STORE CLOSES 5 P. M. (EXCEPT SATURDAY)

lowing Down

ummer Stocks Savings Right and Left

August the Month of Clearing Sales and Monday a

Day of Rare Opportunities

All summer stocks must be reduced, comes the order; no time to figure out ays and means. Only one thing to be done—get them down, and down they rely will go with a crash, if big price reductions can possibly avail. The following special sales for Monday:



Reg. 15c Swiss Embroidered

Handkerchiefs Monday 4 for 25c

Monday the second day of this grand sale, by all odds one of the best of the in Switzerland, come these lovely Handkerchiefs, every one prettily cubroidered, very special Monday, 4

Women's Linen Collars 2 for 25c

Monday is clean-up day in the Linen Collar section. The price is just en in helf. Guaranteed best quality Linen Collars, worth regularly 25c, Monda

New Fall Dress Goods to Clear Worth Reg. 75c, Sale Price Monday 55c

August Sale of Lisle Gloves

Clearing Knitted Cotton Vests

Bargains in Shirt Waists

House Blouses 69c

Black Silk Underskirts \$3.49

Ready-to-Wear Dept.--Extra Special **Events for Monday**

Princess Dresses \$3.50

White Wash Skirts \$1.49, Reg. \$2.95

Interesting Values For Monday

White Cotton 81/2c

Heavy round thread English Cotton, close, even weave, special value 814

Sheeting 20c

quare, worth 25c, for 20c Crum's Print 10c

grounds, splendid patterns for child-

grounds, splendid patterns for children's wear, dressing sacques, etc., regular 14c, for 10c size, worth \$1.50 dozen, for 71/2c each

Sample Pairs Lace Curtains at Half Price

A let of more than 500 pairs of sample Lace Curtains, some slightly soiled, only one pair of each pattern, to be cleared on onday at half the regular price.

80c Curtains, Monday ... 40c pair \$5.00 Curtains, Monday ... \$2.50 pair \$1.00 Curtains, Monday ... \$3.00 pair \$1.00 Curtains, Monday ... \$3.00 pair \$8.00 Curtains, Monday ... \$3.50 pair \$2.00 Curtains, Monday ... \$3.50 pair \$8.00 Curtains, Monday ... \$4.00 pair \$3.00 Curtains, Monday ... \$4.50 pair \$4.00 Curtains, Monday ... \$4.50 pair \$4.00 Curtains, Monday ... \$5.00 pair

Four Special Bargains For Monday

We are offering many other bargains besides these mentioned, Carpets, ugs, Linoleums, etc., at greatly reduced prices. Secure your carpets for fall usecleaning now; we hold them until wanted.

Tapestry Rugs \$8.50

Velvet Rugs \$15.00

Axminsters Rugs \$24.50

R. McKAY & CO.

Love Finds the Way

Clarence Clifford, who had stood rivet. dt to the spot while this parley had been going on, now moved eagerly to find the lady whom he had been fortunate enough to protect.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Having reached his chambers, Clarence Clifford threw himself into one of the many luxurious chairs and fell to thinking. He had heard of Lord Harcourt's marksmanshlp, knew that he had winged his man or two on Calais sands, and bore beside the reputation of a charmed life.

"Well," he murmured, divesting himself of his overcoat, and ringing for his valet, "life has not been overpleasant, death does not seem so dreadful. But there is the other side of the question—he shall not go unpumished."

And with a stern smile he asked the valet to get him his pistols and sword cases.

Clarence Clifford, "and bid him to walk in."

The colonel, who was close behind the servant's heels, stepped in, made his bow, and said with a smooth, polite voice, that contrasted with his restless and well-known fire-eating disposition: "Mr. Clifford, I have the honor of bearing a message from Lord Harcourt."

"Do me the honor in return, my dear colonel, of supping with us. Norton, set a cover for Col. Hawknley."

The colonel took off his gloves consigned his overcoat to the valet, and defensive weapons were taken from their snug resting places.

Clarence Clifford took up one of the gleuming rapiers, and that thrill which and of the place the weapon's the hand of an them—you know how to do so"

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the valet, with a confident smile, handling the weapons with ease. "The major, my last master, was a great fencer, sir; be it was who killed Mr. Vernon and wounded Sir William Thompkinson at Madrid."

"Do you understand these.""

The last course was removed before Clarence Clifford ponded and examined the pistols.

"Do you understand these."" ran through him at the contact with the smooth handle.

"Now, if I have not forgotten my skill, Lord Harcourt should find, a match. Take these down, Norton, and on an them—you know how to do so"

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the valet, with a confident smile, handling the weapons with ease. "The major, my last master, was a great fencer, sir; he it was who killed Mr. Vernon and wounded Sir William Thompkinson at Madrid."

Clarence Clifford nodded and examined the pistols,
"Do you understand these?"

ed the pistols,
"Do you understand these?"
"Oh, yes, sir; I will clean them both,
and carefully. Is there anything else I
can do, sir?"

"Nothing," said his master. "Be ready
when I ring to bring these things up."
The valet, with the cases, under his
arm, left the room, and Clarence Clifford seated himself at his writing desk.
Before he could arrange his paper the
valet knocked and announced Mr. Dalton.

the stairs for you."
"I am sorry," was the reply; "I was
detained; can you guess by what?"
"How should I?" asked the other

to night in return for the small loan I gave you?"

"My dear fellow, anything!" exclaimed the spendthrift. "What is it?"

"Will you be my accond in a duel with Lord Harcourt, Dalton?"

The young fellow's face fell, and he rose with genuine alarm.

"By Jove, Clifford!" he said; "quarreled with Harcourt! You could not have picked out a worse man. He is a dead, shot and as clever at the sword as the pistol. Can't it be arranged!"

"No," said Clarence Clifford, sternly. "There is only one settlement possible, and that is to fight. I would not have it arranged if I could, and the apology must come from me if it come at all."

"Oh, apologize, there's a dear, good fellow, do; it is certain death; he never misses; he—"

Clarence Clifford cut short the flood

"All right," he said. "I am your man, if it must be, but, on my honor, I would rather it had been anyone else, for I owe you a debt of gratitude, Clifford, and—and—but there! Ah, good swords, these! Do you fence tolerably!"

Clarence Clifford nodded.

"Tolerably, and now let us go and hear the Mariana sing. You will sup with me to-night; to-morrow, hail! Cal-

ais Sands!"
Young Dalton sighed, and the two gentlemen strolled to the opera.
Clarence Clifford's companion studied him closely, but carefully, for Mr. Clifford was not a man to be watched with impunity. A strange sort of excitement, and bravado, lit up his face, and Mr. Dalton, with only half an ear for the grand music, could not help woondering what had been the topic of disagreement. He wondered, but did not ask, for Clarence Clifford was chary of answers to questions of a personal nature, and

Clarence Clifford was chary of answers to questions of a personal nature, and could meat the questioner with a glance of haughty displeasure that was, to say the least, discomforting.

The house was full, the stalls crowded with men of fashion and rank. Dalton looked round and saw Lord Harcourt leaning against the partition, talking to an iron-gray, restless-eyed man, whose fingers were fidgeting at his enameled buttons with a dissatisfied, hungry movement, Touching Clarence Clifford's arm, Dalton whispered:

"There's Harcourt, and that is Hawksley, is he telling him and asking him to be second. I know the twiddle of Hawksley's thumb, he is the most bloodthirsty fellow in the regiment.

Clarence Clifford nodded carelessly, and looked around with calm indifference.

Dalton watched them until they had of sands shore of sa

and looked around with calm indifference.

Dalton watched them until they had reseated themselves, then rose.

"Come," he said, "you are too cool for me; I can't sit here and listen to this tomfoolery while that villain is plotting for your blood. I swear the sight of that Hawksley gives me the horrors. I wish I was going to have a pop at him on my own account."

Clarence Clifford smiled.

"Who knows? You may have a chance. The seconds become principals in their turn sometimes. But come, dismiss the subject from your mind, my dear Dalton; Col. Hawksley has no terrors for me, and now for supper."

ton; Col. Hawkaley has no terrors for me, and now for supper."

Norton had dispatched his master's cab for him, and the two rattled home to chambers again.

At splendid supper awaited them —delicacies for which the four corners of the world had been ramsacked —served up in rare porcelain and cunningly worked silver.

Dalton, whose appetite was always

on, saying:
"My dear Dalton, here is an invitation; pray accept for me, and arrange
with Col. Hawksley," and he bowed with
an easy smile to the restless-eyed of-

the death.

At last the colonel rose to go, and Dalton proposing to walk a little way with him they took their departure, leaving Clarence Clifford to his meditations.

ring of her voice.

How wonderfully they had moved

What strange revelation of fate's wheel had brought about that first meeting which was doomed to end in a tragedy?
Pacing the floor, revolving all this in his mind, sadly and with all that callousness bred of a disappointed life, he was about to close the reverie with a scornful laugh when the valet, who had been waiting for his bell, entered with a small note.
"Who brought it and who waits?" asked his master, his quick eye scanning the superscription and failing to recognize it.

asked his master, his quick eye scanning the superscription and failing to recognize it.

"A servant in livery, sir, and he was not directed to wait. He has gone."
Clarence opened the note and read, with a slight start:

"Noble Sir,—I have but an hour since learned your address. I thank you for your chivalrous protection, but I deplore it. Oh, sir, you are young; your mien, your words proclaim you generous and noble-hearted; do not be led into any rashness as a consequence of the blow you struck for an insulted and outraged woman. Lord Harcourt is implacable, revengeful—a demon in hate, and bloodthirstiness. He will before this reaches you have sent you a challenge. I implore you by all you hold most sacred on earth not to meet him. Let him but induce you to meet him and you are dead. Oh, sir, by the sacred name of that mother, who will, if on earth, weep for your wasted life, I be-seech you to balk him of his unholy, inhuman revenge!"

There was no signature. Clarence Clifford, sank into a chair and sat with the letter in his hand with one word

life," ran the note, and the sentence worried him through the sleepless hours of the night. CHAPTER XXXIX.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A drizzling rain was falling through the dank, raw coldness of the morning and cutting rivulets in the moist sands of Calais.

From dawn the rain had been falling, and now, when the aun should have broken through the thick, grey mist, it was raining still with a noiseless, quiet persistence, that, taken into conjunction with the mist, the raw cold and the mournful plash of the outgoing tide, was suggestive of the utmost misery and discomfort.

It was not a morning for anyone save

mountul plash of the outgoing tide, was suggestive of the utmost misery and discomfort.

It was not a morning for anyone aave amphibious boatmen and coastguardsmen to be out, yet there were two figures pacing along the damp stretch of sands, shrouding themselves in thick cloaks, and keeping the rain from their faces by dint of foreing their hats low on their foreheads.

"Six o'c'c'c," asid one, with the voice of Clarence Clifford. "They are late."

"But they will be here, never fear, said Dalton. "Lord Harcourt never breaks his engagement. What a morning! This fine rain wets one through. I hope—oh, how I hope!—that beast of a Hawkeley will catch his death."

"The tide is going out," mused Clarence, listening. "There is a scabird; he cries as if he were in pain. Ah look! yonder come our men over the rocks."

They advanced to meet the two similarly cloaked figures, and Dalton. who seemed less anxious but more sad as the time for the meeting drew near, said, in a low voice:

"For Heaven's sake! don't forget. Clifford; aim at his pistol hand, and fire at the second. It is no use firing at his heart, for—"

The opponents had reached them before the sentence was concluded, and Clarence Clifford, who seemed not to have heard it, vaised his hat. The salutation was returned and the two seconds, after raising their hats like-

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wise, drew apart to measure the distance, settle the weapons, etc.
Lord Harcourt stood with folded arms, has face turned to the sea.
Clarence Clifford paced slowly up and down, his head held up with a haughty sterness, his eyes flashing and resolute.
Col. Hawksley stepped forward.
"Mr. Clifford," he said, with the smooth, polite voice, "Mr. Dalton and I cannot hit it off as one might wish. The choice of weapons is with the challenged. You, he tells me, leave the choice to my friend, Lord Harcourt, but he, Mr. Dalton, insists that the pistol shall be used. Now—"
Clarence Clifford stopped the slow, courteous speech by a wave of his hand.
"Sir," he said, "I am indifferent. Let your principal choose the weapons. All that I ask is that he do so quickly and let me hasten to punish him."

that I ask is that he do so quickly and let me hasten to punish him."

Lord Harcourt made half a step forward at the cold contempt of the words, but stood still again and turned a sardonic smile upon the stern young face.

Col. Hawksley conferred with his principal for a moment, then returned, and with the utmost politeness informed Dalton that Lord Harcourt had decided to use the sword.

Dalton sullenly unlocked the sword

Dalton sullenly unlocked the sword cases, compared the weapons, and raised another question.

He would have none but Clarence Clifford's rapiers.

The dispute went on for some minutes in a smooth undertone, until Clarence.

The dispute went on 10 some minutes in a smooth undertone, until Clarence Clifford strode forward, laid his hand on his second's shoulders, and said:
"Give way. Let me see their swords."
Col. Hawksley handed him Lord Har-

Col. Hawksley handed him Lord Harcourt's rapiers.

He examined them, bent them and weighed one in his hand, then with a careless gesture said;

"That wil! do. I am ready."

Dalton turned and walked to the spot with him.

'One word," he whispered in his ear.
"Have—have—you any message?"

"Message?" repeated Clarence Clifford. "To whom?"

"To anvene." replied the young man.

ford. "To whom?"
"To anyone," replied the young man, who looked upon his principal as already dead. "To your mother—your sister—your friends."
"I have no mother—no sister—no brother—no friends," came the low, thrilling reply. "I am alone in the world, and ready, quite ready to leave it, after I have marked this cowardly bullier of women."

f women."
Whether the words reached Lord Har-

Whether the words reached Lord Harcourt or he was impatient, he stepped forward, flung his hat to the ground, threw his coat to Col. Hawksley, and put himself into position.

With calm composure Clarence Clifford removed his coat, handed his hat to Dalton and confronted him.

"One, two, three, garde!"

Lord Harcourt felt his opponent's weapon for a moment, miscalculated the

Lord Harcourt felt his opponent's weapon for a moment, miscalculated the atrength opposed to him, and made a feint.

Instantly the sharp, serpent-like steel of the younger man pierced his arm. He set his teeth hard as he felt the prick, and, with his weapon on guard, looked down into the calm depths of Clarence Clifford's eyes with a glittering, snakelike regard. "Soh!" he muttered. "You think you can throw me off, do you? Well, caution, and it shall be one more life out with the tide."

Thus self-warned the practiced dualist.

with the tide."

Thus self-warned the practiced duelist kept a careful guard and watched his opportunity.

But none seemed given him.

Clarence Clifford's sword met him at every point; he could not by strength or skill break down or throw him off his guard.

every point; he could not by strength or skill break down or throw him off his guard.

Suddenly, while he was still watching. Clarence made a feint, Lord Harcourt was a little too late and the supple steel had pierced another little hole and snapped his lordship's weapon in two.

The two seconds sprang between them, but some of Lord Harcourt's blood had flown and what remained was burning to revenge the lost.

"This is child's play, after all," he ground out, with slow and metallic distinctness. "It is too puerile; let us have some powder."

"No!" exclaimed Dalton, fiercely. "No!" exclaimed Dalton, fiercely. "Blood has been drawn; the duel is over. You are satisfied, Col. Hawksley?"

But the colonel was not, and looked from one to the other, Lord Harcourt stanching the two small holes in his arm, the younger man standing firm and immovablie, his weapon crossed upon his arm. (To be Continued.)

Seaside Excursions August 9, 10, 11, 12.

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TRAVELERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. Ningers Palls, New York—1.05 a.m. daily, 2.27 a.m., %37 a.m., †2.05 a.m., *10.05 a.m., 5.25 p.m., *7.20 p.m. a.m., "5.57 a.m., †2.05 a.m., "25.05 a.m., 12.05 a.m., 12.05 a.m., 12.05 a.m., 14.130 a.m., 2.20 p.m., "6.35 p.m., †6.43 p.m., "1.20 p.m. a.m., "5.67 a.m., 18.05 a.m., "18.05 a.m., "18.05 a.m., 18.13 p.m., 2.30 p.m., *5.35 p.m., 18.02 p.m., 18.02 p.m., 18.03 p.m., 18.05 p.m.,

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

7.49 a. m. for Toronto, Lindsay, Bobaygeon, Tweed, Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal,
Quebec, Sherbrooke, St. John, N.B., Halffaz, N.S., also for Alliston, Coldwater and
Baia, and all points in the Maritime Provinces and New England States.

8.50 a. m. for Toronto, Tottasham,
Becton, Alliston, Coldwater, Bala, the Musholts Lakes, Parry Sound, Point au Baril,
Byng Inlet and Sudbury.

12.25 p. m. for Toronto, Guelph, Elmira,
Millyerton and Goderich.

2.15 p. m. (daily), for Toronto,
Lindsay, Bobcaygeon, Peterboro, Tweed,
Brampton, Fergus, Blora, Orangewille, Owea
Sound, Arthur, Mount Fowest, Harriston,
Wigham, Coldwater and immediate stations.

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Trains leave Toronto 7.50 a.m., (daily), 9.30 a.m., (daily), 7.10 p. m., 11.10 p. m.

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**12.50 p. m. Buffalo Pittaburg

**12.50 p. m. Buffalo Pittaburg

**12.50 p. m. Bleeping car and parlor car on urals leaving Hamilton at 6.25 p. m., and on train arriving at 9.25 a. m. Dining car and parlor car on urals arriving at 8.55 a. m. Dining car and parlor cars on all through Hamilton at 8.55 a. m. Dining car and parlor cars on all through trains p. m. Pulman parlor cars on all through trains p. m. daily, Train leaving Hamilton to New York, Cleveland and Pittaburg.

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Arrive Hamilton 10. Detroit, Chicago and Hamilton 10. Detroit, Chicago and 10. Provided Hamilton 10. Provided

HAMILTON RADIAL ELECTRIC Hamilton to Burlington—4:10, 4:40, 7:10, 47:40, 8:10 8:40, 9:10, 9:40, 10:10, 10:40, 11:10, 11:40 8. m., 12:10, 12:40, 12:10, 12:40, 12:10, 12:40, 12:10, 12:40, 12:10, 12:40, 12:10, 12:40, 12:10, 12:40, 12:10, 12:40, 12:10, 12:40, 12:10, 12:40, 12:10, 12:40, 12

*1.00 p. m. *Daily except Sunday.
*Daily! except Sunday.
*Daily! except Sunday.
*1.20 a. m. 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 2.30, 1.30, 5.30,
*1.30 a. m. 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 2.30, 1.30, 5.30,
*5.00 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, *10.30, 11.30, *11.30 p. m.
*Daily. except Sunday. HAMILTON & DUNDAS RAILWAY.

Terminal Station—4.15, 47.15, 8.16, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 a.m., 12.15, 1.17, 2.18, 2.15, 4.15, 6.18 c.18, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 p.m. Leave Hatt St. Station, Dundas—4.00, % i.5, 47.15, 8.05, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 a.m., 12.15, 1.15 g.ic, 2.15, 4.15, 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 p.m.

Daily, except Sunday. HAMILTON, GRIMSBY & BEAMS VILLE ELECTRIC RAILWAY. Leave Hamilton 7.10, *8.10, \$1.0, \$1

p. m. 124 Peamwille—6.15, 7.15, *8.00, 8.15, 15, *10.15, *11.15, *12.00 a. m., 12.15, 11.5, 11.5, *12.00 a. m., 12.15, 11.5, 2.15, 2.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, *9.40 p. m. †Daily, except Sunday, †Sunday only. BRANTFORD & HAMILTON ELEC-Leave Himilton \$20, *7.45, 8.20, 9.30, 10.20, 11.20 a.m., 12.20, 1.20, 2.20, 3.20, 4.20, 5.20, 6.20, 7.20, 8.20, 9.20, 10.20, *71.20 a.m.

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