--- and the Worst Is Yet to Come



AILING WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Mrs.Doucette Tells of her Distressing Symptoms During Change of Life and How She Found Relief.

Belleville, Nova Scotia, Can. - "Three years ago I was suffering badly with



what the doctors called Change of Life. I was so bad that I had to stay in Some friends told me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it helped me from the first. It is the only medicine I took that did help me and I recommend

You don't know how thankful and grateful I am. I give you permission to publish what your good medicine has done for me."-Mrs. SIMON DOUCETTE, Belleville, Yarmouth Co., Nova Scotia, Canada.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inquietude, and dizziness, are promptly heeded by intelligent women who are approaching the period in life when woman's great change may be expected.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound invigorates and strengthens the female organism and builds up the weakened nervous system. It has carried many women safely through this crisis.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

ANSHINE TCHEN MAGIC

Large Sifter Top Tin.

Bureau of Engraving PROCESS ENGRAVERS INE AND HALF TONE FICHINGS 436% RICHMOND STREET, PHONE 3680

-Eat More Breadis the most nutritious and most econ

alof all foods. The best bread is made with Fleischmann's Yeast

COUNCIL WILL BRING GAS COMPANY TO TIME

Mayor of Brantford Declares City Will Have Whip-Hand Shortly.

[Special to The Advertiser.]

gard to the present situation. It is The above statement was made by cocktail glasses. 'And believe me,' he Acting Mayor Spence today. Evither announcement." dently the civic authorities have up their sleeve regarding of a breach of the public health act. eyesight's perfect.

ment of the nuisance. Many people were sick here today from the fumes of sulphuretted gas secured from Tilbury. There are 5,000 consumers of natural gas in Brantford, and the situation is re-

garded as serious. HELD FOR FRAUD

Alvinston Man Was Arrested at Pontiac by Government Men. [Special to The Advertiser.]

Windsor, Dec. 16 .- Word was received here today of the arrest at to play with under the arc lights—don't Pontiac, Mich., of James Middleton, you remember me?" an Alvinston, Ont., man, who was an Alvinston, Ont., man, who was taken into custody for the Federal taken into custody for the Frederal straight in the eye and shut his jaw, and taken into custody for the Frederal says: 'I suppose you'll be asking after my Government for having attempted to pass himself off as a secret service man. It is charged that Middleton

GRIEVED FOR WIFE

William Boyle, of Amherstburg, Ended His Life While Melancholy.

[Special to The Advertiser.] Amherstburg, Dec. 16.-Grief the death of his wife, who dropped dead eighteen months ago, and a longstanding illness caused William Beye, aged 73 years, an old and respected resident of Amherstburg, to take his own life early this morning. He cut his throat with a razor in his home at the rear of the Union Hotel, Sim-

EATS DIRT

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To indicate you are a regular reader you must present Six Coupons like this one. THE IMPERIAL EMBROIDERY OUTFIT is guaranteed to be the greatest collection and biggest bargain in patterns ever offered. The 160 patterns have a retail value of 10 cents each, or more than \$10.00 in all. Bring SIX Coupons and 68 cents to this office and you will be presented with One Complete Outfit, including Book of Instructions and one All Metal Hoop. The 68 cents is to cover duty, express, handling and the numerous overhead expenses of getting the package from factory to you.

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SEVEN KEYS TO BALDRATE

The New Sensational Comedy With a Laugh in Every Line Earl Derr Biggers

company bores you."
"No offence," remarked the yellow-faced one. "I was just thinking as I set here how it all comes of people being suspicious of ane another. Now I've always that the world would be a better held that the world would be a better place if there wasn't no suspicion in it. Nine times out of ten the suspicion ain't got a leg to stand on—if suspicion can be Said to have a leg."
Evidently Mr. Max desired the floor;
graciously Professor Bolton conceded it

"Speaking of suspicion," continued the drab little man on the threshold, turning his cigar thoughtfully between his thin "reminds me of a case told me by

"A confidence man," suggested Magee. "Something along that order," admitted Mr. Max, "but a good sport among his friends, you understand. Well, this case friends, you understand. Well, this case of suspicion Sam tells me about happened something like this. One scorching hot day in summer Sam gets aboard the Coney boat, his idea being to put all business cares away for an hour or two, and just float calm and peaceful down the and cool off. So he grabs out a camp bay and cool off. So he grabs out a camp chair and hustles through the crowd up to the top deck, beside the pilot's hang-out, and sits down to get acquainted with the breeze, if such there was.
"Well, he'd been sitting there about ten

inutes Sam tells me, when along came about the easiest picking that ever got loose from the old homestead—" "I beg your pardon," protested Professor

"The ready money, the loosened kale, the postes in the garden waiting to be plucked," elucidated Mr. Max. "This guy, Sam says, was such a perfect rube he just naturally looked past him to see if there was a trail of wisps of hay on the floor. For a while Sam sits there with [Special to The Advertiser.]
Brantford, Dec. 16.—"It will be a matter of only three or four days before the Brantford Gas Company is brought to time. The public should have a little patience. We are securing data which will give the city the ; whiphand over the company in regard to the present situation. It is the moving pictures of the streets, and impossible at present to make a fur- otherwise forget the trees back home that grow the cherries in the hottom of the cocktail glasses. 'And believe me,' he

something up their sleeve regarding "T'll bet money you are, Sam tells him the gas situation. Further trial of laughing all over at the fish that was gan. sulphuretted gas and further nausea fighting to get into the net. have caused the municipal authorities to bring the officials of the Brantford cans, 'they can't fool me. I can tell 'em Gas Company into court on a charge as fur away as I can see 'em, and my eyesight's perfect. One of 'em comes up to me in City Hall Park and tries to sel The action against the gas company was felt to be the only recourse the city had in order to secure an abate-

"Sam told me that at them words he just leaned back in his seat and stared at the jay and whistled under his breath. Years ago, it seemed, Sam had lived in the town of Readsboro, Vermont, and run up and down the streets with one suspender and a stone bruise, and the kid that had run with him was Mark Dennen. And Sam says he looked at this guy from the woods that was running round crying to high heaven that he needed a guardian, and he seems that sure enough it was the tow-headed Mark Dennen, and-Sam told

me—something seemed to bust inside him, and he wanted to stretch out his arms and hug this guy.
"'Mark Dennen! shouts Sam, 'as I live. Of Readsboro, Vermont. The kid I used "But Sam says the guy just looked him

brother George next?
"'You ain't got any brother George,
you idiot,' laughs Sam. He told me he obtained money to carry on land deals in the Canadian Northwest. He was brought to Detroit this afternoon.

COLUMN FOR WIFF that used to play andy-over with you, and that stole your girl in 1892? Don't you remember the old days in Readsboro?' He

was all het up by this time, Sam tells me, and all the old memories came creeping back, and he kept thinking he never was so glad to run across anybody in his life. 'You remember little Sam Burns, don't you?' he asks once more.
"But this guy looks back into Sam's eye, with his own cold as steel, and he ays, says he: 'You're pretty clever, mis-

says, says he: 'You're pretty clever, mister, but you don't fool me. No, you don't come any games on Mark Dennen.'
"'But, Mark,' stys Sam, 'I swear to you by all that's holy that I'm that kid—I'm Sam Burns. What proof do you want? Do you remember old Ed Haywood that used to keep the drug store right across from the postoffice? The guy that never washed his windows? I do. And Miss Hunter that taught the sixth grade school unter that taught the sixth grade school Hunter that taught the sixth grade school when we went there—a little woman with washed-out gray eyes and a broken front tooth? And that pretty little girl, Sarah somebody—wait a minute, I'll get it or bust—Sarah—Sarah Scott, you used to be so sweet on? Did you marry her, Mark? And old Lafe Perkins, who

business. Why, Mark, I remember them all. Good lord, man, says Sam, 'do you want any more proof?' myself if you were hurt. But you won't be—will you?" be—will you?" "I may catch cold," laughed Mr. Mawant any more proof?"

Mark Dennen."

Mark Dennen. "

Mark Dennen."

Key was g
ed on the Mr. Max paused in his narrative for a moment. The sound of voices came up from the office of Baldpate Inn. One, that of the mayor, boomed loudly and angrily. In an evident desire to drown it, Mr. Max went on with spirit:

"Well, gentlemen, it got to be a point of honor, as you might say, for Sam to honor, as you might say, for Sam to be careful," she whispered. "Be careful," she whispered. "Be very

that of the mayor, boomed loudly and angrily. In an evident desire to drown it, Mr. Max went on with spirit:

"Well, gentlemen, it got to be a point of honor, as you might say, for Sam to convince that guy. He told me he never wanted anything so much in his life as for Mark Dennen to give in. It was a hot afternoon, and he'd come aboard that boat for a rest, but he peeled off his collar and started in. He gave Mark Dennen the number of brick in the methodist Church, as reported in the Readsboro Citizen at the time it was built. He told him the the time it was built. He told him the name of the piece Mark's sister recited at the school entertainment in the spring of 1890. He bounded on all four sides the lot where the circuses played when they came to Readsboro. He named every citi-zen of the town, living or dead, that ever

UNFIT TO LIVE-MUST DIE. The verdict rendered a thousand imes when corns get sore. Do them to death by Putman's Corn Extractor: cures painlessly in twenty-four lours. Use "Putman's," the only vegetable remedy known, price 25c, at all

Mr. Max inserted a loud yawn into the professor's discourse.

"Once I played chess with a German," he said, "and another time I went to a lecture on purifying politics, but I never struck anything so monotonous as this job I got now."

"So sorry," replied Magee, "that our company bores you."

"Hat the known outside his own family, and he brought children into the world and married them and read the funeral service over them, and still that bone-struck anything so monotonous as this job I got now."

"So sorry," replied Magee, "that our slicker than I give ye credit for. But you can't fool me. You ain't Sam Burns.

slicker than I give ye credit for. But you can't fool me. You ain't Sam Burns. Why, I went to school with him.'

"They was drawing near Coney now," went on Mr. Max, "and Sam's face was purple and he was dripping with perspiration, and rattling off-Readsboro happenings at the rate of ten a second, but that Mark Dennen he sat there and wouldn't budge from his high horse. So they came Mark Dennen he sat there and would budge from his high horse. So they came up to the pier, Sam almost weeping real tears and pleading like his heart would tears and pleading like his heart would break. 'Mark, don't you remember the time we threw little Bill Barnaby into the swimming hole, and he couldn't swim a stroke and nearly drowned on us?' and still getting the stony face from his old

"And on the pier this Dennen held out tips, "reminds me of a case told me by Pueblo Sam a few years ago. In some ways it's real funny, and in others it's sad. Pueblo Sam was called in them terms because he'd never been west of Sixth avenue. He was a swell refined gentleman who lived by his wits, and he had considerable."

"A confidence man," suggested Magee.

"And on the pier this Dennen held out his hand to Sam, who was a physical wish and a broken man by this time, and says: 'You sure are cute, mister. I'll have great times telling this in Readsboro. Once you met one too smart for ye, eh? Much obliged for your company, anyhow!'

"And he went away and left Sam leaning the religion with no faith in huagainst the railing, with no faith in human nature no more. Those somebody man nature no more. Thope somebody got to him, says Sam to me, and got to him good. He's the kind that if you work him good. He's the kind that if you work him good. him good. He's the kind that if you work right you can sell stock in a company for starting roof gardens on the top of the Pyramids in Egypt. I'd trimmed him myself, says Sam to me, 'but I hadn't the heart.' Mr. Max finished, and again from below

came the sound of voices raised in anger.
"An interesting story, Mr. Max," commented Professor Bolton. "I shall treas-"Told with a remarkable feeling for detail," added Mr. Magee. In fact, it seems to me that only one of the two participations. pants in it could remember all the fine

pants in it could remember all the interpoints so well. Mr. Max, you don't exactly look like Mark Dennen to me, therefore—if you will pardon the liberty—"
"I get you," replied Max sadly. "The same old story. Suspicion—suspicion everywhere. It does a lot of harm, believe me. I wouldn't—"

He improd from his chair and dis-He jumped from his chair and disappeared, for the voice of Cargan had hailed him from below. Mr. Magee and professor with one accord followed. Hiding in the friendly shadows of the landing in the irrendly shadows of the landing once more, they heard the loud tones of the mayor's booming voice and the softer tones of Bland's.

"How about this?" bellowed the mayor. "Hayden's squealed. Phones to Bland-not to me. Whines about the courts—I don't know what rot. He's squealed. He

didn't phone the combination."

'The rat!" screamed Mr. Max. the Lord Harry!" said the mayor, 'I'll have it open, anyhow. I've earned what's in there, fair, and—l've earned it. "See here, Cargan—" pu

you get hurt. I'm going to have what's mine by justice. That safe comes open tonight. Max, get your satchel."

Mr. Magee and the professor turned and scended to the second floor. In front of number seven they paused and looked nto each other's eyes. Professor Bolton

shrugged his shoulders.
"I'm going to bed," he said, "and I advise you to do the same."
"Yes," replied Mr. Magee, but had no dea of what he had said. As for the old man's advice, he had no intention of taking it. Melodrama—the thing he had come to Baldpate to forget forever—raged hrough that home of solitude. Men spoke of guns, and swore, and threatened. What was it all about? And what part could he

play in it?
He entered number seven, and paused in amazement. Outside one of his windows Miss Norton stood, rapping on the glass for him to open. When he stood facing her at last, the window no longer between, he saw that her face was very pale and that her chin trembled as it had

the station.
"What is it?" cried Magee. "I mustn't come in," she answered. Listen. You said you wanted to help le. You can do so now. I'll explain me. You can do so now. I'll explain everything later. This is all I need tell you at present. Downstairs in the safe here's a package containing two hundred thousand dollars. Do you hear—two hundred thousand. I must have that package. Don't ask me why. I came here to get it—I must have it. The combination was to have been phoned to Cargan a eight o'clock. I was hiding outside the window. Something went wrong—the didn't phone it. He's going to open the safe by force. I heard him say so. couldn't wait to hear more—I saw him

"Who?" asked Mr. Magee,
"I don't know—a tall black figure—
hiding outside a window like myself. The man with one of the other keys, I sup-pose. The man Mr. Bland heard walking about tonight. I saw him and I was terribly frightened. It's ail right when you know who the other fellow is, but when -it's all so creepy-I was afraid. So

ran-here. "The thing to do," approved Mr. Magee "Don't worry. I'll get the money for you I'll get it if I have to slay the city adistration of Reuton in its tracks. "You trust me?" asked the girl, with a little catch in her voice. The snow lay white on her hair; even in the shadows her eyes suggested June skies. out knowing who I am, or why I must

used to be so sweet on? Did you marry her, Mark? And old Lafe Perkins, who used to be on hand whenever there was any repairs being made anywhere—rheumatism and a cane and a high squeaky voice that he used to exercise giving orders about things that wasn't any of his that wasn't any of his myself if you were hurt. But you won't be—will you?"

all. Good lord, man, says Sam, 'do you want any more proof?"
"But this country blockhead just looked Sam up and down, and remarks judicious: 'It's certainly wonderful how you know all these things. Wonderful. But you can't fool me, 'he says, 'you can't fool Mark Dennen."

Mr. Max paused in his narrative for a Mr. Max paused in his narrative for a country of voices came in the window. When he turned to his door to lock it, he discovered that the key was gone, and that it had been locked on the outside. "Oh, very well," he

careful, Mr.—Billy."

"Just for that," cried Magee gaily, "I'll get your four hundred thousand dollars."

He ran to the end of the balcony, and dropping softly to the ground, as ready for his first experiment in the gentle art of highway robbery.

CHAPTER IX.

Melodrama in the Snow.

The justly celebrated moon that in the summer months shed so much glamor on summer months shed so much glamor on the romances of Baldpate Inn was no where in evidence as Mr. Magee crept along the ground close to the verandah. The snow sifted down upon him out of the blackness above; three feet ahead the world seemed to end. "A corking night," he muttered humor-ously, "for my debut in the hold-up busi-ness."

ness."

He swung up over the rail on to the verandah, and walked softly along it until he came to a window opening into the office. Cautiously he peered in. The vast

candle. At the foot of the broad stairs he could discern a great bulk, seated on the lowest step, which he correctly took to be the mayor of Reuton. Back of the desk, on which stood the candle, Mr. Max's head and shoulders were visible. He was working industriously in the immedite vicinity of the safe door. Occasionally he consulted the small travelling bag that stood on the desk. Many other professions had claimed Mr. Max before his advent into Reuton politics; evidently he was putting into operation the training acquired in one of them. Mr. Bland was nowhere in sight.

Shivering with cold and excitement, Mr. Magee leaned against the side of Baldpate Inn and waited. Mr. Max worked eagerly, turning frequently to his bag as a physician might turn to his medicine case. No word was spoken in the office. Minutes

word was spoken in the office. Minutes passed. The bulk at the foot of the stairs passed. The bulk at the foot of the stairs surged restlessly. Mr. Max's operations were mostly hidden by the desk at which, in summer, timid old ladies inquired for their mail. Having time to think, Mr. Magee pictured the horror of those ladies could they come up to the desk at Baldnate pow.

pate now.

Suddenly Mr. Max ran out into the centre of the office. Almost on the instant there was a white puff of smoke and the company and the puff of smoke and the company of the public to roll stant there was a white puff of smoke and a roar. The inn seemed about to roll down the mountain after all those years of sticking tight. The mayor looked apprehensively up the stairs behind him; Mr. Max ran to the open safe door and came back before the desk with a package in his hand. After examining It hastily, Mr. Cargan placed the loot in his pocket. The greedy eyes of Max followed it for a second, then he ran over and gathered up his tools. Now they were ready to depart. The mayor lifted the candle from the desk. Its light fell on a big chair by the fire, and Mr. Magee saw big chair by the fire, and Mr. Magee saw in that chair the figure of Mr. Bland,

bound and gagged.

Mr. Cargan and his companion paused.

and appeared to address triumphant and
jesting comment in Mr. Bland's direction.

Then they buttoned their coats, and, holding aloft the candle, disappeared through

"I must have that package." Standing on the balcony of Baldpate Inn, her yellow he dining-room door. on the balcony of Baldpate Inn, her yellow hair white with snow, her eyes shining even in shadow, thus had the lady of this weird drama spoken to Mr Magee. And gladly had he undertaken the quest. Now, he knew, the moment had come to act. Max he could quickly dispose of; Cargan would require time and attention.

Max he could quickly dispose of, Cargan would require time and attention.

He hurried round to the front door of the inn, and taking the big key from his pocket, unlocked it as a means of retreat where the men he was about to attack could not follow. Already he heard their muffled steps in the distance. Crossing the verandah, he dropped down into the snow by the side of the great stone steps that led to Baldpate Inn's chief entrance. He heard Cargan and Max on the verandah just above his head. They were speaking of trains to Reuton. In great good humor, evidently, they started down the steps. Mr. Magee crouched, resolved that he would spring the moment they reached the ground. They were on the last step—now! ast step-now!

last step—now!
Suddenly from the other side of the steps a black figure rose, a fist shot out and Mr. Max went spinning like a whirling dervish down the snowy path, to land in a heap five feet away. The next instant the mayor of Reuton and the black figure were locked in terrific conflict. Mr. Magee, astounded by this turn of affairs, could only stand and stare through the dark.

dark.
For fifteen seconds, mutting, slipping, grappling, the two figures waltzed grotesquely about in the falling snow. Then the mayor's feet slid from under him on the mayor's feet siid from under him on the treacherous white carpet, and the two went down together. As Mr. Magee swooped down upon them he saw the hand of the stranger find the mayor's pocket, and draw from it the package that had been placed there in the office a few mo-ments before.

Unfortunately for the demands of the

"See here, Cargan—" put in Bland. "Keep out of the way, you!" cried Carn. "And put away that pop-gun before of the but." SEVERE COLD ON LUNGS AND CHEST QUICKLY RELIEVED

by Na-Dru-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chlorodyne Mr. J. Seward, Bromptonville, Que.,

writes : "Two weeks ago I took a severe cold which settled on my lungs and my chest was very sore, breathing tight and severe hacking cough. I was feeling miserable. I bought a bottle of Na-Dru-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chlorodyne and after a few doses I felt great relief and I went into a sound sleep, a thing I was not able to do for some nights. Next day I was able to be around again, and before completing the bottle, felt as well as ever. It is a fine cough and cold

Na-Dru-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chlorodyne relieves the irritation and "stuffed-up" feeling in the air passages, soothes the tickling which makes you cough, loosens the phlegm and drives out the cold before it gets trouble-

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One Way First Class Limited Fare for the round trip on Dec. 24 and 25, 1913, good for return not later than Dec. 26, 1913, and on Dec. 31, 1913, and Jan. 1, 1914, good to return not later than Jan. 2, 1914.

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No Fare to be less than 25 cents for the round trip for adult or child.

Full information from Michigan Central Agents.

Editorial

There's a fine Christmas spirit all around Strathroy's Big Christmas Store. It is seen, felt, appreciated by the daily throngs who enjoy the sights and meet each other as they move about. The plenitude of Christmas gift things, the convenience of arrangement, the good air, and the general all-round accessibility of the stocks afford manifest satisfaction. Frankly, all this didn't just happen so. The management, loyally supported by the entire staff, planned, worked, that it would be just as it is-well nigh perfect. Your pleasure is our reward. That this perfection of courteous, quick, obliging service may be maintained, we respectfully request our generous public to shop early, and as early each day as possible. We have considered your comfort, and ask you in return to consider the comfort and health of our people.

This week the store remains open Saturday night till 9:30, and on next Tuesday and Wednesday evenings until 9:30.

Yours respectfully,

The Wm. Geddes Co., Limited

drama in which he had become involved Mr. Magee had never been an athlete at the university. But he was a young man of average strength and agility, and he had the advantage of landing most un-expectedly on his antagonist. Before that gentleman realized what had happened, Magee had wrenched the package from his hand, thrown him back on the pros-trate form of the highest official of Reu-ton, and fled up the steps. Quickly the stranger regained his feet and started in pursuit, but he arrived at the front door of Baldpate Inn just in time to hear the lock click inside. Safe for the moment behind a locked had the advantage of landing most un-

The glory of battle fined in solution in the mediate in the that he realized the battle had been a mere—scuffle in the dark. He felt his cheeks burn with excitement like a sweet girl graduate's—
the cheeks of a man who had always
prided himself that he was the unmoved
cynic in any situation.

Safe for the moment behind a locked door, Mr. Magee paused to get his breath. The glory of battle filled his soul. It was

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CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with
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TRAVELLERS' GUIDE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

ARNIA TUNNEL TO SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND TORONTO. BRIDGE AND TORONTO.

Arrive from the East—*3:52 a.m., 10:55 a.m., *11:12 a.m., *11:28 a.m., *6:30 p.m., *7:55 p.m., 10:45 p.m.

Arrive from the West—*12:14 a.m., 3.43 a.m., *11:55 a.m., 1.10 p.m., *4:10 p.m., 6:25 p.m.

Depart for the East—*12:19 a.m., Depart for the East—*12:19 a.m., *12:05 p.m., 2:05 p.m., *4:25 p.m., *6:53 p.m.

Depart for the West—*3:57 a.m., 7:40 a.m., *11:18 a.m., *11:35 a.m., 1:40 p.m., *11:18 a.m., *11:35 a.m., *11

LONDON AND WINDSOR. Arrive-11:30 a.m., 4:00 p.m. 6:50 p.m., 11:05 p.m. Depart—6:35 a.m., *11:43 a.m., 2:05 p.m., *8:05 p.m. STRATFORD BRANCH

Arrive-11:15 a.m., 1:39 p.m. 6:46 Depart—6:00 a.m., 10:00 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 2:45 p.m., 4:55 p.m. LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE. Arrive—10:00 s.m., 6:10 p m.
Depart—8:30 a.m., 4:40 p.m.
Trains marked • run dally. Those
not marked, daily, except Sunday.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Arrive from the East—*11:42 a.m.,
6:55 p.m., *7:50 p.m., *11:15 p.m.

Arrive from the West—*4:30 a.m.,
11:30 a.m., *12:31 p.m., *5:35 p.m., 8:55 p.m. Depart for the East—*4:38 a.m., 8:00 a.m., *12:40 p.m., *5:43 p.m. Depart for the West—8:15 a.m., *11:50 a.m., 7:05 p.m., *8:00 p.m., *11:28 p.m.
Trains marked * run daily. Thos not marked, daily, except Sunday.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY. Trains Arrive—7:05 a.m., 11:20 a.m., 4:50 p.m., 9:40 p.m. Trains Leave—7:22 a.m., 2:30 p.m., 5:27 p.m., 10:15 p.m. PERE MARQUETTE RAILWAY. Trains Depart-5:30 a.m., •7:00 a.m., 9:45 a.m., 2:10 p.m., •4:20 p.m., †6:30 p.m.
Trains Arrive—8:45 a.m., *12:50 p.m.,
1:40 p.m., 5:10 p.m., *10:10 p.m.
Trains marked with * are through
trains, to and from Walkerville. Train
marked with † is mixed, to St. Thomas

Traction Company Winter Time

Commencing Oct. 1, cars leave London :50, 7:50, 9:30 a.m., and hourly to 11:30 Through cars to Port, 7:50, 9:30, 11:30 am. 130, 8:30, 5:30, 7:30, 10:30 p.m.
Sunday cars to Port, 9:00 a.m., and
every two hours to 7:00 p.m.; to St.
Thomas, 9:00 p.m. Time table No. 4 at
ell stations.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY **CHRISTMAS** and NEW YEAR

RATES THIRD Dec. 22,23, SINGLE FARE Dec. 24, 25 good for return until Dec. 26; also Dec. 31, 1913, and Jan.

24, 25, valid for re-turn Dec. 27, also Dec. 29, 30, 31, 1913, and Jan, 1, 1914, valid for 1914, good return until Jan. 3, for return until Jan. 2, 1914. Between all stations in Canada east

of Port Arthur, also to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock, Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge, N. Y. Tickets now on sale at Grand Trunk

Ticket Offices.
R. E. RUSE, city passenger and ticket agent. Phone 80. CANADIAN

PACIFIC CHRISTMAS 1913 NEW YEAR'S 1914 **EXCURSION FARES**

Between all stations in Canada, Fort William and East, and to Sault Ste. Marie, Detroit, Mich., Buffalo and Niagara Falls, N. Y. FARE AND SINGLE

FARE. ONE-THIRD. Good Going Dec. 24, 25. Good Going Dec. 22, 23, 24, 25. Return Limit, Dec. 27, 1913. Return Limit, Dec. 26, 1913 Also Going Dec. 31, Jan 1. Also Going Dec 29, 30, 31, Jan. 1. Return Limit, Return Limit, Jan. 2, 1914. Jan. 3, 1914. Minimum Fare, 25c.

Full particulars from W Fulton,

P. R. Agent, or write M. G. Murphy, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

AND OTHER STEAMSHIPS

Liverpool Service DIRECT FROM HALIFAX. Sat., Dec. 13 Sat., Dec. 27 Sat., Jan. 10 Sat., Jan. 24 Sat., Feb. 7 Empress of Ireland.... Empress of Britain.... Empress of Ireland.... Corsican (chartered) ... Scotlan (chartered)..... Empress of Britain

CONCERTS DAILY BY ORCHESTRA ON "EMPRESSES"-1st & 2nd Cabit DIRECT FROM ST. JOHN. Lake Manitoba.......... Wed., Dec. 10 TRIESTE SERVICE (Calling Naples). All particulars from Steamship Agents, or from W. Fulton, C. P. A., C. P. R., London, Ont.

Pere Marquette Railroad Co. NOTICE

Change of Time, Effective Nov. 23.

Train No. 1, for St. Thomas and points
Vest, will leave at 7 a.m. instead of 7:16 s m. No. 41 will leave London at 5:30 a.m., instead of 5:40 a.m., for St. Thomas, G. T. R. connection.

No. 47 will leave London 2:10 p.m., instead of 2:30 p.m., for St. Thomas and Port Stanley.

W. E. Wolfenden, Gen. Passenger Agent.

H. M. Hayes, Depot Ticket Agent.