A Spanish Beauty

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

It lay deep down in the green heart of the Devon wood, that stately Norman pile known as Royal Rest.

Long and many a day ago, Norman masons had reared its lofty turrets, its massive battlemented towers, its wondrous pinnacles, its superb ranges of Gothic windows, its rich and rare carved stone work and buttresses, where the clustering ivy and wild dog-roses bloomed luxuriantly now—a noble and storeyed old mansion that had stood many a siege, where exiled king and hunted prince had sought and found shelter in the troubled days gone by.

Royal Rest had been the noblest possession of a great and noble house—the only reminder of a long bead-roll of such possessions. It had been the sanctuary of hunted Jacobite nobles; countless Tory plots had been hatched between its grand old walls. Cromwell's petronels had battered it in vain when Lord Dudley Trevannance held it with a handful of retainers, and lost his title and fair, broad lands fighting for the "White Rose and the long heads of hair."

A grand old place! In its deep, dark forest lands the rare red deer trooped in countless herds. In its woodland pools the wild fowl flocked in legions.

Its glancing river was famed far and wide for char and trout, and on its sedgy margin the water lilies waved, and the white swans "floated double, swan and shadow."

Nowhere else in all sunny Devon abounded the partridges, the pheasants and the rabbits as they abounded here—nowhere else crowded the teal and mallard in the still, dark tarns, as they crowded at Royal Rest—a terrestrial paradise, sloping down to the sunlit sea, covering leagues of country, of silvery beach, of stately deer forest, of gorse-grown heath, where myrtles blossomed and wild roses blew—a grand old place, with a chime of silver-tongued bells, the pride of the county.

The August sun, streaming through the quaint, ivied windows, with their rich heraldic blazonries upon the panes, stained with the crest of the house of Trevannance—a wounded eagle rending a hawk, and the imperial motto, "Triompho morte tam vita"—fell warm and mellow on the head of the last lord of the Royal Rest.

It was past noon, and he sat with three other men at breakfast, and the lofty apartment was perfumed with cigar smoke, and the fragrant odor of Burgundies and claret, peaches and grapes, and the roses and clematis that surrounded the windows and wofted their odorous breath into the room.

He sat at the head of the table, Vivian Victor Trevannance, the last of his name and race. Cornish by birth, as his name implied—for "by Tre, Pol, and Pen ye may know the Cornish men"—this fair inheritance of Royal Rest came to him by the distaff side, failing heirs directly in the main line.

The old Cornish homestead had long ago gone to rack and ruin, through his father's reckless prodigality, and the elder Trevannance had resigned it utterly to the owls and bats.

Recklessness was a characteristic of the race—a race hot in love, hot in hate, falcons in war, doves in peace, fiery warriors in the days of the Plantagenet, and Lancaster, and of York—yea, in the days when they had fought and bled at Ascalon.

They had lost a marquisate and a princely inheritance, but they were reckless still, under the velvet mask of latter-day custom, with the same fiery old Norman blood leaping their veins.

He sat at the head of the breakfast-table, glancing over the letters the morning mail had brought him—a tall, finely formed man of thirty, with a fair frank, handsome face, large, lazy brown eyes, and a profusion of silky brown hair and mustache.

The large, luminous brown eyes looked at you with a gentle, dreamy indolence; the voice that spoke was slow and soft; every lingering, leisurely movement bespoke the very essence of indolence, inborn and imbred. The hot Norman blood seemed to flow coolly and sluggishly enough in the last Lord of Royal Rest.

He peeled his apricots and sipped his claret, and opened his letters—rose-scented, rose-hued, many of them, for the conqueror's myrtle leaves strewed the path of Vivian Trevannance, and the fair ones went down before his handsome brown eyes, his ancient name, and his noble rent-roll, as the rabbits before the ring of his Lancaster rifle. And constancy had never been his strong point; he bowed lightly at each fair shrine, but he worshiped long at none.

"Fetters are fetters, though they be wreathed of rose-chains," he said, wearily; "and, like our wounded eagle, we of Trevannance triumph in death as in life. We live free, or we cease to live."

Glancing slightly over the fair, perfumed billets ere he threw them aside, he paid little heed to the talk of the men over their omelets and salmon cutlets, though that talk ran on a very interesting theme—the debut of a new beauty.

"Loveliest thing the sun shines on!" declared Lord Guy Rivers, enthusiastically. "Saw her presented—made the greatest sensation of the century—delicious as one of Greuze's beauties—not that style, though—reminds you of Joanna of Naples, you know, only got black hair—too beautiful, by Jove! for—she's ice!"

"Ah, bah! ice, with all that Morisco blood in her veins! Stuff and nonsense!" retorted Major Langley, of the Guards.

"Pure Castilian, old fellow; no taint of the Moor. D'Alvarez on the distaff side—grand old stock, with a dash of Irish blood. Gage Tempest has gone stark mad over her wondrous loveliness, and the Earl of Greenturf laid his coronet at her feet the third time he met her. She looked down on him as an empress might, said no, and swept away. Greenturf's gone to Central Africa to forget the disdainful little beauty among the aborigines."

"They call her the Rose of Castile—pretty, eh? The laureate dubbed her. A certain prince of the blood royal was so struck with her at the drawing-room that—"

"Oh, yes! heard that story," interrupted Lord Racer. "Got snubbed for his pains, didn't he? I met Clontarf up the Mediterranean, last year. Grumpy old fellow. Looks like Byron's Manfred or Eugene Aram—chronic gloom and all that sort of thing, as if he had a murder on his mind, you know. By the way, Clontarf got the title in rather a roundabout way, didn't he? Was nephew of the last earl, and stepped in the shoes of a dead son. How was it?"

"This way," said Guy Rivers, one of those men who know everything. "It happened twenty years ago, or thereabouts, but I recollect it perfectly. Lord Roderick Desmond ,Clontarf—late earl, of course, Clontarf's only son—was accused of murdering a little peasant girl—horribly unlikely, you know, but he was—and found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. Three days before the sentence was to be executed he made his escape, somehow, and never was heard of again. They found a body, some months later, washed ashore, and people supposed it to be his. Well, the earl, very naturally, never held up his head after. Very fine fellow Lord Roderick was, they say; and when he died, Gerald Desmond, then a hard-working London barrister, stepped into the title. He did more—he married the Lady Inez d'Alveraz, the betrothed of his late cousin, and with the vast wealth she brought him built up the decayed fortunes of the Desmonds. He took her back to Castile, and there our radiant, peerless, proud Lady Evelyn first opened her violet eyes on this mortal life. Pass the Burgundy—I have spoken!"

"Like an oracle!" said his host, flinging aside his last letter and selecting a peach. "And now, what's it all about?"

"The Rose of Castile, of course—the subject of the day."

"Ah! and pray, what new florticultural wonder is your Rose de Castile?"

"Hear him!" said Lord Racer, impatiently. "You vandal! If you had not spent the last three years in the land of the Arab and the Mussulman, you would not need to ask that question. Why, Clontarf's peerless daughter, to be sure! Lovely as your dreams of the angels, and worth not only a Jew's eye, but the whole body and bones of an Israelite!"

"My dear fellow," remonstrated Vivian Trevannance, plaintively, "don't gush! It's fatiguing in August, and bad taste at any time. Besides, I've seen her."

"Seen her! You! Where?"

"In a young lady's proper sphere—at home. It was seven years ago, and I was doing the dutiful—making a sacrifice on the paternal altar, and that sort of thing. In other words, the governor and my lord of Clontarf are absurdly intimate—a modern case of Pylades and Orestes, David and Jonathan, you know—and General Trevannance desired me to meet him in Castile, at the residence of his Pythias, Clontarf. Well, it is always less fatiguing to yield than to rebel. I yielded, and went up the Ebro, and saw what Racer gushingly calls 'Clontarf's peerless daughter.'"

"Well, and isn't she? You cold-blooded critic! What else can you call her?"

"It was seven years ago," answered Trevannance, gravely. "I saw a dark fairy of eleven summers (that's the style in novels, isn't it?), with a pair of wonderful, solemn, shining eyes, who danced the bolero for us by moonlight, under a Castilian chestnut tree. Damsels of eleven years, in the transition state, I don't, as a rule, admire; but this tiny lady had very little of the bread-and-butter miss about her, I must say. I rather think I thought her pretty. I must have, for I offered to kiss her, but she swayed away from me like a young queen. I remember distinctly two slim, arched feet—altogether Spanish—would have served Owen Meredith for one of his idyls—and a pair of tapering ankles. They sent her back in a week to her convent, and I have still another vivid impression that she declined kissing me again at parting. If she were a prude at eleven, what might she beat eighteen?"

"An icicle—a Venus Victrix done in Parian marble—beautiful as a goddess, if you like, and with no more heart than Minerva herself."

"Well, take care of yourself, Guy," said his host. "I never yet knew a man begin by abusing a woman that he did not end by losing her head about her. And you're likely to see more of her; she's coming down to Warbeck Hall tomorrow with the Clydesmores."

"To Warbeck Hall? Whew! Who says so, pray?"

"The governor." Trevannance answered, lazily. "says he's coming here himself. Clontarf goes with his priceless daughter, and the Duke of Amethyst is in their train. Commend me to a woman who can trample on strawberry leaves! The gorgeous Donna de Castilian has refused him twice, and still his grace's motto is, 'Try, try again!' There must be something in her, after all."

"Ah! she can talk, when she chooses," Guy Rivers said, dreamily—"she and the premier—I heard 'em at it at Lady Rocksilver's one night. She was as brilliant as though she had been born ugly and a blue-stocking."

"All women can talk," remarked Major Langley, decidedly. "I believe with the Persians that ten measures of talk came down from heaven, and the women took nine."

"Yes, they all can talk," said Trevannance, in his soft, slow voice; "but they seldom say anything worth hearing. They will chatter for hours, and we like to hear 'em. Nonsense from rosebud lips is ever so much nicer, now and then, than sense between beard and moustache, but not for a permanence. I hope your Castilian Rose isn't clever, Rivers. If there is one thing I do abhor and detest, it is a clever woman. They have always been my pet abomination since I wore petticoats, and had a strong-minded nurse for governess, who read Stuart Mill and Adam McCulloch."

"She's fearfully and wonderfully accomplished," Rivers responded, lighting a rose-scented cigarette; "but I don't think she reads McCulloch and the other fellow. She doesn't look as if she did. She can sing like Malibran or Jenny Lind. Her shake on the treble notes is something sublime. She can waltz—oh, ye gods, how she can waltz!—turns round in a nutshell, and fairly floats in air. She speaks four different languages, and each like a native; and she embroiders elaborate vestments, and missals, and altar-pieces, and goes to matins and vespers and things every day of her life. She's as clever as she is handsome, and, in these days of pretty faces and lackadaisical heads, a little modicum of brain is refreshing. Now, then, I say, let's go and have a pop at the rabbits."

There was a general move and a universal lighting of cigars as they went.

"And so we're to have her next week," Major Langley remarked. "Pity, too; she'll spoil our sport with the partridges. When a man's heart-hit himself, how can he be expected to bring down the feathered game? If things would only turn out in real life as they do in novels! The impregnable beauty's horse runs away, and you rush forward and catch the rampant charger in the nick of time. Or the house catches fire—and she's invariably left behind—and flames up to the fourth storey, seize a wet blanket, fling it round the object of your adoration, and spring with her in your arms out of the window—an odd matter of thirty feet or so—and the next instant crash! tumbles in the roof! Or she goes out sailing, and a white-and-black squall arises, and the boat goes on her beam-ends before you can furl the mainsail, and you take a header after the lovely one into the roaring breakers, and with her under one arm, strike out heroically with the other for the shore—"

(To be Continued.)

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GIRL FARMER.

Makes Cent Per Cent. Profit From 330 Acres of Land.

Portsmouth, Nov. 9.— An English girl who has successfully farmed 330 acres in Canada related her experience yesterday to the conference of the National Union of Women Workers at Portsmouth. A whole session, under the presidency of Lady Knightley, of Fawsley, was devoted to discussing openings for English women beyond the seas.

Tall, slender and good looking, gracefully dressed in black and white, Miss Binnie Clark scarcely looked as though she had combined the duties of farmer and housewife, and plowed her own land and tended without help of any kind 14 horses and cattle and a number of pigs through a whole winter.

She is an enthusiastic advocate of Canadian land as an investment for Englishwomen, and is now agitating for the extension of the Canadian free land grant to women. At present homesteads for women other than widows of the heads of families are against the law of Canada, though, according to Miss Binnie Clark, it is the spinster settler who can best find leisure to think and work for the general welfare of her settlement.

"I bought an improved farm of 330 acres and worked it for three years, through good seasons and bad, and at the end of my fourth season I found I had made a cent per cent. profit on the year's working," the girl farmer told the delegates. She spoke of other Englishwomen who have made successful investments in Canadian land, and advocated domestic service in Canadian households as good employment for Englishwomen. She described a Canadian dinner party where the English "help" attired in an evening gown, waited at table, assisted by an English youth, the son of a clergyman, also in orthodox evening dress.

Only One "BROMO QUININE," that is Laxative Bromo Quinine. Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days. E. W. Grove on every box. 25c

AT R. McKAY & CO'S. WEDNESDAY, NOV. 10, 1909

COLLAR AND BELT SALE WEDNESDAY

Wednesday we are going to place on sale 10 of the prettiest Collars ever offered, for the very low price of 25c. They are made of net, trimmed with chiffon, ruching, ribbon and jet, in all shades and are worth 50c, Wednesday 25c

Tinsel Belts, Regular 50c, for 25c

Tinsel Belts, in all colors, and with pretty buckles, regular 50c value, for 25c

Embroidery Handkerchiefs, 3 for 25c

Embroidery Handkerchiefs, straight or scalloped edge, regular 15c each, Wednesday ..... 3 for 25c

Immense News From the Dress Goods Section

Regular 75c and $1 Suitings for Wednesday 45c Yd.

Sharp at 8.30 to-morrow morning on sale a swell line of the newest effect suitings, 44 to 54 inches wide in lovely new two-tone stripe effects, intending buyers should visit this section of the store to-morrow, and share in the grand reduction sale event. Comes in all the new wanted colors, and going at per yard 45c

Women's Winter Coats

Tremendous variety to select from. In point of up-to-dateness of style and superiority of quality there has not been such a sale for years. The Cloak Department ought to be packed to its limit with customers. We have divided these into three lots.

Women's Suits at $5.98

Made of splendid quality fancy diagonal and worsteds in colored and black; semi and fitted models; ¾ length; regular $10.50, on sale to-morrow at $5.98

Women's Coats at $6.98

Fine imported Kersey, serge and fancy mixture, in a splendid assortment of colors and black; all beautifully tailored garments and worth $11.50, clearing price $6.98

Winter Coats $8.98

Large variety of distinctive new models, cleverly made of all wool Kersey, broadcloth and fancy mixtures; all beautifully tailored garments, ¾ and ⅞ lengths; regular $13.50, while they last at $8.98

News That Will Interest You

Watch this space to-morrow night announcing our 3 Clover Sale, three days of immense value-giving, and we are pleased to state that our buyers have been fortunate in closing out many manufacturers of their surplus stock, consisting of Dress Goods, Silks, Millinery, Ready-to-Wear Garments, Linens, Carpets, Handkerchiefs, etc.; in fact, thousands of dollars' worth of the season's newest merchandise will go on sale Thursday, Friday and Saturday, and at prices that will astonish you. Watch for it.

To-morrow the Last Day of the Annual Black Silk Sale

4,500 yards of Black Silks for to-morrow's selling at only face value prices. The lot comprises Taffetas, Merveleux, Pailette and Peau de Soie, all perfectly sound Silks and worth up to 75c yard, annual sale price 37c

R. McKAY & CO.

BIG FUNERAL.

Body of Late Dowager Empress of China to be Buried.

Eighty Mile Journey to Forbidden City—An Early Start.

Pekin, Nov. 9.—The cortege accompanying the body of the late Dowager Empress of China on its 80-mile journey to the eastern tombs, left the Forbidden City early this morning. The route along with the procession will travel is thronged with people.

A holiday in memory of the Dowager Empress is being observed, but the capital bears a sombre aspect, on account of the furled umbrellas and flags, as a result of the high winds prevailing.

The new imperial guards escorted the foreign diplomats who participated in the procession for a distance of five hundred yards. The members of the diplomatic corps signalized the exit of the late ruler by a division in the vote taken with regard to the time that the corps should attend the final rites, some of the diplomats declining to be present at 5 a. m., but agreeing on 7 o'clock. Owing to the confusion in the arrangements in the end the legation guards, with the exception of the officers, did not witness or participate in the ceremonies.

The heads of the Imperial Clan accompanied the coffin in state regalia. The foreigners were greeted at the diplomatic pavilion by Prince Chun, the Chinese regent, and Prince Ching, formerly president of the Board of Foreign Affairs and now advisor to the Naval Department.

MUSCLE AND MUSIC.

D. M. Barton is arranging one of his popular illustrated "muscle and music" entertainments, to be given in Association Hall on Friday, Nov. 19.

The musical part of the entertainment will be given by Mr. K. W. Barton, of Toronto, brother of D. M. Barton. The Toronto Globe says: "Mr. Barton is one of Canada's leading violinists."

Saturday Night says: "He played arrangements of "Robin Adair" and "Annie Lawrie," rare musical conceptions, that entranced the musical portion of the audience.

The Y. M. C. A. gymnastic team will do special work on the bar, parallel and mat.

Mr. D. M. Barton will give physical training specialties, including posing, dumb-bell, wand and free hand exercises.

The proceeds are for the gymnasium fund.

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OUR DISPLAY

of suitable articles for CHRISTMAS GIFTS is distinctive in the great number of odd pieces it contains.

Unusual pieces of artistic merit will be found in all departments, and the selection of a pleasing gift may easily be made by those wishing either an inexpensive or a costly and elaborate article.

Choose now while the collection is complete, and have it laid aside for you.

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OUR NAVY

Programme Will be Introduced Into Parliament.

Other Matters to Come Before the Next Session.

Ottawa, Nov. 8.— The Government programme of legislation for the coming session is now practically ready. As has already been stated, the naval defence bill will be the chief feature of this year's legislative agenda. While any official announcement of the details of the bill will, of course, be withheld until it is reported to Parliament, it is understood that the Government proposes, as an initial naval construction programme, extending over the next three or four years, the building of three second-class cruisers, probably of the Bristol type, and four destroyers. The cruisers of the type suggested by the Admiralty experts as being most suitable for the nucleus of the new Canadian navy will cost in the neighborhood of two and a half millions each. For patrol work along the coasts and for training purposes they are recommended as the best types of war vessels for Canada to start with. The destroyers are a most necessary part of any defence naval force, and the type contemplated will be in harmony with the most recent destroyers if the imperial fleet. The total expenditure on these first seven vessels will be between $10,000,000 and $12,000,000, and the annual cost of maintenance is estimated at $3,000,000 per year. Whether or not arrangements can be made to have them all built in Canada, as he Government desires, is dependent somewhat on the outcome of the present negotiations for the establishment of Canadian shipbuilding plants by British and allied Canadian interests. The programme, as outlined, is based upon the advice of experts of he British Admiralty as being the best adapted to the defence needs of the Dominion, and to the situation as viewed both from the Canadian and imperial standpoints.

While it is not quite as extensive as a first suggested, it is believed that at first it will be well to go comparatively slowly in the matter of naval construction. Trained officers and men are a first necessity of a navy, and the building of warships must be, to a certain extent at least, commensurate with the supply of men trained to handle them. The experience of all other nations and the advice of British experts show that it would be unwise to rush at the outset into any too ambitious a programme. If the emergency arises and the safety of the empire is jeopardized the Government will, of course, be prepared to supplement the programme to the furthest extent.

For the next fiscal year it is not probable that more than two millions will be asked, as the expenditure at first, pending the necessary preliminary arrangements for construction, cannot be very large. The naval defence bill will be ready for presentation to the House early in the session.

Other Government measures of the session will include the regular decennial revision of the bank act, and the insurance bill as left over from last session. There will also probably be some legislation in the furtherance of the Government's promise in respect to the construction of the Hudson Bay Railway, and to amend the rules of the House in order to expedite public business.

A bill to amend the railway act in respect to the powers of the Railway Commission so as to define more clearly the authority of the board to regulate the telephone and telegraph companies and their contracts with the public is also contemplated.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Niagara Falls, New York—*2.27 a.m., *5.57 a.m., †9.05 a.m., *10.05 a.m., 5.37 p.m., *7.20 p.m.
St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo—*5.57 a.m., †9.05 a.m., *10.05 a.m., †11.20 a.m., *2.20 p.m., *5.37 p.m., †5.45 p.m., †7.20 p.m.
Grimsby, Beamsville, Merritton—†9.05 a.m., †11.20 a.m., †5.45 p.m.
Detroit, Chicago—*1.17 a.m., *3.50 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., †3.22 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—†7.10 a.m., *11.15 a.m., and *9.05 p.m.
North Bay and points in Canadian Northwest—†11.15 a.m., *9.05 p.m.
Toronto—†7.00 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.
Burlington, Port Credit, etc—†7.00 a.m., †11.30 a.m., †5.35 p.m.
Port Hope, Cobourg, Belleville, Brockville, Montreal and East—†7.50 a.m., *7.05 p.m., *8.55 p.m., *9.05 p.m.
Lindsay, Peterboro—†11.30 a.m., †3.40 p.m., †5.35 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., also for Alliston, Coldwater and Bala, and all points in the Maritime Provinces and New England States.

8.35 a. m. for Toronto.

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

12.35 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), 9.30 a. m. (daily), 1.15 p. m., 3.45 p. m., 5.20 p. m., (daily), 7.10 p. m., 11.10 p. m.

TORONTO HAMILTON & BUFALO RAILWAY.

Arrive Hamilton		Leave Hamilton
*2.05 p. m.	.. .. Niagara Falls and Buffalo Express	*8.55 a. m.
*3.05 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 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 3.05 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
*8.30 a. m.	.. Detroit, Chicago and Toledo Express	**8.55 a. m.
**12.20 a. m.	.. Brantford and Waterford Express ..	**10.40 a. m.
**9.53 p. m.	.. Brantford, Waterford and St. Thomas Express	**6.30 p. m.
**3.05 p. m.	.. Detroit, Chicago, Toledo and Cincinnati Express	**2.08 p. m.
**7.40 p. m.	.. Brantford, Waterford and west	*8.20 p. m.

Sleeping cars on Michigan Central connecting at Waterford and west.

*Daily.
**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 RADIAL ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Hamilton to Burlington and 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.

Burlington to Hamilton—*6.00, *7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00 a. m., 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, *11.00, 12.00 p. m.

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.

*Daily, except Sunday.

BRANTFORD & HAMILTON RAILWAY.

Leave Hamilton—*6.30, *7.45, 9.00, 10.30 a. m., 12.00, 1.30, 3.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.00, *11.00 p. m.

Leave Brantford—*6.30, *7.45, 9.00, 10.30 a. m., 12.00, 1.30, 3.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.00, *11.00 p. m.

*Daily, except Sunday.

HAMILTON, GRIMSBY & BEAMSVILLE ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Leave Hamilton—*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.

Leave Beamsville—*5.40, *6.40, 7.40, 8.40, 9.40, *10.40, 11.40 a. m., 12.40, 1.40, 2.40, 3.40, 4.40, 5.40, 6.40, 7.40, 8.40, *9.40, *10.40.

*Daily, except Sunday.

HAMILTON STEAMBOAT CO.

STEAMER MACASSA.

Leave Hamilton, 9.00 a. m.
Leave Toronto, 4.30 p. m.

ENTERTAINED THE MEN.

A large number of men of St. Mark's congregation were entertained in the parish house last evening by St. Mark's chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. An excellent programme was given and included solos, duets, readings and everything needed to make on enjoyable evening. Among those who took part were Harry Coates, Vincent Player, Major Labatt, Thomas Allison, John Burrell, C. E. Rossmorebaird, W. Thrasher, R. Britton, J. H. C. Dempsey, Avey Blaydon and A. R. Lancefield. Refreshments were served.

FRENCHMAN SMOTHERED.

Port Colborne, Ont., Nov. 9.—Guillavi Dagonigo, a Frenchman, 21 years old, was killed last night at the Canadian Portland Cement works by being smothered in one of the cement bins. Dagonigo intended leaving here Saturday next for his home in France.

ITALIAN KILLED.

Tilbury, Nov. 9.—Farro Socomino, an Italian recently from Europe, aged 28 years, employed on an extra gang on the M. C. R., was killed here about 9 a. m to-day. Although he had been warned he got in front of a west bound freight and was instantly killed.

RAILWAYS

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

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With 25c added for admission to the Ontario Horticultural Exhibition

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Tickets, etc., at Hamilton Office, cor. James and King streets, W. J. Grant, agent.

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STEAMSHIPS

C. P. R. STEAMERS

FROM MONTREAL. AND QUEBEC.		FROM LIVERPOOL.
Nov. 13	Lake Champlain	Oct. 27
Nov. 20	Lake Erie	Nov. 3
FROM WEST ST. JOHN.		FROM LIVERPOOL
Dec. 3	Empress of Britain	Nov. 19
Dec. 11	Lake Manitoba	Nov. 24
Dec. 17	Empress of Ireland	Dec. 3
Dec. 24	Steamer	Dec. 10
Dec. 31	Corsican (Chartered)	Dec. 17

The steerage rates on the "Lake" steamers from Montreal and West St. John to Liverpool and London have been reduced to $27.50. Services:

To book or for further information apply to the nearest C. P. R. agent, or to S. J. Sharp, 71 Yonge street, Toronto.

White Star-Dominion Royal Mail Steamships

MONTREAL—QUEBEC—LIVERPOOL.

Megantic ..... Nov. 13
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.

Moderate rate service (called second class): To Liverpool, $45.00, London, $47.50

Dominion, from Montreal ..... Nov. 20
Canada, from Portland ..... Dec. 4
Dominion, from Portland ..... Dec. 25

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