#### 

# **MARGUERITE'S** SECRET

As soon as it was daylight the sad party separated—old Mrs. Compton going about to take upon herse'f, for the better comfort of the family, the supervision of domestic affairs, and Nc'lie stealing softly on tiptoe up to the denth chamber. Nevertheless, the watchful old physician heard and came to speak to her at his own door.

"How has she passed the night, ductor?"

"In perfect repose, as far as I can judge."

"In perfect repose, as far as I can judge."

Nellie stole noiselessly into the room, softly took away the night lamp that was still burning, then gently opened a window to admit the fresh morning air, and finelly went up to the bedside to gaze upon the mother and child, It was a touching picture. Both were sleeping. The shadows of death had crept more darkly still over Mrs. Helmstedt's beautiful face, but she seemed to rest quietly, with one hand laid over Margaret's shoulder, in a protecting, soothing maner. Margaret's face had the troubled look of one who had been overcome by sleep, in the midst, and despite of great sorrow. As Nelikie gazed, Mrs. Helms edt. "In perfect repose, as far as I cen judge."

Nellie stole noiselessly into the room, softly took away the night lamp that was still burning, then gently opened a window to admit the fresh morning air, and finally went up to the bedside to gaze upon the mother and child. It was a touching picture. Both were sleeping. The shadows of death had crept more darkly still over Mrs. Helmstedt's beautiful face, but she seemed to rest quietly, with one hand laid over Margaret's shoulder, in a protecting, soothing manner. Margaret's face had the troubled look of one who had been overcome by sleep, in the midst, and despite of great sorrow. As Nellise gazed, Mrs. Helms edit, with the sensitiveness of the dying, perceived her presence, and opened her eyes. "How are you, dear Marguerite?" inquired Nellie.

Her lips moved, and Nellie stopped to eatch the faint murmur that came from

"Hush sh! don't wake her. It took

"Hush—sh! don't wake her. It took so long to get her to sleep—and sleep is such a blessing!" These were the last words of Marguerite Helmstedt. Saying them, her eyes turned with unutterable love upon the little form sleeping beside her and her hand essayed again its soothing part, but that dying hand was too feeble, and it slipped powerless, from its work.

Margaret, at the same moment, open-cher eyes, with that distressed, perplexed expression wherewith we first awake after a great sorrow. But in an

ed her eyes, with that distressed, per-piexed expression wherewith we first awake after a great sorrow. But in an instant all was remembered. Her moth-er dying since yesterday! Simultaneous-ly with this anguish of recovered mem-ory came that strange power of self-control, with which this young creature was so greatly endowed. "How are you, sweet mother!" she asked calmy."

asked, calmly.

The lips of the dying woman fluttered and faintly smiled, but no audible sound issued thence. Her powers of speech had failed. Margaret grew deadly pale.

"Do not be alarmed, and do not worry

"Do not be alarmed, and do not worry her with questions. She is very much exhausted. The doctor will give her a cordial presently," eaid the pitying Nellie, seeking to conceal the terrible truth. But had she looked for an instant into that pale, resolute face she would not have leared any unseemly outburst of sorrow on the part of that young girl. Nellie, assisted by Margaret, placed Mrs. Helmstedt in an easier position and arranged the bed drapery. Then, while old Mrs. Compton and Dr. Hartley paid a visit to the room, she took Margaret

a visit to the room, she took Margaret downstairs and constrained her to take downstairs and constrained her to take a cup of coffee, that she might be able to attend upon her mother through the day, Nellie said. And upon this adjuration, Margaret forced herself to take some refreshment.

After that the young girl resumed her watch, and never again, left her dying mother.

Mother.

As yesterday passed, so passed this day, except that Mrs. Helmstedt was sinking faster. As yesterday, so to-day, she lay quietly, in a gentle, murmuring delirium, not one word of which was audible, but which flowed on in a continuous citem in the property of instricular, music audiole, but which flowed on in a continuous stream of inarticulate music. Her life waned with the day. Late in the afternoon, during a lucid interval, sue signed her wish that all might depart from the room and leave her alone with her child.

with her child.

And they went.

And as upon the night preceding, so upon this afternoon, at a sign from Mrs.

Helmstedt, Margaret lay down beside her, as if consenting to take some rest.

At another sign she drew her mother's powerless hand over her own shoulder. And then, with a sigh of content, Mrs.

Helmstedt closed her eyes as if to sleep.

The day was dying. The sun was sinking low in the horizon. In the parlor below the friends of the family were watching its slow but sure descent, and mentally comparing it with the steady decline of life in one above, and mournfully wondering whether she could live

beams of the setting sun, now snining through this window, touched the harp, drawing from its burnished frame responsive rays, "in lines of golden light." A moment thus stood the harp in a blaze of quivering glory, and then, as a sheaf that is gathered up, the rays were all withdrawn, and the sun sunk below the horizon. Simultaneously, as if some awful hand had swept its strings, each chord of that harp in swift succession snapped in a long, wild, wailing diapason of melody, that died in silence with the dying sun, as though all music, light and life went out together, forever. All arose to their feet and looked into each

of melody, that died in silence with the dying sun, as though all music, light and life went out together, forever. All arose to their feet and looked into each other's faces, in awe-stricken silence. And the same instant a sudden, prolonged, despairing shriek rang through the house.

"It is Margaret! Something has happened!" exclaimed Ralph Houston, breaking the spell.

All immediately hurried upstairs with prophet's intimations of what had occurred.

They were right.

Marguerite Helmatsdt was dead, and her daughter was distracted!

With matchleas heroism Margaret had maintained her self-control until now; but the grief restrained for her idolized mother's sake now broke all bounds—and raged, a wild, wild storm of sorrow. Who shall dare approach her with words of comfort? Who, indeed, can console her? Not one of you, well-meaning friends; for you never sounded the depths of woe like hers. Not you, young lover; for in the passionate idolstry of her grief, she feels that to lister to your voice, beloved as it is, would, at this hour, be sacrilege to the presence of the dead. Not even you, holy, elequent minister of God. Seek not to soothe her sorrow, any one of you. It were vain, and worse than vain. It was a mockery. Can you breathet the breath a mich the restrict of life again into the cold bosom of the dead mother that lies in yonder cham.

her up to an old quiet attic, a sort of "chamber of desolation," where she sat dow nand held her—still never breath-ing a word—only making of her own em-bracing arms a physical support for the fainting form, and her affectionate bosom a pillow for the weeping head. And so she held her for hours, while she moan-

she held her for hours, while she moaned and went.

"Oh, mother, come back to me! I cannot bear it—I cannot! Oh, God, have mercy! Send her back to me! Thou canet do all things, dear God—send her back!"

And sometimes: "Oh, mother! do you hear me! are you near me! where are you? Oh, take me with you! I ake me with you! I am your child, your heart's child! I cannot live without you, I cannot! Oh, my mother, call me after you—call me, mother! Don't you hear me—don't you bear your child? Oh, mother, can't you answer me—can't you answer

—call me, mother! Don't you hear me—don't you hear your child? Oh, mother, can't you answer me—can't you answer your child? Oh, no—you cannot. I am growing crazy!" And other wild words like these; to all of which old Hildreth listened without making any expostulation, uttering any rebuke, or offering any vain words of comfort. At last, when exhausted nature succumbed to a deep and trancelike sleep. old Hildreth carried her down and tenderly undressed and put her to bed, and sat watching for hours while she slept. The next morning, when Margaret opened her eyes, her grief awoke afresh. She wished to fly immediately to the side of her mother. But this was strictly forbidden. At last, partly because she had already shed such floods of tears and partly because she made almost superhuman efforts to control herself, she restrained the outward expression of her grief, and went to Mrs. Houston and said:

"Ite me see my mother. If you do not, I shall die. But if you do. I will be very quiet, I will not make a moan, nor shed a tear, nor utter a sinche complaint. Con-

quiet, I will not make a moan, nor sh a tear, nor utter a single complaint. Consider—when the coffin is once closed. I shall never-never see her face or hold shall never—never see her face or hold her hand again! Even now I can look upon her face, and hold her hands. and kiss her; but in a little while I cannot even do that. Consider then how precious, how priceless is every moment of a time so short; and let me go."

Margaret spoke with so much self-control and forced calmness that her words and manner were strangely formal. And Mrs. Houston, deceived by them, consented to her wish.

Mrs. Houston, deceived by them, consented to her wish.

And Margaret went down to the favorite parlor, where Mrs. Helmstedt was laid out. The shutters were all closed to darken the room; but the windows were up to ventilate it; and the breeze blowing through the Venetian blinds of the bay window played upon the broken harp, making a fitful moaning in strange harmony with the scene. Margaret reverently lifted the covering from the face of the dead, and pressed kiss after kiss upon the cold brow and lips. And then she took her seat by the side of her dead mother and never left her again for a moment while she lay in that room.

The third day from that being Sat-

Saw autumn's sunset glowing,
She sleeps, still looking to the West,
Beneath the dark wood shadow,
As if she still would see the sun
Sink down on wave and meadow."
CHAPTER X.

"Come, Margaret, come, my dear child, it is time to go home," said Mars. Houston, gently trying to raise the orphan from her kneeling posture by the grave—"come, dear Margaret."

"Oh, I cannot! Oh, I cannot! Not yet; Not so soon!"

"My love, the boat is waiting and the rest of our friends are gone."

"Oh, I cannot go so soon! I cannot hurry away and leave her here alone."

"But, Margaret, it is late, and we have far to go."

far to go."

"Go, then, dear Mrs. Houston, and leave me here with her. I cannot forsake her so soon. Dr. Hartley will let me istay at his house a few days to be near her, I know."

"As long as you like, my dearest child, as if it were your own house—as it is—and as if you were my own child," said the kind-nearted physician, laying his hand as in benediction upon the bowed head of the kneeling girl.

"But, my child, think of Ralph! You have not spoken of him since—since your hands were united. Consider now a little the feeling of Ralph, who loves you so entirely," whispered Mrs. Houston, stooping and caressing her, and thinking that all good purposes must be served in drawing the orphan girl from the last sleeping place of her mother.

"Oh, I cannot! I cannot! I cannot think of any living! I can think only of her! of her! my mother!"

"What! not think of Ralph, who loves you see the deared all."

"What! not think of Ralph, who loves

"What! not think of Ralph, who loves you so devotedly?"
"Not now! Oh, I cannot now! I should be most unworthy of any love, if I could turn from her grave, so soon, to meet it! Mr. Houston knows that," seh passionately cried.
"I do, my Margaret, I feel and understand it all. I would not seek to draw you from this place, but I would remain and mourn with you," said Ralph Houston, in a low and reverential tone, but not so low that the good doctor did not overhear it, for he hastened to urge:
"Remain with her, them, Mr. Houston; there is no reason why you should not, and every reason why you should."
And so said Mrs. Houston, and so said all friends.

And so said Mrs. Houston, and so said all friends.

"But what says my Margaret?" inquired Ralph Houston, stooping and speaking gently.

"No, Mr. Houstor, do not stay, please; leave me here alone with her—let her have me all to herself, for a little while," whispered Margaret. And Raiph rose up, thanked Dr. Hartley, and declined his hospitality.

"Good-by, then, dear Margaret! I shall come to you in a lay or two."

"Good-by, Mrs. Houston."

"To be continued.)

### **PUSHING WHITE** SLAVE WAR.

FEDERAL MARSHALS THREE GIRLS FROM RESORT

Syndicate Heads in Jail-Alphonse and Eva Dufour Surrendered by Bondsman, Pat O'Mailey.

Chicago, Juna 25.—In pursuance of his an to drive "white slave" dealers out of Chicago and break up the syndicate of Frenchmen that has been selling French girls in the south side levee, United States District Attorney Edwin H. Sims last night ordered a raid upon Mme. Eva's resort at 2021 Armour avenue.

Mme. Eva's resort at 2021 Armour avenue.

A squad of deputy United States marshals under charge of William Grilliths surrounded the Armour avenue I cu-e in the evening and captured three yo.ng French girls. They were arrested on a special warrant that came from Washington during the day, signed by Oscar S. Straus, secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor.

The Government has evidence that these girls have been in the United States less than three years and on attempt will be made to deport them, as well as to punish those responsibly for their presence in the house. The women arrested are: Charlotte Gilles, 26 years old; Mary Penroy, 19 years old; Harriet Richards, 19 years old. In default of bonds the women were locked up in jail. They will be arraigned at 2 o'clock this afternoon before a board of special inquiry to be named by Immigration Inspector Davies. The hearing will be held in the offices of the Department of Commerce and Labor in the Commercial National Bank building.

Mr. Sims came down to his office in

At another sign she drew her mother's powerless hand over her own shoulder. And then, with a sigh of content, Mrs. Helmstedt closed her eyes as if to sleep. The day was dying. The sun was sinking low in the horizon. In the parlor below the friends of the family were watching its slow but sure descent, and mentally comparing it with the steady decline of life in one above, and mournfully wondering whether she could live to see another sunrise.

In the recess of the beloved bay window Mrs. Helmstedt's forsaken harp still stood in mournful splendor. The level beams of the setting sun, now shining through this window, touched the harp, drawing from its burnished frame responsive rays, "in lines of golden light."

At moment while she lay in that room.

The third day from that, being Satturday, the funeral took place. As it was to be a boat funeral, all the neighbors of the Department of Commerce and Labor to brought their boats. A large company assembled at the house. The religious services were performed in the parlor where the body had been first laid out. After which the procession formed and moved down to the beach, where about fifty boats were moored. Not a single sail among them all were large or small rowboats. The oars were all muffed, and the oarsmen wore badges of mourning on their sleeves.

The island boat, the Nereide, had had her sails and mosts all taken away and had been painted white, and format the stood in some three stood when the stood in mourning on their sleeves.

The island boat, the Nereide, had had her sails and mosts all taken away and had been painted white, and format the stood of the section of the said she came over to work in a corset factory in New York and was unable to get any more work. Another said she had come 'over with a Franch factory in New York and was unable to get any more work. Another said she had come 'over with a Franch factory in New York and was unable to get any more work. Another said she get any more work. Another said she had come over with a French family six years ago and after the family went back to Paris she stayed in New York. The step from the Tenderloin to the Ar-

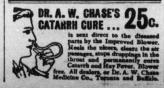
The step from the Tenderloin to the Armour avenue house in Chicago was easy. We have information sufficient to deport these girls, and it will be brought out in the hearing."

It is believed the three women arrested are among those brought to this country by the Duval-Dufour-Bosque syndicate, against whom raids were made last week. The heads of the syndicate, which conducted a "terteat" for girls in Blue Island, were arrested and their cases will be taken to the grand jury this week.

girls in Blue Island, were arrested and their cases will be taken to the grand jury this week.

Government agents have been working since last week's raids to establish the fact that the immates of the Armour avenue place were brought here for a specific purpose during the last trip to Paris made by the agent of the syndicate. The raid was conducted quietly, and few in the district knew what was going on. Deputy Marshall Donovan made a rush through the house as soon as entrance was gained and took up a stand to cut off escape. Griffith made the arrests, while Assistant District Attorneys Ben Davis and Harry Parkin, who are in charge of the legal end of the investigation, stood on the sidewalk and awaited developments.

Mr. Sims took another step in the afternoon which he believes checkmated the plans of Alphonse and Eva Dufour, proprietors of the house in Armour avenue.



AT R. McKAY & CO'S,

FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1908

# Wonderful Examples of Value-Giving from the June Sale

Success has stamped this sale so far as being without a doubt the best summer sale ever carried on by this store. Friday's sale list is important to housekeepers, as it contains stirring examples of value-giving in just the things you want for the summer home. Why pay other stores the highest prices for inferior goods when you can buy MYKAY QUALITIES at prices actually as represented? Bona fide reductions all over the store is the keynote, and will continue right up till the end of the sale.

#### June Whitewear Specials.

Corset Covers 25c

Ladies' Fine Cambric Covers, full

Ladies' Drawers of fine cambric 

## Ready-to-Wear Department

\$6.00 White Lawn Dresses \$3.00

Just half price, White Lawn Dresses, beautifully trimmed with Valenciennes lace and insertion. Skirts very wide and trimmed to match waists. The quantity is limited in these suits. Regular \$6, on sale Friday at \$3 Tailor-Made Suits \$6.95

White Wash Skirts \$1.25 White Wash Skirts \$1.25

All walking lengths, in White Wash materials, nicely strapped and tailored. Regular \$2.50, special sale price. \$1.25

Linen Coats \$5.95

### Special June Values From Our Staple Section

Cheap Table Cloths \$1.10

75 Pure Linen Cloths, 2 and 21/2 yards long, slightly imperfect, worth regularly \$2.00, special ... ... .. ... **Bath Towels 15c** 

Tea Towels 10c

Longcloth 10c

Fly Net 21/2c

Mill ends Fly Net, in pink, red Hundreds of remnants of Ducks, Flannelettes, Flaunels, Shirtings, etc., Friday, to clear, one-half marked price.

Remnants Half Price

## **Immense Bargains In Carpets**

Prices Away Down-No Charge For Making, Laying and Lining

Tapestry Carpets. Brussels Carpets Carpet, worth \$1.20, for ... 87c Carpet, worth \$1.35, for ... \$1.05 Carpet, worth \$1.46, for ... \$1.15 and lining free Velvet Carpets Velvet Carpets, worth \$1.45, for ... Wilton Carpets, worth \$2.10, for ... Axmineter Carpets, worth \$2.10, for Laying and lining free.

Wool Carpets Wool Carpets, worth 92c, for ... Wool Carpets, worth \$1.15, for Wool Carpets, worth \$1.25, for ... Laying and lining free. Wool Rugs

Brussels Rugs Brussels Rugs, size 3x3, worth \$30, Brussels Rugs, size 3½x3, worth \$21.50, for ... \$16.50 Laying and lining free.

Velvet Rugs Velvet Rugs, size 33, worth \$21, for \$17 Velvet Rugs, size 33, worth \$25, for \$20 Velvet Rugs, size 4x3, worth \$27.50, for \$22.50 Laying and lining free.

Tapestry Rugs

Tapestry Rugs, 24x3 yds., worth \$6.25, for Rugs, 3x3 yds., worth \$9, for \$7.75 Tapestry Rugs, 31/2x3 yds., worth \$11. for \$8.50

enue, to escape to Paris. Dufour and his wife, Mr. Sims learned, have several hundred thousand dollars laid by in Paris banks for a rainy day. A little matter like paying their bondsman, Patrick O'Malley, \$10,000 and a consideration to forfeit their bail would not crouble them.

tion to forfeit their out would not close blee them.

Deputy Marshal Donovan stepped up and laid his hand on Mme. Eva's long brown glove. The woman rose and went with him to the county jail without a word. Alphonse was not tractable. A pair of handeuffs was attached to his wrists and he wriggled and grimaced in

"I will not get away," he said.
"We will see to that," said the mar-

Summer tourists and campers unfortu-nately have a bad reputation among the owners of timber limits as being a fre-quent cause of fires. Such fires could be

preservation of the forests as the owners of the timber themselves. The rules given above are the result of long experience and observation on the part of many woodsmen and lumbermen as to the origin of fires from this cause, and are earnestly commended to the attention of campers, sportsmen and others. The need for observing them is emphasized by the occurrence a few days ago of serious fires in the Lake St. John district in Quebec, one village being wiped out; the fires are thought to

wiped out; the fires are thou have originated from fires left by

Dry Milk, the New Food

will not get away," he said.

"We will see to that," said the marchal.

Mr. Sims then announced that under the circumstances he would ask for \$25,000 bail for each of the prisoners.

FOR CAMPERS.

Dont's That May Save Many Theusand Dollars.

1. Don't, when in the woods, throw down a lighted match, cigar stub or other flaming object; make sure that the flame has been thoroughly extinguished before throwing it away.

2. Don't build your camp fire larger than is necessary.

3. Don't under any circumstances.

The Milk, the New Food.

It is a well-recognized fact that the curse of milk is water. This is not said facetiously, for while we shall speak later of what is sometimes called the baptism of milk we now allude only to the water which it contains as it comes from the cow. This water, however, is 7 per cent. of the bulk, so that it can be seen at once that cow's milk must be considered a highly diluted and therefore correspondingly unnutritious food.

The fundamental idea of dry milk is save complished is very simple. The milk as soon as possible after it comes from the cow—in most cases an hour or two—is assed, without preliminary treatment, physical or chemical, except straining, over polished steel rollers in a thin sheet.

The rollers are heated to a temperature of two hundred and forty degrees Fahr, and the milk remains on the curse of milk is water. This is not said facetiously, for while we shall speak later of what is sometimes called the curse of milk, the New Food.

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2. Don't build your camp fire larger than is necessary.

3. Don't, under any circumstances, leave your fire unguarded, even for a comparatively short time; see that it is dead out before you go away.

4. Don't build your fire in leaves, rotten wood or other inflammable material.

5. Don't build your fire against a large or hollow log, where it is hard to be sure when it has been entirely put out.

To these "don'ts" it may be added that in windy weather, or in a dangerous place, it is well to confine the fire in a hole dug clean down to the mineral soil. A fire may amoulder in the humus, or "duff" for days, only waiting for a strong breeze to fan it into a flame that may burn over miles of timber.

Summer tourists and campers unfortuntally water have a held acquarted to a temperature of two hundred and forty degrees a dre he milk iremains on them only less mount for two hundred and forty degrees a dre he milk iremains on them only less mount four, only 5 of 6 per cent. It is then packed in boxes or barrels and can be shipped far or near as required. Its chemical composition has been unchanged and it will now keep for an indefinite period, or until the readding the milk more than two years old.

In the first place all germs are killed by the temperature of two hundred and forty degrees. It was not an indefinite period, or until the readding to the proving the provin

may burn over miles of timber.

Summer tourists and campers unfortunately have a bad reputation among the owners of timber limits as being a frequent cause of fires. Such fires could be prevented, almost without exception, by a little extra care on the part of the campers, who have been the unintentional cause of much forest destruction, and who have just as real an interest in the

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July 10th ... Empress of Britain ... June 21th
July 10th ... Empress of Britain ... June 21th
July 10th ... Empress of Britain ... June 28th
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water is again added. We have therefore, in dry milk, a food eight times as nutritious as ordinary milk in proportion to its weight, and which is absolutely free from bacteria and will remain so.

—From "The Milk-Fed Race Horse," by A. C. Robinson, in the Outing Magazine for July. For a Mother's Birthday.

Her every wish fulfill;
And even if Trou must refuse
In anything, let Thy wise will
A comfort bring such as kind mothers

-Henry Van Dyke. Criticism is Easy.

It is easy to sit in your carriage
And counsel the man on foot,
But get down and walk and you'll chang
your talk
As you feel the peg in your boot.

Until it uses

The up-curied mouth of pleasure
Can preach of sorrow's worth,
But give it a slip and a wryer lip
Was never made on earth.

—La Porte, Iowa,

A Preston, Kan., society woman announced a "white elephant party." Every guest was to bring something that she could find no use for and which was too good to throw away. The party would have been a great success but for an unlooked-for development which broke it up. Eleven of the nineteen women brought their husbands.—Bonham, Tex., Favorite.

Of course, a man tries to mend his

Of course, a man tries to mend his

**RAILWAYS** 

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TORONTO TICKET OFFICE. 51 King St. East, GENERAL PASSENGER DEPART-MENT, Moneton, N. B.

T. H. & B. R'Y. Dominion Day, July 1st

Lowest One Way First Class Fare for the Round Trip Good going June 30th and July 1st; good returning to and including July 2nd, 1908. Further information on application to A. CRAIG, F. F. BACKUS, G. P. A.

INSURANCE

WESTERN ASSURANCE Co. FIRE AND MARINE MARRIAGE LICENSES Phone 2350

W. O. TIDSWELL, Agent

F. W. CATES & BRO. Royal Insurance Co. Assets, including Capital \$45,000,000

OFFICE-SO JAMES STREET SOUTH, Telephone 1,448.

Plumbing and Heating Contractor

GEORGE C. ELLICOTT Phone 2068 119 KING W.

WANTED

BLACHFORD & SON, Funeral Directors

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