.10, 3.40, 4.10, 4.40, 5.10, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.40, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10, *10.40, *11.10.

Hamilton to 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.

* Daily, except Sunday.

Burlington to Hamilton—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30 a. m., 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, *10.30, *11.00, 12.00, *1.00 p. m.

*Daily except Sunday.

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 p. m.

*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, GRIMSBY & BEAMSVILLE ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Leave Hamilton—*7.10, *8.10, 9.10, *10.00, 10.10, 11.10, *12.10, †12.45, *1.10, *2.00, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, *5.00, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, *11.10 p. m.

Leave Beamsville—*6.15, 7.15, *8.00, 8.15, 9.15, *10.15, *11.15, *12.00 a. m., 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, *3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, *9.40 p. m.

*Daily, except Sunday.
†Sunday only.

BRANTFORD & HAMILTON ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Leave Hamilton—*6.30, *7.45, 8.20, 9.20, 10.20, 11.20 a. m., 12.20, 1.20, 2.20, 3.20, 4.20, 5.20, 6.20, 7.20, 8.20, 9.20, 10.20, *11.20 p. m.

Leave Brantford—*6.30, *7.45, 8.00, 10.00, 11.00 a. m., 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, *11.00 p. m.

*Daily, except Sunday.

STEAMER TURBINIA.

Between Hamilton and Toronto.

Leave Hamilton, 10.45 a. m., *5.30 p. m.
Leave Toronto, 8.00 a. m., 2.00 p. m.
*Saturday 6.30 p. m., instead of 5.30.

STEAMERS MACASSA AND MODJESKA.

Leave Toronto, 9.30, 11.30 a. m., 5.30 p. m.
Arrive Hamilton, 12.15, 2.15 and 8.15 p. m.
Leave Hamilton, 8.00 a. m., 2.15 and 7.30 p. m.
Arrive Toronto, 10.45 a. m., 5.00 and 10.00 p. m.
Note—Special time table Wednesday and Saturday.

THE HAMILTON FERRY CO.

North shore time table for Wednesday and Saturday:

Leave Hamilton—5.20, 7.20, 9.20 a.m.; 12.20, 2.20, 4.20, 6.20, 8.20, 11 p.m.

Arrive Hamilton—6.40, 8.40, 10.40 a.m.; 1.40, 3.40, 5.40, 7.40, 9.40, 12.20 p.m..

Time table for Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday:

Leave Hamilton—5.20, 7.20 a.m.; 12.20, 6.20, 11 p.m.

Arrive Hamilton—6.40, 8.40 a.m.; 1.40, 7.40 12.20 a.m.

SUNDAY SERVICE.

Leave Hamilton—11 a.m., 1.50, 2.30, 4, 5, 8 p.m.

Arrive Hamilton—12.20, 2.20, 3.50, 4.30, 6.20, 9.20 p.m.

Plumbing and Heating Contractor

GEORGE C. ELLICOTT
Phone 2068 119 King W.

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