AT R. McKAY & CO'S. THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1909

JUNE BRIDES

HAMILTON'S BEST STORE CAN ... FILL YOUR EVERY WANT ...

Tremendous stocks of new Dress Goods, New Silks, new style Ready-to-Wear Garments, New Underwear, New Carpets, New House-furnishings, etc., best goods, best styles and best values obtainable in Hamilton. June brides can do well in the matter of savings at this store to-morrow. Read the good news.

The Very Newest Dress Goods at Special Thursday Sale Prices

Late Arrivals in New Grey Suitings, Worth Regularly $1.25 and $1.50; Sale Price — 98c Yard

To-morrow, Thursday, we announce the arrival and sale of a late shipment of new elephant and taupe grey suitings, in both plain and stripe effect, correct style goods, very greatly reduced for Thursday, worth regular $1.25 and $1.50, sale price ..98c yard

New Directoire Satin Suitings, Worth Regularly $1.25, Sale Price Thursday — $1.00 Yard

On sale in the new French shades of pale blue, grey, new navy, brown, wistaria, rose, myrtle, Copenhagen, cream and black, on sale in both suit and dress weights, very new style goods at a popular price for Thursday, per yard $1.00

All French Dress Lengths at One-third Off Regular

Very special for to-morrow all our new French imported dress costume lengths, in the new French importations, at 1-3 off regular.

Regular $1 Cream Serge Suiting, Very Special Thursday — 59c Yard

Cream serge, guaranteed perfect in every way, at a remarkable reduction for to-morrow, take advantage of the splendid sale, worth regular $1, sale price .... 59c yard

A Perfect Collection of Silk and Satins for June Gowns

Through our special French importations we have excelled all past endeavors in our collection of Silks and Satins for the JUNE BRIDE. Those distinguished effects of best French makers such as

Satin Fleurette, an all Silk Satin of superior make, and finish, 44 inches wide, and sold exclusively by us, price .... $2.90 yard

Satin Chamereux, in 36 inch width, a perfect draping silk and has a decided distinction in weave and finish, price .... $1.59 yard

Pailette-de-Chine. This silk has a lovely satin finish and shown only in single width. A new weave and correct style. A handsome dress quality. Two prices 75c and .... $1 yard

Thursday Sale of Curtains and House-furnishings

Scotch and English Curtains

A fine collection of strong double thread fine Madras Net and sturdy Cable Cord or Fish Net, all full lengths, in new and up-to-date designs, white, ecru and ivory.

$1.75 Curtains, priced .... $1.39 pair
$2.50 and $2.75 Curtains, priced .... $1.87 pair
$5.00 Curtains, priced .... $3.68 pair

Irish Point and High Class Styles

Some beautiful Curtains for your parlor and best rooms. In a grand range of designs and in all tints, 2½ and 3½ yard lengths.

$7 and $7.50 lines priced .. $4.50 pair
$8.50 lines priced .... $6.38 pair
$10 lines priced .... $7.50 pair

These are All Reduced

White 30-inch Madras Sash Muslin, for windows, bordered, special .... 19c yard
White Curtain Muslin, in a good assortment of designs, special 14c yard
White Quilts, full double bed size, soft and easy to launder, special .. $1.18 each
Marseilles White Quilts, full double bed size, satin finish, raised designs, special .... $2.78 each
Sale of Screens—3 and 4 panel style, fillled with fancy muslin, special .. $2.98

Fancy Madras Muslins

Special values in pretty colors and tans, with block, stripe and lattice designs .... 47 and 68c yard

Interesting Values From Our Big Staple Section

Nainsook 15c

42-inch Underwear Nainsook, fine soft finish, splendid quality for corset covers, baby's wear, etc., very special, 15c yard, worth 20c.

Bath Towels 25c

50 dozen extra large size Bath Towels, heavy absorbent weave, 35c value, for 25c

Pillow Cases 50c Pair

Hemstitched Pillow Cases, made of close even cotton, 40, 42, 44 and 46-inch wide, special .... 50c pair

Bleached Damask 67c

72-inch Bleached Damask, fine satin finish, splendid patterns, worth $1, for 67c

Linen Suiting 50c

50-inch Linen Suiting, for coats and skirts, launders splendidly, special 50c yard.

Madras Shirting 35c

Fine Madras Oxford Shirting, nobby patterns, tans, blues, greys and black and white, for ladies' shirt waists and gents' shirts, special .. 35c

New Stock Collars, Worth Regular 25c, Sale Price .... 19c each

10 dozen new Stock Collars just arrived for Thursday's big selling, in white and colors; will you share in the saving? Worth regular 25c, sale price .... 19c each

Women's Handkerchiefs, Worth Regular 15c, Sale Price Thursday .... 3 for 25c

300 dozen Swiss Embroidered and Lace Edged Handkerchiefs at a price to-morrow that will cause a stir in this section of the store, good value at 15c each, Thursday 10c each, or 3 for 25c

Most Astonishing Sale of High Class Suits, Coats and Dresses

JUNE BRIDES, TAKE NOTICE

Such news as is contained in this announcement must necessarily bring a tremendous volume of business in our Coat and Suit Department. Efforts of the most unusual nature have been made not only in assembling the best of everything, but in the matter of drastic price-cutting. You will find this department packed with specials.

Special Sale of Women's Handsome Suits $15.50

The Suits are novel—and because of their smartness they make a stronger-than-usual appeal to the average woman. A splendid assortment of colors, including black, also fancy stripes and checks. Coats are 42 and 44 inches long. Skirts newest approved models. Regular values $21.00 and $22.00; very specially priced at $15.50

Tailor Made Suits $6.98

A large assortment of colors and black, nicely trimmed and tailored, some silk lined coats amongst the number. Skirts gored and pleated models. The quantity is limited. Regularly $15.00 to $18.00 values, on sale at $6.98

R. McKAY & CO.

A Love Affair

CHAPTER XV.

Since the day she had come back, Constance had not left the upper part of the house. There was a balcony running some little distance in front of the windows on the west side, and she had gone out upon this balcony and got a few minutes of fresh air.

The marchioness had urged her to come down at meal times, and the marquis had just stopped short at the point of ordering her to do so, but Constance had resisted all their entreaties.

She had come back, she told herself, for one sole object; to nurse Arol, and she would confine herself to that. As soon as he got well she would return to the lonely life at Mrs. Meryyn's, and begin again the struggle for existence.

So she resolved with an aching heart, and the color soon vanished and left her pale—so pale that when the marchioness came in presently she noticed it.

"My dear," she said, gently but firmly, "you are looking tired and pale. Wolfe"—she often dropped his title when speaking to Constance—as if she were one of the family—"Wolfe is right, I am afraid, and we have been cruelly selfish. He was quite angry this morning, and said that he was sure you would be ill."

"Do go now; it is beautiful out. And then when Lord Wolfe comes back I can tell him you have been out."

"Put on a shawl or something over your shoulders, my dear," said the marchioness, as Constance re-entered with her hat on. "Stay! take mine. It is a thick, warm one, and I shall not want it in here," and she took it off and wrapped it around Constance.

With a feeling of sadness and melancholy, she leaned upon the balustrade, and resting her head upon her hand, looked dreamily across the lawn, so lost in thought that she did not hear a step near her until it was close behind her. Then she turned her head with a little start, and saw the marquis.

"This is a glad sight," he said.

She thought he meant the sunset, but looking up at him, saw that his eyes were fixed on her, and she turned her head aside.

"You have come out at last," he said. "This afternoon I had intended insisting upon your coming down stairs and into the garden. Did you think we had grown quite heartless?"

"Oh, no, my lord," she said with a smile, "but I did not want to come. How beautiful it is! I—I must go back now."

"Because I have come. Ah, Constance, why do you avoid me?"

"I—do not avoid you, my lord."

"Yes, yes, you do. Do you think I do not know it—and feel it? When I come into the room you shrink behind that curtain. You avoid any conversation with me. Once or twice you have got up and left the room that you might not be forced to speak to me."

Constance tried to speak now, but she could not.

"Are you afradi, or is it that you—dislike me?"

"My lord—" she faltered.

"Is it that you have not forgiven me for the words I spoke that night in the drawing-room! Have they made you distrust—hate me?"

He had drawn nearer to her, and laid his clenched hand on the balustrade, his face pale and almost haggard in its intensity, his voice deep and anxious, and thrilling her through and through with its suppressed emotion.

"Constance, this can not go on. I can not endure it any longer. For days past I have been trying to find courage to get away from the place, but I can not while you are here; and I feel, I know, that if you were to go I must follow. Yes, for I can not live without you! Do you hear me, Constance?"

He put his hand upon hers, and imprisoned it, throbbing and quivering. "I can not live without you. Dearest, dearest, I love you better with each succeeding day. I count the hours that creep along till I shall see you next. The few minutes I spend with you are the only happy ones in my day. Ah, Constance, I thought I could give you up, but"—he drew a long breath—"I can not! You are to me as the very breath I draw. Why, dearest, think of it! You know I love you, and to see you there, an angel of mercy and succor, beside that child's bed—to see your sweet face with its loving smile day by day, how could it be otherwise than that my love should grow? Constance, if I had not already loved you I should love you now. And now the moment has come when I must cast the die. Ah, dearest, if you knew how great the stake is to me! Constance, do you remember what passed between us that night I told you of my love?"

Her silence answered him.

"I held you in my arms then, I had spoken the words that showed you my heart, and yet I—I let you go without an answer. Ah, if you knew what it cost me!"

He drew a long breath, and his hand tightened on hers.

"I thought I was strong enough to let you go. I am not now. My love has made me weak—yes, weak. Constance, I am going to trust you, I am going to try you. Listen, dearest, for let your answer be what it will, you will always be the dearest woman in the world to me. Dearest," he made a music of the word that rang in every chord of her heart, "if by great good fortune too good for my desserts, I had won your love, would you, could you trust me? Knowing nothing of the past, the past that hangs over me like a shadow, a shadow that never leaves me, though in the sunlight of your presence it sometimes almost fades away and is lost—knowing nothing of this, would you be content to ask nothing respecting it, to remain in ignorance?"

He paused a moment, and she listened still in silence.

"The shadow may grow into a cloud that may fall and overwhelm me. If you will give me your love, I will pray that it may never do so. But the dark chance is there, it may fall and crush me, and you with me. Will you risk the chance? Will you take my hand, still be ignorant of what the shadow may be, and be my wife? Only a noble-hearted woman whose love was as large and deep as her courage could do this, but I think you the noblest woman on earth. Do you love me—can you love me well enough for such an ordeal? Speak to me, Constance. Tell me 'Yes' or 'No.' If it be 'No,' I will bear it. Even now, in this moment when I long to press you to my heart, to call you my very own, my wife, conscience stirs within me and tortures me. Oh, my dearest, my dearest! My fate, your own, is in your hands. Which is it to be? Am I to lose you and every hope of happiness, or will you come to me?"

A moment passed, a moment in which Constance felt as if he must hear the beating of her heart as it seemed to cry, "I love you! I love you!" then she turned and leaned a little toward him.

He took her in his arms with a low cry, and kissed her hair, her lips, with a profound, yet tender, passion.

"Oh, my love, my love, my dearest! What shall I say to you?"

When love speaks, all else, even reason, is dumb. Constance, with his arms around her, with her head upon his breast, was not in a condition to think or argue. In the stillness of the gloaming her soul was wrapped in infinite joy and peace. The love which comes but once in a life, the perfect unreasoning love which compensates poor humanity for all its suffering on this terrestrial globe, had come to her, and she simply accepted it.

"What shall I say to you?" he had said.

And then followed a silence in which heart spoke to heart that divinest of all languages; so old and yet so perpetually new, so new that it comes as a revelation to every man and maid of us.

"I must go now," she murmured, raising her head.

"Not yet, not yet. May I not have you for a little while longer, after waiting so long?"

"So long! so short a time!"

"It has been years to me, dearest. Even now I can scarcely believe that it is true. Tell me once more that you love me, Constance."

"Ah, you know that, I think you must have known it all along, though I——"

"Well?" he asked, looking down at her, and dwelling on the preciousness of his treasure, on the clear, oval face, the deep blue eyes, the long lashes, and the dark, silky hair. Woman's beauty is always a wonder and a marvel, but it is never more so, never more worthy of worship, than it is to the man who has just won it all for himself.

"I—I do not know. Did I love you, do you think—I mean from the first?"

"If there is any truth in love creating love, I think you ought to have done so," he said. "The first night I came, you knocked at the door of my heart, and I let you in, without knowing it, perhaps, foreseeing that you would cost everything else and take up sole possession. My darling, how happy you have made me! Do you know," and his voice grew grave," this is the first time I have ever been really happy in my life?"

"Have you been so unhappy?"

"Yes, Constance, very. But we won't say any more about the past. The future is all our care. I am going to be happy, and, please God, make you so, too. How glad my mother will be!" he added, after a pause.

Constance started, and looked up at him as if his words had awakened her from her dream.

"Your mother—the marchioness! Oh, I had forgotten!" and she drew a long breath.

"Forgotten what?" he asked, holding her tightly, for she had unconsciously drawn a little away from him.

"Forgotten the difference between us, my lord," she said in a low voice.

"The difference, my lady?" he retorted, smiling down at her. "My name is Wolfe, if you please, Constance."

"Do you think she will be glad, Wolfe?" she murmured, her brows coming together. "Why should she be? Will she not think that I am all unworthy? Oh, yes! I—I did not think of it until you spoke. Why did I not?"

She tried to draw away from him, but he held her too tightly.

"What was it you did not think of?" he asked, gently and tenderly.

"I forgot everything when you told me that——"

"I loved you?"

"Yes, I forgot what you were, and what I am. Ah, what will she think? Glad! She will be sorry that I ever came here. She will know that it is not one like me you ought to have chosen for your wife."

"Indeed! Perhaps you will be good enough to tell me the kind of a person I ought to have asked. I am always willing to learn from superior wisdom."

"Ah, don't laugh at me. You know what I mean. You know what I am. Just nothing—nothing. And you are an English nobleman. I am the penniless daughter of a country doctor. That's not the person you ought to marry, Lord Brakespeare."

"That is your opinion, Miss Grahame."

"Yes, you ought to marry a lady—and she, everybody—expects you to marry a lady of your own class, not a poor nobody."

"Thank you," he said. "Doesn't it strike you, if you consider it for a moment, that it would be rather a heavy penalty for being a nobleman, to use your phrase, if a man were not to be permitted to marry whom he pleased?"

"That is no argument," she said, sadly. "Everybody will say that you have done foolishly, that you—you will regret it; that I ought to have said 'no' in common honesty. Ah, is it too late?"

"Just by about fifteen minutes," he said, still smiling, but very gravely. "Constance, this is not like you. You who are so proud——"

"That's just why," she murmured, piteously. "If I weren't I shouldn't mind."

"Then you'll have to put your pride in your pocket, young lady," he retorted. "Granted that I ought to have married—who was it, the imperial princess?—you see, I preferred you. And as all my life I have been accustomed to having my own way, I'm afraid it's too late to expect me to choose a wife to please other people. Why, Constance, what has come to you? You to decry yourself! You so proud and—— My child, you do yourself an injustice. Don't you know that you are as like a princess as you can be, barring the coronet? Don't you know that the Marquis of Brakespeare will have the queenliest of wives among the daughters of men? Don't you ever look in the glass, little one? Has no one told you how beautiful and distinguished you are?" And he laughed a laugh of perfect happiness and contentment.

Constance nestled a little closer to him, finding it hard not to lift her face to his and give him a kiss that trembled wistfully on her lips.

He smoothed the hair from her forehead and kissed it lovingly, holding her face in his hands.

"Do you think I am the only 'nobleman' who is dying to make you his wife?"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, how blind those beautiful eyes are," he retorted, "not to have seen that poor Elliott is dying for love of them!"

"Lord Elliot?"

"Yes, poor Elliot! And you never saw it."

"No, no. Oh, it is not true!"

"It is perfectly true, dearest," he said. "Why, you silly girl, it was patent to the best observant of mortals. He could not look at you, speak to you, without proclaiming it. Shall I tell you how jealous I was?"

"Ah, no, no, it was only fancy! He—he never spoke to me, never said anything——"

"Love has many languages, dearest. Do you want a man to knock you down with a direct 'I love you, madame,' before you learn the state of his heart? Poor Elliot! Ah, forgive me! My triumph and happiness have made me so hard-hearted. Don't look so unhappy, dearest. He is not the first man those eyes, that face of yours, that gentle heart, has conquered.

(To be Continued.)

LONDON ELOPERS.

Scotland Yard Detectives in Canada in Pursuit.

Montreal, May 18.—Retective Roberts, of Scotland Yard, is here following up a pair of runaways from London, who are the principals in a sensational case of forgery and embezzlement, and have capped this performance with an elopement.

The pair are Wilson Barnard, accountant and trusted confidential employee of Messrs. Stillwell & Co., Tottenham Court Row, London, and Mrs. Eliza Jennings, the beautiful wife of a nephew of Mr. Stillwell, head of the firm. They are alleged to have eloped with $50,000 of the firm's money. The couple were traced to Liverpool, where they are believed to have booked on a passage on the Dominion to Montreal, and to have travelled under assumed names, arriving here yesterday, and leaving immediately by the C. P. R. express for the west.

Detective Roberts started some days after the fugitives, crossing the Atlantic by the Cunard steamer, thinking he would arrive here in time to intercept them in Montreal. He is now twenty-four hours behind them, but leaves for the west to-night and hopes to find them before many days.

MONTHS OF AGONY.

A Severe Case of Rheumatism Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"For many weary months I suffered untold agony. I could not walk. I could scarcely raise myself to a sitting posture. I was under medical care, but in vain. Finally I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they have restored me to my former healthy condition."

This strong statement was made to a reporter recently by Mr. Charles S. Keddey, formerly of Kingston, N. S., but now living at Port Maitland. Mr. Keddey is a carpenter by trade, and is now able to work every day. He adds: "I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as they cured me after other medicine failed. While I was living in Kingston, N. S., I was seized with rheumatism in its most violent form. I was compelled to take to my bed, and for months was an invalid. I was so weak that it was difficult for me to raise myself to a sitting posture. It is impossible to tell how much I suffered day and night, week in and week out. The pains were like piercing swords. I had medical attendance, but it failed. Then I tried medicines advertised to cure rheumatism, but with the same result—money wasted. One day when hope had almost gone a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I told him my experience with other medicines, but he assured me that these pills would cure rheumatism, but with the same result—After using a few boxes I was able to leave my bed, and from that on my restoration to health was rapid. I am now as well as ever I was, and have not had the slightest touch of rheumatism since. The change they have wrought in my case is simply miraculous, and I can strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to anyone suffering from any form of rheumatism."

Rheumatism is rooted in the blood. Rubbing the aching limbs with liniments and outward remedies cannot possibly cure it. You must get the rheumatic acid out of the blood, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the one sure medicine to do this, because they actually make new blood. That is why these pills cure anaemia, headaches, backaches, neuralgia, indigestion and the secret ailments that make miserable the lives of so many women and growing girls. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MURDER OR SUIDIDE?

Woman Found With Scarf Twisted About Her Neck.

Dauphin, Ma y 18.—Councillor James Moore, of Winnipegosis, found the body of his wife with a scarf knotted and twisted about her neck on the floor in the kitchen late on Sunday night. It is hard to decide whether it is a cas of suicide or murder. Mr. Moore was on good terms with his wife, and left her on Sunday evening at 8 o'clock, and returned to the house about three hours later. There is a family of two young children.

The remains of the late George Meredith are to be cremated. This is in accordance with Mr. Meredith's own wishes.

TO-NIGHT Cascarets THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP 10c Druggists

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Niagara Falls, New York—*2.30 a. m., *5.57 a. m., †2.05 a. m., *10.05 a. m., *5.10 p. m., *7.20 p. m.
St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo—*5.57 a. m., †9.05 a. m., *10.05 a. m., †11.20 a. m., 2.20 p. m., *5.10 p. m., †5.35 p. m., *7.20 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., 9.05 a. m., *3.45 p. m., *5.45 p. m.
Brantford—*1.12 a. m., †7.05 a. m., †7.55 a. m., *8.50 a. m., *9.05 a. m., †1.55 p. m., *3.45 p. m., *5.45 p. m., †7.10 p. m.
Woodstock, Ingersoll, London—*1.12 a. m., †7.55 a. m., *8.20 a. m., 9.02 a. m., *3.45 p. m., *5.45 p. m., †7.10 p. m.
St. George—†7.55 a. m., †3.33 p. m., †7.10 p. m.
Burford, St. Thomas—*9.05 a. m., †3.45 p. m.
Guelph, Palmerston, Stratford and North—†7.55 a. m., †3.33 p. m.
Galt, Preston, Hespler—†7.55 a. m., †3.33 p. m., †7.10 p. m.
Jarvis, Port Dover, Tillsonburg, Simcoe—†9.00 a. m., †10.10 a. m., †5.30 p. m., †5.30 p. m.
Georgetown, Allandale, North Bay, Collingwood, etc.—7.10 a. m., †4.05 p. m.
Barrie, Orillia, Huntsville—†7.10 a. m., †11.20 a. m., and *9.05 p. m.
North Bay and points in Canadian Northwest—*9.05 p. m.
Toronto—7.00 a. m., †7.48 a. m., *9.00 a. m., *10.45 a. m., †11.15 a. m., †11.30 a. m., *2.30 p. m., *3.40 p. m., †5.35 p. m., *7.05 p. m., *8.55 p. m., *9.05 p. m.
Burlington, Port Credit, etc.—†7.00 a. m., †11.30 a. m., †5.35 p. m.
Cobourg Port Hope, Peterboro', Lindsay—†11.30 a. m., †3.40 p. m., †5.35 p. m.
Belleville, Brockville, Montreal and East—†7.55 a. m., *7.05 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, Tweed, Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Sherbrooke, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S., and all points in the Maritime Provinces and New England States.
8.35 a. m. for Toronto, Tottenham, Beeton, Alliston, Coldwater, Bala, the Muskoka Lakes, Parry Sound, Point au Baril, Byng Inlet and Sudbury.
10.00 a. m. (daily) for Toronto.
12.25 p. m. for Toronto, Guelph, Elmira, Milverton and Goderich.
3.15 p. m. (daily), for Toronto, Myrtle, Lindsay, Bobcaygeon, Peterboro, Tweed, Brampton, Fergus, Elora, Orangeville, Owen Sound, Arthur, Mount Forest, Harriston, Wingham, Coldwater and immediate stations.
5.05 p. m. for Toronto.
8.15 p. m. for Toronto, Peterboro, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Sherbrooke, Portland and Boston also for Alliston, Coldwater, Bala, Parry Sound, Sudbury, Sault Ste. Marie, Fort William, Winnipeg, Canadian Northwest, Kootenay and British Columbia points.
Trains leave Toronto 7.50 a. m., (daily), 9.30 a. m. (daily(, 1.15 p. m., 3.45 p. m., 5.20 p. m., (daily), 7.15 p. m., 11.10 p. m.

TORONTO, HAMILTON & BUFFALO RAILWAY.

Arrive Hamilton		Leave Hamilton
*3.05 p. m.	.. .. Niagara Falls and Buffalo Express	*8.50 a. m.
*8.05 p. m.	.. Buffalo and New York Express	*10.30 a. m.
*8.55 a. m.	.. Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York and Boston Express	*6.20 p. m.
**7.35 a. m.	.. Niagara Falls, Buffalo accommodation ..	**4.50 p. m.
	.. .. Buffalo & New York Express	**8.15 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 8.00 p. m. Pullman parlor cars on all through trains.
Train leaving Hamilton at 8.15 p. m. daily, except Sunday has Pullman sleeping car. Hamilton to New York.

Arrive Hamilton		Leave Hamilton
*8.30 a. m.	.. Detroit, Chicago and Toledo Express	**8.50 a. m.
**9.50 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	**3.10 p. m.
**7.20 p. m.	.. Brantford, Waterford and St. Thomas	*8.30 p. m.

Sleeping cars on Michigan Central connecting at Waterford.
*Daily.
**Daily, except Sunday.

HAMILTON RADIAL ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

EAST BOUND.
Hamilton to Burlington—6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10 10.10, 11.10 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.
Hamilton to Oakville—6.10, 8.10, 10.10 a. m., 12.10, 2.10, 3.10, 5.10, 8.10, 11.40 p. m.
WEST BOUND.
Burlington to Hamilton—6.00, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 a. m., 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10 p. m.
Oakville to Hamilton—7.40, 9.40, 11.40 a. m., 1.40, 3.40, 4.40, 6.40, 9.40 p. m.
SUNDAY SERVICE.
EAST BOUND.
Hamilton to Burlington—8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 a. m., 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10 p. m.
Hamilton to Oakville—8.10, 10.10 a. m., 12.10, 2.10, 5.10, 8.10 p. m.
WEST BOUND.
Burlington to Hamilton—8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 a. m., 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 10.10 p. m.
Oakville to Hamilton—9.30, 11.40 a. m., 1.40, 4.40, 6.40, 9.40 p. m.

HAMILTON & DUNDAS RAILWAY.

LEAVE DUNDAS.
King St. West—5.55, 7.05, 7.55, 8.55, 9.55, 10.55, 11.55 a. m., 12.55, 1.55, 2.55, 3.55, 4.55, 5.55, 6.55, 7.55, 9.15, 10.15 11.05 p. m.
LEAVE HAMILTON.
Terminal Station—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 King St. West, Dundas—8.25, 9.55, 11.35 a. m., 1.20, 2.20, 3.20, 4.20, 5.20, 6.20, 7.20, 8.20, 9.05, 10:05 p. m.
Leave Terminal Station, Hamilton—9.15, 11.00 a. m., 12.40, 1.50, 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, 11.10 a. m., 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 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.
SUNDAY TIME TABLE.
Leave Hamilton—9.10, 10.10, 11.10 a. m., 12.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 9.10.
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.

BRANTFORD & HAMILTON ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Leave Hamilton—6.30, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30 a. m., 12.00, 1.30, 3.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.00, 11.00 p. m.
Leave Brantford—6.30, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30 a. m., 12.00, 1.30, 3.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.00, 11.00 p. m.
SUNDAY SERVICE.
Leave Hamilton—9.00, 10.30 a. m., 12.00, 1.30, 3.00 4.30, 6.00, 7.30, 9.00 p. m.
Leave Brantford—9.00, 10 30 a. m., 12.00, 1.30, 3.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.30, 9.00 p. m.

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