"An Exclamation"

Usually indulged in is, "Well, I never thought it was so nice, or I would have used it long since."

"SALADA"

CEYLON tea is richer than coffee and goes further. Black, Mixed and Natural Green.

Sold only in Sealed lead packets. By all Grocers.

Vera's Love Affair

"Oh, nonsense! One can't live wrapped up forever in a veil, like the Prophet of Khorassin, in these material days. I think I'll ask our Jehu who that very opportune person is."

"Oh, don't!" entreats Miss Dysart, hastily, who would have been in extremis before making up her mind to extract information from her servant. Griselda, however, though of the same blood, is of different fiber. Leaning forward upon the opposite cushion, so as to get within reach of his deaf ears, she first gently, and then with much decision, jogs the coachman's elbow; the old man turns and looks at her.

"Who was that gentleman who just came to our assistance?" asks she, slowly, distinctly.

"Distance? Mought be about a mile now," says he.

"No, no. Who was the gentleman who caught hold of the reins?"

"Nary drop, miss. Don't you be feerd, there ain't a spick in t' clouds; see now," pointing heavenwards with his whip.

"Nary spick, indeed," says Griselda, bubbling over with laughter as she dutifully follows his gaze to the azure dome above her head. "But that's hardly to the point. Who," raising her voice, "was it who caught the horses' heads?"

"Ay, red it be, surely. Much more o' this weather an' the farmers be cryin', 'Red sky o' night, shepherds' delight.' They're very selfish, I be thinkin', they shepherds, drop o' rain now to wet th' oats and th' wheat——"

"Give it up," says Miss Dysart, softly, from the background.

"What, now, after so many tries! You don't know me. I'll conquer or die in the effort. Now, for a final throw." She leans still nearer the old man and repeats her question. Some passing wind blows it at last straight into his brain.

"Gent, eh? Do' know, miss. One o' they fishing gents, likely. Common sort, allus," says the old coachman, a spiteful note in his voice, resentful, perhaps, of the assistance that had saved him from certain injury, but had also revealed the fact of his somnolence. "Shop boys, mostly. They do swarm here a' fishing time. But they be o' no use. No use at all, missie. You take an old man's word for it."

"He was of great use to you, at all events. You might now have been lying hurt and crushed but for him," says Griselda indignantly.

"True for you, missie. A curst lot they be, wi' their town ways. Curst an' lyin' thieves o' the world. Full o' cunnon tricks as a egg's full o' mat's. Don't you mind him, missie. We be well quit o' he now."

"Well, of all the ungrateful old wretches!" says the younger Miss Dysart, regarding him with unmitigated scorn.

"Ay, that he be, for sartin. A great wretch. Eh! eh! But you have him fine," responds the old man, cackling; whereupon Griselda, with a last baleful glance at him, acknowledging herself beaten, returns to her seat beside her sister.

Half an hour brings them to the entrance gate of Greycourt, and practically to their journey's end. Both girls, with an involuntary movement, crane their necks out of the carriage, to get a first glimpse at their future home, and then turn a dismayed glance on each other. Anything more dreary, more unfriendly, yet withal grand in its desolation, could hardly be seen. The approach to it from the road had been abrupt, and now the long singularly dark avenue bursts upon their view as a revelation. The huge iron gates, overgrown with rust, and so thick with weeds growing upwards from the soil beneath, as to betray the idea of their seldom turning on their hinges, look to them like the massive gateways of a prison.

A long, low, picturesque lodge, terribly out of repair, and, in fact, falling to pieces, stands on the left. Tenantless, evidently, as the old coachman, with many rheumatic groans and grumblings, has himself to clamber from his seat to throw wide the gates, that groan as loudly as he as they swing heavily backwards.

"How dark it is," says Griselda, a nervous thrill running through her, as they move onwards beneath the shade of the mighty trees that clasp their arms between her and the glorious sky and thus blotting it out. Indeed, coming from the sunlit road into this sunless avenue is to plunge, as it were, in one moment from gaudy day to darksome night.

Each side dense masses of shrubs are growing so thickly together, in so wild, so uncultured a fashion, that one is killing the other. The great elms, uprearing themselves out of this confusion are so knotted and tangled in an inextricable embrace overhead that daylight cannot enter the place below, and rank attenuated weeds cover the drive, that once, long years ago, might have been graveled, but now shows only dull brown earth, heavily rutted here and there.

The green edges of it have been left for such a length of time uncut that the straggling, weedy grasses are lying prone upon the walk, one year's growth rotting on the top of the other with a dank luxuriance. Altogether, there is such a terrible sense of loneliness, of desolation, unutterable, lying over all, that the girls draw closer to each other and Vera's eyes grow large and startled.

A sudden turn brings them within view of the house. A beautiful old house apparently, of red brick, toned by age to a duller shade, with many gables, and overgrown in parts by trailing ivy, the leaves of which now glisten brightly in the evening sunshine.

At one side a garden slopes down to a river, and this garden, with the house, is surrounded on all four sides by a high yew hedge, through which openings are cut about every ten yards or so. Terraced steps lead down to this hedge, and beyond the opening runs a broad graveled walk bounded by a low parapet. Anyone seated on this parapet can look down—a depth of about six feet—to the mossy grass of the wood beneath, which here begins and runs southward straight down to the village. Through it the river runs sparkling—the best river for white trout in this part of the country.

A shadow from the woods lay over this garden and extended even to the house itself. After the first irrepressible touch of admiration the girls became conscious that there was something strange about this old brick dwelling—an absence of light, a curious lack of sound; no dogs bark, no peacock struts to and fro showing its gaudy plumes. So deadly quiet is all around that they would have welcomed with pleasure even the discordant scream of that haughty bird.

The coachman, scrambling once more to the ground, bids them in a surly tone to alight. He is tired and cross, no doubt by the unusual work of the day. And presently they find themselves on the threshold of the open hall door, hardly knowing what to do next. The shambling figure of a man about seventy, appearing presently from some dusky doorway, motions them to enter, and following him mechanically they cross a huge, deserted looking hall and stop finally at a closed door.

"The master be expecting you," says their conductor, speaking for the first time, his voice coming from him creakily, as though disuse has made it sorely in want of oiling; and, pushing open the door, he waves them to enter the room, and, shutting the door again behind them with a sharp haste, leaves them alone with their new relative, Gregory Dysart.

[To be Continued.]

ONE MORE ADDED

To the Many Wonderful Cures Made by Dodd's Kidney Pills in New Brunswick.

Central Waterville, York County, N. B., Dec. 28.—One more wonderful cure from Kidney Disease has been added to the many made by Dodd's Kidney Pills in New Brunswick. The man cured is a well-known resident of this place, Mr. F. W. Harris. He tells the following story:

"I suffered for two years and a half from Kidney Trouble, being unable to attend to my work the greater part of the time. I tried many medicines but continued to grow worse till I commenced to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. Three boxes of them cured me completely."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only remedy that ever cured Bright's Disease. But if you cure the earlier stages of Kidney Disease by using Dodd's Kidney Pills you will never have to cure Bright's Disease.

BURN PATH TO POLE

But First He Wanted to Cash $10-,000,000 Check.

New York, Dec. 30. — Cashier Flandreau, of the New Rochelle City Bank, was astonished yesterday morning when a man walked up to the window and threw down a check for ten million dollars.

"Give me the money quickly," said he. "I have no time to wait. I'm on my way to the north pole, and my automobile is waiting for me outside."

Flandreau thought the man was joking, but when he refused to budge until he got the money, the cashier sent for the police. At the police station the man said he was Edward Harvey.

He declared his automobile was so hot it could burn its way through the ice and reach the pole, but if there was too much delay it would cool off, and he would have to postpone the expedition. He offered to take all the police with him if they would let him out.

Harvey's wife appeared and said that he was crazy. Judge Phelps held him for examination.

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Water used in Carling's Ale is taken from a series of springs with solid rock bottoms at depths of more than 1000 feet, and is conducted to a stone-paved reservoir.

Is entirely free from acid or alkaline and any kind of impurity.

Ask for Carling's Ale—accept no other, because no other is quite so good.

Carling's Ale

The Ale that's Always Pure

WENT DOWN BEFORE WOODSTOCK TEAM BY SCORE OF SIX TO ONE

St. John's Athletic Club Loses Its First Match of Season.

Game Was Fast and Devoid of Rough Play On Both Sides.

Forrester Deserts the Barrie Club for Waterloo—Stratford Defeats Listowel at Hockey.

LOST TO WOODSTOCK.

The St. John's A. C. last night made good the claim advanced for it, that it would put a fast intermediate team on the ice this winter. The Saints went under last night before the Woodstock intermediates, but it was one of the toughest fights they ever went through. No score was forthcoming at all in the first half, but in the second the visitors chalked up half a dozen and the local team just saved themselves from a whitewashing.

From the moment the whistle sounded for the first half, it was a game of good hockey. Of rough play there was but little, the best proof being that not a single man was sent to the side. There was very little loafing by any player. The goal men got as much work to do as the forwards and the latter certainly did not have a moment in which they could count their money. The puck did not go far in one team's hands before an opponent was eagerly striving to get the little chunk of rubber, which all players think is theirs by divine right. This tells that the play must have been as strenuous as Teddy Roosevelt could have ever wished for. It was fierce as far as the word can go in connection with scientific hockey, but the fierceness did not consist of slugging or rough play. In fast hockey it is essential that all the boys get a few bumps, but no member of either team could complain against the man he checked as doing dirty work. A fact that stood out was that the fourteen players were nearly all of one size. There was no heavy defense man to take the puck and bring it down the ice by sheer force. Trickery was the trump card last night and the man who was fast with feet and hands was the one who came nearest to the nets. There was very little individual playing either, bad or good. Every man did well and no bad blunders came to the surface in the whole match.

One thing that is consoling it that the Saints are an entirely new team, none of them having played together before, and the Woodstocks are an old team, familiar with each other's playing by years of experience. This is surely no reflection on them. They are a bunch of gentlemanly fellows, and good players. They play for goals, not for the grandstand, and deserve much credit.

THE FIRST HALF.

From the standpoint of the spectator the first-half was faultless. The puck was as much in one end of the rink as in the other. Both goal-keepers, Taylor for the Saints, and Nolton, for Woodstock, did the best of work. The visitors did a little better shooting, the [illegible] and consequently Taylor had to call up every energy. He arose to the occasion and made some sensational stops. The game depended on these two men in the first-half and they showed splendidly. O'Malley and Little completed the local defense, and they did clean and bright playing. Among the forwards Archie MacMahen and Clarence Robinson did the best work. The other two men, Castleman and Underhill, did well. They appeared to be a trifle faster on their feet than any other men on the ice, but the combination was faulty, and attempts as individual rushes spoiled some good chances. There were very few off-sides, and, as said before, Referee Jack Brown, of the old Londons, had very little work to do in this line.

LOCALS LOST SOME VIM.

The Saints were not so full of vim in the second-half. It was only a few minutes before the puck was placed in the nets. The trick was repeated shortly after, and then MacMahen placed one in the Woodstock sticks. He and the other forwards took the rubber down repeatedly, but after many desperate fights, secured no results. Around the home goal there were pitched battles galore, and it was only after the puck had been thrown back repeatedly that goals were obtained. There was some catchy combination work by the Woodstock boys, and this was what counted. It is what the Londoners need, and what they will undoubtedly attain.

The crowd was a large and orderly one, and the Woodstock boys were subjected to no abuse.

The line-up was as follows:

St. John's—Taylor, goal; O'Malley, point; Little, coverpoint; Underhill, Robinson, MacMahen, Castleman, forwards.

Woodstock—Nolton, goal; Harrington, point; Caister, coverpoint; McLean, McClurg, Dunlop, McLay, forwards.

THE RING.

TO FIGHT AT PORT HURON.

Port Huron, Dec. 30. — Fitzpatrick (of Montana), and Flynn (of Buffalo) are matched to fight 15 rounds here on New Year's afternoon. Fitzpatrick is in fine shape and is confident of winning.

WHIST.

THE HAMILTON TOURNEY.

Hamilton, Dec. 30. — All lovers of whist should bear in mind the open whist tournament to be held this week in the rooms of the Hamilton Whist and Chess Club, Federal Life building, and a large deputation of London players will be present. There will undoubtedly be a large attendance of outside players. It is expected that many ladies will take part in all of the games, and for their information it should be noted that smoking will be prohibited only during the mixed pairs match on Saturday afternoon. In the published report of the games, only the plus scores will be given out. The following is the programme of the meet:

Thursday, Dec. 31—
8 p.m.—Open compass game.
Friday, Jan. 1—
10 a.m.—Open compass game.
3 p.m.—Open compass game.
3 p.m.—Open fours match.
8 p.m.—Open compass match.
Saturday, Jan. 2—
10 a.m.—Open compass game.
3 p.m.—Open compass game.
3 p.m.—Mixed pairs match.
8 p.m.—Open compass game.
8 p.m.—Final pairs match.

THE TURF.

WILSON BROTHERS HAVE GOOD STABLE.

Mr. Hugh Wilson, head trainer of the Pepper stable in Toronto, is visiting his brother, Mr. Wm. Wilson, trainer for Adam Beck. He has a fine steeplechaser in his possession now named Red Bird. Along with two others belonging to Billy Wilson, they are being trained by Mr. Thomas Smith, late of the Pittsburg Hunt Club. The horses are all good and have won several stakes.

THE PORT HURON MEETING.

Port Huron, Mich., Dec. 30. — The Port Huron Winter Racing Association will give a four days' meting, Jan. 19 to 22, when $1,350 in purses will be hung up. Following is the programme:

First day—2:12 class, trot or pace, $150; 2:40, class, $150.

Second day—2:30 class, $150; 2:35 class, $150; 2:25 class, $150.

Third day—2:20 class, $150; 2:27 class, $150.

Fourth day—Free-for-all, $150; 2:27 class, $150.

All races will be half-mile heats, best 3 in 5. The races will be held on the Port Huron Racing Association's track, which will be flooded and placed in prime condition. The grand stand will be inclosed and made as comfortable as it is at summer meetings.

YESTERDAY'S TURF WINNERS.

At New Orleans—Jack Weber (Minder), 18 to 5; Boaster (W. Hennessy), 5 to 2; Agnes Brennan (Gannon), 5 to 1; Capt. Gaines (Minder), 11 to 5; Big Ben (Robbins), 2 to 5; Khaki, (W. Hennessy), 10 to 1.

HOCKEY.

FORRESTER DESERTS BARRIE.

"Grindy" Forrester, who played on the defense of London's team three years ago, but who for the past two years has been with the fast Barrie team, has deserted the latter, and will be with the Waterloo O. H. A. team for the remainder of the season. He is one of the greatest players in the country, and this will be a hard blow for Barrie. The information was received in a letter to a member of The Advertiser staff. The hopes of the team in the north depended to a great extent on Forrester, and the town is wroth at his action.

FIRST GAME AT JUBILEE.

The Lornes, one of the new teams in the Junior City League, played successfully against a team picked from the Bankers' League at the Jubilee rink, last night, defeating them by a score of 4 to 3. The match was a very close and exciting one.

JUNIOR MATCH AT INGERSOLL.

Ingersoll, Ont., Dec. 30. — The junior O. H. A. match between Ingersoll and Woodstock, played here tonight, resulted in a tie, three all, but the decision of one of the goal umpires on the first goal scored by Ingersoll was disputed after the game, he claiming that it did not score. The referee stated he would report the matter to the O. H. A. just as it happened and await further developments.

FIRST STANLEY CUP GAME.

Ottawa, Dec. 30. — In the first match for the Stanley cup played at Aberdeen pavilion before 2,500 spectators this evening, the champion Ottaws defeated the challenging Winnipeg Rowing Club by 9 goals to 1.

STRATFORD WON THIS.

Stratford, Ont., Dec. 30.—The first game played here was between Listowel and the home team. The latter won by a score of 7 to 4. This places the teams on an even footing.

LORNES GO TO ST. THOMAS.

The Lornes of the Junior City League will go to St. Thomas tomorrow morning to play the Pastimes of that city.

CURLING.

INTER-CLUB MATCH.

Secretary C. W. Andrus and H. [illegible] each arranged for three picked rinks, had a battle for supremacy Tuesday afternoon at the Simcoe street rink. After a spirited contest, victory was declared for Mr. C. W. Andrus by 5 points. The score was as follows:

O. O. Benson, Sergt. Hobkirk, J. McAlpine, J. Stevenson, skip, 20.

B. Wahless, W. M. Collins, A. C. Macpherson, G. A. Andrus, skip, 10.

R. Blackwell, R. A. Little, F. G. Rumball, C. W. Andrus, skip, 16.

R. Black, W. T. Edge, J. W. Jones, H. Finchamp, skip, 12.

F. McVean, T. Alexander, J. W. Couse, W. M. Govenlock, skip, 11.

J. F. Sangster, A. S. McGregor, W. Smith, W. A. Thrasher, skip, 20.

Totals—C. W. Andrus, 47; H. Finchamp, 42.

Majority for C. W. Andrus, 5 shots.

What Silly Chicago Does

For a week following the recent snow Chicago has been wearing ice cream shoes all round the pavements in the downtown loop district. On Saturday a week ago the custodian of the county building started the freezer compound inside the loop by sprinkling two barrels of rock salt upon the pavements to the north, east and south, and the city building followed the example. From that day the Chicagoan downtown not only has had cold, but wet feet as well.

With a zero temperature outside rock salt will melt into puddles the incrusted ice and snow of a slippery pavement. For days almost every other pavement in the city has been sweating a salty ooze, which penetrates leather almost as easily as if a man were dressed in his socks.

"To lay aside the discomfort of the moment," said an old shoemaker, "this salt solution applied to shoe soles renders them porous and susceptible thereafter to wet of any kind. Two hours in the downtown streets will force this salty water through the best of shoe soles, and when the person's feet are once wet with it they not only suffer from the cold but there is a depressing influence from it that is indescribable. Unless followed up at once by the shovelers and ice breakers salt should not be allowed on city pavements."—Chicago Tribune.

Unhealthful Palaces.

The illness of the Czarina has been attributed to the unsanitary condition of many royal palaces in Russia. It may be so, but there are cases where inflammation of the ear arises from quite other causes. There is, of course, considerable difficulty in renovating the private apartments of a monarch whose life is in constant and imminent danger from obstinate anarchist intrigues. Unless rumor gravely lies, the Czar himself does not know where he will sleep before night comes, and to throw open the geography of the palace to workmen would increase its terrors tenfold. The best plan would be to employ foreigners, and, preferably, Englishmen, who are least of all touched by hatred of monarchy. A court is always conservative, like a university, and it is not uninteresting to compare the statements about the damp and unhealthy palaces of Russia with the famous American mother's characteristic condemnation of the colleges at Oxford.—London News.

Life on Other Planets.

Upon the question whether life-bearing planets can exist in other solar systems than our own the answer of science is clear and distinct. It is precisely the same which Professor Newcomb recently gave concerning the possible inhabitants of Mars. "The reader knows just as much of the subject as I do, and that is nothing at all." Within our solar system we can indeed form some crude estimate of probabilities; beyond it, nothing. All the amazing progress of modern science, all the revolutions made by the spectroscope or by photography, all the advance in biology have not brought us one step nearer an answer to the question, "Is this the only inhabited world?" We stand essentially where Whewell and Brewster did half a century ago, or we might indeed say where Galileo and Capoano were three hundred years ago. We can indeed spin out the discussion at greater length than our predecessors, and can introduce a far larger number of more or less irrelevant facts, but of serious argument, either for or against, we are entirely destitute.—Knowledge.

Thoughts for the Stable.

Signify to the horse in some other way than by a blow or oath what you want it to do, advises a writer in Farm, Stock and Horse. The first way is brutal and the other way is silly, if not sinful.

Use the currycomb, but use it mercifully: its the dirt you are after, not the skin.

The stiff scrubbing brush the wife uses in house cleaning is a good and merciful horse cleaner, but don't appropriate hers.

So treat the horses that they will be glad to see you come into their stable, and not act as if they would like to climb through the roof.

Teach the colt when it is young, and you will not have to break it when older.

Cleanliness of person and stable may not be godliness to the horse, but it is good-feelingness, which is probably more important from the viewpoint of the horse.

A clean skin is conducive to horse health as it is to man health.

Rely less upon drugs and more upon good care to keep the horse in good shape. Condition sanitary will beat condition powder every time as a condition maker.

If the foundation of the stable is getting out of condition you should fix it at once and prevent its recurrence. The foot is the foundation of the horse in the stable, and its condition must be kept good or there may as well be no horse there.

Variety of food is good for horses, but variety of hours for feeding it is very bad.

The good horse brings a good price, and good care with intelligent instruction goes a long way toward making the good horse.

A handful of hay twisted hard and tight is a good horse brush if wielded with might.

To Prevent Lockjaw.

As to lockjaw, the Pasteur laboratories send out a steady supply of anti-toxine serum that will prevent the outbreak of this disease very much as hydrophobia. In both cases, it is true, the treatment is only preventive, not curative, but this is usually sufficient, since the danger is plainly indicated in advance. If by some sad oversight hydrophobia does break out, it always kills just as it always has killed; but with lockjaw there is still a chance of saving life, even after an outbreak, by inoculating lock-jaw anti-toxine directly into the brain. The record of recovery is 40 per cent.—McClure's

Bill Nye on Docking.

"The tenderest portion of a horse's body is that quarter easily defended by a long tail, but entirely out of reach of a docked horse. I cannot bear to look at a crazed animal beating the air wildly with its pathetic stump, while the flies are stinging him.

"I cannot think this wicked custom in order that they may be considered fashionable. The man who does this, knowing the facts regarding it, is the man who pulled flies to pieces when a boy, and if his wife really indorses it, her family ought to have the coffee analyzed every morning.

And how can a docked horse be regarded as beautiful?

How would George Washington look in marble riding a mutilated horse?

Does any great sculptor ever put a hero on a bob-tailed steed?"—New York World.

The City of Astrakhan.

Do women know why it is that astrakhan, or Persian lamb, costs so much? It isn't because in and of itself it is especially beautiful, or especially becoming, for it is neither. It is the cost of life that they are paying for. Just as the female is about to give birth to the kid, she is killed, and the skin stripped from the unborn, but often living, little one. This inhuman practice is owing to the fact that only in this way can the soft, fine silkiness of the skin be preserved. After birth it becomes harsh and wiry. Two lives have to be taken to get one small skin, and this is what makes astrakhan so dear. This, too, is why I shudder when I see a woman wearing an astrakhan coat or cape.—Celia Logan.

Debts of the "400."

At last one of the Newport grocers has carried out his threat to sue, and it is the name of J. Edward Addicks that has been made public with a debt of $260 that has run for over a year. A sorry time, indeed, do these Newport tradespeople have. They claim that the millionaires order royally, and that their orders to leave the house are quite as royal when a collector calls. It is impossible to get beyond the maids and butlers, and anything more overbearing than the average Newport butler or maid would be impossible to find. But there will come a day when the harassed tradespeople will make a stand and will refuse to be swindled by people who have not the smallest feeling of responsibility. It is said that were the names of all the people printed who owe for their breakfast food it would be a list closely resembling the box holders of the Metropolitan Opera House.—The New Yorker.

How to Grow Ugly.

The natives of the Upper Zambesi have a most disfiguring habit of removing the upper front teeth at the ages of from 10 to 12 years. The only reason for following such an absurd and barbarous practice is that by so doing they imitate their oxen, which they look upon as sacred, and also are unlike the zebra, or quagga, which they view in a less favorable light, hating them with an intensity based on some hereditary tradition. The women pierce their upper lip to insert a stud or a small piece of ivory, which, as they grow older, is increased in size. They smear their hair with ochre and clay, training it out in numerous pigtails about two inches long. These are encouraged and lubricated by the fat of oxen, which is especially favored if rancid—in fact, they lose no conceivable opportunity of making themselves grotesque and hideous as possible.—Golden Penny.

A Bird Friendship

The rector of Woolstone, Mr. Gilbert Coventry, has just told me of a wild rock dove which one of his stable boys had reared from the nest. It slept in the open, however, and had full liberty. Soon the good things on the rector's table attracted it, and it would appear through the open window at meal times, take hot soup with much zest, and even sip sherry from the wineglass. At night it often slipped in and slept in the rector's bed, on its back, under the coverlet! One Sunday morning during the reading of the lesson, the dove flew swiftly through an open widow into the church and settled on the rector's head. Broad smiles spread over the faces of the elders and audible titters came from the youngsters. A gentle touch sent the bird down to the edge of the clerk's desk below, where it sat undisturbed.—Pall Mall Gazette.

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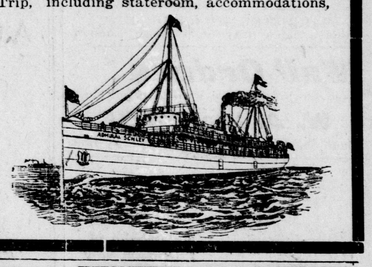

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E. DE LA HOOKE, CLOCK CORNER Sole Agent for London.

Royal Mail Trains —VIA— INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

Canada's Famous Train THE MARITIME EXPRESS

Leaving Montreal, 12:00 noon, Sundays, carries the European Mail, and lands passengers, baggage and mail at the steamer's side, Halifax, the following Monday.

SPECIAL TRAINS

Leave Halifax on arrival of inward mail steamers with passengers and mail for St. John, Quebec, Montreal, connecting with trains for Ottawa, Toronto and all points west, when regular trains do not make close connection at Halifax, N. S.

Write for timetables, fares, etc, to

51 KING STREET, EAST TORONTO, ONTARIO.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS, APRIL 30-DEC. 1, 1904.

The Palace of Agriculture has 23 acres under one roof. Largest exposition building.

NEW YEAR HOLIDAY RATES.

TERRITORY—Between all stations in Canada, Port Arthur, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., Sarnia, Windsor and east; also to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock, Suspension Bridge and Niagara Falls, N. Y.

RATE AND LIMIT—Single first-class fare for the round trip, good going Dec. 31 and Jan. 1, valid returning until Jan. 4, 1904.

RATE AND LIMIT—Single first-class fare and one-third for the round trip, good going on Dec. 30, 31 and Jan. 1, valid returning until Jan. 5, 1904.

Also to all points east of Lake Michigan, north of the Ohio River (including Louisville, Ky.,) and east of and including the following cities: Chicago, Peoria, Keokuk, Hannibal and St. Louis, at fare and one-third for the round trip, good going Dec. 31 and Jan. 1, returning until Jan. 4, 1904.

For tickets and all information apply to E. DE LA HOOKE, C. P. and T. A., "Clock" corner, Richmond and Dundas streets, or to C. E. HORNING, G. T. R. depot ticket office.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

For Christmas and New Year's Vacation will issue return tickets. GENERAL PUBLIC.

At SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE, good going Dec. 24, 25, valid for return until Dec. 28, 1903. Good going Dec. 31, 1903, and Jan. 1, 1904, valid for return until Jan. 4, 1904.

At FIRST-CLASS FARE AND ONE-THIRD, going Dec. 23, 24 and 25, and Dec. 30, 31, 1903, and Jan. 1, 1904, good returning until Jan. 5, 1904.

Between all stations in Canada, Port Arthur, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Detroit, Mich., and east, and TO but NOT FROM Buffalo, N. Y.

Through transcontinental train leaves Toronto at 1:45 p.m. daily for Winnipeg, Moosejaw, Calgary, Banff, Revelstoke and Vancouver.

First-class sleepers, Toronto to Winnipeg and the Coast. Unexcelled dining car service.

World's Fair, St. Louis, April 30 to Dec. 1, 1904.

W. FULTON, city office, 161 Dundas street, corner Richmond. A. H. NOTMAN, assistant general passenger agent, 1 King street east, Toronto.

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It is the great winter [illegible] to the south and west, including Old Mexico and California, [illegible] sunshine and flowers. [illegible] ard and tourist sleeping [illegible] run via this great south[illegible] new and elegant trains [illegible] are hauled by the [illegible] gines ever built. [illegible] provided equal to [illegible] the most luxurious [illegible] wanting to [illegible] The days [illegible] quickly. [illegible] Wabash [illegible] rates, ro[illegible] agent, [illegible] passeng[illegible] and Y[illegible]

Fr[illegible] Ha[illegible] Mo[illegible] F[illegible] cab[illegible] Live[illegible] Lond[illegible] South[illegible] Lon[illegible] Fulto[illegible]