

# The Ear's Mistake

The chariot rolls up a drive almost as smooth as marble, and running under a canopy of green, and suddenly, at a bend of the road, a vast pile of white stone looms before Carrie's eyes, and Lord Cecil with a smile, says: "Here we are; this is the castle."

It is so vast, so stupendous, so overwhelming, that Carrie can only stare at it. Never for a moment does she think of the thought that flashes upon her: "Some day you—yes, you, Carrie Harrington—will be mistress here!" If it did it would have seemed too improbable for reception or belief.

The chariot rolls swiftly round the curve, and the horses pick up their gait, and chugging in front of a magnificent doorway of pure white stone, without a single carving to relieve—or spoil—its majestic dimensions; the footmen open the carriage door; Yates, who has preceded them in a swift dog-cart, comes forward to help them to alight, and Carrie, as Lord Cecil takes her hand and whispers some loving word, sees the vast doors of the hall swing back, and two footmen stand on either side, like the sentinels in some fairy story.

For a moment the silence, the grandeur, the quietude of the reception, which is nothing but the ordinary, and would await any guest, take her by surprise, and she falters; but Lord Cecil is by her side, and his voice reassures her.

"Joy!" he says. "I am quite stiff. Yates, is the baggage here? See that it is sent in at once. Carry, you are in good luck. Simple words, yet spoken in his calm, musical voice, they do more to encourage and help her than any direct attention could do.

In the simplest manner possible he draws her hand upon his arm, and leads her up the broad steps, and they enter the hall.

Carrie is conscious of having entered a vast apartment that is like a church, with its dark-wood rafter and paneled walls, and its windows of stained glass; then from the dimness, which is rather confusing after the broad glare of the sunlight, she sees a tall, stately figure, dressed in a plain linen collar, gliding toward her.

She has only time to see that the lady has eyes and hair like Lord Cecil, when he says: "My mother." And taking Carrie's hand, he approaches the countess, and says: "Mother, here is Carrie, and her sister, Philippa."

The lady takes Carrie's hand, looks her in the face with a smile wonderfully like Lord Cecil's, and then leans forward and kisses her. "I am very glad to see you, my dear," she says, "and you, Miss Harrington."

That is all! The next moment a lady's maid, who has been waiting in the background, comes noiselessly toward them, and whispers: "This way, miss, if you please," and, as if in a dream, they follow her up the broad carpeted staircase.

It is Carrie's first entrance to Fitz-Harwood Castle, and often in the coming time she will think of it, recalling it with an aching heart and a vain longing to forget it.

CHAPTER XIX.

"To sum it all up in a phrase," says Philippa, "you are a complete success, my dear Carrie."

And it is the simple truth. A week has passed since Carrie had her appearance at Fitz-Harwood Castle as Lord Cecil's future bride, and the seven days have been seven full days of satisfaction and triumph. Carrie had come out through the rather trying ordeal not only unscathed, but with flying colors. Though the castle had been full of guests, amongst them belles of the last season and debutantes of the present, all clad in most costly garments and with the polish of town and ton, Carrie Harrington, the farmer's daughter, had not suffered eclipse. Her sweet, fair young face has shone to advantage amongst them all; and even her simple dress, which seems to have possessed a touch of freshness and simplicity which has made them welcome and pleasant to the eye.

That she has found favor in the sight of the all-powerful countess is soon made apparent; at the stately meals her ladyship has caused Carrie's chair to be placed next her own; and it is with Carrie as her companion that she takes her slow and gentle promenades along the terraces and about the exquisitely arranged flower beds. Even the earl sends to her the "little country maid," as he calls her, and when he has made time to spare—which is not often—will come and seat himself beside her, or bend over her chair, a pleasant smile on his intellectual face, as he talks of her father and the old days when they were at school together.

As for Lord Cecil, he is in the heyday of his happiness. That Carrie would prove irresistible, he of course was quite assured; but he could scarcely have hoped for a greater success that she has made; and not once, but a hundred times he tells her, in their walks and drives, how proud and happy her popularity makes him; and notwithstanding that for the past few days he has to play the part of vice host, he manages to snatch many a half hour for "sweet converse" with his darling.

And, strange to say, it is "sweet converse," Carrie's "temper," which Philippa knows so well, seems to have changed, and like the lion in the fable, turned to dove; so much so, that Philippa is both amazed and amused.

"Really," she says, with her good-natured cynicism, "it would appear that if young couples wish to agree, the best thing they can do is to preclude their engagement with a good quarrel. Now, any one would have felt secure in prophesying a stormy time for poor Cecil, whereas you have behaved yourself in a manner as extraordinary as it is exemplary."

"Perhaps," retorts Carrie, "it is because I am so palpably on my good behavior! But who could be anything but good when she is placed in such a position with a little sign, 'Look at it,' and she waves her sunshade toward the house; they are seated on one of the velvet slopes of the Italian garden, the air perfumed by the flowers, the white walls of the castle stretching before their eyes. "The place fascinates one. A kind of spell fell upon me when I entered the house a week ago, and it has not risen or vanished yet."

"It is a wonderful place," says Philippa.

"Yes," goes on Carrie, dreamily, "wonderful. I think I could have borne it if it had been gorgeous and magnificent; but its exquisite simplicity and age overmaster me. Do you know, I never enter the doors but I fancy that I can hear an organ waiving out softly in the distance; and never glance up at the pictures in the gallery but I expect the stately figures to come down and descend the staircase. One reads and hears so much of 'tone,' that one grows sick and tired of it, but I know what it means now. Not all the wealth of a millionaire could purchase the tone of Harwood Castle."

"And it will be yours one day, tone and all," says Philippa.

Carrie starts.

"Do you think I do not think of that? I shall be awake in the night sometimes, Flippa, with that thought suddenly flashing on me, and then I feel—you cannot tell how acutely—my insignificance. I remember the countess, and how she walks and speaks like a countess, or a duchess, and I wonder whether I shall ever learn to speak and smile, the slow, gentle, yet quietly smiling, or acquire that walk of hers, so stately and yet so unpretending. Look where she is walking there on the terrace; see how that grey satin dress ripples behind her, not snatching and dragging as other women's would, but just sweeping and falling into every movement of her body! When I look at her, I feel in despair of ever becoming in the very least like her."

"It will come in time," says Philippa, philosophically. "In time, if one lives, I shall see you with the same grand tone, the same smile."

"You think so?" with anxious doubt.

"Yes; but anyway don't make yourself unhappy about it," says Philippa, "I echo Carrie; and a smile of pleasant confidence fills her eyes. "Philippa, I am so happy that at times I feel afraid. I have told you so before, but I feel it more keenly now. You know what it is to feel like that—as if you were happier than you deserved;—as if something must happen, to knock one's castle down, and prove it but one of cards? I feel like that!"

"What nonsense!" says practical Philippa. "What can happen? You are as certain—death excepted—to be the Viscountess Neville as if you and Lord Cecil were already married."

"Yes, death excepted," says Carrie, slowly; "and I don't feel like dying."

"And he doesn't look it," said Philippa, with a smile. "My dear, you are an extremely young person, I'll admit; but I don't think the gods are yet envious enough to seek your destruction."

"I hope not," says Carrie—"I hope they'll let me run my little course unintercepted."

"Here comes her ladyship," says Philippa. "For goodness' sake, change that air of melancholy on your face—raise those dark eyebrows of yours!"

As she speaks Lord Cecil, the countess, and one or two others come down the steps and approach them.

Carrie, with her instinctive good manners, rises; but the countess puts her hand upon the fair, round arm, and gently forces her into her seat, and then seats herself beside her. Lord Cecil goes behind them, and leans over Carrie, that, unless by the others, he may touch her hand.

"We thought we should find you here, my dear," says the countess. "We have come on a special embassy."

And she smiles at Carrie, graciously, affectionately.

"Yes," says Lord Cecil, "we come, so to speak, to place our destiny in your hands."

"In mine?" says Carrie, with a smile of curiosity. "What has happened?"

"Nothing. It is what is to happen," he says, and he looks at her with a smile on his handsome face. "My mother has received an invitation from an old friend who lives near. I don't know whether I have mentioned her? Lady Ferndale."

"No," says Carrie.

"She lives at Ferndale, a dozen miles from here, and she is going to give a fancy ball before she leaves for town, and she has sent begging us to go to it."

"Carrie's eyes glaze.

"Carrie's eyes glaze," she says; "I have never been to one!" Then she sighs with heartfelt content. "And I am not so very anxious to go. I am so happy as it is!"

The countess smiles at the artless admission.

"That was very nicely said, my dear," she says, patting Carrie's hand. "But Cecil ought to have said that Lady Ferndale is a very old and dear friend of ours, and that we ought to accept her invitation, how do we say?"

"Special pleading, mother!" says Lord Cecil, holding up his finger with a smile. "We agreed that no arguments should be used."

Carrie flushes and looks round shyly.

"But—but it does not rest with me!" she says, half nervously.

The countess smiles.

"My dear, the invitation is for you and myself, principally, and it does rest with you, very properly, whether we go or stay."

"You'll go," says Lord Cecil. The rest look at Carrie as if she were a despot upon whose will their happiness and fate depend, and the ever-ready carmine rushes to Carrie's face.

"I should like to go," she murmurs, after glancing round at the expectant faces. "But—a fancy ball, you said, Lady Fitz-Harwood—I haven't anything to go in!"

Lord Cecil laughs.

"Oh, as to that, all you want in addition to an evening dress is a domino."

"What is that?" asks Carrie, innocently.

"A large cloak, my dear, which will conceal the whole of your figure."

"And a mask, Cecil, you forget that."

"A mask, certainly," says Lord Cecil. "Nothing is easier. And if you prefer a fancy costume, why, nothing is easier still than to order one from London. There is a week to get it in."

"Pray, say you'll go, Miss Harrington," pleads a young attaché, fervently.

Carrie nods.

"I should like to go," she says, "if—"

The countess inclines her head.

"Yes, go, my dear. If you haven't been to one before, this will amuse you, and I am sure Lady Ferndale will be very disappointed if you refuse. She is an old friend of mine, and a most dear and charming person. You will like Lord Ferndale, too. As to the dress—"

"I would prefer the domino," says Carrie, quickly reflecting that a fancy-ball dress will make a heavy demand upon her father's already strained purse-strings.

"That is settled," says Lord Cecil. "This week; short notice, as Lady Ferndale says, but she is a creature of impulse, and unlike most creatures of impulse her efforts are always successful."

ful. It is sure to be a splendid ball. Now, Kenworthy—to the young attaché—you can wire for your most fetching costume. Kenworthy never shines so brilliantly as in a fancy ball."

"And what will you wear?" says Carrie, glancing up at him, and thinking with true womanly pride that, let him choose what dress he will, he is sure to look handsome and distinguished.

He laughs.

"Romeo would be the most appropriate," he murmurs in her ear. "And Philippa could go as Juliet!" says Carrie, mischievously.

"Or the nurse," says Philippa. "Give me a grey wig and a basket of simples, and I should make an excellent nurse."

"Then the rest of us would go as sick persons or infants!" retorts the attaché, gallantly.

The countess rises with her gentle smile.

"Well, as you have decided to accept I will write and tell Lady Ferndale. Give me the letter, Cecil."

He hands it to her, and she glances at it.

"By the way, she offers as an inducement, a pair of satin gloves, and a pair of parlor and grill rooms. High class beautiful designs. All lengths, white, cream, ivory, etc. A splendid variety to choose from. See this lot."

The countess folds the letter.

"The Princess Florence," she says. (To be continued.)

## TIMES PATTERNS.



AN EVER POPULAR FAVORITE.

No. 8395—Girl's dress to be worn with a guimpe. Dresses with which guimpes are to be worn are still in great favor for little girls, both for silk, wash fabrics or woollens. The style here shown is prettily tucked over the shoulders and finished with a slashed cape sleeve; the neck edge is shaped to show the guimpe. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for the 10-year size.

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## UNDER THE LEAVES.

Off have I walked these woodland paths, Without the blest foreknowledge That underneath the withered leaves The fairest buds were growing.

To-day the south wind sweeps away The types of autumn's splendor, And shows the sweet Arabus flowers— Spring's children pure and tender.

O prophet souls, with lips of bloom, Outlying in their ocean shells, Teach me their faith and duty.

Walk life's dark ways, ye seem to say, With Love's divine foreknowledge, That where man sees but withered leaves God sees the sweet flowers growing.

## JAPANESE CRUISERS.

Two Vessels to Visit Esquimaux, B. C. in May.

Ottawa, March 26.—Mr. Sugimura, Acting Consul-General for Japan in Canada, has received official notification from Tokyo that two cruisers of the Japanese training squadron will visit Esquimaux and Vancouver next May, during the annual cruise around the Pacific Ocean; they are the Aho, 7,726 tons, and the Soya, 6,500 tons, under Rear-Admiral Ijichi. They will have on board a large number of naval cadets. The cruisers will reach Esquimaux on May 12 and Vancouver on the 15th.

## Everett Man's Body Found.

Port Arthur, March 26.—On Nov. 22 last the body of a man was picked up along the C. P. R. track east of here, and was buried without being identified. To-day it was exhumed by request, and positively identified as that of Charles Wilson, marine engineer, of Everett, Ontario, by a brother. The corpse was at once reinterred.

## A Hard Man to Hold.

Chatham, March 26.—The police are searching for John Stevenson, wanted for the alleged forging of James Corbett's name to a cheque passed on Park Bros. Stevenson was caught at Glencoe, gave the authorities the slip, was rearrested, but escaped again while driving to Chatham with a constable. He is still at large.

## Two Montreal Lodges and the Niagara Falls N. Y. Lodge on Friday evening visited Zetland Lodge, Toronto, where the first degree was exemplified in French for the first time in that city.

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Now for splendid enthusiastic reductions in Curtains, Window Shades, Muslins, Bedspreads, etc. Monday will be a gala day for savings. We want to start the week with a big rush. Read these values:

**\$1.78 Lace Curtains \$1.18 Pr.** Lace and Insertion Shades 50c  
200 pairs strong durable Curtains, Full size, cream, with double lace, artistic designs, will wear and launder well, 3 1/2 yards long, white or ivory. All double thread.

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Irish Point, Marie Antoinette, Antique, Madras, Tambour, etc. For parlors and grill rooms. High class beautiful designs. All lengths, white, cream, ivory, etc. A splendid variety to choose from. See this lot.

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Panel design, satin Marseilles toilet quilts, full double bed size. Suitable for guest room. English manufacture; regular \$2.50; priced \$1.88 pair

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Brass Extension Rods and Sockets, 4c each  
Extension Tubes, brass or silver ends, complete 15c each  
Window Shade Rollers, Hartshorn's springs 12c each  
Curtain Pole and all attachments, wood 25c each  
Curtain Stretchers, folding kind, wear, easy to launder. A great seller. Regular \$1.50, Monday \$1.08 each  
Fancy White Curtain Muslin, 9c yd.

### Monday Dress Goods Bargains

Grand Special Selling Events in New Materials

New Elephant Grey Shadow Stripe Suitings, Worth 55c Yard Regularly 85c, Monday Sale Price

Here's one of the most notable Dress Goods offerings of the whole season in the wanted and scarce shades of grey and in the new shadow stripe. This will be welcome news for intending buyers. Be on hand early and secure a length of this grand bargain, good value at 85c; our price Monday 55c yard

**39c New Shadow Stripe Suitings, Worth Reg. 65c, Monday Sale Price 39c Yard**

Another new line on sale Monday; will make up stylish new Spring and Summer Suits; on sale in brown, navy, myrtle, red, cream and black. Come and see this line Monday. Worth regularly 65c; Sale price 39c yard

### 3-Days Black Silk Sale Starts Monday

Regular \$1.50 Guaranteed Silks for 88c

Starting Monday and for the two following days we will place on special sale five thousand yards of the newest weaves in Black Silks, comprising French Messaline, Satin de Chine, Chiffon Taffeta, Satin Paillette, etc., all silks that are fully warranted and worth \$1.50 yard, sale price 88c

### Spring Sale of Tailored Suits, Coats and Dresses for Spring and Summer Wear

An opening display, fully comprehensive of all that is desirable and correct in outer wear. These garments are in styles individual, distinctive and (except when they are copies of imported models) are rigidly exclusive.

**Black Chiffon Broadcloth Jackets \$15.50**  
A new and perfectly beautiful semi-fitting model, 36 and 38 inches long, beautifully braided and silk trimmed, one of the best values in Hamilton at \$15.50

**Tailor-made Suits \$18.50**  
Made of fancy chiffon Panama and serges, in tailored and dressy effects; coats cut in 30 to 34 inches long, and lined with satin, fancy collar and cuffs of inlaid silk and braid trimmed; full gored skirt, also tailored model; coat lined in the newest straight front effect, all colors, regular values \$23.50, very special at \$18.50

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## THE RIGHT TO STRIKE BACK.

Dramatic Exclamation of Michigan Lumberman Against Canada.

He Opposes Lower Duties and Calls to High Heavens.

Ohio Man Favors Free Lumber—Minimum and Maximum.

Washington, March 26.—The feature of the tariff debate in the House of Representatives to-day was the speech of Representative Fordney, who is a Michigan lumberman, an avowed high protectionist and a member of the Committee on Ways and Means. He discussed at considerable length the lumber schedule, and in an aside while talking of hides he provoked applause when he said they were put on the free list of the Payne bill against his earnest protest. He spoke of discriminations of Canada against American citizens, and in that connection mentioned the maximum and minimum features of the bill, adding: "By the heavens above me, I contend we have the right to strike back when she strikes us."

On the lumber issue, he said, some people had gone into hysterics over the question of free lumber. He challenged anyone present to pick out a single prominent industry in the United States that had as low a rate and valorem protection as that given lumber. He denied that lumber from the southern States was going into Canada in any considerable quantities, except long leaf yellow pine.

Mr. Snyder and Mr. Hardy (Texas) declared that they had good reasons to believe that a lumber trust or combination exists to fix the price of lumber.

"I have been in the lumber business since I was a boy," said Mr. Fordney, "and I have never known of a lumber trust."

The cross-fire of questions regarding a so-called lumber trust irritated Mr. Fordney, and through a misunderstanding he and Representative Byrd, of Mississippi, almost came to blows.

A TAX ON HOME-BUILDING.

Speaking in favor of placing lumber on the free list, Mr. Howard (Ohio) declared that the continuance of the lumber tariff on the statute books as a

protective tariff casts discredit on the entire system of protection. He said that those who favor the tariff on lumber oppose its removal because it keeps up prices and makes it pay to work up the entire trees, not leave the tops and limbs in the forest to rot or burn.

Claiming that Canada was one of the largest purchasers of American lumber and that this would lead to the conclusion, if we were able to compete now in the Canadian markets, that the need for the tariff of cheaper Canadian labor and cheaper cost of production in the Canadian mills was the most important because it keeps the movement for the conservation of the forests.

"There is one industry left in the country," said Mr. Howard, "which, whether we are free traders or protectionists, we desire to encourage, and that is the building of homes. The framewalling is still the type of home of the majority of our people. In my judgment the time has come when the Government should refuse longer to put any burden in the shape of a tariff on lumber on the home-building of our country."

IN THE SENATE.

The minimum and maximum principle in the Payne bill, which permits the executive to apply a 20 per cent. retaliatory increase to any nation which fails to give to the United States the advantage of her most-favored-nation clause, is unsatisfactory to many of the Senate leaders. There is some demand for a reversal of the Payne system, so as to make the established rates of 20 per cent. to the nations giving the United States the greatest advantages.

## PRESS OF THE EMPIRE.

Topics to be Discussed at Coming Conference in London.

London, March 26.—The matters to be discussed at the Imperial Press Conference from June 7 to June 10 are cable news services and press intercommunication, the press and Imperial defence, the navy and the army, literature and journalism. The Chairman will be the Earl of Crawford, Mr. Reginald McKenna, Mr. A. J. Balfour and Lord Morley. The committee intend to invite several other representative Englishmen to be present as delegates. The editors and proprietors of the British press will also have the opportunity of expressing their views.

Conductor Admits Forgery.

Stratford, March 28.—Peter Fountain, a G. T. R. freight conductor, of Sarnia, pleaded guilty at the Police Court to-day to two charges of forgery. He used the names of Trainmaster Bowker at Stratford and Superintendent Glen at Toronto. On request of his counsel he was remanded for sentence.

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### KING THANKS NEW ZEALAND.

His Majesty Touched by Colony's Generosity.

Dreadnoughts and Anti-Dreadnoughts Striving in Australia.

Premier of Victoria Announces His State Will Give a Battleship.

London, March 26.—(Globe)—King Edward has wired Sir Joseph Ward, through the Earl of Crewe, expressing his gratitude and high appreciation of the fine patriotism and generosity shown by New Zealand in the magnificent offer of a Dreadnought made so promptly and spontaneously.

A Sydney despatch says the Lord Mayor has appealed to the people of New South Wales for \$250,000 towards the construction of a Dreadnought. Hon. Charles G. Wade, Premier of New South Wales, advocates the increasing of the naval subsidy of £500,000.

Lord Strathcona, interviewed by The Telegraph, said no part of the empire would rejoice more than Canada at New Zealand's patriotic offer. It was impossible to say what Canada would do in the direction of a contribution to the navy. The future naval and military defence of the empire was a subject of great interest to all the colonists, and Canada would not be found behindhand in taking her share of an burden which might be necessary. With reference to his recent gift Lord Strathcona would say nothing, except that it was a mere bagatelle.

WILD ENTHUSIASM IN AUSTRALIA.

New York, March 26.—The Herald has the following special cable from Sydney, N.S.W.: Public opinion here is sharply divided over the question of the British navy increase, and greatly resents Great Britain's decision in the matter of additional Dreadnoughts. The Federal Government has declined to follow New Zealand's example and grant the funds to construct the additional vessels many clamored for.

Wildly enthusiastic demonstrations were held simultaneously last night at Sydney, Melbourne, Perth and Brisbane. Resolutions were adopted urging that the subsidy for the Imperial navy be increased, and asking for subscriptions to defray the cost of presenting a battleship. Patriotic songs were sung at all the meetings.

SEIZE THE KAISER'S FLEET.

Mr. O'Sullivan, formerly a Cabinet Minister, declared at Sydney that Great Britain should terminate Germany's rivalry by at once seizing the Kaiser's fleet, said that the Germans were the most callous, sordid and selfish people in the world, and declared that England should repeat Nelson's performance at Copenhagen.

The Mayors of Brisbane and Adelaide refused to participate in the demonstrations by calling meetings, and in their respective cities counter-meetings of the labor parties were held to depreciate what was termed patriotic hysteria.

Claiming that the Commonwealth can best assist the motherland by relieving her of responsibility in defending Australia in the present position, the Federal Government here looks with disfavor upon both the subsidy and the additional Dreadnought. The Premier of five States support the subsidy plan without the Dreadnoughts, the Victorian Premier alone favoring both, and declaring to be his determination that the Government shall present a battleship in behalf of the State of Victoria.

TWENTY DREADNOUGHTS FOR EMPIRE.

London, March 26.—At the Admiralty Office great interest was manifested to-day in the report that Canada would make an offer of naval assistance to Great Britain, and that the feeling among the Canadian Ministers was favorable to the building of one and possibly two Dreadnoughts. This, with the actual and prospective offer of similar Dreadnoughts from other British colonies, notably New Zealand and Australia, has opened up new possibilities of naval expansion. Aside from the naval aspect of the matter the willingness of the colonies to contribute naval assistance gives a practical view to the long-cherished dream of Imperial federation in which the mother country and her colonies will have a common interest.

Whether it will be feasible for the colonies to control the movements of their warships in time of peace naval experts are not prepared to say. But it is thought that a plan could be devised by which the colonial Dreadnoughts, while a part of the British navy, could be assigned for duty in colonial waters.

In the aggregate the colonies could probably furnish six Dreadnoughts in case of emergency in addition to the fourteen vessels of this type contemplated by the programme of the Admiralty.

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