THE SERBS OF SERVIA HAVE FUNNY CUSTOMS AND CLOTHES, BUT THEY'RE THE MOST CONTENTED FOLKS ALIVE.

Servians in their picturesque national costumes.

When a Servian widow wants a new husband she hangs a doll in her window. The doll gives fair warning to any bachelor who may chance to pass by.

If a widow or a maiden is very anxious to marry, she also hangs a wreath of corn up on the outside of the house. If the wreath is stolen she will be married soon.

If she is very, VERY anxious to wed she hangs the wreath down quite low so it can be more easily reached.

Servia is the only country where parents are not anxious to marry off their daughters, and want their sons to mate early. The reason is, all the women work in the fields along with the men. When a son marries he brings another helper home; if the daughter marries she goes to her father-in-law's fields to work.

Women in Servia work long and hard. The men regard them as inferior beings and treat them so. At the table women are served last, after the men have all the food they wish.

There are no rich folks in Servia, and outside the king's family, no titles. Domestic servants are unknown except in hotels, where Germans are employed, for the Serb regards it beneath him or her to be an "employe."

That's why most of them farm, or raise pigs, which is the chief source of the small fortunes some of them have.

The Serb is not very religious, and many go to church only when a picnic is held.

Every grown man has the use of five acres of land, which cannot be taken from him. He may buy other land, but those five acres are "loaned" to him by the Government for life, and the products of those acres can't be taken for debt.

Belgrade, the capital, is the only city; and it is becoming western in style, while the citizens are slowly moving toward European customs.

Men wear loose trousers or knickerbockers of white frieze, and cardigan waistcoats with sleeves, lavishly embroidered. Women wear zouave jackets with loose sleeves, linen skirts, and two highly colored aprons, one in front and the other behind. The aprons look something like small rugs.

The peasant married women dress their hair so it projects in two great ram's horns over their foreheads. The unmarried girl wears a colored handkerchief over her head. The more "fashionable" women wear little red fezzes.

Where the Bulgars are sullen and quiet, the Montenegrins quarrelsome and noisy, the Serbs are merry, light-hearted, contented with very little, and always wear smiles.

King Peter, a widower with three children, has been ruler of Servia since Alexander I. and his consort, Queen Draga were murdered in 1893. The crown prince, Alexander, is the second son, the first having renounced his right to the throne.

Servia is about half as large as Indiana in area; and has a population equal to New Jersey's. It was overrun and settled by the Serbs in 636 A. D., and struggled through various degrees of independence until it fell in the hands of the Moslem sultan in 1389.

During the Turko-Russian war in 1877, Servia took the field against Turkey, and was made an independent nation by the Berlin congress in '78.

The Billingsgate and Covent Garden Markets

Lively Description of Famous London Resorts By an American Writer—Billingsgate Is Now Quiet and Orderly—So Is Covent Garden.

Billingsgate and Covent Garden suggest the extremes of the social scale, fishwives and opera-going millionaires, says an American correspondent in the New York Evening Post. However, even Billingsgate, nowadays, for all its bad reputation is a quiet, orderly spot, where you meet courteous treatment, even from the rough, hurrying fish porters. Billingsgate has become civilized. It is now entirely given over to the wholesale fish trade, and to men. The fishwives, who made it notorious, and who, by their coarse speech, gave a word to the English language, have vanished forever.

Although the London markets are among the sights of the town, there is little encouragement to the ease-loving traveller to go to see them. London in the early morning hours, in the autumn especially does not invite one to exploring tours. Nothing moves. Autos and busses have vanished, and only an occasional stray hansom breaks the stillness of the dull streets. Not fully understanding these conditions, the wanderers scorned the first available hansom, expecting to find plenty of taxicabs about, but they regretted their confidence as they walked on and on with no hope of any conveyance. They ran across one group of breakfasting hansom horses, but no drivers were to be seen, and a hasty examination showed the breakfast bags to be nearly full. Nothing to do but go on afoot toward Smithfield Market.

A Rescuing Cabby.

A wandering cabby finally picked us up and carried us to the meat market, where we had a hurried view of a long vista of carcases and of preparations for the morning's sales, but Billingsgate is the important market and it was necessary to make a hurried trip by "tube" to get there on time. On the "tube" it is the passengers who kindly give directions to mystified strangers. There were few guards, and the only minute explanations of the born Londoner kept us from travelling all day under the London streets. The "innercircle" landed us near Billingsgate, and the odor of the sea-catch guided us unmistakably in the right direction. The streets about were wet with the drip of fish-filled boxes, and crowded with wagons being loaded with the day's provision of sea-food.

Billingsgate market being on the water's edge, all the fish is unloaded direct from the fishing boats, each with a great box full of fish balanced on the top of his head, on a queerly-shaped, padded, waterproof hat made expressly for this work. The fish are kept cool with loose ice, but are unfrozen. The Spanish mackerel with their dark markings and opaline sides offer the most beautiful sight of all, so freshly caught that their colors are as vivid as when they left the water.

Beside these are whiting, flounders, pale brown sole, halibut, turbot, all shining from the sea, and among the shellfish may be seen oysters, huge crabs, lobsters—white-flecked, dark green ones—periwinkles and cockels. The latter look somewhat like very small clams, and they are sold cooked, having been separated from their shells by large sieves.

After wandering long among the sea sights and smells, we remembered that Convent Garden still called for a visit, and that that, too, should be seen early.

The Word of Macaulay.

"In Convent Garden a filthy, noisy market was held close to the dwellings of the great. Fruit women screamed, carters fought, cabbage stalks and rotten apples accumulated in heaps at the thresholds of the Countess of Berkshire and of the Bishop of Durham." This is Macaulay's description of the market about 1690. It is still given up entirely to vegetables, flowers and fruits, but it is now clean, orderly and not especially noisy as markets go.

One whole great pavilion is for flowers only, the chrysanthemums, rich, deep-colored blossoms, being the reigning favorites, although there are plenty of other varieties, one of the loveliest being the deep orange-salmon tea rosebuds, dahlias, gaudy, varicolored ones, some solid as cabbage heads, some of the strangely-quilled, new varieties, heather and even orchids attract one's attention to one or another of the stalls. Bright autumn leaves, recalling the New England fall, attracted our attention especially, they looked so American. In one spot golden chrysanthemums and melons of exactly the same shade made a beautiful picture.

On the whole, the vegetable quarters are not specially interesting. Flowers do not as in Paris, crowd in among them, nor are the streets picturesque and slippery with many shades of green refuse. The carts are not emptied as they are in Paris, but form each its own stall. All the vegetable pictures are "skied," and are far less attractive than when they lie, in orderly confusion, all over the market streets. Celery, the first we had seen, was enormous, but deep green instead of white like ours. Many of the provisions are packed and sold hidden in large round baskets. A perfect tower of Babel, ten baskets in all, is one man's load, carried on his head, but they are evidently empty ones, as two seem to be as heavy a weight as a man cares to balance when they are full.

It is but a step from the market to the Hotel Savoy, where an empty dining-room and astonished waiters awaited the matutinal breakfastless wanderers, who had been travelling for hours among food supplies, sharpening their appetites for grilled sole, graham muffins, orange marmalade, and tea—the most English of English breakfasts.

Youthful, Beautiful Skin Easy to Have

[From The Clubwoman.]

You may be as healthy as a bird in the air and still have a poor complexion. Changing seasons and temperatures, winds, dust and dirt, are apt to injure any skin, even though the general health be good. When these external influences spoil the complexion, the natural thing is to remove the spoil by external means. Ordinary mercolized wax will do this. It will actually absorb the weather-beaten film-skin, a little each day. In a week or two you'll have a brand new complexion, a new skin. The exquisitely beautiful and youthful complexion thus acquired, comes so easily, without harm or discomfort, there's no reason why any woman should not adopt this simple treatment. Get an ounce of mercolized wax at any drug store, apply nightly like cold cream, washing it off mornings. This will not fail in any case.

To quickly remove wrinkles, signs of care and age, bathe the face occasionally in a solution of powdered saxolite, 1 ounce, dissolved in ½ pint witch hazel. The results will surprise you.

Numbers For English Houses

How London Streets Are Lined With "Villas" Bearing Fancy Names.

[London Correspondent of the Kansas City Star.]

Quite a strong movement is on foot in England, and none too soon, either, to put an end to the rather silly but almost universal custom of giving names to private houses, and to adopt the more sensible, if less poetic, one of numbering them instead, as is done in the United States and most other parts of the world.

Not, of course, that houses aren't numbered at all over here. You have only to remember your "No. 5 John street" to be assured of that. But the average British householder is so inordinately fond of christening his habitation something or other and then putting the name on his stationery that perhaps half the houses in a street will be simply Glensides or Bellevues or whatnot, with a result that a stranger who is looking for a particular house and knows only the name of it or even its number, if it has one, may have to roam the street from end to end before he finds it, which, of course, is a nuisance. One can imagine, for instance, the delight of sitting in a taxicab in a long and lonely suburban road on a dark night, with the meter industriously ticking off tuppences, while the driver scrutinizes each of the badly-lighted houses to discover if it is Lyndhurst or Ivanhoe or the Nook, according to the taste of your friend.

Letters by the thousand miscarry for lack of definite number to deliver them to, and besides it is manifestly ridiculous to have rows upon rows of cheap, jerry-built "villas" swanking as Blenheims, Carltons and Granges, and so at last a large section of the public here is in favor of having every dwelling numbered and known by its number. Of course, in this most conservative of countries such a step in the direction of convenience and common sense is meeting with dogged opposition.

Some of the little people who set up housekeeping in the suburbs (it is there that the "Nooks" and "Ivanhoes" most abound) take the naming of their two by four rookeries terribly seriously. The writer heard one of them demand of everybody in a drawing-room recently whether they thought him overambitious in giving the name of one of Stevenson's island homes to the semi-detached cottage in a "garden suburb" which he had taken on the instalment plan, or whether it would be better to name it one of seven or eight other things?

Such folk are fair game for cartoonists and other funny men, who are having a lot of sport with the suburbanite and his villa. One of the comic artists, for instance, draws attention to the general lack of anything like appropriateness in housenaming. He shows that a house named "Bellevue" is certain to command a view only of a railroad track or a slum, while "The Pines" or "The Elms" is certain to be on a treeless terrace, "Rosemary" goes up a steep gravel, and "Mon Repos" next door to a boiler works, "Snelgrass" is a favorite name, too, in the suburbs of London, though the city where this flower grows, are hundreds of miles away.

One of the London papers has sent a man out to catalogue the house names, and some amusing discoveries result. One man has named his residence "Pro Tem" because he has it only on a short lease, but the name that seemed to be prime favorite among the suburbanites was "Cosy Cot." The reporter found it spelled variously as "Cosy Cot," "Kosi Kot," Cosy Kot" and "Kosy Cot," while other names on which there was a heavy run were "The Hutch," "Clovelly" and "The Laurels," with no laurel trees within miles, of course. Scott's novels have given their names to hundreds of suburban villas, while there are "East Lynnes" in abundance and "Lalla Rookhs" ad lib.

A CHARACTER STUDY

Continued from Page Thirteen.

no opinion," said the prince. "I don't even exist." His victory was complete. The Skuptschina surrendered and implored him to return.

Fortunately the conflict between the prince and his Parliament was bridged over by the Austrian annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, which roused the Montenegrins to fury. They clamored for war; but the old warrior would not have it. For with all his military ardor and genius—and in the war against the Turks in 1876 he revealed brilliant strategic qualities—he has the caution of the statesman. Thrice he has withstood the war fever of his people, and it is the highest tribute to his bravery and his patriotism that in doing so he has retained their confidence and devotion. It is a confidence which dates back to the 'sixties, when, after the Turks had ravaged the country with fire and sword, the young King set himself to organize his people afresh for war and peace, giving them not only a new military system, but also a rudimentary educational system. He has sought to suppress the blood feud that still prevails amongst his fierce people; but not with entire success, and murder is still the most familiar crime in that semi-barbaric land. He, indeed, in his earlier days is alleged to have had a feud of his own which he carried through with terrible completeness.

His Last Fight.

Now in his old age he has gone out to his last struggle with the foe of five centuries. Like Charlemagne he might cry, "What a marching life is mine." It is said that he hastened the war in order to celebrate his birthday; but that is to do this wise old man of the mountains an injustice. He has never played the part of the irresponsible egotist. Even when at his jubilee he succeeded in converting his princedom into a kingship it was not vanity that inspired him, as it had inspired Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. It was love of his little land. He would not have it subordinate to its neighbors. If Bulgaria was to be a kingdom, Montenegro should be a kingdom, too. It was the kingdom, not the kingship that he sought.

He is the last of the heroes of an ancient tradition. When he goes, modernism will come among the mountains. On some sunny day you may see the clash of the old and the new in his palace grounds. The old king rides forth on his favorite horse, saluting familiarly with the ease of a perfect cavalier. He dashes across the park towards the tennis court where the young Princes Danilo and Mirko with the princesses are playing tennis in the midst of the Corps Diplomatique who mark and watch the game. The tough old conqueror of Mouktar and of Mahmoud-Pasha holds in small esteem this child's play, an importation from England, in which the man is often conquered by the woman. And perhaps with rough geniality he makes a sudden swerve into the midst of the onlookers, puts his horse over the net and then at full speed disappears in the wild gorges of the mountains, while the players, familiar with these robust freaks of the giant, resume their interrupted game with laughter.

The tennis player will succeed to old chieftain. Prince Danilo, with his motor-cars, his love for sport, his familiarity with half a dozen languages, his conventional foreign dress and his perfect manners, is centuries away from the old Montenegrin patriarch. He will take his place naturally among the other foreign and denationalized rulers of the Balkans. King Nicholas will end the tradition of the old Black Mountain princes, and will pass naturally into the realm of legend, where he will live for ever a brave and sagacious figure, the father of his people, sitting at his front door in the sunshine, accessible to the humblest peasant, and with a single soldier as sentinel, dealing out justice under a tree, like St. Louis, loving a good Slav ballad as much as plum brandy, making the songs of his people, giving them laws, leading them to victory. It is a figure on which history will dwell with affection—perhaps also with regret that the modern world has no place for the peasant king.

BRITISH LIBERALS

Continued from Page Thirteen.

in France has been encouraged to hope for British aid in an attack on Germany, while the Russian Government has used the moral prestige of our support for a policy of aggression and oppression in Finland and Persia, and—worst of all for purely British interests—the North Sea has become the scene of mutual suspicion and warlike preparations unparalleled in cost and magnitude. Over the North Sea one-half of our shipping and commerce passes daily. Our chief European customer and our best commercial friend among the great powers is arming nervously and rapidly in order to protect her own mercantile marine from the menace of our greatly superior fleet. With equal nervousness and greater rapidity our own fleet is being enlarged regardless of cost. The awful warning of the Morocco crisis has gone by, but the sore is unhealed. Lord Haldane's mission to Berlin was ruined by Mr. Churchill's warlike speeches. There have been faults on both sides, but who can doubt that the coldness and pessimism of our own foreign office have been a persistent obstacle to that Anglo-German entente which the peoples on both sides of the North Sea clearly desired?

We have been told over and over again that armaments depend upon policy. If this be true, there must be something wrong in a policy which has increased the cost of armaments by thirteen millions in four years. Our National Liberal Federation is the accredited organ of Liberalism. It has now a duty to perform to the Government and to the country. It has to ask for a change of policy which will remove the friction and suspicions by which war is generated, and thus lead to a reduction in armaments. Let us, at any rate, of the National Liberal Federation, make known that we wish to live on terms of friendship and mutual confidence with our German neighbors. We ask that the British Government shall frankly adopt the policy of exempting from capture all peaceful shipping and all peaceful property on sea in time of war. This is the American proposal which was supported at the last Hague conference by Germany and a majority of the powers. If this policy is adopted the main reason, the reason which has been accepted and indorsed by the German people, for the expansion of the German fleet will be removed, and the one great danger to our food supply in time of war will disappear. Let it go forth from the National Liberal Federation that we demand and require a clear understanding—that English Liberalism at any rate shall have no part or lot in military and naval projects for an attack on Germany. This is a sane and simple policy. In pressing it forward we are advocating an enlightened patriotism, and we are merely asking that the best traditions of Liberal policy should be maintained abroad as well as at home. This is a personal and not an official letter, but I take this opportunity of strongly recommending to you the adoption by your association of the two appended resolutions. Believe me, yours, etc.,

JOHN BRUNNER.

Resolutions.

1. That this meeting, while heartily desiring a continuance of the friendly relations which have been established with France, urges the Government to make it clear that no understanding or intention is thereby implied as to military or naval action against any other power, and further expresses a strong opinion that equally friendly relations upon a similar footing ought to be established with Germany.

2. That this meeting urges His Majesty's Government to enter into international treaties with the United States and other powers for the purpose of securing all peaceful shipping and merchandise from capture or destruction in time of war.

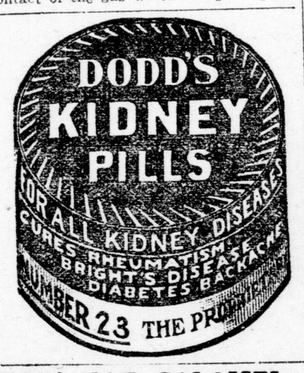
MATCHLESS GAS LIGHTER CAN BE MADE EASILY.

Gas may be lighted without matches if the ordinary incandescent gas mantle used has been converted into a self-lighter.

The thing is very simply done. A bit of fire clay or other incombustible material is rolled into a ball about the size of a pea by getting powdered clay and adding a little water. Before the ball has hardened it should be rolled in spongy platinum which comes in a gray powdered form, and, while highly expensive, enough to do the work can be obtained for a small sum. While the pea is still soft attach it with a fine wire to the top of the incandescent mantle—it might be hung or fastened to the same hook that holds up the mantle.

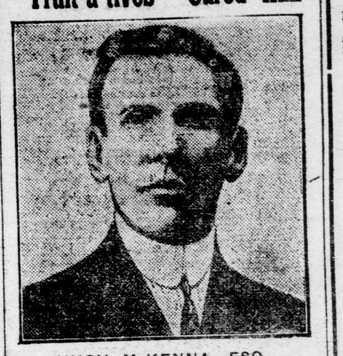
Then turn on the gas and light it with a match. The pea is hardened by the flame. When it becomes thoroughly hardened the gas might be turned out. When it is turned on again it is not necessary to use a match, as a chemical action is set up in the platinum by the contact of the gas which heats the platinum immediately to a white heat and causes the burner to ignite.

Natural gas or gas generated from gasoline will not do this.



FEARED HE HAD CONSUMPTION

"Fruit-a-tives" Cured Him



HUGH McKENNA, ESQ.

St. Stephen, N. B., Jan. 17th, 1911.

"I wish to tell you of the great good 'Fruit-a-tives' have done for me. For years I was a martyr to Chronic Constipation and Stomach Trouble. I was greatly run down and my friends feared I had Consumption. I tried numerous doctors and all kinds of medicines, but received no relief until advised to try 'Fruit-a-tives' by Mr. McCready, of St. Stephen, and am pleased to say that I now enjoy excellent health. 'Fruit-a-tives' are the best medicine made, and I strongly advise my friends to use them."

HUGH McKENNA.

"Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine that will positively and completely cure Constipation. This wonderful compound of fruit juices acts directly on the liver, causing this organ to extract more bile from the blood, and to give up more bile to move the bowels regularly and naturally.

50c a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

"My daughter allus said she wouldn't mary any ordinary man," said Farmer Corntossel. "Well, there ain't anything extraordinary about the feller she got," commented his neighbor. "That's where you're wrong. He's the most brilliant and accomplished work-dodger in the entire county."

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Empress of Britain	Nov. 15
Lake Manitoba	Nov. 20
Empress of Ireland	Nov. 29
Empress of Britain	Dec. 13

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Cars leaving London at 8:00, 10.00, 12:00 (even hours) go through to Port Stanley. Last car waits for the theatre.

UGH! NOT CALOMEL, OIL OR SALTS, BUT DELICIOUS "SYRUP OF FIGS"

Give Your Stomach, Liver and 30 Feet of Bowels a Thorough Cleansing Without Gripe or Nausea—Ends Headache, Biliousness, Indigestion and Constipation.

This wonderful fruit laxative acts as a liver and bowel cleanser—tonic—not as an irritant. Its action is natural and gentle—no griping. It is delicious — no dreading. It is positive and prompt—no waiting.

If your stomach is sour and filled with vile gases, your head aches, or you are bilious, nervous, dizzy, half sick, your tongue coated, your thirty feet of bowels clogged with waste not properly carried off—don't wait. Surely take a teaspoonful of delicious Syrup of Figs tonight, and in the morning all constipated waste, sour bile, gases and poisons will move on and out of the system, gently but thoroughly—no griping—no nausea—no weakness. In the old days people let these matters run until they needed a large dose of physic, then they took something severe, like castor oil, salts or cathartics, that meant abuse to the bowels. These are the days of the gentle and natural — the days of Syrup of Figs. This way you are not drugging yourself. Syrup of Figs being composed entirely of luscious figs, senna and aromatics cannot cause injury.

Ask your druggist for "Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna," and look for the name, California Fig Syrup Company on the label. This is the genuine — old reliable. Any other so-called Fig Syrup is an imitation often meant to deceive you. Refuse such with contempt.

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure — you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head; back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:

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SHILOH CURES COUGHS & COLDS

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

SARNIA TUNNEL TO SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND TORONTO.

Arrive from the East—*3:52 a.m., 10:56 a.m., *11:12 a.m., *11:28 a.m., *6:30 p.m., *8:00 p.m., 10:45 p.m.

Arrive from the West—*12:14 a.m., 3:43 a.m., 8:50 a.m., *11:55 a.m., 1:10 p.m., *4:10 p.m., 6:25 p.m.

Depart for the East—*12:19 a.m., *3:48 a.m., 7:20 a.m., 9:00 a.m., *12:05 p.m., 2:05 p.m., *4:25 p.m., *6:53 p.m.

Depart for the West—*3:57 a.m., 7:40 a.m., *11:18 a.m., *11:35 a.m., 1:40 p.m., 3:20 p.m.

LONDON AND WINDSOR.

Arrive—10:23 a.m., *4:00 p.m., 6:50 p.m., 11:05 p.m.

Depart—6:35 a.m., *11:43 a.m., 2:05 p.m., 3:05 p.m.

STRATFORD BRANCH.

Arrive—11:15 a.m., 1:39 p.m., 6:45 p.m., 11:25 p.m.

Depart—6:00 a.m., 10:26 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 2:45 p.m., 4:55 p.m.

LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE.

Arrive—10:00 a.m., 6:10 p.m.

Depart—8:30 a.m., 4:40 p.m.

Trains market * run daily. Those not marked, daily, except Sunday.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Arrive from the East—*11:42 a.m., 6:50 p.m., *8:15 p.m., *11:12 p.m.

Arrive from the West—*4:30 a.m., 11:20 a.m., *12:15 p.m., *5:45 p.m., 5:15 p.m.

Depart for the East—*4:38 a.m., 7:00 a.m., *12:25 p.m., *5:55 p.m.

Depart for the West—8:00 a.m., *11:50 a.m., 7:00 p.m., *8:23 p.m., *11:20 p.m.

Trains market * run daily. Those not marked, daily, except Sunday.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Arrive—7:04 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 4:55 p.m., 9:40 p.m.

Depart—7:20 a.m., 2:20 p.m., 5:20 p.m., 10:11 p.m.

PERE MARQUETTE RAILWAY.

Arrive—8:45 a.m., *12:25, 1:50, 4.38, *9:50 p.m.

Depart—5:50, *7:10, 9:45 a.m., 2:30, *4:15, †7:00 p.m.

*To and from Walkerville. All trains to and from Port Stanley, except trains marked with star. †To St. Thomas only. All trains week days only.

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FAST TIME TO

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SASKATOON, REGINA, CALGARY, ROSSLAND, VANCOUVER, SEATTLE, PORTLAND.

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Oct. 7 to Nov. 9, to points in TEMAGAMI, ETC.

Oct. 17 to Nov. 9, to Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays, Penetang, Midland, Lakefield, Severn to North Bay inclusive, Argyle to Coboconk inclusive, Lindsay to Haliburton inclusive, Madawaska to Parry Sound inclusive.

All tickets valid for return until Thursday, Dec. 12, except to points reached by steamer lines, Tuesday, Nov. 12, 1912.

Steamship tickets on sale via all lines. Full particulars from any Grand Trunk Agent, or address R. E. RUSE, C. P. and T. A., "Clock Corner," London; A. E. DUFF, D. P. A., Toronto, Ont.

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