If It Is Convenient

E. N. HUNT, 190 Dundas Street-

The Face Behind the Mask

A Romance.

"Don't you go near it, sir," said the host warningly. "Others have gone, as he told you, and never come back; for these be dreadful times, and men do they please. Between the plague and their wickedness, the Lord only knows what will become of us!' "If I should return here for my horse

in an hour or two, I suppose I can get him?" said Sir Norman, as he turned towards the door.
"It's likely you can, sir, if I'm not dead by that time," said the landlord, as he sank down again, groaning dis-mady, with his chin between his

The night was profoundly dark; but Sir Norman knew the road and ruin well, and, drawing his sword, walked resolutely on. The distance between it and the ruin was trifling, and in less than ten minutes it loomed up before him, a mass of deeper black in the blackness. No white vision floated on the broken battlements this night, as Sir Norman looked wistfully up at them; but neither was there any ungainly dwarf, with two-edged sword, guarding the ruined entrance; and Sir Norman passed unmolested in. He sought the spiral staircase which La Masque had spoken of, and, passing carefully from one ancient chamber to another, stumbling over piles of rub-bish and stones as he went, he reached at last. Descending gingerly its tor-tuous steepness he found himself in the mouldering vaults, and as he trod them, his ear was greeted by the sound of faint and far-off music. Proceeding further, he heard distinctly, mingled with it. a murmur of voices and laughter, and through the chinks in the broken flags, he perceived a few faint rays of light. Remembering the direc-tions of La Masque, and feeling in-tensely curious, he cautiously knelt down and examined the loose flagstones until he found one he could raise; he pushed it partly aside, and lying flat on the stones, with his face to the aperture, Sir Nirman beheld a most

"Love is like a dizziness," says the old song. Love is something else—it is the most selfish feeling in existence. Of course, I don't allude to the fraternal or the family, or any other such nonsensical old-fashioned trash that artiess people still believe in, but to the real genuine article that Adam felt for Eve when he first saw her, and which all who read this-above the innocent and unsusceptible age of 12-have experienced. And the fancy and the reality are so much alike that they some light on the dark mystery he was anxious to see through, and could amount to about the same thing. The amount to about the same thing. It was anxious to see through, the former, perhaps, may be a little short-inis ears have run into needle-points to lived; but it is just as disagreeable a sensation while it lasts as its more ensensation while it lasts as its more ensensation then and there performs during sister. Love is said to be blind, and it also has a very injurious effect on the eyesight of its victims—an effect that neither spectacles nor oculists can aid in the slightest degree, making them see, whether sleeping or waking but one object and that alone.

I don't know whether these were

wondrous sight.

Mr. Malcolm Ormiston's thoughts, as he leaned against the door-way, and folded his arms across his chest to await the shining of his day star. In fact, I am pretty sure they were not; young gentlemen, as a gen eral thing, not being any more given to profound moralizing in the reign of His Most Gracious Majesty. Charles II., than they are at the present day; but I do know that no sooner was his bosom friend and crony, Sir Norman Kingsley, out of sight, than he forgot testotally as if he had never known that distinguished individual. His many and deep afflictions, his love, his anguish and his provocations; his beautiful, tantalizing, and mysterious lady-love; his errand and its probable consequences, all were forgotten; and Ormiston thought of nothing or nobody in the world but himself and La Masque! La Masque! that was the theme on which his thoughts ran, with wild variations of alternate hope and fear, like every other lover since the world began, and love was first an institution. "As it was in the beginning, is now, and never shall be," truly, truly it is an odd and wonderful thing. And you and I may thank our stars, dear readers, that we are a great deal too cheeves for such a bloodthirsty daw to Ormiston's flame was longer-lived than Sir Norman's; he had been in love a whole month, and had it badly, and was now at the very crisis of a malady. Why did she conceal her cace—would she ever disclose it—would she listen to him-would she ever love him? feverishly asked Passion; and Common Sense (or what little of that useful commodity he had left) answered-probably because she was eccen--possible she would disclose it for the same reason; that he had only to try and make her listen; and as to her loving him, why Common Sense owned

he had her there.

I can't say whether the adage, "Faint heart never won fair lady," was extant in his lime, but the spirit of it certainly, was, and Ormiston determined to prove it. He wanted to see La

All grocers sell Tea, but al Teas are not the same. Some are good and some are not. We have had a great many years' experience, and after carefully studying the productions of all the countries we recommend the use of

Pure Indian or Ceylon.

Make your Tea in an earthon pot, use bolling water, let it draw seven minutes. Buy our 25c or 35c Indian or Ceylon.

Masque and try his fate once again; and see her he would if he had to stay there as a sort of an ornamental prop to the house for a week. He knew he might as well look for a needle in a haystack as his whimaical beloved through the streets of London—dismal and dark now as the streets of Luxor and Tadmor in Egypt; and he wisely resolved to spare himself and his Spanish leathern boots the trial of a one-handed game of "hide-and-go-to-seek." Wisdom, like virtue, is its own reward; and scarcely had he come to this laudable conclusion, when, by the feeble glimmer of the house-lamps, he saw a figure that made his

[Continued from page 2.]

yard Kipling's great poem, "The Absent-Minded Beggar," with the refrain, 'pay, pay, pay!' To 'pay' is important, but by adding one more letter we have something more import-

lamps, he saw a figure that made his heart bound, flitting through the night

heart bound, flitting through the night gloom toward him. He would have known that figure on the sands of Sahara, in an Indian jungle, or an American forest—a tall, slight, supple figure, bending and springing like a bow of steel, queenly and regal as that of a young empress. It was draped in a long cloak reaching to the ground, in color as black as the night, and clasped by a jewel whose glittering flash he saw even there. A velvet hood of

he saw even there. A velvet hood of the same color covered the stately head; and the mask—the tiresome, in-

evitable mask—covered the beautiful—he was sure it was beautiful—face. He

had seen her a score of times in that very dress, flitting like a dark graceful ghost through the city streets, and the sight sent his heart plunging against his side like an inward sledge-

hammer. Would one pulse in her heart

stir ever so faintly at hight of him'

Just as he asked himself the question,

and was stepping forward to meet her,

feeling like the country swain in love
- "hot and dry like, with a pain in his

side dike"—he suddenly stopped. Another figure came forth from the shadow of an opposite house, and pro-

nounced her name. It was a short fig-

ure-a woman's figure. He could not

see the face, and that was an immense

relief to him, and prevented his having jealously added to his other pains and

tribulations. La Masque paused as

well as he, and her soft voice softly

"Ah! I am glad to meet you. I have

been searching the city through for you. Where have you been?"

come back at all. I did feel dreadfully

sorry for her, poor thing; but you know, Madame Masque, I could do no-

thing for her, and I should not have come back, only I was afraid of you."

Masque, sternly, or at least as sternly as so sweet a voice could speak; "you

did very wrong to leave her in such a way. You should have come to me at

"But, madame, I was frightened!"
"Bah! You are nothing but a cow-

Ormiston drew back as the twain

approached, and entered the deep portals of La Masque's own doorway. He

could see them both by the aforesaid faint lamplight, and he noticed that La

Masque's companion was a wrinkled

old woman that would not trouble the

peace of mind of the most jealous lover

in Christendom. Perhaps it was not

just the thing to hover aloof and lis-

ten; but he could not for the life of

There was a moment's silence of-

which La Masque stood, tall, dark, and

vibrating voice of La Masque, at last.
"How could I, madame? You know I

fled from the house, and I dared not

back. Perhaps she is there still."

pose that sharp shrick of yours was unheard? No; she was found; and what do you suppose has become of

The old woman looked up and seem-

ed to read in the dark stern figure,

and the deep solemn voice, the fatal truth. She wrung her hands with a

"Oh, I know, I know; they have put her in the dead-cart and buried her in

the plague-pit. Oh, my dear sweet young mistress."

who was crying, "she was dying of the plague, and how could I help it? They

vould have buried her in spite of me.

[To be Continued.]

you or I at this moment.'

"She was not dead: there was your

The fond mother dreams great dreams

of baby's future as she holds the sleeping

little one in her arms. But the dreams

will never come true unless she has

given him a strong body and a healthy mind. Children die in hosts, or live to struggle through life feeble of body and dull of mind because the mother was

unfit physically and mentally for motherhood. Women who use Dr. Pierce's

Favorite Prescription endow their children with strong bodies and bright minds.

It is every mother's duty to give her child the advantages of a healthy body and mind. A weak or sickly woman cannot do this. "Favorite Prescription"

makes weak women strong and sick

Mrs. Orrin Stiles, of Downing, Dunn Co., Wis., writes: "I have been intending to write to you ever since my baby was born in regard to what your 'Favorite Prescription' has done for me. I cannot praise it enough, for I have not been as well for five years as I now am. In July last I had a baby boy, weight II pounds, and I was only sick a short time, and since I got up have not had ene sick day. I have not had any womb trouble since I got up. I was not only surprised myself but all of my friends here are surprised to see me so well."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousne

She was as much alive as

"If you had stayed by your dear,

"Perhaps she is not. Do you sup-

ard. Come into this doorway, and tell

once, and told me alt."

me all about it."

ed.

sort of cry.

contempt.

"It is I, madame-Prudence."

"Who calls?"

PRAY! PRAY! PRAY! Now we've answered Rudyard Kipling as to Tommy Atkins' pay, Let us see what else there is that

we can do,

For, though giving money's useful, it
is not the only way

Tommy Atkins can be helped by me

and you. Catholic, High Church, Low Church, no church, Take an "r" and weave it into Shoulder to shoulder prop your hands uplifted. And pray-pray-pray!

God bless our dear brave soldiers and those whom they obey, Give them wisdom, courage, strength

And bright gleams of Christian sun-shine to help them on their way Of sacrifice and stern self-abnegation Old men and maidens, young men

Matrons with sons at home and far away, Shoulder to shoulder keep your hands uplifted. And pray-pray-pray!

Canon Dann offered the following prayer: "O Eternal God, be pleased to receive in thy almighty protection the persons of these thy servants, about to proceed to South Africa in defense of our Most Gracious Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria, and of her dominions. Preserve them from the perils of trav-"Madame, I was so frightened that I don't know where I fied to, and I could scarcely make up my mind to el, whether by land or sea. Give to them true courage and endurance. Protect them from the violence of the enemy. And be thou ever their de-fense and ready helper, that they may return again in safety to enjoy the blessings of thy goodness, with a thankful remembrance of thy mercies, to ever praise and glorify thy holy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. "You did wrong, Prudence," said La

THE CITY'S GIFT.

Mayor Wilson, on behalf of the citizens, wished the volunteers Godspeed He did so with pride and sorrow, he said. With sorrow, because of sympathy with the dear ones left behind, and with pride because of confidence that every man would do his duty. It was gratifying to learn that those who had gone before had gained their first battle, and the speaker was satisfied this contingent would do the same. He called for cheers for the contingent, and they were given with tremendous

him help it; and stand and listen he accordingly did. Who knew but this nocturnal conversation might throw

then took place. Packages containing two sovereigns were handed to each of ners, and to the nineteen others one sovereign each was given. Mayor Wilson and a number of ter the two entered the portal, during the aldermen and aldermen-elect assisted in the distribution. commanding, motionless as a marble column; and the little withered old

Ladies of the Maple Leaf League also passed along the line, presenting to each volunteer a "housewife," and specimen of humanity beside her stood gazing up at her with something be-tween fear and fascination. pinning a flower on the lapel of his "Do you know what has become of your charge, Prudence?" asked the low

Friends of the boys crowded around them to shake hands and say farewell, but the opportunity was brief. In a few moments the order to march was

Ald.-Elect Brener distributed cigars among the men before they left the drill shed.

TO THE STATION.

The route taken was west on Central avenue to Richmond street, and north to the station. The streets were lined with people, who cheered and pressed on towards the station as the soldiers advanced. The order of the procession was as follows: Squad of city police, in charge of

Sergt. McGuire. The 25th Battalion Band, of St. Thomas. Col. Holmes, D.O.C., Col. Stacey,

sweet young mistress, instead of run-ning screaming away as you did, it might not have happened," said La Masque, in a tone between derision and 25th; Major McLachlan, 25th; Rev. Canon Hill, chaplain of the 25th; Recruiting Officer Capt. Betty, 21st, Windsor, and other officers.
'Mayor Wilson and members of the council, together with a number of citizens and the St. Thomas delegation.

No. 1 Company, Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry, in command of Lieut. Lister. Attached men from Wolseley Barracks, in command of Capt. Carstairs. London Field Battery and officers.

First Hussars, in command of Col. Canadian Mounted Rifles, in com-

mand of Major King.
Seventh Battalion Band. Seventh Battalion, in command of Major Little. As soon as the drill shed was left,

the crowd that had been waiting out-side and those who had been in with the soldiers, rushed towards the station, a few blocks away. The shortest routes were the most favored. The more active part of the crowd rushed past the others. Sleighs of every de-ecription passed rapidly along the back streets. On the route of march the people waited until the last soldier had gone by, and then they, too, followed

AT THE STATION.

The scene at the C. P. R. station was a wholly enthusiastic one, and little idea can be formed by those 'not present of the immense crowd that thronged the narrow strips of the station platform on either side of the train. As early as 4 o'clock the people began to assemble. The contingent train was made up of two cars added to the regular 5:10 express from the west. The crowd had grown to immense proportions over an hour before the contingent arrived. Standing room was at a premium, and men and boys clambered up posts, stood on trucks, fences, and every place where a foothold could be secured, even the neighboring trees being alive with the boys. When the crowd from the drill shed reached the drawt the great became much the depot the crush became much greater, and it was almost impossible to move. The crowd stood the crushing and jostling about with exceedingly good humor.

The approach of the troops was heralded by the strains of "Soldiers of the Queen" from the bands of the 7th Fusikers and the 25th Battaiion (St. Thomas). At the first sight of the soldier boys, a hearty cheer went up and much enthusiasm was displayed. On the station platform the members of the permanent force, from the barracks, and the 7th Fusiliers, fined up, and the members of the contingent moved down between them to the strains of "Rule, Britannia," passing directly

atong, and aboard the train without de-lay. The crowd moved along with and after them, and sunged around the cars, where many touching and hurried farewells were said. When the men were all aboard, up went the car win-dows, and hand shaking and good-byes continued. One fiftle old lady, with her eyes filled with tears, toroad her way through the crowd to a car win-dow, and called upon a member of the contingent to inform her son that she wished to see him. When her depart-ing son appeared at the window she reached up a tiny parcel, stating that in the excitement of bidding him good-bye she had forgotten it. A num-ber of friends of Jimmy Fraser cap-tured him at the east end of the sta-tion and carried him about on their shoulders, singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." A number of the other members of the contingent were also carried about by the crowd.

carried about by the crowd.

From the time the contingent arrived until the train moved out the crowd swayed up and down, and there was no resisting an onward or backward movement. Cheer after cheer was given by the crowd as the train began to move, and hats and 'kerchiefs were waved on all sides. The cheering con-tinued until the train had gone some distance. The men on board waved and shouted their last adieus to those behind.

THE LATE

D. L. MOODY

Official Statement Regarding the Institutions Founded by Him at Northfield.

"I have been ambitious not to lay up wealth, but to leave work for you to do," were almost the last words of D.

L. Moody to his children.

At a meeting of Mr. Moody's friends held in Northfield on the evening of his funeral it was resolved that a statement regarding the institutions founded by him be given to the public.
These institutions are unique in char-

acter, and offer an unequaled opportunity for young men and women of Umited means to secure an education will thoroughly equip them for Christian life and service.

They consist of the Northfield Sem-

inary and Training School for Young Women, Mount Hermon School for Young Men, and the Bible Institute, Chicago. All are incorporated.

The Northfield plant consist of about

1,200 acres of land and about thirty buildings, beautifully situated and ex-cellently equipped. With present en-dowment it is valued at one and a quarter millions, and is practically free from debt. At Chicago the buildings, land and endowment exceed \$250,000 in

value. The Northfield schools have about four hundred students each, who are charged \$100 per annum for board and tuition. The actual cost is about \$200. At Chicago the amount required approximates \$150 each for 300 students. In brief, therefore, a sum of about Mayor Meehan, of St. Thomas, assured the men that they had the interest and esteem of the residents of the Railroad City. He wished them a speedy return, and bespoke a hearty walcome.

The sum has therefore been largely raised by his personal efforts. We besteve his friends will now wish to expect their appreciation of him and the residents of the residents of the residents of the past twenty years.

their gratitude to God for his accomplished work by sharing the responsi-bilities bequeathed to his children, by raising the present limited endowment to \$3,000,000, the interest on which, at 4 per cent would guarantee the perpetuation of his work in all its present prosperity. Such an endowment would be a monument to his memory more enduring than brass or marble, and just such a memorial as he himself

would have most desired.
The appeal is therefore made now to Mr. Moody's friends throughout the work to contribute, without curtailing their support for current expenses, to a Moody memorial endowment, notify-ing his elder son, W. R. Moody, East Northfield, Mass., of the amount they are moved to give.

WASTED TO A

SKELETON

with a persistent Cough that nothing but Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup seemed able to cure.

The constant hacking cough that sticks to you in spite of everthing you have done to relieve it, means danger. The longer the sough stays, the more serious menace is it o your health. It's easy to check a cough at the outset with Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. If you've let it run on, though—takes a while longer to cure it, but Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup can cure it even then, after other remedies fail.

Here's the case of Miss Allida Rivard,

Emerson, Man., who says: "Last winter I contracted a bad cold which stuck to me in spite of the different remedies I tried. The constant coughing reduced me so that I was almost a skeleton. A friend told me Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup would cure me so I thought I would try it. The first bottle helped me so much I continued its use until I had taken three bottles in all, which completely cured me. I have recom-mended this remedy to dozens of my

FREE TO MEN.

THE writer will send, absolutely free the formula which restored him to vigorous health after suffering for years from the effects of the follies of youth, which caused a failure of the vita! forces, and nervous exhaustion. If you are really in need of breatment, I will gladly send the formula free to wask, suffering men. Geo. McIntyre, Box C-12, Fort Eric, Ont.

TINY TIM.

How many of us have spent a delicious hour with Dickens' little "Tiny Tim." He pleased us because he was for ever helping, or ready to help some unfortunate.

Dr. Hope's TINY TABLETS are doing exactly the same thing. They are helping thousands of unfortunate nervous, broken-down people to get

One little TINY TABLET after each mea, and before retiring will give you new life. If you feel tired —IT'S NERVES.

TAKE DE HOPE'S ABLETS FOR

TREASURER'S SALE OF LANDS IN THECOUNTY OF MIDDLESEX.

Province of Ontario,
County of Middlesex,
ad County of Middlesex,
ad County of Middlesex,
and sealed with the corporate seal thereof,
which warrant bears date the 21st day of November, 1899, and is to me
directed and addressed as the treasurer of the said county, commanding me to levy in accordance with the provisions of "The Assessment Act," in that behalf, on the lands hereinafter mentioned and described, being in the said county, for taxes in arrears thereon respectively and lawful costs, I hereby give notice that unless the said taxes and costs be sooner baid I shall proceed to sell by public auction at the Court House, in the City of London, Ontario, on Wednesday, the Eighth of March, A.D. 1900, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon, the said lands, or as much thereof as may be sufficient to discharge the said taxes and costs and charges in and

| 19 12 14 | Sub- | Street | Name C | rigia | al | | Years for Which | Am't Taxes | |
|---|----------------------|---|-------------------------|--------------------|--------|--------------------------|--|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Township. North Dorchester do | Lot. e pt 1 | or Block. west range | of Survey. McClary's | Lot. 11 1/20 | Con. A | | | Due. \$ 3 41 20 11 | \$2 85 |
| do The | etofore | rly 3% of the 6 sold for taxe of s 1%. | acres) | | 1 SR | 41/2 | 1895 to 97 | 5 40 | 2 84 |
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All the lands herein mentioned are patented. (a) "SR" means south of River Thames. (b) Mrs. Boland's. (c) Robert Morrison's. First published in the London Advertiser on November 30th, 1899.

A. M. McEVOY, Treasurer of Middlesex County. County Treasurer's Office, London, Nov. 21st, 1899.

USE

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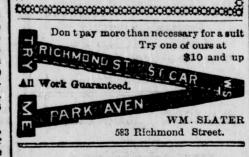
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*Carries first cabin passengers only.
From New York to Glasgow — State of
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RATES OF PASSAGE.

First cabin. \$50 and npwards. Second cabin
\$35. Steerage, \$22 50 and \$23 50. New York to
Glasgow. First cabin. \$46 and upwards.
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London agents—E. De la Hooke, T. R. Parker, F. B. Clarke.

On and after Sunday. Oct. 16, 1869, the trains leaving Union Station, Toronto (via Grand Trunk Railway) a t a.m. and 9:30 p.m., make close connection with Maritime Express and Local Express at Bonaventure Depot, Montreal, as follows:

The Maritime Express will leave Montreal daily except on Saturday, at 7:00 p.m., for Half fax, N. S., St. John, N. R., and points in the Maritime Provinces.

The Maritime Express from Halifax, St. John and other points east, will arrive at Montreal daily except on Monday, at 5:30 p.m.

The Local Express will leave Montreal daily, except Sunday, at 7:40 a.m., due to arrive at Riviere du Loup at 6:00 p.m.

The Local Express will leave Riviere du Loup daily, except Sunday, at 12 noof, and Levis at 4:35 p.m., due to arrive at Montreal at 10:10 p.m.

10:10 p.m.

Through sleeping and dining cars on the Maritime Expense. Buffet cars on Local Electric Control of the Control of

Maritime Express. Buffet cars on Local Elepress.

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