FATED TO LOVE HER

And when James was no longer a bridegroom, when that year of indulg-ence which he had allotted himself, was ence which he had allotted himself, was over; then Gabrielle, hungering and thirsting for some demonstration of his love, designted to remember how abundant, once, such demonstration had been

ant, once, such demonstration had been. How gentle, how tender, had been his manner, what interest he had taken in all that interested her; how kindly he had taken in all that interested her; how kindly he had entered into any little fears or scruples, such as Gabrielle was prone to—sympathizing, consoling, smoothing an way; never contemptuous, never unconcerned, never bored. Little or nothing in common, to all appearance, was there between the ardent young husband of these days, and the cold philosopher of days to come. But the one character had, at least, no power to obliterate the other. While the coldness of the latter was at its height, the former, ardent as ever, lived still in Gabrielle's heart, and helped to keep it warm.

still in Gabrielle's heart, and helped to keep it warm.

Charlie Godfrey was absent, on a holiday, when the young couple returned to Farnley; but Gabrielle made many inquiries of Mr. Morris, concerning him. And she learned that he had left Meddiscombe, not merely for a holiday, but also, by medical advice, for change of air and scene. He had been working too hard; in the parish all day, and sitting up to read at night, both his spirits and his health had suffered, and Dr. Wallace had announced that only two months of had announced that only two months of entire rest could save him from breaking own altogether. Gabrielle heard these particulars with

Gabrielle heard these particulars with a full heart; moreover, with many pangs of self-reproach, which James discerned. "I fear," he said, the same evening, "I fear, Gabrielle, that my suspicions about Godfrey were correct; and I believe—" She looked up at him.
"I believe that you fear the same." "I—I have feared it lately—since our wedding day."

wedding day."
. "Why particumlarly since our wedding

Because, when he congratulated me,

his manner—he said——"
"What did he say? He had no business to say anything," burst out James,

niess to say anything," burst out James, a little fiercely.

"Oh, James, that is not kind. He has behaved beautifully, all through I am sure. It was only just at last, when you know when he came to me."

Then she repeated poor Charlie's brokest speech.

en speech.
"Poor fellow!" said James, his fierecness melting: "I am very sorry. I pity
him—on my honor, I do—from the bottom of my heart."

om of my heart."

"And so do I," cried Gabrielle, bursting into tears; "I hope—oh, James, do you think I misled him? Do you think I gave him cause to—"

"No, no, my darling," he said, caressing her; "you have no reason whatever to reproach yourself. It is one of those unfortunate things which nobody can help. Try to forget it—the recollection will do him no good, and you harm. Try to forget it—and don't cry; to please me, don't cry."

tom of my heart."

"And so do I," cried Gabrielle, bursting into tears; "I hope—oh, James, do you think I misled him? Do you think I gave him cause to—"

"No, no, my darling," he said, caressing her; "you have no reason whatever to reproach yourself. It is one of those unfortunate things which nobody can help. Try to forget it—and don't cry; to please me, don't cry."

But Gabrielle was thinking of all that Charlie had been to her at Eversfield—even at Farmley; how kind, dear, brotherly; how he had comforted her in her sorrow, had striven his utmost to sympathize in her joy. And so thinking, she saw his face, clouded and pale; saw him tolling and alone at Meddiscombe; she contrasted his life as it was, with his life as he had hoped that it would be; with her own, made happy at his cost, and despite James' entreaties, the tears flowed on, more bitterly than before.

"My child," he said, at last, "if you are life, particularly and so the said, at last, "if you could ser my heart, you will see and believe. For, James, I feel that I could beer. I could ser my heart, gou would be as the had hoped that it would be given the said, at last, "if you could see my heart, you would be satisfied—more than satisfied. And some time the same had been to the readers that would be given the said, at last, "if you could see my heart, you will see and believe. For, James, I feel that I could beer. I could size up. I could see my hen, perhaps you will see and believe. For, James, I feel that I could beer. I could see you will see and believe. For, James, I feel that I could beer I could give up. I could see my heart, you will see and believe. For, James, I feel that I could beer I could give up. I could see my heart, you will see and believe. For, James, I feel that I could beer I could give up. I could see my heart.

ars flowed on, more bitterly than bete.

"My child," he said, at last, "if you have and believe. For, James, I feel that I could bear, I could give up, I could

only known this sooner!"
"Sooner! What do yo umean? Before you and I were married?"
"Before I ever saw you. I would have
tried to like him, as—as he liked me;
I would have tried my best, and I might
have succeeded—if I had known."
"Thank God, then Gabrielle that you

Thank God, then, Gabrielle, that you

She paused, half frightened by the vehemence with which these words were uttered. He rose hastily to his feet, and stood before her, his full majestic

He started again to its leet, like a restless spirit.

"No," he thought; "not even to escape the evil which I feared—nay, fear; which has indeed come upon us; not even to escape that, would I untie one-thousandth part of the knot that binds

us; her to me, me to her."

Then, suddenly, standing once more be

Then, suddenly, standing once more before her:

"Gabrielle," said he, "do you know what I should have been, what would have beecome of me, if, as you have suggested, you had come to Farmley, loving him? Your marriage has been a blow to him, a disappointment; but he will get over it. I have watched him more closely than you suppose; and I believe I have formed a tolerably accurate estimate of his affection for you. There was much of friendship, much of the brotherly element, in it; it was deep, so far as it went; but it was quiet and patient. Beside mine, it was a torch beside a fire. Don't interrupt me, Gabrielle; I have not finished. He is now trying hard to forget you; or, rather, those vain hopes concerning you. And he will succeed. In a year or two-perhaps soomer—the brotherly element will acve absorbed the rest; he will be happy again; in all probability, will marry. Whereas, I-Gabrielle, only God knows what I should have been, if you had disappointed me. I might—don't shink this extravagant, I feel that I might—have made way with myself altogether. Or, if not that, I should have sunk into such depths as you, in your innocence, cannot even picture. I should not have cared for anything, present of future; or for any one, human or divine; or have been good for anything, in this world or in 4he next; any more."

He paused, for his voice had grown

mere."

He paused, for his voice had grown husky; and tabrielle, with her earnest eyes. looked up into his face; half shuddering—sensible as never before, of the awful responsibility of this love; this wonderful, passionate love, which, without her seeking, had come to her. This man, whom she knew to be so talented; whom she believed to be so superior; he, it seemed, was dependent upon her for happiness—almost for virtue! He stood there, so tall, so powerful looking; and owned that dependence.

"James," she said, "it is terrible."

"What is terrible?"

"Your love for me. How can I ever—"

But there she stopped. A recollection

But there she stopped. A recollection suddenly struck her; a promise spoken long ago, but still, as then, true and

"As thy days, so shall thy strength

And, in that moment, strength came

"My child," he said, at last, "if you take things to heart like this, your unselfish little spirit will soon wear itself out, and then, what shall I do?"

"Unselfish, James! I am anything but unselfish. Here is poor Charlie, who was always so good and kind, made miserable through me; while I—if I had only known this sooner!"

"Sooner! What do yo umean? Before, you and I were married?"

"Before I ever saw you. I would have "Before I ever saw you. I would have "I am not worthy of thee, nor of thy pure love."

pure love."

It was many a long day since he had

spoken a truer word One morning about this time—an ideal August morning, still and sultry—Gabrielle, armed with a hat, a parasol and a volume of "Friends in Council," had sallied forth alone into the garden

and a volume of "Friends in Council," and stood before her, his full majestic height.

"Gabrielle, do you mean to say that you wish—can sit deliberately there, and tell me that you wish you had married Godfrey, instead of me?"

"Oh, James, how could 1? L hardly knew, just now, what I said. I was thinking only of Charlie, and his unhappiness—"

"Go on."

"And if I had been engaged to him, or, at least, in love with him—which you would soon have seen—when I came to Farnley, you would never have thought of me. You would have married some one else, of course; and—"

"Should I never have thought of you? Why, as it was, until the last month, almost the last day, before oar engagement, I was far from certain that you were not in love with him!" At one time Olivia was in the habit of mentioning it to me as an established fact. Yet I loved you all the same. It was my fate to love you."

"James—don't don't look so reproachful. Indeed, when I made that unforturiate speech I was thinking of Charlie and a volume of "Friends in Council," and, sallied forth alone into the garden; and, finding a shady spot, at the foot of an old cedar, had seated herself on the graden; and, finding a shady spot, at the foot of an old cedar, had seated herself on the graden; and, finding a shady spot, at the foot of an old cedar, had seated herself on the graden; and, finding a shady spot, at the foot of an old cedar, had seated herself on the graden; and, finding a shady spot, at the foot of an old cedar, had seated herself on the graden and, finding a shady spot, at the foot of an old cedar, had seated herself on the graden; and, finding a shady spot, at the foot of an old cedar, had seated herself on the graden and, finding a shady spot, at the foot of an old cedar, had seated herself on the graden and, finding a shady spot, at the foot of an old cedar, had seated herself on the graden and, finding a shady spot, at the foot of an old cedar, had seated herself on the graden and, finding a shady spot, at the foot of an old cedar, had seated he of me. You would have married some one else, of course; and—"
"Should I never have thought of you? Why, as it was, until the last month, almost the last day, before oar engagement, I was far from certain that you were not 'in love with him?' At one time Olivia was in the habit of mentioning it to me as an established fact. Yet I loved you all the same. It was my fate to love you."

"James—don't don't look so reproachful. Indeed, when I made that unfortunate speech I was thinking of Charlie only. If I had thought of you, or of myself, I never could have made it. Inight have been happy with Charlie, but he could never have been to me—no one could ever be to me what——"
"Well, Gabrielle?"

"What you are."

"Well Gabrielle?"

"What you are and been—your husband?"

"You really mean that? You love me better than you would have loved him, if he had been—your husband?"

"James, why will you question me so?"

"You are too cool, Gabrielle," he said, passionately; "you don't satisfy me You have never satisfied me yet. I want more—more than you have ever given me. I want you to love me as I love you."

"I do, James. I am sure that I do."

"I am sure that you do not. Could I have made such a speech to you? Could I—even if a hundred women were breaking their hearts for me—which is more than he is doing, or will do, for you—could I ever, for one instant, regret-that I have known you, have loved you?"

Never—never."

Are a model of all perfection, on making table the properties of the service of that work, albeit a model of all perfection, on making a mode

his first appearance, forgets, like me his first appearance, forgets, like me, to give himself a name. So his worthy hostess, after conversing with him for upward of half an hour, leaves the room, and sends in the servant, with her compliments, and she should be glad to know who he is. You look as if you doubted my veracity, Mrs. Gordon; but I asstre you this is a fact. I heard my sister-in-law read the whole scene to my wife one day, when some unlucky accident—a rent in my glove—detained me for its reparation in the drawing-room. By the bye, the very glove, and the very rent!" And the unknown contemplated his hand, while Gabrielle eyed him curiously.

iously.

"He hasn't told me his name, after all," she thought, "and I don't like to ask again. I suppose I must wait till James comes."

"You was deally approved when I

again. I suppose I must wait till James comes."

"You were deeply engrossed when I crossed the lawn, I saw. Might I be allowed?" and he took in his hand the book which lay on the grass, "Friends in Council!" Mrs. Gordon, I congratulate you." Then as Gabrielle stared. "On your superior taste, I mean. It is not often, that one sees so young a lady so much interested in a work of this kind. In the present day, the rage for light, or rather frothy reading, is terrible, especially among gir—young women. I must apologize"—another bow—"for using the term 'women.' It is meant to include all classes."

"Aurora Floyd"— or one of her crew?"

"Well—no—perhaps not. But I amy very fond of novels in a general way; only I don't read them in the morning. Good novels, I mean, you know; those that seem like a bit out of real life."

"And 'Aurora Floyd,' then, does not come under that description? Or, perhaps, your partiality for real life does not extend beyond its sunny side; you abjure its horrors."

"Horrors of that sort—all crime and misery? I would rather never know that such things exist."

"But since they do exist.—"

"Yes?"

"Is there not something of sickness, of sentimentality, in closing your eyes to them?"

hem?"
"I suppose there would be," said Garielle, "if by opening my eyes, I could
to any good. But as it is, they might
orrupt me, while I should have no powr to purify them."
"Corrupt you? Would that be posible?"

sible?"
"Why not?" said Gabreille, laughingly. He felt himself silenced.
"Ha!" he said, presently, turning over
the leaves of "Friends in Council," "I
see you follow that good custom of
marking one's pet bits. At least, I suppose this a your mark.

marking ones pet bits. At least, I suppose this is your mark:

"What are possessions? To an individual, the stores of his own heart and mind pre-eminently."

"Yes." said Gabrielle, "I did mark that, It is a very favorite passage of mine."

"Singular." he said, meditatively. "Singular." he said, meditatively, "Now, I could imagine a poor, or a mis-anthropical person, sitting down and double-scoring such sentiments as these. But you"—he waved his hand toward the house, the gardens that surrounded it, the park and woods, stretching far into the distance—"you—so rich in material possessions—no sour grapes throughout your whole domain! Yes, certainly, it is singular.

(To be continued.) Prevent Blood Poisoning.

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MOMENTOUS CHANGE. Kaiser Has Altered Cut of His Warlike

Moustache. May 15 -The Kaiser has al-

the remotest suggestion of perpendicularity.

This revolutionary change, which will cause the caricaturists of the world of the Imperial physiognomy, appears to have been forced upon the Emperor, rather than chosen by him. It is related that while his Majesty recently was lighting a cigarette the left end of his moustache was singed and half burnt off. This necessitated the cutting off of the other end to make the moutache again symmetrical. The new formation evoking the lively admiration of the Empress, the Kaiser determined to retain it.

The barber, Herr Haby, who is given the credit in contemporary German history for designing the Kaiser's perpendicular moutache, became wealthy and famous in consequence of it. Herr Haby placed an invention upon the market called the "Kaiser band," to be worn across the mouth for a certain period each day, until the moustache became trained to bristle upward at an angle of 45 degrees, exactly like the Kaiser's. Milions of "Kaiser bands" are in daily use in Germany and are among the proudest possessions of many a budding youth.

FIRE DAMAGED SCHOOL.

Building at Mimico Institution Worth \$15,000 Destroyed.

A MYSTERY.

PEG POSTOFFICE.

Several Packages Containing Large Sums of Money Have Disappeared- Boy Suspected, But Thieving Continues After His Discharge.

months, and the sums stolen aggregate avery large amount—it is believed and he took in his hand the book which lay on the grass, "Friends in Council!" Mrs. Gordon, I congratulate you." Then as Gabrielle stared. "On your superior taste, I mean. It is not often that one sees so young a lady so much interested in a work of this kind. In the present day, the rage for light, or rather frothy reading, is terrible, especially among gir—young women. I must apologize"—another bow—"for using the term "women.' It is meant to include all classes."

"I cannot judge," said Gabrielle, "of any class except my own. But as concerns them I am sure that great injustice is often done, by regarding their occupations in society as criterions of their tastes. Who would bring a book that requires much thought and attention into a drawing-room full of people, most of whom are laughing and talking, and doing their best to put thought of any kind out of the question."

"You mean that young ladies usually reserve their solid books for their bedrooms or their gardens? Well, the conclusion is charitable; and in one instance at least, true." He held up "Friends in Council."

"You mean that young ladies usually reserve their solid books for their bedrooms or their gardens? Well, the conclusion is charitable; and in one instance at least, true." He held up "Friends in Council."

"And A that was just as it happened. If you had come in the afternoon, I dare say I should have been reading a neel."

"Autorra Floyd—or one of her crew;"

"Well—no—perhaps not. But I am very fond of novels in a general way; only I don't read them in the morning. Good novels. I mean, you know; those that seem like a bit out of real life."

"And 'Aurora Floyd,' then, does not come under that description? Or, perhaps, your partiality for real life deen not come under that description? Or, perhaps, your partiality for real life deen not come under that description? Or, perhaps, your partiality for real life deen not come under that description? Or, perhaps, your partiality

within the postal service, as the robberies have not been confined to the Winnipeg office, but have occurred at several points throughout the west, when large sums have been in transit, the supposition being that a tip was passed to a confederate from some one in close touch with affairs in the head office. the head office

the head office.

So successful and daring has the thief become in the city office that the department has issued instructions to the effect that in future registered mail is to be checked over by the postmaster, his assistant and the postoffice inspector's department.

WAS DISCOURAGED

FAMOUS FRENCH ARTIST DE-STROYED HIS PAINTINGS.

Claude Monet With Knife and Brush Utterly Ruined Series of Valuable Studies Almost Ready to be Placed on Exhibition.

Paris, May 15.—Pictures with a market value of half a million francs and representing three years' constant Claude Monet, the French impression ist master, because he had reached a ist master, because he had reached conviction that they were unsatisfac-tory. The pictures destroyed had a ready been seen by friends of the artis

them among the best works the artist had ever accomplished.

They were a feature of the exhibition of the master's work announced to open next week. The exhibition was all ready. It had been advertised in the French papers and had aroused unusual interest among artists and amateurs, as it is a long time since any new works. it is a long time since any new works by Monet have had a place at a public by Monet have had a place at a public exhibition. At the last moment, while reviewing the pictures and superintending the framing, the artist became discouraged and declared that none of the new works were worth passing on to posterity. Then with a knife and a paint brush he destroyed them all.

Pictures by Monet are currently seli-

Berlin, May 15.—The Kaiser has altered his style of wearing his moustache. Thirty million loyal Teutons, the estimated male population of the Empire, are directly affected, for to trim one's moutache in the martial manner immortalized by the Emperor has become an unwritten law of masculine patriotism throughout the Fatherland.

It is stated that the Kaiser has decided to do away with the familiar, bristling, upward-pointing effect which has so long given his countenance an aspect of fierceness, and will henceforth wear his moutache with the ends long drawn out and with only the remotest suggestion of perpendicularity, recolutionary change. him to be an artist, not a mere manu

"Such an action is not unprecedented" he said: "Degas, for example, destroyed three-fourths of his production. It is a pity, perhaps, that some other painters do not do the same."

TWO LEGS AND ONE ARM. Mr. McPhail, of Guelph, Run Over Near Smith's Falls.

Smith's Falls, May 15.—An accident occured this morning on the Prescott division of the C. P. R. at a place calldivision of the C. P. R. at a place call-ed Sabourin, when an employee named McPhail fell from a work train to the track and two cars passed over him. One leg was cut off at the hip and the other terribly mangled from the knee down, and one arm was crushed. He was brought to the hospital here and the physicians who were called found it necessary to amputate the three limbs. It is not thought he can recov-ed. McPhail's home is at Guelph. He is a married man, with a family of two children.

TWO MILES UNDER WATER. The Route of Transcontinental May Be Changed.

Montreal, May 15 .- Owing to the high Montreal May 15.—Owing to the high water in St. Maurice River the contractors who have charge of the building ogf the Transcontinental Railway will lose large sums of money, and the may be changed. At present over two miles of the road is submerged under two feet of water, and the entire road-bed will be washed away.

The engineers who surveyed the line failed to allow for high water levels. Toronto, May 16.—Fire from an unknown cause destroyed a large work building at the Victoria Industrial School, Mimico, last night. The boys at to to the state of the state of

AT R. McKAY & CO'S. HAMILTON'S MOST PROGRESSIVE STORE

SERIES OF ROBBERIES AT WINNI-Monday's Buying

Winnipeg, May 15 .- The thief who has been operating in the registry department of the Winnipeg postoffice is still undetected, in spite of the most vigorous efforts by the Government detectives to apprenend him. The series of robberies has extended over several months, and the sums stolen aggremonths, and the sums stolen aggregate a very large amount—it is believed not less than \$12,000. It is impossible to the sum of the s

White Wash Silk, 27 Inches Wide, 29c

Special In the Blouse Department \$1.50 Waists for 98c

Sheer Dainty Lawn Waists, made with pin tucked yoke back and front, with beading; also a line with Swiss allover er

Exquisite Sheer Persian Lawu Waists, made with allover embroidery front and kimona sleeves, worth regular \$3, Monday special Monday Specials

Black Satesn Drawers 23c

Cream Damask 25c

Pillow Cotton 17c

20e

\$3.00 Waists for \$1.98

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Shadow Striped Black Mohair Worth \$1.00 and \$1.25 for

Monday 69c

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early shopping we print a brief synopsis

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3,000 yards of special cartoon lot of Embroideries and Insertions, 1 taches wide, in fine dainty patterns, worth up to 15c yard, on sale M

Regular Value 40c

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Immense Monday Sale of

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facturing concern includes the big purchase made by us. They are

purchase made by us. They are made of Chiffon Panamas, Vene-tians and Broadcloths, the sea-son's most favored materials, semi and tight fitting; worth up to \$25.00, Monday on sale at \$10.98 suit

Monday will be a great day at this store

Ladies' Plain Tight-fitting Cov-rs, of good cambric, all sizes, spe-ial Monday Children's Black Sateen Draw s, for age 4 years, regular 350 anday Attention! Housekeepers, Attention!

Bath Towels 10 dozen Bath Towels, good size, firm, absorbent weave, regular 150

Matchless Lace Curtain Sale

Monday begins the busiest week of the year for housewives. To the ac-

Mills Ends 8c

Corset Covers 17c

Mill ends of fine Underwear Cambric, soft finish, easy to sew, ends

Sheeting 28c

Extra heavy Unbleached Twill Sheeting, soft finish, 2 yards wide, worth Tea Toweling 81/2c

23-inch Check Tea Toweling, firm, round, heavy thread, absorbent weave, special ... 81/20 wearing quality, 20c value .. 17c Ticking 20c Good, heavy quality Feather Ticking, close weave, special . . .

paniment of carpet beating and the bustle of housecleaning we offer stirring underprice values in Curtains and other home fittings. Read this English Curtains Reduced

Splendid wearing and laundering seaves of Double Thread Cable lord and Duplex Scotch Net, in landsome, high class designs, all ull length and width, colors of ecru, vory, cream, also white:

ory, cream, also white:
Priced regular! \$2.25, at **95c** pr.
Priced regular \$2.25, at **\$1.50** pr.
Priced regular \$3.00, at **\$1.97** pr.
Priced regular \$4.00, at **\$2.48** pr.
Priced regular \$5.00, at **\$2.98** pr.
Priced regular \$5.50, at **\$3.35** pr. **Beautiful Parlor Curtains Reduced** For drawing room and parlor, those refined, lacey Curtains in real hand made lace cannot be excelled. The styles are Irish Point, Renaissance, Geneva Point, Marie Antoinette, Louis XVI., Point Arabe, etc.

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