FATED TO LOVE HER

Not the least among her trials was the necessity of leaving Farnley; for, although, remembering Olivia's greater loss, she said but little of her own, a trial most grievous she did, in fact, find this necessity to be. She was not only strongly attached to the place and to everything about it, but the county, her native Yorkshire, appeared to her the only county in which she could ever feel herself at home. She took with her the wild pony and Gypsy; and her brother-in-law's park at Enderby was almost as extensive, and quite as secluded, as that at Farnley; she might still, therefore, roam or ride, according to her fancy. This was consoling, yet the sore pangs of the heimweh were often sorely felt by Cissy at Brierley Lodge.

Olivia, when once the wrench was over, began to revive. She found in the children objects of ceaseless interest. Moreover, her mind, by nature calm, had through long years of self-discipline, learned the art of reducing its expectations, its desires even, to the level of the circumstances in which she happened to be placed. But Cissy was young, and her discipline was yet, for the most part, to come. Indeed, there, her first real experiences in the changes and chances of this mortal life, were probably its beginning. Then Cissy and Annie, although sisters, had little, save affection, in common; and she thought Sir Philip weak, and the children were too proper and too well-behaved to suit her taste, so, as Olivia brightened, she pined.

Such being the case, it was not surprising that the tidings contained in Gabrielle's letter filled her with delight. As to the day when the travellers arrived in England and she went with Olivia to meet them at James' town house, in Portman place, of Cissy's delight then we need not speak.

James had brought his wife home well and comparatively strong. Of the terrible consumptive heritage, no outward token was left. The fairness was now a healthy fairness; the slightness was slightness, and not thinness. She still looked delicate, still fragile, but no more.

And happiness suited her face. It was a sweeter face than ever. Gazing into her eyes was like gazing into calm depths of light; her lips, always mobile, seemed at this time ever ready ao part in smiles. The pale, drooping little maiden of a few months back might hardly be recognized in this bright young wife, one glance at whom was sufficient to prove that joy is a reality.

"You are not a bit matronly," said Cissy. "You are come back just the same insignificant little slip of a girl that you went away."

"Am I? Well, it is something to be considered a girl, even! James is always calling me his 'child.'"

"What impudence! But that's a young man all over. Young men take such liberties. If I ever married anybody—which I doubt—it shall be a Methusaleh. And then he'll have a hoary head. I should delight in a hoary-headed husband."

"You'd better advertise for one," said Gabrielle, laughing. "But, seriously, I could not bear to marry an old man. He would die so soon, you know."

"So much the better—I mean, the better for my constancy. Three-or, at least, four years of matrimony would be quite enough for me. With great effort, I might stand five; but six—never! Now two young people together— you and James, for instance; you may have sixty or seventy years before you yet!"

"Sixty or seventy thousand would be none too many," said Gabrielle, with a little sigh.

"But, my dear! you can't have considered the matter. Seventy years—think what they are! Seventy times three hundred and sixty-five breakfasts, luncheons, dinners; always the same face opposite, always the same voice talking. It would kill me, Gabrielle. I'm certain of that. And time it should, too—since, I suppose, before I came to it, I should be approaching a hundred."

"My dear Cissy, what an Irish sentence!"

"I must have caught it of Mrs. O'Tallaghan, when she called this afternoon. But why am I wasting my time like this, when I have so much to ask you and to tell you? And, first and foremost, were you not glad to find yourself getting better?"

"More than glad; most deeply thankful. Oh, Cissy, I can't tell you what it was to feel my strength returning, and the pain in my side passing off. And, then, when my cough began to go, and the constant dread, the shadow of death abated—oh, that was true joy. And yet——"

"Well, dear?"

"Yet, I could not help reproaching myself, and thinking of that 'Willing rather to be absent from the body, and—' You know the rest, Cissy."

"My dear scrupulous child, Saint Paul said it; and you are not a saint, yet; though next door to one, I believe you are," muttered Cissy, in a parenthesis. "It would have been most unnatural for you to wish to die just then, to leave James almost in your honeymoon, and so on."

"Perhaps," said Gabrielle, wistfully; "I hardly know. He was as bad. Those weeks when I was so delicate, he would not let me speak of death."

"No wonder, I'm sure," cried Cissy, with a shudder.

"It would be less painful now, I think, at least to me. Now, somehow, I feel more satisfied, more bound to him; too closely, indeed, to be ever parted, really—even so. But, theft, we had hardly had time to settle into our new position; our happiness seemed scarcely begun. I felt as though I could not—could not leave him. And at last, Cissy, one day—"

"Go on, darling."

"You won't care for it."

"Never mind. Go on."

"One afternoon, at Pau, my heart was so full—it seemed too much to bear alone; and I might not speak of it to him, I had no one human to tell. So I went to my room, and locked the door, and knelt down and poured out everything, just as—if he had let me—I should have poured out everything to James."

"You prayed, you mean?"

"No. It was not praying. I had prayed before. I had asked for life, and for resignation, and all that—many a time. But now I asked nothing; I only told it. Some wonderful Spiritual presence seemed to come near me, to infold me, and I thought, 'He is my Creator, and He will understand.' So I just let the words flow out, and opened all my mind. My great love for my husband, and my fear lest it might be too great, and that I longed to feel rightly about death, and yet could not; all this, and more. And gradually peace came; how I can't describe, but in some wonderful divine way. There was breathed into my soul a conviction that eventually all would be right; that my love would be brought into its proper place, my desires subdued—everything as it ought to be. And then I knelt on, saying nothing thinking nothing—only as it were, reposing—until James came to the door and called me, and I went to him, and he said that I looked tired, and that he would read me to sleep. Well, I slept a long time, so happily, with my head upon his shoulder, and when I awoke my doubts and fears were gone. And, Cissy, they have never come back; that peace has never faded."

"Gabrielle, you go too deep for me. I cannot enter into these abstractions. I can hardly understand them, even. Am I very wicked?"

"Not wicked, Cissy. Natures differ, you know."

"Yes, that's true. Besides, I am Undine. My soul is yet to be found. It won't jump suddenly upon me, I fancy; it will grow by degrees. And I have some idea—though I can't be sure—that a bit of it has grown already."

"What gives you the idea?" said Gabrielle, laughing.

"Oh, nothing very definite. It is only that lately a change has come o'er the spirit of my dream. Not a pleasant change; my views of life are not brighter. But somehow I think they are deeper. Only a 'teeny, tiny' bit deeper, you know. Still—such as it is—I suspect that the soul, coming late, like one's wise teeth, might be at the bottom of it."

"But, now I look at you, I believe—You are not unhappy, dearest Cissy?"

"Just at this moment, no darling. I am on the top of the topmost pinnacle of the Castle of Delight. I have been climbing up to it ever since I heard that you were coming home, and now here I am. And very agreeable it is—only rather dizzy."

"But you have not been happy, I can see. I thought you liked Brierley Lodge, Cissy."

"Like it? Yes. You like Mrs. Edgecumbe, don't you?"

"I am very sorry," said Gabrielle, looking downcast. "I was afraid it would be so. If we could only all live at Farnley together!"

"My dearest, we can't. Instead of wishing for impossible things, let us enjoy ourselves, and make the best of things as they are. You needn't look so guilty. I do believe that you consider yourself a hardened miscreant, just because James happened to marry you, which delighted us all, by the bye. Brothers always do marry; and sisters, in our circumstances, always do have to turn out. 'Tis the course of nature, my dear. And I am sure I feel myself heartily thankful that we are turned out for you, instead of for anybody else. That definite article, now! The bare idea is dreadful."

"James," exclaimed Cissy, next day, "what a naughty, wicked, extravagant little monkey that Gabrielle of yours is! She has brought us all such beautiful presents. In fact, she seems to have come home in a giving frenzy. I suppose she caught it of you."

"Of me? How?" said James.

"Why, I've just been looking at 'my thing' and lor' me!—as Mrs. Pieber would say—they all appear to be creations, and you the donor. No wonder she knocks under and acts the model wife. She's sharp and she sees what she'll get by it. Now, if I were you, James, I'd vary my system—accustom her to bread and water now and then and so forth. That's the way to discern character, why, even I might occasionally slay my husband—if I had one—supposing that he rewarded me as you reward her. An unsafe policy, James—a sad waste of a bad business. Misfortune comes, swallows your money, and your hold on her is lost."

"I'll tell you what, Cissy, I'm thankful that she doesn't possess your tongue! Her hold on me would be somewhat precarious then, I fancy."

"If she possessed my tongue, dear boy, she would possess my mind, and if she possessed my mind she would never have married you. So there'd be no hold to lose, you see—luckier for both parties!"

"And, to pursue the matter, if she possessed your mind, I should never have asked her to marry me. So the argument melts into nothingness. But, really, Cissy, this is rather too soon to begin quarrelling. I beg your pardon and I grant you mine. Let us 'kiss and be friends.'"

"I'll kiss you, my esteemed relative, with all the pleasure in life, and I'll be as much your friend as ever I was; but as to pardoning and quarrelling, I ignore both. I simply and dispassionately stated certain facts. If you like to call that quarrelling, you may; I beg to differ. Thanks, James. One kiss is enough. Remember the weather."

"I am glad you are not Cissy, Gabrielle," said James, when next they were alone.

"What a strange speech, James! Has Cissy offended you?"

"Hardly that," and he smiled, the provoking, superior smile of old. "She is only a little too much for me. A good deal too much for me she would be if she were my wife."

"I wonder how it is," said Gabrielle, after some minutes of abstraction, "that neither of you two seems able to appreciate the other. Now, to my mind, Cissy is charming. I have so enjoyed seeing her again."

"You enjoy everything, my sweet, sweet child!"

"No, I don't, James; and Cissy is really—but never mind. I shall do my best to make you two fast friends, as you ought to be, and as you will be some day, I know."

"Well—perhaps; I can't tell. I can tell one thing—that I wish we were not to be so uncommonly sociable to-night. Olivia alone would be a different matter; but all those people!"

"All those people! Oh, you inhospitable boy! There will be only, besides Olivia, Philip and Annie and Cissy."

"Yes, I believe I am very absurd. But the fact is I have had you so entirely to myself that—that——"

"Well?"

"Gabrielle, what does that little Scotch song of yours say?

"'I'm jealous of what blesses her—
The summer breeze that kisses her—
The flowery beds
On which she treads—
Though wae for ane that misses her!'"

"James, you are growing silly. I must call you to order. And, to begin with, go upstairs; it is time to dress."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"To everything," says Solomon, "there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven." On Gabrielle's life had now dawned a time for rejoicing—rejoicing unalloyed, perhaps, as rejoicing can be this side of the grave; a time to love and to be loved, without any shadow of separation or of poverty or of jealousy to come between. Every hour at this period was a poem to her; every event, however trivial, brought something of beauty—left an echo as of sweet music, which lingered on.

"Our little systems have their day,
They have their day, and cease to be."

Few lives of any length, probably, transpire without an episode—it may be of years, it may be of months, more commonly of weeks or of days—an episode such as that through which Gabrielle was now passing. Foretastes of a brighter world, from this they quickly fade, but behind them remains one blessing which, while reason survives, fades never. The man who prayed "Lord, keep my memory green!" was a wise man, and a happy man. In days of sorrow, desolation, pain, or—sometimes more trying than either—of dry stagnation, we may in memory still possess those halcyon days of old, and gather from them hope and faith for the days to come.

So, often after it had passed away, Gabrielle found solace in looking back to this first sweet portion of her wedded life. And perhaps there was no portion of it which she loved better to recall than the month or two immediately following her return from the Continent. The three weeks spent in London; James' popularity; the delight of going out with him; of seeing and hearing him in company with Mr. Savill and other men of literary celebrity; her pride in their evident appreciation—admiration, rather—of his talents. The music, the pictures; the Crystal palace; the beautiful girls; the drives in the park; the general gayeties; all perfectly charming to her, because all were new. Her pleasant chats with Cissy; Olivia's kindness; James' devotion—she could give it no other name. Then the drawing-room, and the return to Farnley; the first joyful consciousness of being at home; the village welcomes and festivities. The tete-a-tete fortnight with James, before the arrival of his sister; the rides and walks; the books which he read to her; the songs which she sang to him. The long summer evenings—especially the twilight part of them—when he would play to her, on the chapel organ, melodies grand, or sweet, or dreamy; when they would talk—as only the young and happy can talk—over all imaginable subjects: "things sacred and things profane; things past and things to come; things foreign, and things at home"; ever, even at the gravest, ready to branch into mirth; never, even at the gayest, losing that undertone of thoughtfulness, which equally, although somewhat differently, characterized both their minds.

(To be continued.)

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. Grove. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c

JEALOUS MAN.

ST. KITTS' WOMAN WOUNDED IN FIGHT AT CONEY ISLAND.

A Singer in One of the Music Halls There—Went to New York to Study Opera—Louis Pogei, Jealous of Her, Killed Her Two Companions.

New York, May 14.—The crowd in the South Brooklyn Hotel at Oceanic Walk and the Bowery, Coney Island, which opened to-day, heard three pistol shots, followed by the screams of a woman about 8.30 o'clock to-night, and an instant later two men staggered into the barroom bleeding from bullet wounds in the head and toppled over dead.

Outside a crowd gathered, and through it dashed a woman and man holding a revolver in his hand. They disappeared around the corner into the Bowery. The woman fell unconscious in the doorway of a little Italian restaurant. She was shot through the left shoulder.

In the hospital the woman regained consciousness and said she was Carroll Terry, a singer in the Imperial Music Hall at the Bowery and Thompson's Walk. She said she did not know the men who had been killed, but had accepted their invitation to have a drink, and later to have dinner in the restaurant.

"It was Louis Pogei who shot me," the police say the woman said, "and it was he who killed my companions. He was jealous of me. I met him three years ago, after I had come to New York from my home in St. Catharines, Ont., to study for the opera and had finally drifted to the Bowery for lack of funds. We lived together since then until recently, when I went away to western New York. I returned a week ago and got a place in a music hall. Pogei found me there, but I would not have anything to do with him, and he got angry."

NEW TRIAL FOR DR. KAYE.

Woodstock Man Convicted of Counterfeiting Wins Appeal.

Springfield, Ill., May 14.—In the matter of the case of the Rev. Dr. James E. Kaye, formerly of Woodstock, Ontario, now of Wheaton, Ill., who was convicted in the United States District Court in this city of counterfeiting, and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, the United States Circuit Court of Appeals to-day reversed the judgment of the lower court, and granted Dr. Kaye a new trial in the lower court. Dr. Kaye was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Lincoln, Ill., when the alleged crime was committed.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Adulteration of Food.

Some people say that Laxa-Food contains drugs. We hereby offer it to be analyzed; if anything other than good food is found we will pay costs; the other party to pay costs if found pure. —A. W. Maguire & Co.

William Beepham, farm laborer, was run over by a land roller at Portage la Prairie on Thursday and so badly injured that he will likely die.

Store Opens at 9 a.m. | **At R. McKay & Co.'s Saturday, May 16th, 1908** | Store Closes at 10 p.m.

HAMILTON'S MOST PROGRESSIVE STORE

McKay's Special Saturday Sale Bulletin

Immense Reductions in Beautiful, New and Up-to-Date Summer Materials

Values and goods such as this store offers to its patrons to-morrow seldom happens at this season of the year. Never in all our store experience have we placed before the women of Hamilton such a splendid array of seasonable merchandise and at prices that will make a trip to the McKay store very interesting; that is, if you want to save much money on just the goods you want for present and future use. Remember, we are placing the materials of correct M'KAY STYLES before you, and by coming to this store to-morrow the prices we are asking will tell the story of wonderful economy. Come and come in the forenoon.

Read every special, read every line, and if you would share in many of the best bargains it is important that you should shop early.

Big Saturday Silk Skirt Bargains

$8 Silk Underskirts, Saturday Sale $3.98

This is the greatest Silk Underskirt offering for many a day, made of pure chiffon taffeta of extra good quality; on sale in brown, navy and black accordian pleated flounce, deep dust frill; 3 dozen in the lot. Come early. Worth regularly $8.00, for $3.98.

Immense Sale of Table Cloths

Regular Value $2.50 Sale Price $1.50

Housekeepers will do well by taking advantage of this splendid sale of Table Cloths, 2 and 2½ yards long; guaranteed pure linen. The surplus stock of a leading Belfast manufacturing concern purchased by our buyer much below regular. These are on sale to-morrow. Worth regularly $2.50, for $1.50 per cloth.

Marvellous Bargains in

nite Blouses and Silk Underskirts

THIRD FLOOR

$2.00 Waists for 98c

Fine White Persian Lawn Waists, made with pin tucked yoke, with beading, worth regular $2.00, Saturday's sale price 98c

$3.00 Waists for $1.98

Dainty Persian Lawn Waists, made with Mikado sleeves and trimmed with Swiss embroidery, worth regular $3.00, Saturday's sale price $1.98

$5.00 Waists for $3.49

Exquisite Persian Lawn Waists, made with all-over filette embroidery front, Mikado sleeves, embroidery collar and cuffs, worth regular $5.00, Saturday's sale price $3.49

$8.00 Silk Underskirts $3.98

3 dozen only Chiffon Taffeta Silk Underskirts, in brown, navy and black, made with accordeon pleated flounce, deep dust frill, worth regular $8.00, Saturday's sale price $3.98

Baby Department

$2.50 Silk Hats for $1.49

Children's White Silk Hats, worth regular $2.50, Saturday only $1.49

$1.50 Dresses for 79c

Children's White Lawn Dresses, made with embroidery around yoke and sleeves, worth regular $1.50, Saturday 79c

75c Dresses for 49c

Children's Linen and Print Dresses in Buster style, in sizes 1, 2 and 3, worth regular 75c, Saturday 49c

Extra Special For Women

Extraordinary Purchase of Elegantly Tailored Suits

We searched several large manufacturers for extra big specials in Tailor-made Suits. We have had the finest of good luck in finding the choicest assortment of up-to-date Tailored Suits that has ever been the R. McKay's pleasure to advertise. Read description carefully, then see suits.

Clearance Sale of 45 New Spring Suits $10.98
Worth $20.00 to $25.00

The materials include all those high-class fabrics, such as Plain or Fancy Serges, Chiffon, Panama, French Venetians and Broadcloth. The shades are in the late blue, brown, green, tan, fancy stripes and black. Coats are the new Prince Chap, semi and tight fitting Skirts, latest American models. These Suits are positively the greatest values offered. Regular $20 to $25, Saturday only $10.98

Cravenette Coats $6.95

10 only to clear, full length Coats, in grey and fawn, cravenette, ripple box coat, with and without belt across back, regular $10.75, on sale Saturday at $6.95

Tailor-Made Skirts $2.98

In a pretty assortment of light and dark materials, in new up-to-date styles, tucked and box pleated, with one and two folds, regular $5 and $5.50, on sale Saturday only $2.98

Covert Coats $4.98

Semi Ripple Box and Tight Fitting Covert Coats, in plain and fancy covert cloth, beautifully tailored and strapped, regular values $6.50 and $6.75, on sale on Saturday at $4.98

Corset Specials

Corsets 59c

For Saturday we put on sale a special line of new Spring Straight Front Corsets, made of fine linen (white) batiste, with medium bust and long military hip, and steel filling, also hose supporters attached at front, sizes 18 to 26, regular value $1.00, for Saturday sale 59c

Corsets 98c, regular $1.25

10 dozen Straight Front Corsets, made of French coutil, with medium bust and long, drop hip, with or without hose supporters, in white or drab, and steel filled, sizes 18 inch to 28 inch, regularly $1.25, for Saturday 98c

White and Cream Silks 39c

To-morrow's clearing sale of odd lines of white and cream Silks will mean about half of regular values. The lot comprises French Louisene, Pailette, Tamise, and some plain Wash Silks. Regular 60 to 75c yard, on sale to-morrow for 39c

R. McKAY & CO.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

Niagara Falls, New York—*2.30 a. m., *5.37 a. m., †9.05 a. m., *9.55 a. m., *5.00 p. m., *7.05 p. m.

St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo—*5.37 a. m., †9.05 a. m., *9.55 a. m., †11.20 a. m., *1.5 5p. m., *5.00 p. m., †5.35 p. m., *7.05 p. m.

Grimsby, Beamsville, Merritton—†9.05 a. m., †11.20 a. m., †5.35 p. m.

Detroit, Chicago—*1.12 a. m., *8.50 a. m., *9.02 a. m., *3.45 p. m., *5.35 p. m.

Brantford—*1.12 a. m., †7.00 a. m., †8.00 a. m., *8.50 a. m., *9.02 a. m., †1.45 p. m., *3.45 p. m., *5.35 p. m., †7.05 p. m.

Woodstock, Ingersoll, London—*1.12 a. m., †8.00 a. m., †8.50 a. m., *9.02 a. m., *3.45 p. m., *5.35 p. m., †7.05 p. m.

St. George—†8.00 a. m., †3.33 p. m., †7.05 p. m.

Burford, St. Thomas—†8.00 a. m., †3.45 p. m.

Guelph, Palmerston, Stratford and North—†8.00 a. m., †3.33 p. m.

Galt, Preston, Hespeler—†8.00 a.m., †2.33 p.m., †7.05 p.m.

Jarvis, Port Dover, Tillsonburg, Simcoe—†9.00 a .m., †9.10 a. m., †5.25 p. m., †5.32 p. m.

Georgetown, Allandale, North Bay Collingwood, etc.—7.20 a. m., †4.05 p. m.

Barrie, Orillia, Huntsville—†7.20 a. m., *10.45 a. m., †11.20 a. m. and *9.05 p. m.

North Bay and points in Canadian Northwest—†11.20 a. m., *9.05 p. m.

Toronto—†7.00 a. m., †7.55 a. m., *9.00 a. m., *10.45 a. m., †11.20 a. m., †11.30 a. m., *2.00 p. m., *3.40 p.m., †5.35 p. m., *7.10 p. m., *8.55 p. m., *9.05 p. m.

Burlington, Port Credit, etc.—†7.00 a. m., †11.20 a. m., †5.35 p. m.

Cobourg, Port Hope, Peterboro', Lindsay—†11.20 a. m., †3.40 p. m., †5.35 p. m.

Beleville, Brockville Montreal and East—†7.55 a.m., ‡7.10 p.m., *8.55 p.m., *9.05 p.m.

*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday. ‡From King Street Depot.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

7.40 a. m.—For Toronto, Lindsay, Bobcaygeon, Peterboro, Tweed, Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Sherbrooke, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S., and all points in Maritime Provinces and New England States. Tottenham, Beeton, Alliston, Craighurst, Bala and the Muskoka Lakes.

8.50 a. m.—For Toronto.

10.00 a. m.—(Daily)—For Toronto.

3.15 p. m.—For Toronto, Myrtle, Lindsay, Bobcaygeon, Peterboro, Tweed, Brampton, Fergus, Elora, Orangeville, Owen Sound, Arthur, Mount Forest, Harriston, Wingham, Tottenham, Alliston, Craighurst, and intermediate points.

5.05 p. m.—For Toronto.

8.15 p. m.—(Daily)—For Toronto, Peterboro, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Sherbrooke, Portland and Boston, Sault Ste. Marie, Fort William, Winnipeg, Canadian Northwest, Kootenay, and British Columbia points.

Trains arrive—8.45 a. m. (daily), 10.25 a.m., (daily), and 2.10, 4.40, 6.15 (daily), 8.10 and 10.25 p. m.

TORONTO, HAMILTON & BUFFALO RAILWAY.

Arrive Hamilton		Leave Hamilton
*8.05 p. m.	Niagara Falls and Buffalo Express	*8.50 a. m.
*8.05 p. m.	Buffalo and New York express	**10.30 a. m.
*9.55 a. m.	Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York and Boston express	*5.20 p. m.
**8.35 a. m.	Niagara Falls, Buffalo accommodation	**4.50 p. m.

Sleeping car, dining car and parlor car on train leaving Hamilton at 6.20 p. m., and on train arriving at 9.55 a. m. Dining car and parlor car on trains leaving Hamilton at 8.50 a. m. and arriving at 8.05 p. m. Pullman parlor cars on all through trains.

Arrive Hamilton		Leave Hamilton
**8.40 a. m.	Detroit, Chicago and Toledo express	**8.55 a. m.
*9.45 a. m.	Brantford and Waterford express	**10.35 a. m.
**12.20 p. m.	Brantford and Waterford express	**6.30 p. m.
**4.45 p. m.	Detroit, Chicago, Toledo and Cincinnati express	**2.10 p. m.
**7.40 p. m.	Brantford, Waterford and St. Thomas	*3.30 p. m.

Sleeping cars on Michigan Central connecting at Waterford.

*Daily.

**Daily, Except Sunday.

HAMILTON RADIAL ELECTRIC RAILROAD—TIME TABLE.

Time Table taking effect, January 6th, 1908.

Cars leave Hamilton for Burlington and intermediate points: 6.10, 7.10, 8.00, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 a m.; 1.00, 2.30, 4.10, 5.30, 6.10 7.45, 9.15, 11.10 p. m.

Cars leave Hamilton for Burlington and Oakville: 6.10, 8.00, 10.10 a. m.; 1.00, 2.30, 5.10 8.25, 11.10. These cars stop at Beach Road, No. 12, Canal Bridge, Hotel Brant, Burlington and all Stations between Burlington and Oakville.

Cars leave Burlington for Hamilton and Intermediate points: 6.00, 7.10, 8.00, 10.10 a. m.; 12.10, 1.45, 3.15, 4.10, 5.10, 7.00, 8.30, 10.10 p. m.

Cars leave Oakville for Hamilton: 7.50, 9.35, 11.30 a. m.; 2.35 4.00, 6.45, 9.45 p. m.

These cars stop at all stations between Oakville and Burlington, Hotel Brant, Canal Bridge No. 12.

SUNDAY SERVICE

Cars leave Hamilton for Burlington and Intermediate points: 8.10, 9.10, 11.10 a. m.; 1.00, 2.30, 4.10, 6.10, 7.45, 9.15 p. m.

Cars leave Hamilton for Burlington and Oakville: 8.10, 11.25 a. m.; 2.30, 5.10, 6.10, 8.25 p. m. These cars stop at Beach Road, No. 12, Canal, Hotel Brant, Burlington and all Stations between Burlington and Oakville.

Cars leave Burlington for Hamilton and Intermediate points: 8.10, 10.10 a. m.; 12.10 1.45, 3.15, 5.10, 7.00, 8.30, 9.15 p. m.

Cars leave Oakville for Hamilton: 9.50 a. m., 1.15, 4.00, 6.45, 8.45. These cars stop at all Stations between Oakville and Burlington Hotel Brant, Canal, No. 12.

BRANTFORD & HAMILTON ELECTRIC RAILWAY—TIME TABLE.

Commencing December 20th, 1907.

Leave Hamilton: 7.00, 8.30, 10.30 a. m.; 12.30 2.30, 4.30, 6.30, 8.30 p. m.

Leave Ancaster: 7.30, 9.30, 11.30 a. m.; 1.30 3.30, 5.30, 7.30, 9.00 p. m.

On Wednesdays and Saturdays a special car will leave Hamilton at 10.30 p. m. This car will wait until 15 minutes after the close of the evening performances at the different theatres.

This time table is subject to change at any time without notice.

SUNDAY SERVICE

Leave Hamilton: 10.00 a. m.; 1.30, 2.30, 4.30, 7.00, 8.30 p. m.

Leave Ancaster: 10.30 a. m.; 1.30 3.30, 6.30, 7.30, 9.00 p. m.

HAMILTON & DUNDAS RAILWAY.

WEEK DAY SERVICE

Leave Dundas—6.00, 7.15, 8.05, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 a m., 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.30, 10.30, 11.15 p. m.

Leave Hamilton—6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.30, 10.30, 11.15 p. m.

SUNDAY SERVICE

Leave Dundas—8.30, 10.00, 11.45 a. m., 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.15, 10.15 p. m.

Leave Hamilton—9.15, 11.00 a. m., 12.40, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.15, 10.15 p. m.

HAMILTON, GRIMSBY & BEAMSVILLE ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

WEEK DAY SERVICE

Leave Hamilton—7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10 a. m., 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 p. m.

Leave Beamsville—6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.40 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME TABLE

Leave Hamilton—9.10, 10.10, 11.10 a. m., 12.45, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 9.10 p. m.

Leave Beamsville—7.15, 8.15, 9.15 a. m., 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15 7.15, 8.15 p. m.

HAMILTON STEAMBOAT CO.

Leave Hamilton, 9.00 a. m.; leave Beach Piers, *9.20 a. m.; arrive Toronto, 11.45 a. m.

Leave Toronto, 4.30 p. m.; arrive Beach Piers, *6.55 p. m.; arrive Hamilton, 7.15 p. m.

*Weather permitting.

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