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TANGLED THREADS

She broke off suddenly, dropping her eyes, with a pretty air of embarrassment.

"And, besides what, little Miss Mont-
" demanded her companion, and regarding her admiringly, for she was particularly lovely that evening, in a fairy-like robe of pink mouseline de soie made over pink silk, with roses of the same color, and maiden-hair fern for garniture."Well," she said, with a soft sigh, but looking nervously at her fan, "it makes me afraid that you are unhappy over something, and keeping it to yourself—you have seemed so for a long time—and it hurts me. I like to have everybody around me happy."
"I believe you do, Marjorie," Rob responded, with unusual gentleness, but with palling lips, for he was unhappy than anyone had any idea of. He was touched, too, by her dis-
"Why do you speak like that to me?" she inquired gravely. "Do I seem like a 'little girl' to you?"
Again Rob laughed out.

"Do you object to the term?" he questioned. "Why, I often hear Uncle Hal call you that."

"Oh, well, I like to be 'little girl' to him," she said naively, and with significant emphasis. "It seems so fatherly in him to say it to me, and I have always so longed for a father, you know. But—with you, it is different; it seems to put such a distance between us, and—I am not very much younger than you, if I am not six feet tall," she concluded, with a saucy nod of her big head, which came exactly to his shoulder.

"The fates forbid!" retorted Rob, as he ran an appreciative eye over her pretty, symmetrical figure. "I would not add a single inch to your height—it would mar the proportions, and I am not sure that you are not just as you are; but I won't call you 'little girl' again, if you do not like it," he smilingly concluded, as he swung her out upon the floor, and they resumed their interrupted waltz.

If he had only said "I like you best just as you are," Marjorie would have been in the seventh heaven of delight, but, because he had generalized the remark, her heart sank heavily, for she felt that she was not gaining ground with him at all.

He was always courteous and kind in his manner toward her, and so was everyone else, for that matter, for it was the acknowledged fact that she was the pet of the whole circle of their acquaintance. Indeed, Marjorie always made friends wherever she went—with the women, as well as with the men—"for," she shrewdly reasoned, "one gets on so much nicer in the world to have everybody fond of one."

Presently, hoping to entice Rob into resuming their confidential conversation, she remarked that it was very warm, and suggested that they go out upon the veranda for a few minutes. "All right," he readily responded. "Uncle Hal is out there. I will take you out, and find you a seat by him, but I am engaged for the next dance to one of your friends, the elder Miss Barton, and with a significant laugh, "I feel it incumbent upon myself to redeem my character, and prove, if possible, the truth of your assertions regarding your humble servant."

Marjorie was disappointed not to be able to continue her tete-a-tete with him, but she concealed the fact, and suffered herself to be taken out to Mr. Lancaster, who had slipped away to have a quiet smoke in the moonlight on the porch. His nerves had recently received something of a shock, and he wanted a chance to think.

"Here is a young lady whom I am going to leave in your care for awhile, Uncle Hal," Rob observed, as he moved a chair to the gentleman's side. "She has found it very warm inside, and, as I have duties in another quarter, I am unable to remain to entertain her."

"All right," smilingly returned the gentleman, and involuntarily putting out his hand to Marjorie, who confidently laid hers within it; "we are always good friends, are we not, Petie? And enjoy a chat by ourselves. Sit down, my rose-colored

fairy," touching her dress caressingly, for he was fond of gay colors, "and talk to me, for I believe I have an attack of the blues tonight."

"Et tu, Brute!" quoted Marjorie, with a rough laugh, as she sank into the chair beside him.
"What especial significance has that quotation to my remark, my child?" her companion inquired, and regarding her curiously; "aren't you happy tonight?""Oh, yes; I am happy," she said brightly, "but Rob isn't, evidently. I've just been calling him to account for being so absent-minded and grave tonight."
"Is he? I have not observed him particularly," said Mr. Lancaster differently, as he removed his cigar, and flicked the ashes from it with his little finger, and then he immediately fell into a brown study again.Marjorie sat quietly by him for a few moments, wondering what could have caused his unusual mood.
Then, her curiosity becoming piqued, she remarked insinuatingly:
"I hope you have not had bad news today, Mr. Lancaster?"

CHAPTER XXIX.

The man started violently at her question, for he had lost himself, and entirely forgotten her presence.

"What an unsocial old chap you must think me, little girl, and I beg your pardon for being so rude!" he exclaimed, sitting erect, and giving himself an impatient shake. "Bad news?" he continued; "well, I have had news recently, and which is not altogether a surprise to me, and I am somewhat in doubt whether to regard the intelligence as good or bad, and a gleam in his eyes, which told of a mind ill at ease.

"Ah!" said Marjorie in an inviting tone.
Yes; one of my clerks, in New York, is about to be married," Mr. Lancaster volunteered."And—and is he going to marry someone of whom you do not approve?"
"Well, I cannot say that, exactly, for I know that his fiancée is a most estimable young lady, although I am not personally acquainted with her. I have simply been wondering if the marriage will prove to be a happy one, for I am quite sure that the young man is far her inferior—in some respects, at least," the gentleman explained. "By the way," he added, with suddenness, "I have heard you speak of her occasionally—her name is Helen Seymour. She is going to marry one of my assistant bookkeepers, Hubert Alton, on Saturday—tomorrow—at 12 o'clock."Marjorie never moved, to betray the slightest surprise at the astounding information.
At the same time, she felt as if she had been suddenly galvanized; for a keen, tingling sensation pervaded her every nerve, almost forcing a cry of pain from her lips.

It was the most amazing thing she had ever known, she thought, the fact should have played so completely into her hands; for, without the slightest authority or reason, she had been using Hubert Alton's name in connection with Helen's for months, for the sole purpose of making Rob jealous, and estranging the lovers.

She had never, for a moment, dreamed that Helen could be won from her allegiance to the young man, for she believed her to be made of too loyal fiber ever to give her hand to another while her heart belonged to Rob, and she was just dying to learn more about the affair.

But she would not have betrayed either curiosity or ignorance for anything. She was not going to allow Mr. Lancaster to imagine that she had been kept in the dark regarding the movements of her friend.

"Why!" she exclaimed in well-assumed surprise; "is Hubert Alton a clerk in your employ? Helen has often mentioned him in her letters to me, but she never happened to tell me that he was in your office. Well, it was but a natural sequence to their friendship, I suppose, although I did not know that the date had been set. Helen has not replied to my last letter, but I shall probably have one in a day or two."

"Then, you correspond with her regularly?" observed Mr. Lancaster inquiringly.

"Yes," was the bare-faced falsehood, for she had not heard from Helen for months, although she had pretended that she had. "What a silly puss she has been not to have written me before this of her plans!" she went on glibly; "I shall scold her well for it, for, of course, I should have liked to send her something handsome for a wedding present. I am sorry, though, that you do not think that you do not know that she has been to the moonlight on the porch. His nerves had recently received something of a shock, and he wanted a chance to think."

"Here is a young lady whom I am going to leave in your care for awhile, Uncle Hal," Rob observed, as he moved a chair to the gentleman's side. "She has found it very warm inside, and, as I have duties in another quarter, I am unable to remain to entertain her."

"All right," smilingly returned the gentleman, and involuntarily putting out his hand to Marjorie, who confidently laid hers within it; "we are always good friends, are we not, Petie? And enjoy a chat by ourselves. Sit down, my rose-colored

mean thing to save her life. She is beautiful to look at, too; she is sweet-tempered, and absolutely fascinating in manner—everybody was wild over her last year—and as unselfish as the day is long. If—with a regretful sigh—"I could be as good, as pure, and lovable as Helen Seymour, I should feel that I was pretty sure of—well, of heaven."

Mr. Lancaster's heart sank heavily within him as he listened to this high praise of the fair girl against whose happiness he had been plotting.
Ever since receiving and responding to Hubert Alton's telegram, giving the date of his proposed marriage with Helen, he had been oppressed with a sense of guilt, and on account of the part he had played toward Rob and the girl he loved, but also because of the ignoble temptation to evil that he had placed in Hubert's path.

He had regretted the act almost from the hour he had committed himself, for he had then suffered a shock to his self-respect from which he knew he would be long in recovering. If, indeed, he ever could regard himself as an honorable gentleman again.

"Well," he remarked, with a slight smile, "she certainly has one ardent admirer; but, possibly—with an uneasy shrug—"in your fondness for her, you may somewhat over-estimate her attractions and worth."
"No, indeed," said Marjorie positively. "I am sure that any one who knows her would tell you the same. Why, Rob has met her, you know, and he, too, thinks she is lovely. By the way, what does he say about her marrying Mr. Alton?" she inquired in conclusion, with a rapidly beating heart."Could the news of this union have caused Rob's unhappiness and abstraction tonight?" she asked herself.
"I have not said anything regarding the matter to him," her companion returned.

His tone was quite and matter-of-fact; but something in his manner and the slight hesitation in his reply told Marjorie a great deal.

She was shrewd, and she surmised at once, that there had been a serious passage-at-arms between the uncle and nephew about the relations of the latter with Helen. Yes, she even began to suspect that he had been brought abroad to get him away from her influence, for she could see that the high-toned Mr. Lancaster was ambitious for his prospective heir, and would wish him to choose a wife from his own circle in life.

And she could understand, also, that if they had ever had words upon the matter, Mr. Lancaster would shrink from agitating a subject that was fraught with discord between them by announcing Helen's marriage to Hubert Alton.

Just at this point, Marjorie adroitly changed the subject, and it was not referred to again; but the pretty schemer mapped out a course for herself to pursue, while she chattered, and which she devoutly hoped would bring matters to a propitious crisis for herself in the near future.

She had no intention of allowing Rob to remain in ignorance of Helen's marriage, his uncle's reticence to the contrary notwithstanding.
This was on Friday evening, at the very hour during which Helen, with a pale face and a heavy heart, was packing her trunks and making ready for the dreaded ordeal and fitting set for the morrow.

On Saturday morning Rob rode out from the city to the villa upon some errand connected with their proposed journey.

Marjorie from her chamber window saw him turn into the avenue leading to the house, but she did not go down at once to receive him as usual.

He had been chatting nearly fifteen minutes with Mrs. Ellsworth and Mrs. Sturdyvant when she came tripping into the room, looking like some sweet, guileless fairy in her simple dress of spotless dimity, with knots of blue ribbon and carrying an open letter in her hand.

"Ah! good morning, Mr. Eggleston," she said, lifting a smiling glance of welcome to their visitor. "I hope you will excuse me for not coming down immediately; but I was so interested in my letter I just couldn't leave it until I finished it. See what a long one it is," she went on, shuffling the sheets as she stood beside him, and Rob thrilled to his finger-tips as he recognized the dear, familiar handwriting.

He changed color slightly, and a wistful look burned in his handsome eyes. He would have given half his year's allowance for the privilege of reading that letter by himself.

But he greeted Marjorie courteously, and genially assured her that she was freely pardoned.

"Aunt Eliza," said the artful girl, as she approached Mrs. Sturdyvant. "Guess who my letter is from?"

The epistle, by the way, was several months old.
"I do not need to guess, dear," said the lady, as she laid a caressing hand upon her arm, "for I know the handwriting. It is from that pretty Miss Seymour whom we met and with whom you were so friendly in the Adirondacks last summer."

"Yes, and such news, auntie!" pursued Marjorie, and seemingly intent only upon what she had to tell—"guess again."

"Well, I should say, judging from your eagerness, there could be but one subject that could arouse you to such a state, and that is marriage," responded Mrs. Sturdyvant, laughing. "Is Miss Seymour really going to be married?"
"Auntie, you are awfully cute!" retorted Marjorie gayly, and shaking the letter at her with a playful air. "Yes, Helen is going to be married, and this very day. Let me see"—turning to glance at the golden clock on the mantel—"it is now half-past ten here in Paris; at twelve precisely, by New York time, she will become Mrs. Hubert Alton—Mercy! what has happened?"

She broke off suddenly in the midst of her news, and exclaimed as above, as the sound of crashing glass smote upon her ears.

She wheeled quickly around, to see Rob bending to gather up the pieces of a broken tumbler which his sudden start as he caught the fatal import of Marjorie's words, had dashed from the

table beside which he was sitting.
He began to apologize in an incoherent way for the accident, when Mrs. Ellsworth politely interposed.

"Never mind, Mr. Eggleston," she said, as she rang for a servant. "It does not matter in the least. Nimon, remove the broken glass!" she added in French to the maid who appeared.

As Rob resumed his seat the three ladies observed that he had grown very pale; but only one surmised the cause or paid much heed to the fact.

"This is quite a surprise, isn't it, Marjorie? Does your friend give you the particulars regarding her marriage?" questioned Mrs. Ellsworth, who was always interested in a wedding.

"She does not go as fully into details as I wish she had, mamma; there is not much about her trousseau, Helen Seymour is a girl who cares very little for gewgaws and show, compared with your rattle-pated daughter. She has a good deal to say about her mother, who has been very ill, you know—although she is improving. I am not very much surprised," she went on volubly, to give Rob time to recover himself, for she could see that he was terribly upset—"that she should marry Mr. Alton, although I did not think it would come quite so soon, for she has often mentioned him in her letters, in a way to make me feel pretty sure that their friendship would result in matrimony. By the way, Mr. Eggleston, you once told me that Mr. Alton was a classmate of yours—how old is he?"

"About my own age, I should judge—possibly he may be a year older," Rob replied, and struggling to speak naturally, although he was barely able to hear his own voice for the ringing in his ears.

"Do you think he is worthy of Helen Seymour?" pursued the unfeeling little schemer. "You know, I think her about as near perfection as any human being can be."

"I—I sincerely hope he is, for I, too, think she is one of the loveliest girls I ever knew—there are few her equal," Rob returned, with heroic loyalty. "I have not met Alton, however, since we left the High, so have known nothing of him personally since then."

He arose as he ceased, for he could bear no more. His head was in a whirl, his brain seemed on fire, and his heart like a lump of ice in his bosom.

"Oh, pray do not go," all three ladies protested in one breath.

"Stay and lunch with us," Mrs. Ellsworth hospitably added.

"Thanks, I must ask to be excused today, and I shall not see you again, probably, until we start upon our trip next week, as Uncle Hal and I contemplate taking a little run into the country for a day or two," Rob returned, but he was white even to his lips, and both Mrs. Ellsworth and Mrs. Sturdyvant thought he must have been taken suddenly ill and did not urge him further.

Marjorie, however, knew well enough what troubled him, and her own heart was in a flutter, as she realized how strong a hold upon his heart Helen had obtained. She had deliberately planned the scene just described, for the sole purpose of letting him know that the girl was going to be married and with the intention of crushing all his hopes in that quarter. Rob took leave of them, and bowed himself out, eager to get away by himself, where he could hide his anguish from every curious eye.

Helen was to be married at noon that day—and to Hubert Alton! It seemed utterly incredible to him.

He felt that he could not have it so—his whole soul arose in rebellion against such a sacrifice, for he knew that she was far superior to the young man, and that she could not fall to discover her mistake when it would be too late to remedy it. He had been very unhappy—yes, indeed, in fact, ever since his correspondence and his relations with her had been broken off, and he now blamed himself severely for having so tamely submitted to his conge; he felt that he should have written Helen again and demanded her reasons for what she had done. He realized now, that he had never given her the chance for a return of love, but now—ah! it drove him wild to think of it!—Helen was to be married at noon today! The words rang in his ears like the knell of doom.

He could scarcely see the road to guide his horse, as he rode back toward the city; a blinding headache had settled upon him and every pulse was beating with the speed of a race-horse. He managed to reach his hotel, where he crept stealthily up to his room and staggered to his bed, upon which he threw himself exhausted with the consciousness of nothing save his misery.

Marjorie had followed Rob out, but left the house, and stood watching him from the porch as he rode away.
"It was like plunging a dagger into him," she muttered, with frowning brow and clouded eyes, "but it had to be done or there never would be the slightest chance for me!"

"Eliza, who is this Helen Seymour with whom Marjorie is corresponding?" Mrs. Ellsworth inquired, as her daughter left the room. "I've often thought of asking you about her, for she seems to have made a deep impression on Marjorie; but we have been in such a whirl ever since we came to Paris I have neglected to do so."

Mrs. Sturdyvant flushed slightly at her sister-in-law's question, and for an instant, was at a loss how to answer her. She had promised Mrs. Seymour that she would not betray her identity; but, after meeting Halburton Lancaster, who had been associated with that sad drama of the past, the heart-broken woman's face had haunted her continually, and at intervals a winter long she had been tempted to tell Mrs. Ellsworth of the interview with the wronged friend of her youth, and try to influence her to make what reparation might lay in her power, even though she realized that nothing could ever atone for the long years of sorrow during which she had lived alone and borne the blame of another's sin.

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with the hope of arousing her sister's conscience and so bring something of peace and love into the life of that lovely woman who had so appealed to her sympathy just previous to her departure from America.

"Marion," she said, while she searched her face curiously, "Helen Seymour is—Margaret Wilton's daughter."

[To be Continued.]

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Factory Records Throughout Country Are Encouraging—An Example.

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Arrive from the east—*4 a.m., 10:45 a.m., *11 a.m., *11:20 a.m., 6:25 p.m., *7:47 p.m., 10 p.m.
Arrive from the west—*12:15 a.m., *3:20 a.m., *11:20 a.m., 1:25 p.m., *4:00 p.m., *6:25 p.m.

Depart for the east—12:20 a.m., *3:25 a.m., 8:10 a.m., *11:30 a.m., 2:05 p.m., *4:25 p.m., *6:55 p.m. (Eastern Flyer). The trains leaving at 8:10 a.m. and 2:05 p.m. stop at all stations. The 8:10 a.m. local, and the 11:20 a.m. and 4:25 p.m. expresses have through coaches for Toronto. The Eastern Flyer at 6:45 p.m. stops only at Ingersoll, Woodstock, Brantford and Hamilton, and goes to Toronto and Montreal.

Depart for the west—*4:15 a.m., 7:40 a.m., *11:10 a.m., *11:32 a.m., 1:55 p.m., 8:01 p.m.

The 7:40 a.m. and the 1:55 p.m. trains stop at all stations. The 4:15 a.m., 11:32 a.m. and 8 p.m. expresses run through to Chicago without change, through to Chicago without change, through to Chicago without change.

LONDON AND WINDSOR.

Arrive—10:40 a.m., *4 p.m., 6:50 p.m. (Eastern Flyer), stops only at Chatham and Glencoe, 11 p.m.

Depart—6:35 a.m., *11:25 a.m., 2:20 p.m., 7:54 p.m. (International Limited stops only at Glencoe and Chatham.)

STRATFORD BRANCH.

Arrive—10:40 a.m., 10:55 a.m., 1:25 p.m., 6:35 p.m., 10:55 p.m.

Depart—6:20 a.m., 10:45 a.m., 2:50 p.m., 5 p.m.

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Arrive—9:45 a.m., 6:10 p.m.

Depart—8:15 a.m., 4:50 p.m.

Trains marked thus * run daily.

Those not so marked run daily except Sunday.

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Arrive—From the east *11:30 a.m., 8 p.m., *11:50 a.m. From the west—*5 a.m., *3:35 a.m., *5:20 p.m.

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8:43 a.m., *5:28 p.m. For the west—*11:38 a.m., **8:10 p.m., *11:35 p.m. Trains marked thus * run daily. Those not so marked run daily except Sunday.

*From Chatham only.

***Runs only to Chatham.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Arrive—6:55 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 5:10 p.m., 9:45 p.m.

Depart—7:15 a.m., 2:20 p.m., 5:35 p.m., *10:25 p.m.

*Runs through to Waterford.

PERE MARQUETTE RAILWAY.

Arrive—8:45 a.m., 12:15 p.m., 2 p.m., 4:45 p.m., 10 p.m.

Depart—5:45 a.m., 9:45 a.m., 2:35 p.m., 4 p.m., *6:40 p.m.

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