AT R. MCKAY & CO'S.

MONDAY, DEC. 6, 1909

Splendid Chances to

Save Here Monday

Many Holiday Novelties Present Quick Selling



Sharp at 8.30 Monday morning Hamilton's best Christmas store starts off the week with a grand array of special selling events. Time is growing shorter and selections are better now than they will be later on. Toy land is all aglow. Santa Claus' grand opening display to-day of all the latest toy novelties on the second floor is considered by all who saw it to be the finest in the city. Read the following Monday special sale events and act by shopping early in the day.

Buy Dress Goods for Practical Gifts

The Following Special Sale Events for Monday Levely Pure Wool Delaines, Worth Regularly 50c, Sale Price Monday 29c Per Yard

Here's a lucky purchase of 500 yards of lovely fine wool Delaines, and sale just at the wanted time. Comes in light, mid and dark grounds, with floral and stripe effects. Just the material for dresses, shirt waists, kimonos, children's dresses, etc. Worth regular 50c, our sale price Monday

Newest Plain and Shadow Stripe Suitings, for Monday 75c Yard

Monday Specials in China Department Bread and Butter Plates 15c Each

Bread and Butter Plates, floral designs, gilt edge, looks just lik hand painting, regular 25c, Monday 15

Dutch Ware 15c

See Our Vast Assortment of Combs and Hair Goods

Real Cut Jet is the very newest in Combs and Barrettes; autifully cut and in swell shapes, in pretty gift boxes \$1.

Brilliant Sets \$2.50 to \$9.00

Back Comb Sets, with or without barrettes, set with briliants in sterling lyer, prices range from \$2.50 to \$9.00 Cut Steel Back Combs or Sets \$1.00 to \$4.00 Hair Ornaments, all prices.

Monday the Greatest Sale of Jewelry **Ever Experienced in This Store**

Visit our Jewelry Department. We carry Jewel Cases in every size, h oxydized and gold, pink and blue lined; Tie Pins of all descriptions; lies Fancy Pins Fobs, Belt Buckles, Hat Pins, Fancy Clocks, Gold in Chain Pursos Show cases well lighted, so as to enable you to

Brass and Oxydized Belt Pins \$1.00

Hammered Brass and Oxylized Belt Pins, the very latest fad, some set with rables or amethysis; a beautiful Christmas gift in a pretty box, regularly \$2.00, special for Monday only \$1.00

Gold Plated Jewel Cases 25c

Gold Plated Jewei Cases, large enough for rings, stud buttons, cuff links, etc., in pink and blue silk padding, regularly 50c, for 25c

Hat Pins 15c

Large assortment of Ha: Pins, all designs, special Monday, only 15c,

Xmas Stationery is Always Acceptable

Monday is to be one of the largest showings of Stationery. We have all very latest novelties in Calendars, Xmas Tags, Seals, Cards, Fancy Post Cards. See some of our 50 Calendars. They are the latest yet. Stationery unequalled anywhere for quality and reasonable prices. The following are but a few of our special Monday prices:

Boxed Note Paper 50c

Note Paper 35c Box

Holly Covered 30c

Oblong covered box of note paper nice paper and envelopes; regular 40e

Corset Cover Embroidery Greatly Reduced for Xmas Selling

Corset Cover Embroidery, in fine Swiss Embroidery, in polka dot, eye-and floral designs. This Embroidery is worth up to 65c yard, and uld make beautiful Christmas gifts, Monday, 8.30 sharp 39c yard

Corset Cover Embroidery 15c Corset Cover Embroidery, in pretty eyelet designs. Regular 25c, fo

Special Sale of Eiderdown Bath Robes

Just the Thing for a Christmas Gift

Third Floor 5 dozen only of superior quality of Eiderdown Bath Robes, in cardinal d grey, made with collar and trimmed with black silk, ribbon and gire, full skirt, all sizes, worth regular \$5, Monday at nine o'clock sule \$3.75 A small deposit will secure one till Christmas.

\$5.00 Bath Robes \$3.75

R. Mckay & Co.

A Spanish Beauty

The Swiss valet bowed and left the room, and the colonel resumed his packing. It did not take long—the May sunset was its brightest when he had done. He looked at his watch, paced up and down a few moments in deep thought, then hastily rang the bell:

"Saddle my horse and bring him round at once," was his order. "Has your mas."

Saddle my horse and bring him round once," was his order. "Has your mas

er gone?"
"Yes; half an hour ago," the servant

"Yes; half an hour ago," the servant said.

And, his command being obeyed, in a few minutes he was riding rapidly in the direction of Warbeck Hall.

"One must not steal away like a thief," he muttered, between his teeth.

"Besides, after what escaped me to-day, I must explain before we part forever."

The early twilight was falling like a silvery mist as he strode into the long-dusky drawing room, and despatched his eard by a servant to the Lady Eve-

Desmond.
"Tell her I come to say farewell," he ded. "I will detain her but a mo-

He walked to one of the long, lacethe waiked to one of the long, lace-draped windows overlooking the park, with rich, dark ivy and dog-roses clustering thick around it. Further than he could see there spread a fair vista of lawn and woodland, with the glimmer of running water, and the scent of wild, sweet roses.

of running water, and the scent of wind, sweet roses.

"I will see it again in dreams," he thought, "under the stars of the prairies, or among the western wilds, or, perhaps, when some Indian bullet ends a life of little use to any one on earth."

"You wished to see me—you are going away?" a low, soft voice murmured. He had not heard her, so absorbed had he been. She had crossed the length of the room without sound. She stood beside him, glancing up with dark, startled eyes into his face. "Is it true?" she asked, a tremor in the sweet voice. "Do you really go so soon?" ou really go so soon?"
"Would to God I had gone long ago!"

burst forth, passionately. "Would to od I had never come! I should not

and and presumptuous, and my sin-of bying you-is beyond pardon. Well, I

me."
She turned and looked at him. The depths of self-scorn, and something she could not understand, in his tone, roused at his another

"What do you mean?" she said, slow-turn. "You are good enough for a princess."
But you are right—you must go, and at once. I can echo your prayer—it would have been better you had never come—better for you—better—for mc."
Her voice broke over the last words. But his face lighted, his eyes glowed.
"Lady Evelyn," he said, "for pitys sake, tell me—had you been free, had I been of your own rank, could you have."
"That we do not know. Ask himself—he can speak and may tell you."
December of your own rank, could you have."
"December of your own rank, could you have."
"The we do not know. Ask himself—he can speak and may tell you."

as water. See what I have done! To sworn his life away—the man who had please my father, I have given myself to a man I do not love—an honorable gentleman, who trusts me and believes in me. I have plighted my word, and see gypsy woman watehed him with brilliant intelligence. is and hear it he must

how I keep it. No one—not he, when he hears this—and hear it he must—can despise me as I despise myself. It is useless wishing we had never met. Our expiation, as you say, must be in parting at once and forever. Farewell, Colonel I Drummond! Forget me; I am not worthy of any good man's regard."

She extended her right band, the other covered her face. He spoke no word; he raised the hand she extended to his lips. It was his silent adieu. A moment later and she was alone. She stood there long, rigid, and still. The ringing of the dinner-bell aroused her; the heart breaks, but we must dine. She turned mechanically and walked away. At the same instant a recumbent figure raised itself from the wilderness of ivy and tangled fern and roses beneath the window. It was Vivian Trevanmance, there by the merest accident, and who had heard every word.

CHAPTER X.

CHAPTER X.

CHAPTER X.

The man who called himself Colonel Drummond mounted his horse and rode away from the lodge-gate, whither he neither knew nor cared. Never beforeno, not when doomed to a felon's death for the murder of Kathleen O'Neal—not when the woman he was to wed, the coronet he should have worn, the friend who should have been as a brother, were all alike false and lost to him—had the bitterness at his heart been so deep and deadly as now. For at twenty we love but lightly, and though our hearts are well-nigh broken to-day. Youth and Hope heal the wound, and we smile and eat our dinner to-morrow, and postpone suicide and despair to a more auspicious season. But at forty, with buoyant youth behind us, love is deeper and sorrow stronger, and not all the College of Physicians can heal the wounds the winged god inflicts. He rode on through the starry May night, whither his horse chose to go. He had given un everything in his Jost love for this pilghted bride of another—the hope of \$44 pest twenty years, the vindication of his honor, the eternal resignation of his rights. Gerald Desmond he would not have spared. Jus-

They separated and went to their respective rooms, the colonel to pack his belongings with his own hinds. Vitame to dress for diuner. In the midst of the colonel's labor, his host's valet tapped at the door and entered.

"My master's compliments, M'sieur Colonel, and will you drive with him to Scarsdale? The drag is waiting."

"Tell your master to be good enough to make my apologies, Antoine," he said, looking up from his work. "I do not dine at Scarsdale Hall to-day."

The Swiss valet bowed and left the room, and the colonel resumed his pack-

nameless and unknown.

"For your sake, my love—my love!"
he murmured, inwardly, "your father—
even yours—is sacred from me."
He had ridden for hours; his horse
falling lame was the first thing that
dismounted and examined the animal; it
awoke him from his semi-trance. He
had cast a shoe and walked lame. He
glanced around. Far away, twinkling
among the trees like will-o'-the-wisns.

had cast a shoe and walked lame. He glanced around. Far away, twinkling among the trees like will-0-the-wisps, he caught the sparkle of lights.

"Gypsies!" he thought. "Well, as there appears to be no village near, I will try them."

He led his horse slowly over the turfy heath. The place grew more familiar as he went on, and he knew it was half a dozen miles beyond the town, and near the race-course. The gypsies, who had congregated for the races, and pitched their tents here among the trees; the light he had seen was their tent fires. tent fires.

tent fires.

Around one tent a little group was gathered, and a donkey cart stood near, the driver perched on his seat as though waiting for a load. As Drummond stood gazing. he saw two gypsy men come forth from the tent, bearing between them, stretched on a rude hurdle, the body of a man. The soldier watched in wonder.

they going to bury him? By Jove, I'll

see!".

He strode forward at once into their He strode forward at once into their midst. The men and women paused in their work to stare at the gentleman who came among them like an apparition, leading his horse.

"What is all this?" he demanded.
"Whom have you here, my good fellows?"

He looked authoritatively into the donkey cart. Two even dulled with

He looked authoritatively into the donkey cart. Two eyes, dulled with great pain, gleamed up at him from an unshaven, ghastly face—a face full of infinite misery.

"Poor wretch!" the soldier said, involuntarily. "He is not dead, then. "What's the matter?"

God I had never come! I should not then have been false to friendship and to honor. I should not then have said the words I was mad enough and base enough to say to you to-day. But in your danger I forgot everything else. Lady Evelyn, the only explanation I can make is to go and never look upon your face again; to carry my secret with me, and bury it with me when I die, in the land I have left. Will you say farewell, and 'I forgive you,' before I go?''.

She had grown white as death. She stared straight out at the misty moonrise, and seeing nothing.

"You do not speak. I have been too mad and presumptuous, and my sin—of leving a grown in the should be a stately dignity about this line of the property of the sheaf gravely. There was a stately dignity about this line of the property of the sheaf gravely. There was a stately dignity about this line of the property of the sheaf gravely. There was a stately dignity about this line of the property of the sheaf gravely. There was a stately dignity about this line of the property of the sheaf gravely. "Met with an accident to-day on the

Zingara queen that impressed him. "How did it happen?" he asked.

mad and presumptuous, and my loving you—is beyond pardon. Well, I deserve it. I have been false to the friend whose bread I have broken; false from the first instant I looked upon your face. I. a penniless soldier. Yes, silent scorn is surely answer enough for me."

She turned and looked at him. The deaths of self-scorn, and something she deaths of self-scorn, and something she deaths. They drove on—gay young gentlemen—what was the beggar-tramp to them; We brought him here. I have looked at his wounds. He will not live to see

"Poor wre taking him?"

Bet his face lighted, his eyes glowed.

"Lady Evelyn," he said, "for pity's sake, tell me—had you been free, had I been of your own rank, could you have learned to love me?"

The violet eyes turned at him full of great reproach.

"It is cruel to ask that," she said; "but if it will comfort you any—yes. Had I been free— Oh, why speak of this? As for rank, you are ordy greater than I, better, braver, nobler? I never knew until to-day what a base, utterly despice able creature I am—weak and unstable as water. See what I have done! To please my father, I have given myself to mand do not love—an honorable gen.

"That we do not know. Ask himself—he can speak and may tell you."

"That we do not know. Ask himself—he can speak and may tell you."

"That we do not know. Ask himself—he can speak and may tell you."

"That we do not know. Ask himself—he can speak and may tell you."

"That we do not know. Ask himself—he can speak and may tell you."

"That we do not know. Ask himself—he can speak and may tell you."

"That we do not know. Ask himself—he can speak and may tell you."

"That we do not know. Ask himself—he can speak and may tell you."

"That we do not know. Ask himself—he can speak and may tell you."

"That we do not know. Ask himself—he can speak and may tell you."

"That we do not know. Ask himself—he can speak and may tell you."

"That we do not know. Ask himself—he can speak and may tell you."

"That we do not know. Ask himself—he can speak and may tell you."

"That we do not know. Ask himself—he can speak and may tell you."

"That we do not know. Ask himself—he can speak and may tell you."

"That we do not know. Ask himself—he can speak and may tell you."

"That we do not know. Ask himself—he can speak and may tell you."

"That we do not know. Ask himself—he can speak and may tell you."

"That we do not know. Ask himself—he can speak and may tell you."

"That we do not know. Ask himself—he can speak and may tell you."

"That we do not know the life.—he can speak and may tell you."

"That we do not know the lif

Her words aroused him. At last! at last! the vengeance he had come to seek, the vengeance he had resigned, was here at his hand.

The blood flushed darkly into his face, then receded, leaving him ashen white, with the might of a great temptation.

"You know him!" Redempta repeated: "but he has not found a friend."

"He has," the soldier said, sternly;

"the dying and the dead have no enemies. Morgan!" he bent over him, and uttered the name in his car.

"Who calls?" The wounded man started and glared around in affright.

"Morgan! that's my name. Who knows mere?"

His eyes fixed full upon that brave.

"Morgan" that's my name. Who knows me here?"

His eyes fixed full upon that brave, gallant face bending above him, with the silvery moon rays bright upon it. An awful horror crossed his own—there was a choking, gurgling cry—and the conscience-stricken wretch fell backward in a death-like faint.

The short summer night had wore

THE MODERN METHOD OF BUYING TEA

is to be sure of highest quality and value by insisting on getting

for it ensures complete satisfaction. Black. Mixed or Natural Green in sealed lead packets only-never in bulk.

OUR SHEEP.

Breeders Dispose of Stock and Win

Prizes at Chicago Fair.

Minister of Agriculture of Alberta

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 3 .- As the judging

men at the International Stock

Sudbury, Dec. 3.-D. Whitecloud, an Indian patent medicine doctor, is lodged in Copper Cliff jail facing a charge of

homicide. On Wednesday night while performing in a public hall be claims to

side. Coming to the door, rifle in hand, he fired, shooting Willie Swede, an 11-year-old boy. The lad lingered between life and death for 36 hours, and finally suc-

and death for 36 hours, and main suc-camed to peritonitis.

Arrested on the charge of wounding Whitecloud pleaded guilty yesterday, but will now have to answer the more serious crime of the boy's death. White-cloud is from the Caughinwaga reserve, but is more or less famous as an Indian dector throughout old Ontario.

At the impuest, to night the jury re-turned a verdict that Willie Swede came to bis death through a builet wound

we been disturbed by small boys out-

of sheep has been finished the Canadia

You are dying—do you know it? gentleman is a clergyman—if you anything to say to him, best say tonce. Your hours on earth are

semi-trance, and spoken. His mind seems wandering, though; he asked for some Lord Roderick. My duties call me away-I can be of no use-he will not live two hours. Mr. Hall is with him.

live two hours. Mr. Hall is with him. If you know him, and have anything to say to the poor wretch, colonel, best see him and say it at once."

The doctor hurried away—the colonel entered the house. As he went softly into the room of death, the clergyman met him on the threshold with a grave face.

stock men at the International Stock say to the poor wretch, colonel, best see him and say it at once."

The doctor hurried away—the colonel entered the house. As he went softly into the room of death, the clergyman met him on the threshold with a grave face.

"He seems in great mental anguish and remorse." he said in a whisper. "He has a confession to make, he says, and can not die with it on his soul. Twenty years ago he committed—good heavens!
—a horrible murder, for which an innocent man suffered through his perjury. I I am a magistrate, as you know, and must take his dying deposition. With you stay in the room? In all my clerical experience, I never attended the death-bed of a murderer before, and pray God I never may again. I have a hervous horror of being alone with this dying wretch."

"I will stay," Colonel Drummond said, very, very pale; "he need not see me. I should have remained in any case."
He crossed over to the little curtained window at the head of the bed and seated himself. Leaning his chin on his hand, he watched the rosy glory of the bright new day, and listened to the window at the head of the bed and seated himself. Leaning his chin on his hand, he watched the rosy glory of the bright new day, and listened to the words that vindicated his honor, and left his name, tarnished for twenty long years, stainless once more.

The rector drew up a little table close to the bedside, pen, ink, and paper before him, and prepared to take down the deposition of the dying man. The words came slowly and with difficulty, but clear and unhesitating, freezing the poor rector with horror as he wrote.

"It is one and the watched them the very sage," it is one and them to the words. The considered his horror as he wrote.

"It is one and the watched them to words."

"It is one and the watched them to words."

"It is one and them to a supplementation of the dying man. The words came slowly and with difficulty, but clear and unhesitating, freezing the poor rector with horror as he wrote.

"It is one and the watch

deposition of the dying man. The words came slowly and with difficulty, but clear and unhesitating, freezing the poor rector with horror as he wrote.

"It is one-and-twenty years ago," Morgan said—"ah, heaven! it seems twenty centuries—since I practiced as attorney in Clontarf, County Wicklow, Ireland. I was a young man then-thirty, or thereabouts; my name is William Morgan, and I am English by birth. I practiced my profession in Clontarf—I was land agent are, in Ireland. There was a young girl in the lance, Kathleen O'Neal by name, a poor cotter's daughter, with whom I fell in love. She laughed at me—she refered to listen to me—she would not be my wife. She loved, in her turn, one who did not care for hem—Lord Roderick, Desmond, only son of the Earl of Clontarf, the betrothed husband of Spanish lady, Incz d'Alvarez."

The rector dropped his pen aghast. "It can not be!" he cried. "Ibo you the state of the properties of the properties of the show thas been Sir George Drummond, of Bearons-field, Quebec. The Huntleywood larms, owned by him, have taken a majority of the prizes in the Southdown lasses. The baronet expresses himself arms, owned by him, have taken a majority of the prizes in the Southdown lasses. The baronet expresses himself arms, owned by him, have taken a majority of the prizes in the Southdown lasses. The baronet expresses himself arms, owned by him, have taken a majority of the prizes in the Southdown lasses. The baronet expresses himself arms, owned by him, have taken a majority of the prizes in the Southdown lasses. The baronet expresses himself arms, owned by him, have taken a majority of the prizes in the Southdown lasses. The baronet expresses himself arms, owned by him, have taken a majority of the prizes in the Southdown lasses. The baronet expresses himself arms, owned by him, have taken a majority of the prizes in the Southdown lasses. The baronet expresses himself arms, owned by him, have taken a majority of the prizes in the Southdown lasses. The baronet expresses himself arms, owned b

"It can not be!" he cried. "Do you now of wohm you speak? The lady is live yet—she is the Countess of Clon-

hastly smile.
"She goes by that title," he said,
though I strongly doubt whether she
has any legal right to it. That has
tothing to do with my story, however,
tathleen would not listen to me, the
dious English attorney, because she
corshipped the brilliant young Lord
lortarf, with his fair woman's face and
he eyes; and he, in turn loved the

due eyes; and be, in turn, loved the (To be continued.) PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS PAZO OINTMENT is guaraniced to cure any use of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Pretruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 1980

BAIL CANCELLED.

Bondsman For Barrie Women Grew

At the inquest, to lagar the jay, for turned a verdict that Willie Swede came to his death through a bullet wound from a rifle fired by James Whitecloud. Mrs. McCauley and Bennett performed an autopsy, showing that the bullet had passed through a notch in the hip bone, and perforated the howels in twelve places. Contrary to Whitecloud's evidence the previous day, before the boy's death, when he stated that the bullet was only wax, the bull found by the doctors was a lead one of 22-calibre. Of the shooting there was only the evidence of two Jittle hovs, from whom it was gained that several hoys had been making a racket both inside and cutside of the hall where Whitecloud was giving his show. Just previous to the shooting the noise was being made outside the hall, and Whitecloud, coming Guthric, who with her mother was a few days ago committed for trial on a

"You have known him in days gone by:"

Her words aroused him. At last! at last! the vengeance he had come to seek, the vengeance he had come to seek, the vengeance he had resigned, was here at his hand.

The blood flushed darkly into his face, then receded, leaving him ashen white, with the might of a great temptation. "You know him!" Redempta repeated; "but he has not found a friend."

"He has," the soldier said, sternly; "the dying and the dead have no enemies. Morgan!" he bent over him, and ultered the name in his ear.

"Who calls?" The wounded man started and glared around in affright. "Morgan? that's my name. Who knows me here?"

His eyes fixed full upon that brave, callant face bending above him, with the silvery moon rays bright upon it. An awful horror crossed his own—there was a choking, gurgling ery—and the

MANY TENANTS EVICTED.

Employees of a Massachusetts Concern Sleep on the Highway.

Ludlow, Mass., Dec. 2.—Six hundred evicted tenants of the Ludlow Manufacturing Associates were notified to-night that unless they removed their household goods from the streets to-morrow morning the property would be stored by the town authorities.

Nearly one hundred of the three hundred operatives evicted to-day slept in the streets to-night in little shacks made of their possessions. A goodly supply of food and money for their henefit has been furnished by generous citizens.

When there's nothing to do, the devil has his sleeves rolled up.—Manchester Union.

Hallifax, N. S., Dec. 3.-Battered by

fience seas all the way across the Atlan-

tic, the mail steamer Victorian reached

Hallitax to-night from Liverpool. She

RAILWAYS

GRAND TRUNK-RAILWA **GUELPH**

\$1.30 Return DEC. 4TH to 10TH, INCLUSIVE, RETURN LIMIT DEC. 13TH.

Ontario Provincial Fair

CHICAGO \$15.55 Return

Nov. 30; Dec. 1, 5 and 66h. RETURN LIMIT DEC. 12TH. ACCOUNT

LIVE STOCK EXPOSITION

Above rates apply from Hamilton Proportionate rates from all points in Ontal Secure tickets and further information fr Chas: E. Morgan, city agent; W. G. Webst



Tourist Sleeping Car

"Going Tourist" is the popular way to travel now-a-days—the berth rates but half those in the standard sleeper—and the accommodation quite satisfactory. Ask for "Tourist Car Booklet." Tickets, etc., at Hamilton Office, cor rames and King streets, W. J. Grant

T., H. & B. Railway **NEW YORK**

\$9.40 eleoping cars. T. Agt. F. F. Backus, G. P. A.

STEAMSHIPS

last year. Mr. Marshall also told the diners of the wonderful opportunities for the farmer and stock raiser in West-ern Canada. Another prominent visitor at the show has been Sir George Drummond, of Bea-consfield, Quebec. The Huntleywood farms, owned by him, have taken a majority of the prizes in the Southdown DOMINION LINE

...Dec. 25 BATES OF PASSAGE PORTLAND TO LIVERPOUR

RATES OF PASSAGE FORTLAND TO LIVERFULL
\$12.50 and \$15.00 : \$2.50 additional to London, according to steamer.

These steamers carry only one class of cabin passengers, to whom is given the accommodation situated in the best part of the vessel. This serves is very popular to these destring to make a trip in comfort at a very reasonable rate. Portlind is less than 21 hours by rail from Montreal.

Third class carried in 2 and 4 berthed rooms. For all information apply to local agents, or commany's office, 118 Notre Dame Street West Montreal.

C. P. R. STEAMERS bec. 25 Lake Champson.

bec. 25 Lake Champson.

bec. 21 Corsican (Chartered) Dec. 24

Jan. 12 Empress of Ireland Dec. 24

Jan. 13 Empress of Ireland Dec. 24

Jan. 14 Entra steamer Trom West. St. John to
Locden Dec. 8th Nontrose, carrying second cabin passengers only. Rate \$42.59.

Third class rate on "Empresses" reduced

to \$43.50 and on "Lake" steamers to \$7.50

to Liverpool and London.

To book or for further information apply
to the nearest C. P. R. agent, or to S. J.

Ti Yonge street, Toronto.

For

KLEIN & BINKL Issuers of Marriage Licenses

WE WANT YOU AS A SUBSCRIBER

YOU GAN ORDER

seet to your address by calling up TELEPHONE 368

THE TIMES is a bright, clean home paper.

ALL THE NEWS

BLACHFORD & SON