

The Arncliffe Puzzle

By GORDON HOLMES, Author "A Mysterious Disappearance."

CHAPTER XXI.

Mrs. Warren is surprised.
Detective Inspector Hobson fledged up and down the broad drive leading to Arncliffe Hall. True to his instincts, he lurked more or less among the bordering bushes. To do him justice, he acted so that he could see without being seen. That humiliating experience with Leigh had not been lost upon him.
But, when he caught sight of Lester and Bradshaw approaching the Hall there was no necessity for concealment; so he ran out and waved them a triumphant greeting. "I've got him!" he cried. "I've got him!"
"Got whom?" asked Bradshaw, as they came up. "Have you tracked the murderer of night to her nest at last?"
"Oh, you may chaff, sir," cried Hobson cheerily. "Anyhow, I have laid my hands on the man who knocked Mr. Alinger on the head, and I think I have got hold of the man who murdered Lord Arncliffe. He is one and the same person—Mr. Harry Warren; and if Harry Warren does not stretch a rope pretty soon you may call me an idiot!"
"But," said Bradshaw, mildly, "I have called you an idiot all the time. No doubt you are right about Warren; at the same time, if you are so sure of your man, I want to know why in thunder you cast suspicion on Miss Holt?"
Hobson smiled in what he thought to be a superior manner. "My dear sir," he said, with a touch of condescension, "you don't understand the methods of the force. I simply pretended to suspect Miss Holt in order to throw Warren off his guard."
"Then you always believed him to be the real culprit?"
"I never had a doubt from the first. The trouble was that I hadn't a scrap of evidence to work upon."
"Hobson," said the American, earnestly, "you are wasted in an effete country like this. Come with me to New York. I'm a big man there—bigger than you, and I'll give you a guarantee that you'll be bossing police headquarters inside of six months."
"But," murmured the other, deprecatingly, "wouldn't the appointment of a foreigner like me cause a lot of jealousy?"
"Foreigner! My dear Hobson, an artistic pervert of the truth like you cannot be selfishly claimed by any one country. He belongs to humanity."
The detective's inordinate vanity so often led him into traps prepared for him by Bradshaw that he had ceased to acknowledge compliments of the sort with anything more than a sickly smile.
"Never mind, Sherlock," continued the New Yorker, patting him on the shoulder. "I once met an easier mark than you—in Sacramento about ten years ago. Tell us how you got on."
"Splendidly," said Bradshaw. "I was glad of an opportunity to show myself in a favorable light. I obtained a search-warrant and went to Leigh's cottage—accompanied, I don't mind telling you, by Mr. Fox, who is as strong as a bull, for that poacher would be a deuced nasty customer to tackle."
"Easy!" cried Bradshaw, complacently. "Dead easy!"
He intended presently to allow the full details of his battle with Leigh to be dragged from him.
"However, there was no need to produce the warrant," went on Hobson. "There was no one in the place excepting an old woman who might have been a hundred. And she was as dead as a door-nail!"
"What I expected," interposed Lester. "I might have staved it off for a time, but when I told Leigh my opinion he thought I was working for my own ends, and would not believe me."
"Well, gentlemen, we made a quick search. There was not much furniture in the place, yet nothing turned up at first. That was an old iron bed and box, and in it you'll believe we found a stocking with nearly a hundred pounds, some of the money dating back to George III."
"Of course," said Bradshaw, with a little cough, "the detective, by his subordinate, cannot expect to share."
"Oh, do let him tell his story, there's a good chap," interrupted Lester, earnestly. "This is a serious matter, and considering what it means to Miss Holt."
Bradshaw shrugged his shoulders. "If I can't infuse innocent joy into the proceeding, I'll dry up," he said. "Proceed, Vindex."
"So," continued the detective, "we moved the poor old woman eventually, and searched the bed. And there we found what we were looking for—Lord Arncliffe's private account book, and his pass book as well. Although the items in the private book had all been checked, they did not tally with the pass-book in dozens of cases. I should judge, speaking roughly, there is a defalcation of at least three thousand pounds."
"But," does that incriminate Warren?" asked Bradshaw, aware that the detective was unaware of Lester's exciting adventure, and wondering how Hobson had reached his conclusions.
"Wait a minute, sir. I telephoned the bank at Alnwick, and learnt that Warren had a small account there. And from the day he opened it, he has never once sent in his pass-book to be made up."
Lester, thinking abstractedly of Edith, had scarcely assimilated half the conversation, but he dropped in a question. "What do you gather from that?"
"Well, sir," replied Hobson, with the dignity of the man who has "arrived," as the French say, "I can't bring myself to call people 'fools' and 'idiots,' and 'beasts,' like some others I could mention. But, if I wanted to be rude, I should say anyone was very dense who could not realize how Warren has robbed Lord Arncliffe and kept things going with a false pass-book."
"You've hit it, Hobson," agreed the American, heartily. "And I take back all I've said—I didn't mean five per cent. of it, anyway. Just listen to this," and he ran rapidly over the details of Lester's kidnapping and subsequent escape. "Now, where is Warren?"

ren? Have you got him in the calaboose?"
"So far as I know, sir, he is down in the village, visiting the various public houses. When I said I had laid him by the heels, I did not mean that I had actually arrested him. But it will come before the day is out, and nothing will be lost by a little delay. Meanwhile, Fox is shadowing him, and if he attempts to escape he will be arrested at once. What I want to do is to get his mother too, as an accessory after the fact."
"But this is simply outrageous!" exclaimed Lester, indignantly. "Do you think any judge in the land will sentence a mother for endeavoring to shield her son?"
Hobson ceded the point for a moment. He had a theory which he had mentioned to none. It would not be his fault if the Arncliffe puzzle did not attract widespread attention in its ultimate solution.
Bradshaw, by the grace of Miss Phyllis Harland, having little, now, save a friendly interest in Edith, had made Lester happy, were it not for the haunting fear that he had offended his divinity beyond forgiveness. Lester had never learned the golden rule, that no one should fall in love for the first time. And so, when he found himself almost in the presence of his lady, he sheltered himself behind an armor of self reserve, after the manner of his caste.
"Wait here," said Bradshaw, as they entered the library. "I won't be a minute."
Lester, left to himself, glanced over the broad acres of Arncliffe, and the slight of Miss Holt in the garden, and noble woods brought back to him all the old question of disparity. Before, at least, she was under a cloud, and he could offer her something of protection. But now—
So he built up a harrowing picture of himself dying in an African swamp with her dear name upon his lips, and in the midst of this pleasing reverie, he was interrupted for ten minutes, he was interrupted by the voice of Bradshaw.
"There you are, Miss Holt. Behold him, safe and sound! Had a nasty smack on the head, but I understand the great British people have remarkably thick skulls. Good-by! I'll see you later."
Edith, lured into the room on utterly false pretenses, stood spellbound at the sight of the man in whose behalf she had been suffering agonies of anxiety.
Lester, taken off his guard, bowed stiffly. "How d'ye do?" he said.
"Oh—how do you do?" answered Edith, with equal formality. She felt something of the instinct which prompts a mother to slap her child because he has just escaped being run over. She eyed him, too, surreptitiously, and was indignant to see that he looked well and strong as ever.
Lester stole a glance at her. The little red-gold head was poised haughtily, and the scarlet flower of a mouth was shut tightly as a poppy, at nightfall. And lo! Miss Phyllis predicted, Dr. J. Fox, the doctor, is as strong as a bull, for that poacher would be a deuced nasty customer to tackle."
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ney Edith was asking Bradshaw coaxingly what his surprise was.

"Patience is a virtue," he said, with a smile. "But he broke out: 'You won't have to wait. Here comes the surprise, right in front of you!'"

Edith looked up, and then, with a shriek of "Reggie!" flung herself into the arms of a handsome youth, kissing him with a delighted abandon which made Lester's blood run cold, until the likeness helped him to realize that this was the brother whom Edith held so dear.

"You dear, bad boy! Why didn't you let me know? Did you ever receive my letter? Of course, not. There has not been time. Why did you come?" And she asked so many questions in a breath that the newcomer had no chance to answer a single one of them.

"Cabled him to come over," explained Bradshaw, tersely, when order was at length restored.

"But how did you know?" Edith asked in utter astonishment.

"Clerk in my office. He used to talk so much about the place in England, where his sister lived, that he filled every free moment with the place. Said it knocked the spots out of the Central Park—which it does, for a fact. Anyway, I heard him mention as a coincidence with my name that Lord Arncliffe was originally Sir William Bradshaw, and he really the chance which led to my coming here."

"I am so glad Reggie was in your office," said Edith. "I understood he was employed by one of those horrid trusts."

"The fact is, Miss Holt," confessed the American, "I am a 'horrid trust.' Amalgamated Lumber—that's me."

"Do you mean to tell me," exclaimed Lester, "that you have a millionnaire? Why, I thought he was a middle-aged man."

"Well, I am middle-aged—for the States."

"And do you force other people to sell their businesses, or do you crush them?" asked Edith, reproachfully.

(To Be Continued.)

AT DIVORCE MILL IN DARK CHICAGO

Laundry Marks Help to Convict Husband—Several Other Separations.

Chicago, July 30.—A laundry mark aided Mrs. Madeline Ellefson to obtain a divorce from Thomas Ellefson. She accidentally found on a shirtwaist belonging to a woman roomer at her residence, 821 North Monticello avenue, a laundry mark similar to the one on Mr. Ellefson's linen.
"He brought this woman to the house and said she would room there, that she would be a help to us," she testified. "I soon became suspicious, for they remained up late at night drinking beer. I never heard the woman stop starts all over again. THE WHOLE TRUSS SYSTEM IS WRONG. It is a wonder that any one who has worn an old-fashioned truss can even live without one on. The great object of truss wearing is to CURE the rupture, and to be able to THROW AWAY THE TRUSS afterward."
This country is teeming with individuals who suffer from ruptures, and who have never been able to find a cure. Nature has done its best for them, perhaps, but the trusses they have used have done more harm than good. The customary truss does more harm than it should. It stops the circulation of the blood, keeps the bowels in place without pushing them back too far—the new appliance is as comfortable as flesh against flesh—soft, easy, with lots of elasticity, and gives the same degree of pressure as nature itself, and LEAVES NATURE PERFECTLY FREE to do the work of healing.
cured to stay cured by my new Biotone method. No drugs, electric belts or operation. No mail order humbug. Charges 25¢. Reasonable terms can be arranged. Consult me free, and talk the matter over. Cut this ad out.

Miss Blossom Corrine Young, 17 years old, began suing for divorce against Charles A. Young, a teamster. They were married at Crown Point, Ind., July 11, 1907, and separated July 15, 1908.
He handed me a revolver with orders to point it at the first man we met while he went through the victim's pockets," she said. "I refused and he used vile language toward me. He also made me beg money from men and give it to him."

David Einstein left his wife and four children ten years ago, and when he returned yesterday he found the children were adults and their mother had established a grocery store at Thirty-ninth street and Vincennes avenue. Mrs. Einstein told her husband, "I had been fairly successful without him and advised him to resume his travels."

Mrs. W. H. Baker, whose husband was a woman at the work at Waukegan for the Chicago Telephone Company, said her husband deserted her last Saturday because her nervousness made him nervous. She collapsed and was taken to McAllister Hospital in Waukegan.

BEAUTIFUL BRIDE BRAVE IN DEATH

Unable to Speak, She Writes Missives to Loved Ones—Calm to the End.

Chicago, July 30.—Mrs. Don Farnsworth, bride of less than four weeks of Don Farnsworth, Chicago clubman, broker and politician, died yesterday at the Baptist Hospital of a blood clot on the brain. Her death was particularly affecting, not only because of her youth and beauty, but because she was conscious until the last, and although unable to speak, wrote her messages of love and farewell while waiting for death. She was a native of New York, had asked Mr. Farnsworth to accompany him to Denver and help manage his boom for the vice-presidency. It was while in Denver that Mrs. Farnsworth contracted a tiny blood clot on the brain, supposedly caused by the high altitude.
Last Friday morning, when Mr. and Mrs. Farnsworth returned to Chicago, Mrs. Farnsworth was stricken seriously ill. She was hurried to the Baptist Hospital, but the specialist decided that it would be useless to operate, as they would not be able to locate the blood clot. Paralysis of the face and tongue set in, and Mrs. Farnsworth was unable to speak. Her grief-stricken husband and weeping friends, who were constantly at her bedside.
"Am I going to die?" she inquired in a note.
The physicians told her the truth, and the dying young woman began all her preparations for death with a brave heart. She drew up her will, disposing of her treasured possessions and while she was thus preparing to meet her end, wrote blithe cheerful notes to her husband and relatives telling them not to grieve too hard. Her heart was set on seeing her father, William Howard Baskett, of Nashville, Tenn., before she died.
"I intend to live until I see my father," she wrote, and Mr. Baskett began a race with death to reach the bedside of his daughter, but did not until a few hours after she had passed away. When Mr. Farnsworth realized that she would not see her father she wrote:
"Dear father, I am sorry I could not live until you got here," and then added a few lines of love and condolence. Afterward she wrote letters to Mrs. May Roberts, her cousin, to her father and to several friends. She also wrote directions for her funeral and told how she would like to be buried and the dress she wished to wear.
Mrs. Farnsworth was only 24 years old, and was noted for her beauty. Before her marriage she was Miss Edith Baskett, and had a wide circle of friends in the south.
The Cunard liner Corona, which sailed from New York Saturday, took Miss Katherine Leth as ship stenographer, and other lines are considering employing women as assistants to purser.
Frederick C. Peper, millionaire president of the Christian Paper Tobacco Company, spent the night in a police station at St. Louis, unable to give

Great Reductions for Tomorrow

Our Saturday Special Sale has taken a hold. For the last two Saturdays we have run clearing lines at special prices. The business done was simply great. We have gathered from the various departments 14 big snaps for tomorrow selling. Below you will read the bargains offered. They are the best ever.

35c Muslins 19c yd
White Swiss Fancy and Dot Patterns, fine quality, 35c, for, per yard **19c**

18c for 10c
Blue and black ground, with white floral pattern, regularly sold at 18c, for, per yard **10c**

\$1 Mitts for 50c
Ladies' White and Black Silk Mitts, all sizes, regularly sold at \$1, for **50c**

\$1 Gloves for 69c
Black and White Long Silk Gloves, regularly sold at \$1, for **69c**

35c Collars for 19c
Ladies' Embroidered Linen Collars, regular 35c, for, each **19c**

40c Corset Cover Embroidery 25c
200 yards of Cambrie Embroidery, 18 inches wide, regularly sold at 40c, for **25c**

15c Embroidery Edging 3c
White and Linen Shade Embroidery Medallions, and Applique, worth up to 15c, for, per yard **3c**

\$5 Tweed Skirts at \$2.25
Come in light tweeds. Not one of these Skirts were made to sell for less than \$5. Selling Saturday at, each **\$2.25**

Muslin Blouses
At greatly reduced prices. \$1.00 kind for **69c**
\$1.50 kind for **98c**
\$1.75 to \$2.25 kind for **\$1.39**
\$2.50 to \$3.00 kind for **\$1.45**

25c Vests for 15c
Ladies' white short sleeves Vest, extra fine thread, regular 25c, for, each **15c**

Only a few left of those Real French Lisle Hose. Note that they are real French not made of common cotton. In colors, pink, pale blue, white, red, green, mauve and black. Regular price is 50c. Going at, per pair **29c**

GRAY & PARKER
PHONE 1182 150 DUNDAS ST., and CARLING ST

NO MAN, WOMAN OR CHILD NEED SUFFER FROM

RUPTURE

ONE MINUTE MORE

The Most Scientific, Easiest, Surest and Most Infallible Method Ever Invented. No Spring or Parts to Annoy the Wearer or to Get Out of Order. No operation.

This country is teeming with individuals who suffer from ruptures, and who have never been able to find a cure. Nature has done its best for them, perhaps, but the trusses they have used have done more harm than good. The customary truss does more harm than it should. It stops the circulation of the blood, keeps the bowels in place without pushing them back too far—the new appliance is as comfortable as flesh against flesh—soft, easy, with lots of elasticity, and gives the same degree of pressure as nature itself, and LEAVES NATURE PERFECTLY FREE to do the work of healing.

cured to stay cured by my new Biotone method. No drugs, electric belts or operation. No mail order humbug. Charges 25¢. Reasonable terms can be arranged. Consult me free, and talk the matter over. Cut this ad out.

J. Y. Egan, Specialist, 192 West King St., Toronto
Established in Toronto 42 years, visiting London for past 25 years. SPECIALIST WILL VISIT
LONDON, GRIGG HOUSE, SATURDAY, ALL DAY AND EVENING, August 1, ONE DAY ONLY.

WABASH
Daily until Sept. 15 the Wabash will sell round trip summer tourist tickets at very low rates to points in Arizona, Colorado, California, British Columbia, Mexico.

Tickets will be sold via all direct routes, and good to stop-over, with final limit Oct. 31.

This would be a grand opportunity to send your vacation in the Great Golden West, and see it all in its glory. All tickets should read over the Wabash, the short and true route between the east and the west.

For tickets and other information see your nearest Wabash agent, or address J. A. RICHARDSON, D.P.A., 63 Yonge street (Traders' Bank building), Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

Civic Holiday
Aug. 3
RETURN TICKETS AT SINGLE FARE FROM LONDON

to all stations in Canada, east of Port Arthur, and to Detroit and Buffalo.

GOOD GOING
Aug. 1, 2 and 3. Return limit, Aug. 4. Tickets and

Full information at London Office, W. Fulton, 161 Dundas St. John Shaw, C.P.R. Station, or write C. D. Foster, D.P.A., C.P.R., Toronto.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSION
TO NORTHWEST—AUG. 3.
VIA GRAND TRUNK LAKE AND RAIL ROUTE.

Return Tickets From All Ontario Points to

Winnipeg, Man.	\$32.00
Duluth, Minn.	33.50
Brandon, Man.	33.50
Edmonton, Alberta	42.50
Calgary, Alberta	40.50
Humboldt, Sask.	37.00
Saskatoon, Sask.	38.50

And all other points in proportion. Homeseekers' tickets include second class berths up to capacity of steamer, and meals at special rates. All privileges as to stop-over, baggage and variations of route are available for this route.

Steamship Sarnia Leaves Sarnia Monday at 3:30 p.m.
Tickets and all information from all Grand Trunk agents. 19c

PERE MARQUETTE CIVIC HOLIDAY
August 3rd, '08, RETURN TICKETS AT SINGLE FARE

From London to all stations in Canada, Good going Aug. 1 and 3 and return Aug. 4.

H. F. MOELLER, G. P. A., Detroit, Mich.
J. W. KEARNS, T. P. A., London, Ont. 181

OCEAN STEAMSHIP TICKETS
WHITE STAR LINE.
New York-Queenstown-Liverpool.
N. Y.-Plymouth-Cherbourg-Shampan.
New York and Boston-Mediterranean.

LYLE LINE.
Boston-Liverpool Direct.
E. DE LA ROQUE, SOLE AGENT.

AMERICAN LINE.
N. Y.-Plymouth-Cherbourg-Shampan.
Philadelphia-Queenstown-Liverpool.

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.
New York-London Direct.

DOMINION LINE.
Royal Mail Steamers.
Montreal-Quebec-Liverpool (Summer).
Portland-Liverpool Direct (Winter).

RED STAR LINE.
New York-Dover-Antwerp.
E. DE LA ROQUE or W. FULTON, Agts.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
SARNIA TUNNEL TO SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND TORONTO.

Arrive from the east—*3:50 a.m., 10:56 a.m., *11:12 a.m., *11:23 a.m., *6:30 p.m., *8:00 p.m., 10 p.m.
Arrive from the west—*12:09 a.m., *3:35 a.m., *11:23 a.m., 1:10 p.m., *4:10 p.m., 6:25 p.m.
Depart for the east—*12:14 a.m., *3:40 a.m., 7:30 a.m., 9 a.m., *11:39 a.m., 2:05 p.m., *4:25 p.m., *6:53 p.m. (Eastern Flyer).

The trains leaving at 7:30 a.m. and 2:05 p.m. stop at all stations.
Depart for the west—*4:00 a.m., 7:40 a.m., *11:18 a.m., *11:35 a.m., 1:40 p.m., *8:18 p.m.
The 7:40 a.m. and the 1:40 p.m. trains stop at all stations.

LONDON AND WINDSOR.
Arrive—10:00 a.m., *4 p.m., *6:50 p.m. (Eastern Flyer), 11 p.m.
Depart—6:35 a.m., *11:27 a.m., 2:20 p.m., *8:10 p.m. International Limited.

STRATFORD BRANCH.
Arrive—*3:25 a.m., 11:15 a.m., 1:33 p.m., 6:45 p.m., 11:25 p.m.
Depart—6:10 a.m., 10:20 a.m., 2:45 p.m., 4:55 p.m.

LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE.
Arrive—10:10 a.m., 6:10 p.m.
Depart—8:30 a.m., 4:30 p.m., 11:00 p.m.

Trains marked thus * run daily. Those not so marked run daily except Sunday.

PERE MARQUETTE RAILWAY.
Depart—5:40 a.m., *7:10 a.m., 9:45 a.m., 1:20 p.m., 2:30 p.m., *3:30 p.m., 5:05 p.m., 7 p.m., 8 p.m.
On Saturdays trains will leave London at 10:40 p.m. for Port Stanley.

Arrive—8:45 a.m., *12:15 p.m., 1:46 p.m., 4:05 p.m., 6 p.m., 7:40 p.m., 9:24 p.m., 9:45 p.m., 11:45 p.m.
*To and from Walkerville, without change. Trains not "starred" to Port Stanley.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.
Arrive—From the east *11:30 a.m., 8 p.m., *10:52 p.m. From the west—*4:30 a.m., *8:20 a.m., *5:20 p.m.

Depart—For the east—*4:40 a.m., 8:28 a.m., *5:28 p.m. For the west—*11:38 a.m., *8:10 p.m., *11:00 p.m.

Trains marked thus * run daily. Those not so marked run daily except Sunday. *From Chatham only. **Runs only to Chatham.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

SPECIAL EXCURSION FARES TO THE SEASIDE

MARITIME EXPRESS leaves Montreal 12:00 noon daily, except Saturday.
OCEANIC LIMITED leaves Montreal 7:30 p.m. daily, except Saturday.

FROM MONTREAL.
RIVER DU LOUP \$ 7.50
MURRAY BAY 7.50
CAP LAIGLE 7.50
ST. IRENE 7.50
CACOUNA 9.00
BIC 9.00
LITTLE METIS 9.00
RIMOUSKI 10.00
CAMBELLTON 10.00
DALHOUSIE 10.00
MONCTON 11.50
ST. JOHN, N. B. 11.50
SHEBIA 12.50
SUMMERSIDE 13.50
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I. 14.50
PARSBORO, N. S. 14.50
HALIFAX 15.50
SHEBIA 15.50
MULGRAVE 17.00
SYDNEY 17.00
NORTH SYDNEY 18.00
ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND 32.00

Golfing, Aug. 10, 11, 12, 13, 1908; returning Aug. 13, 1908.
Our illustrated booklet, "Tours to Summer Resorts," tells of the places mentioned above. Write for free copies to Toronto ticket office, 51 King street east.

R&O Montreal Quebec Saguenay River

Special rates, including meals and berth, via steamers TORONTO and KINGSTON. 3:00 p.m. leaving Toronto, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 3:30 p.m. (Friday) steamer through to Duluth.
For Rochester, Thousand Islands, running all routes to Montreal, Quebec and Saguenay River.
Steamer BELLEVILLE leaves Hamilton at 12 noon, and Toronto 7:30 p.m., every Tuesday, for Bay of Quinte, Thousand Islands, Montreal and intermediate ports. Low rates on this line.
For tickets and berth reservations apply to local agents, or H. FOSTER CHAFFEE, A.G.P.A., Toronto.

NORTHERN NAVIGATION CO.
TOURS OF GREAT LAKES AND GEORGIAN BAY.

For Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur and Duluth—Leave Sarnia, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 3:30 p.m. (Friday) steamer through to Duluth.
For Marquette Island, Soo and Mackinac—Leave Collingwood, 1:30 p.m., Owen Sound, 11:30 p.m. Tuesday and Saturday.

Steamer City of Windsor, carrying only limited number of passengers, leaves Collingwood Thursday 12:30 p.m., Owen Sound 11:30 p.m., for Sault and all way ports.
For Parry Sound, Point au Baril and Killarney—Leave Collingwood Monday and Friday 10:30 p.m.
For Minnigoo, Go Home Bay, Copper Head, Sans Souci and Parry Sound—Leave Pennington week days 5:20 p.m.

SUMMER RATES NOW IN EFFECT. Tickets and information from all railway agents.
H. H. Gildersleeve, C. H. Nicholson, Mgr., Collingwood. Traffic Mgr., Sarnia 23V

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"The Niagara Falls Route."
Have now on sale low one-way first and second-class tickets.

Via Chicago and St. Paul to Winnipeg, Man., and other points in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, through fast service, two days to Winnipeg.

Single Fare FOR ROUND TRIP Civic Holiday

To all stations in Canada, Detroit, Buffalo and Suspension Bridge. Tickets good going Aug. 1, 2 and 3. Return limit Aug. 4, 1908.
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