Love Finds the Way

"A white flower with a yellow body—a most peculiar plant, and a most dangerous one."

'How so? It is poisonous?"

"To a deadly degree," said the chevalier, with a pleasant smile. "Your nightshade is an innocent plant by its side. The very perfume of it is sufficient to send a strong man into a swoon. A woman might suffer still more."

"Indeed," said her ladyship. "How very dreadful!" Have you ever seen anyone suffer from its effects?"

"Often," said the chevalier. "It is well known in Venice among a certain class, and a number of murders have been effected by its agency."

Her ladyship was horrified and curious.

"I have read," said she, "of persons being poisoned by the perfume of a flower, but always imagined the incident a pure invention."

"A certain fact, my dear madam," said the chevalier, with a smile, "as you might find yourself, if the experiment were not so disagreeable."

Her ladyship laughed at this sally and the chevalier turned to another subject.

But her ladyship's curiosity had been aroused and her love of the awful—which all women possess in a large or small degree—attracted by the subpect, and after a little while she returned to it by asking the chevalier if he had ever had one of the fatal blossoms in his hand.

He had quite forgotten it by that time.

"The water flower? Oh, yes, often. I am fond of chemistry and physiology; indeed, have studied with one of our best chemists and analysts for some years. It is strange how I came to take such a fancy," he added, apologetically, "but it had its origin in a romance. I dare say you could remember—ah, no, your ladyship must have been smothered in lace and linen at that time—but you may have heard of the celebrated poisoning case at Rome some twenty-five years back?"

No, her ladyship had not heard of it, and was curious to hear how it had influenced the chevalier's studies.

'It was an affair of the heart—all murders spring from love or money. A woman, daughter of a count, had fallen in love with a young Roman officer, but, alas! without awakening the answering passion. Indeed, he was engaged to another lady, the dearest friend of the disappointed one. She was very infatuated, poor girl—your ladyship must forgive me for pitying her—but managed with infinite art to conceal it; in fact, assumed the most passionate friendship for her rival, and on the eve of her marriage with the young officer insisted upon attending her in the capacity of bridesmaid and bosom friend. On the morrow she would not let the waiting-maid attire the bride, but with her own hands arranged those fearful mysteries, the veil and orange blossoms, and reserved for the last moment the climax of her friendly devotion.

Embracing her, she whispered:

"'Rose, if you love me as I love you, grant me one request.'

"What is it?' asked the bride.

"'Nothing very hard,' said the ather. 'Only this, dear Rose; I have brought you a flower, the choicest the world holds. See!' and she held up a water flower; 'is it not beautiful? No, do not touch it, let me fasten it to your bosom. There, that is lovely—the finishing touch! Now you are indeed perfect! But, Rose, promise me that when the priest elevates the sacred elements, you will kiss my poor flower! Promise me, and I shall be happy, knowing that you love me!'

"The bride gave the promise and fulfilled it! She kissed the fatal flower and fell dead on the altar step."

As he finished the last words his voice, which had only been audible to his companion, dropped to a grave whisper, and her ladyship, looking up with a strange expression upon her face, recoiled at the depth of the dark eyes fixed on hers.

"There," he said, with a light laugh, "is a romance for you, and a true one. Now, what do you say to my American lily?"

"That is very awful, and that I should like to have one. It would be delicious to know that one possessed so dreadful a thing."

"Yes, a tiger in the drawing-room or a rattlesnake in my lady's boudoir is nothing to it," said the chevalier, with a laugh. "But is your ladyship serious? Would you really like to have the flower?"

"Yes, really," said Lady Melville, smiling and toying with her white lace handkerchief.

"Well—ah, the duchess has risen. Will you save me a corner on the lounge? I will tell you something more of it."

Lady Melville nodded pleasantly, and joined the other ladies in their retreat, unconscious of the sardonic smile that sat upon the lip of the chevalier as he watched her stately figure mingling with the rest.

When the gentlemen reached the drawing-room the vacant place was there, as her ladyship had promised, and the chevalier dropped into it.

But he seemed to have forgotten the price at which he obtained it, and it was not until his beautiful neighbor tapped his arm with her jeweled fan that he awoke from a deep reverie.

"Come," she said, "if you are going to sleep I will join Lord Harcourt at whist. Have you forgotten that you were to tell me of that terrible flower?"

"Ah, yes; a thousand pardons. I have acquired the bad habit of falling into a muse, what you English call a 'brown study.' The poison flower? Ah, yes. Well, your ladyship would like one. Now, I have a blossom, but——"

"But what?" asked her ladyship, with charming indifference.

"I scarcely dare give it to you," he said, with another laugh. "Supposing an accident, you see?"

A slight curl of the lip answered him.

"The chevalier would not have me think him so cowardly. No, I will not accept it. You are afraid to trust me," turning from him with a most charming pout.

"Pray, forgive me," returned the high-bred diplomat. "I was not in earnest. Your ladyship shall have the flower, but, ah, you smile—you will promise me that no one shall know from whom you got it?"

"I promise. Nay!" she said, with an amused laugh, "if that is not earnest enough for you, chevalier, I will swear, as they do in Venice, never to disclose the name of the donor."

The chevalier laughed as if he enjoyed it.

"It is most amusing. Come, your ladyship shall swear. See, here is a cross—a pretty, little sparkling toy; set it to your lips. Say, 'I swear that, happen what will, I will never disclose from whom I obtained the poison flower!"

Her ladyship, fully entering into the mock heroism of the scene, repeated, in a low voice, the dictated oath.

"There, surely that is pledge enough, chevalier?"

"Quite," he said, and his voice was rather grave. "Your ladyship shall have the flower. I will leave it for you, secured and sealed, to-night. Nay, more, that I may know that you have received it, give me that ring. I will enclose it in the box, and your ladyship shall wear it outside your glove to-morrow in the drive. If you do not, I shall know something has gone amiss with my little curiosity."

"How delightfully mysterious," smiled her ladyship. "There is the ring, and I shall expect my little present to-night."

"To-night," he replied, quickly slipping the ring upon his fourth finger. "Let me warn you, the plant possesses all the deadly powers of which I spoke. Let no one touch it or smell it. To taste it is death!"

"I will be careful. I dare say I shall be so frightened of it that I shall burn it half an hour after it arrives," laughed her ladyship.

"I dare say," he said. "Ten o'clock! I must beat a retreat."

With a courtly bow he left her.

The next morning her ladyship's numerous admirers were surprised and puzzled at seeing her emerald and ruby ring sparkling outside her dainty riding glove.

CHAPTER XIV.

Highly satisfied with this last link in his chain, the chevalier in another character proceeded to book two berths in a vessel lying in the docks, preparing for a voyage to Italy. The berths were booked in the names of Dr. Ambrose and son, and the said Dr. Ambrose quite captivated the captain by the way in which he praised the order and completeness of the vessel, and the affability he displayed on drinking the captain's health in the state cabin.

That necessary form gone through Dr. Ambrose departed and in a roundabout way reached Spitalfields.

During all these days of activity on Melchior's part the lonely lad, Cli, had been idly dreaming and speculating as of old. The task set him by his hard, inflexible master had been accomplished, and the notes printed from the finely engraved counterfeit plate were ready for circulation.

How far, and to what extent the lad was aware of the criminality of his handiwork, it would have been impossible to say. As he had said he knew nothing more of the world, its cares, its responsibilities, than could be found in his dim old prison home, or in the few walks and drives under Merchior's close espionage. Whatever he knew or dreamed his face never revealed.

Even now when Melchior entered, dressed in the character of Dr. Ambrose, in neat, well-fitting black clothes, and a well-bred physician's smile, set off by an exquisitely made grey-haired wig, he expressed no surprise save by a rather longer glance than usual and a sad smile.

"Well, how does the wig become me, lad?" asked Melchior, with an unctuous laugh, and he laid his gold-headed, doctorly cane upon the table, and leaned forward in his chair to warm his hands at the fire. "Do I look the doctor?—am I smooth, suave and cattish enough, eh? Does 'Draughts as before, pills at bedtime' shine from my well-powdered forehead, eh? Well, well, the play is nearly ended, Cli, or rather, the first act."

"What do you mean?" asked the lad, starting from his reverie and rising to poke the fire.

"I mean that the scene changes, Cli. We have played well our part in England, and will now for a while foot it in a softer clime and more cheerful scene. Ugh how cold it is —to-night would freeze an Icelander. But to resume. This is our last night in England for a while, our last perhaps forever. Come, look surprised if you don't feel it. When a man tells you anything, and you see he expects to awaken some emotion, for Heaven's sake show it, lad. It is policy."

"If I do not look surprised," returned the lad, naively, "it is because I do not feel so. Why should I be surprised at anything you tell me, Melchior?"

"Hem!" mused the man, eyeing him curiously. "I don't know. You are a strange lad, Cli, as I think I have said before; but come, do tell me that the old house has inspired no affection? Can you leave it without a pang? Have these old, time-polished walls, that curious, carved head upon the ceiling there, no charms for you? Can you tell me that they can be parted from without a sigh?"

The lad curled his lip with a grand scorn, and raised his arm with a sudden gesture of fire that astounded his companion.

"Does the prisoner of the Bastile, who has grown grey between the hideous prison of four walls feel anything but a numb, drear satisfaction when pardon and liberty come to him at last? What affection can I feel for this place, Melchior, when I remember that it has been to me—not home, but a prison?"

"And what but hate can you feel for the man who sits before you, when you are reminded daily that he is your jailer?" returned Melchior, but with a touch of remorseful sadness wondrously strange to him.

Cli averted his face with a peculiar look.

"I do not hate you, Melchior," he said, in a low voice.

"Don't flatter yourself by a falsehood, lad," returned the man, with his old, sardonic laugh. "There can be no medium to a youth like you—it is either love or hate. How should I have won the former or averted the latter? But come, no more of this; sentiment is for women. The time is now close upon midnight," he added, consulting his gold repeater—a new acquisition, yet neither a gift nor a purchase. "The next thing to be done is packing. What few things you can take with you, Cli, pack in the portmanteau, behind your door. I will do the same, and to-morrow morning they shall go down to the ship."

Cli rose and took up his small lamp.

"Good night," he said. "At what time do we start?"

"The ship sails at midday, a coach will be waiting at the mouth of the court by eleven. Ready or not we start, so leave nothing unpacked. Good night, Cli, good night." With a most unusual kindness he held out his hand.

Cli took it, and retained it for a moment, then, calm and impassive as usual, dropped it and left the room.

After he had gone Melchior sat looking at the fire, his wig in his hand and his legs crossed, thinking deeply.

His brows, so straight and marblelike before the world, were creased by innumerable wrinkles and heavy with a dark resolution.

(To be Continued.)

AT R. McKAY & CO'S. FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1909

Cotton Voiles for Summer Dresses

A Great Friday Sale Event

Splendid Value at 25c, Sale Price 15c Yard

For to-morrow's selling we place on sale 300 yards of Cotton Voiles in black and white only, very popular for stylish gowns, lovely stripe and check effects, showing to-morrow for the first time. Take advantage of this special sale and buy to-morrow. Good value at 25c, sale price .. 15c yard

Reg. 15c Muslins for Friday 10c Yard

Pretty American Muslins, with rich color floral designs with white ground, will make up very effective summer dresses at little cost. See the line to-morrow.

Reg. 39c Corset Cover Embroidery for 25c Yard

200 yards fine Swiss and Cambric Corset Cover Embroidery, perfectly new shadow and eyelet designs.

Women's Linen Handkerchiefs 5 for 25c

50 dozen Women's Hemstitched Handkerchiefs in a great Friday clearing sale. Just the kind for the warm weather. Secure a good supply to-morrow. Worth regular 8 and 10c, out they go 5 for 25c

Values for Friday

Nainsook 12½c

Fine Soft Finish Nainsook, clean even weave, full 36 inches wide, worth 17c, for 12½c

Odd Napkins 7½c

30 dozen odd Napkins, ⅝ size, good firm weave, worth $1.50 dozen, for 7½c each.

Percales 12½c

36-inch American Percales, fancy border, light grounds, sold at 18c, special 12½c

Imperfect Cloths

Slightly imperfect Cloths, border all around, worth $1.75, Friday special 98c

Toweling 8½c

Pure Linen Tea Toweling, clean absorbent weave, 20 inches wide, special 8½c

Fly Net 3c

Mill ends Fly Net, red and white only, ends of 1 to 3 yards, worth 10c yard, special .. .. 3c yard

Bath Towels 17c

Large size Striped Bath Towels, heavy absorbent weave, sold at 22c, special .. .. 17c each

Bargains in Lace Curtains, Hammocks and Cushion Forms

Grand Lace Curtain Values

Remarkable reductions in splendid, up-to-date Curtains, all were bought for next fall's selling, but were shipped too soon by mistake. You'll like them, and you'll be surprised at the bargains.

Reg. $2.25, reduced to .... $1.37 pr.
Reg. $3.00, reduced to .... $1.89 pr.
Reg. $3.50, reduced to .. .. $2.35 pr.
Reg. $4.00, reduced to .. .. $2.68 pr.
Reg. $4.50, reduced to .. .. $2.98 pr.
Reg. $5.00, rreduced to .. .. $3.35 pr.
Reg. $5.50, reducedto .. .. $3.68 pr.

50c Window Shades 25c each

Full size, good spring roller, green or cream, all complete, only 10 dozen on sale.

Sale of Cushion Forms

For canoes, hammocks, boats, couch, etc., soft, will not lump, try them.

18x18 inch, special at 29c
20x20 inch, special at 35c
22x22 inch, special at 47c
24x24 inch, special at 58c

Ready Covered Cushions

With frills, special at ..... 47c ea.
Without frills, special at .... 39c ea.

Two Hammock Bargains

Reg. $2.75, priced at..... $1.97 ea.
Reg. $4.00, priced at .. .... $3.18 ea.

$1 Madras Muslin 68c Yard

A fine lot of fancy colored Madras Muslin, also several pretty ecru and cream muslins and fancy nets.

Bargains in Carpets and Oilcloths

Japanese Mattings 15c

Heavy China and Japanese Matting, splendid patterns, worth 20c, sale price 15c

Floor Oilcloth 22½c

Heavy Floor Oilcloth, all widths, from 1 to 2½ yards, worth 30c, sale price per square yard 22½c

4-yds--Wide Linoleum 45c sq. yd.

4-yard wide Printed Linoleum, heavy make, splendid patterns, worth 55c, sale price per square yard 45c

Inlaid Linoleums 75c

Odd lengths Inlaid Linoleums, worth 90c, $1 and $1.10, sale price your choice per square yard 75c

Tapestry Rugs $5.00

Tapesty Rugs, size 3 x 2½ yards, A1 patterns and colorings, a great bargain, worth $7, sale price $5.00

Brussels Rugs $12.00

Brussels Rug, size 3 x 3 yards, excellent quality, splendid effects, worth $18 and $20, sale price $12.00

Tapestry Carpets 62½c

On Friday and Saturday only we give choice of any Tapestry Carpet in stock, worth up to 95c, for .. 62½c

Brussels Carpet 82½c

On Friday and Saturday only we offer Brussels Carpets, worth $1.15 and $1.25, at 82½c

R. McKAY & CO.

WOMAN COMMITTED

Mrs. Lajoie's Shocking Cruelties to a Nine-Year-Old Child.

Ottawa, June 23. —In the Hull Police Court this morning several witnesses testified that Mrs. Lajoie, the Aylmer woman charged with cruel and inhuman treatment of her nine-year-old daughter, had habitually starved and cruelly beaten the unfortunate child. Medical evidence showed that she was covered with bruises, and in an extremely emaciated condition from lack of food, when taken from her home by the authorities. One neighbor told of her hearing the mother declare that she hated the child enough to poison her.

Another told of seeing the inhuman mother beat her savagely with a heavy club, and declared that the child had been kept for hours on her knees as a punishmen for some fancied offence. Frequently the little girl was seen searching in the yard for potato peelings and scraps of meat with which to appease her hunger.

The child is still in the hospital and did not give evidence. The mother was committed for trial.

Interest in the Island of Ceylon has been quickened to a remarkable extent by the phenomenal success of "Salada" Tea. Naturally everyone is anxious to know more about the country that produces such a delightful and delicious beverage.

Word has been received at Kingston from Ottawa that the Militia Department had reconsidered its decision, and will give the 14th regiment permission to make the trip to Elmira, N. Y., on July 4th and 5th.

A national congress of French-Canadians is being held at Montreal, the idea being to organize a federation which will embrace all French societies in Canada and the United States.

THE CHINESE STILL AT LARGE

(Continued from Page 1.)

ment for girls, has never varied from her assertion of that belief. Chu Gain, who lived in terror of his jealous rival, Leon Ling, and had known both the girl and her mother for years, is of the same belief. Mr. Ward is inclined to the theory of Quan Yick Nam, the interpreter, who thinks that the girl was lured to Leon's room by a report of his feigned illness and there chloroformed, after Leon had been angered by her coldness, and her refusal to see no more of Chu Gain, his wealthier rival.

The chloroform, Quan believes, worked too well, and when Leon found he could not revive Elsie, he bound her with a cord and wedged her into the trunk. In support of this theory is the pathetic and moving prayer written on a mission letter head which the girl left for her mother on the day she went to her death. It seems impossible, it is argued, that a girl going on any but a righteous mission could have written such a note.

WERE HER CLOTHES BURNED.

Captain Carey to-day paid another visit to the room where the body lay and found ashes in the stove, which may account for the missing skirt and waist and the missing handkerchief which Chung says he saw between the girl's teeth.

The discovery to-day that Leon was bred an actor and the knowledge that all Chinese actors are trained to take female parts did not, on second thought, greatly impress the police with the idea that he would so disguise himself. It is much more probable, the police believe, that their man either took ship as a sailor or cook, or has worked his way south into some of the obscure colonies on the outskirts of New Orleans, Baltimore or Galveston.

A report from Schenectady that a Chinese wearing a long quilted silk cloak, beneath which a woman's skirt could be seen at times, has not developed so far as the police here were concerned to-night.

QUAN WICK NAM'S WORK.

Interpreter Convinces Chung Sin He Better Not Lie.

New York, June 23. — Quan Wick Nam, the old letter writer of Chinatown, who carries a gold-headed cane and is intensely respectable, put the fear of his own people in Chung Sin to-day. Old Quan made Chung admit that he was in Leung Lim's room while Elsie Sigel's body lay on the bed and Leung was preparing to put it in the trunk.

"You have lied," said Quan in Chinese standing over Chung like a grizzled schoolmaster admonishing a bad boy. "If you cannot show that your own hands are clear there is not an honest Chinese in the world who will befriend you. Moreover, you will be caught in your own lies."

Mr. Ward, assistant district attorney, and Captain Carey had been drilling away at Chung Sin for two hours, and Chung had tangled himself in contradictions. For an hour he had doubled like a fox, back and forth over his own trail, trying to explain his movements immediately after he ran away from the Eighth avenue chop-suey house. Ward was tired and Carey felt savage. They could not pin Chung down to admission he had been near the body,

Then old Quan took a hand. He has a pretty high standing among the merchants of Chinatown and the police, knowing his reputation for square dealing, have called on him often in intricate Chinese cases. Besides, Quan Wick Nam had been a friend to Chung Sing and Chung knew that the old fellow's warning was to be heeded.

Quan made a long speech and Chung, puffing at a cigarette, listened imperturbably. The old man told Chung that decent Chinese all over the country were signing agreements and taking oaths not to harbor or assist any of their countrymen who had a hand in the murder of Elsie Sigel and that he was considered to be as guilty as Leung Lim unless he could clear himself by telling the truth.

Then old Quan withdrew to the rear of the room and left Ward and Carey to deal with Chung. They got a much straighter story out of him than he had told the day before when he confessed at the Criminal Courts building. He had not told the truth whe nhe told Mr. Ward that he saw the body only when he peered through a hole in the door and when he looked over the transom.

An examination of the rooms over the chop suey house showed this morning that Chung had lied about that detail. He could not have watched Leung by looking through the transom because the connecting door has no transom. He could not have seen much by squinting through the keyhole—the only hole in the door—because a detective who placed an eye at the keyhole was able to command only a small part of the room.

Chung could not have seen the girl's body from behind his own door because the cheap canopy over the bed would have blocked his view of Elsie even if he could have seen the bed itself through the keyhole.

So Chung too a fresh start after Quan's warning and admitted that he had not seen the things he described yesterday by looking through the door but when he was in the room with Leung.

About 12.30 p. m. on Wednesday, June 9th, said Chung Sing, he was washing his hands and face in his own room, and Leung opened his door and said that Elsie was dead or dying. Chung wanted to know what the matter was, and Leung told him she had bitten her tongue and had bled to death.

Leung wanted Chung to help lift the body off the bed and put it in the trunk, but Chung would not. He stood there, though, and watched Leung pull the trunk out of a closet, kick the lid open and throw out the clothing until the trunk was empty. Leung then asked Chung for money and Chung gave him $200 of the amount that he got from Chu Gain. When Chung saw the trunk standing empty and Leung ready to handle the body, he lost his nerve, he said, and ran out of the room.

POLICE THEORY OF THE MURDER.

From Chu Gain and the Sigel family the police heads have worked out a fairly satisfactory story of the murder. They believe now that Leung planned to kill Elsie two weeks before he got her and that Chung Sin was conversant with Leung's plans.

It is believed that little time was wasted in killing the girl, and that Leung did not do the job by himself. One policeman pointed out to-day that Leung was too small to overcome a strong girl, as Elsie was.

The police theory is now that Leung and Chung Sin had not been to bed at all the night before the murder, and they both received the girl when she went to the Eighth avenue house.

Mr. Ward thinks that the catching of Elsie's murderer may take weeks instead of days. It is his idea that Leung, who was in Washington on the night of Wednesday, June 9th, hurried to a seaport and engaged himself as a cook on some vessel about to sail. He thinks it likely that Leung may have gone to New Orleans or Galveston, or any one of a number of good sized cities along the Atlantic or Gulf coast, and tried to hide himself on a freighter.

The United States Senate placed the duty on sawed lumber at $1.50 per thousand, and reduced the duty on bituminous coal to 60 cents a ton. The reciprocity clause in the House bill was eliminated.

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TRAVELERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Niagara Falls, New York—*2.30 a. m., *5.57 a. m., †9.05 a. m., *10.06 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., *2.45 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., †8.30 a. m., *10.02 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, Hespeler—†7.55 a. m., †3.33 p. m., †7.10 p. m.

Jarvis, Port Dover, Tillsonburg, Simcoe—†9.00 a m., ‡†9.10 a. m., †5.30 p. m., ‡†6.30 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., †5.30 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
*8.05 p. m.	Niagara Falls and Buffalo Express	*8.55 a. m.
*8.05 p. m.	Buffalo and New York Express	*10.35 a. m.
*9.55 a. m.	Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York and Boston Express	*6.25 p. m.
**7.35 a. m.	Niagara Falls, Buffalo accommodation ..	**4.55 p. m.
	Buffalo & New York Express	**8.15 p. m.

Sleeping car, dining car and parlor car on train leaving Hamilton at 6.25 p. m., and on train arriving at 9.55 a. m. Dining car and parlor car on trains leaving Hamilton at 8.55 a. m. and arriving at 8.05 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, Cleveland and Pittsburg.

Arrive Hamilton		Leave Hamilton
*8.30 a. m.	Detroit, Chicago and Toledo Express	**8.55 a. m.
**9.53 a. m.	Brantford and Waterford and St. Thomas Express	**10.40 a. m.
**12.20 p. m.	Brantford, Waterford and St. Thomas Express	**6.30 p. m.
**3.05 p. m.	Netroit, Chicago, Toledo and Cincinnati Express	**3.08 p. m.
**7.40 p. m.	Brantford, Waterford and St. Thomas ..	*8.20 p. m.

Sleeping cars on Michigan Central connecting at Waterford.

*Daily.
**Daily, except Sunday.

HAMILTON RADIAL ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Hamilton to Burlington—*6.10, *6.40, *7.10, *7.40, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10, 10.40, 11.10, 11.40 a. m., 12.10, 12.40, 1.10, 1.40, 2.10, 2.40, 3.10, 3.40, 4.10, 4.40, 5.10, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.40, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10, *10.40, *11.10.

Hamilton to Oakville—*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.

* Daily, except Sunday

Burlington to Hamilton—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30 a. m., 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, *10.30, *11.00, 12.00, *1.00 p. m.

*Daily except Sunday.

Oakville to Hamilton—7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, *10.30, 11.30, *12.30 p. m.

*Daily, except Sunday.

HAMILTON & DUNDAS RAILWAY.

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, 9.15, *11.15 p. m.

Leave Hatt St. Station, Dundas—*6.00, *6.15, *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, 9.15, 10.15, *11.15 p. m.

*Daily, except Sunday.

HAMILTON, GRIMSBY & BEAMSVILLE ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Leave Hamilton—*7.10, *8.10, 9.10, *10.00, 10.10, 11.10, *12.10, †12.45, *1.10, *2.00, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, *5.00, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, *11.10 p. m.

Leave Beamsville—*6.15, 7.15, *8.00, 8.15, 9.15, *10.15, *11.15, *12.00 a. m., 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, *3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, *9.40 p. m.

*Daily, except Sunday.
†Sunday only.

BRANTFORD & HAMILTON ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Leave Hamilton—*6.30, *7.45, 8.20, 9.20, 10.20, 11.20 a. m., 12.20, 1.20, 2.20, 3.20, 4.20, 5.20, 6.20 7.20, 8.20, 9.20, 10.20, *11.20 p. m.

Leave Brantford—*6.30, *7.45, 8.00, 10.00, 11.00 a. m., 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, *11.00 p. m.

*Daily, except Sunday.

STEAMER TURBINIA.
Between Hamilton and Toronto.
Leave Hamilton, 10.45 a. m., *5.30 p. m.
Leave Toronto, 8.00 a. m., 2.00 p. m.
*Saturday 6.30 p. m., instead of 5.30.

STEAMERS MACASSA AND MODJESKA.
Leave Toronto, 9.30, 11.30