It was a long, unpleasant-looking countenance, rendered all the more unpreposessing by a slight cast in the left eye. It was not only ugly, but a mean and villainous-looking face, and the expression of eagerness and craft in the eyes as they glared watchfully at the dying man and the girl would have provided a very nice model for a painter who wished to paint—say, Judas Just before the act of treachery. And it would have been a very low type of Judas at that.

"Are—are you there still, Syl?" asked the dying man. "Have you hidden the packet? Remember—hide it! keep it! guard it! It is the secret of your life, Syl—the secret of your life! How—how old are you, Syl?"

Her lips former "fifteen."

"Three years, then!" he murmured. "Ah, my dear, my dear, if I could only stay with you. All alone in the world. All alone! and such a child. But God's will—"He stopped, his face working, his eyes fixed on her with pitying love and tenderness. "Good-by, Syl, good—"The doctor came in with a hand of greasy eards in his claws at her cry, and the uncouth dust-stained ligure of the Scuffler stood at the hut door.

"All over, Doc?" he asked.

The doctor nodded with a gravity which would not have discredited his flourishing professical days.

"All over, Scuffler," he said. "Fetch offic of the women; the child's fainted."

"The Scuffler turned, and, in turning, nearly stumbled over a third person; it was the owner of the face which had been thrust between the boards.

"Hullo, Lavarick," he said. "Is that 'You? Out o' the way."

"What's on, Scuffler?" asked the individual addressed. "I've only just come only any body bad."

""What's on, Scuffler?" asked the individual addressed. "I've only just come only." Anybody bad."

"What's on, Scuffler?" asked the individual addressed. "I've only just come in. Anybody bad."
""es, bad and worse!" retorted the Scuffler, with a chuckle of surprise at his own wit.
""Bear me," said Lavarick. "I'll go in and see if I can be of any assistance."
"And softly rubbing his hands together, he entered the hut.

CHAPTER II.

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CHAPTER III.

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and flung himself on his back, and lay with his hands over his eyes—not asleep, but thinking.

Thinking no doubt of his home far away in England; of the relatives and friends he might never see again; of the dear old home in the soft, luscious green fields in Devonshire; he used to think it rather a sloppy place and had been wont to declare that it always rained there. What would he give for a Devonshire downpour new. A young man, a gentleman, dressed in rags, who has had a crust of dry—very dry—bread for breakfast, and is rather uncertain as to whether it will run to quite such an extensive feed for dinner—a young man so utterly and completely down on his luck as. Neville Lynne has plenty to think of.

The old hag came up shuffling—nearly everybody shuffled in Lorn Camp, it was found to be less exhausting than walking in the proper Christian manner—and shook an empty meal bag at him. "This yere bag's empty, young 'un," she said, not complainingly, but as if ehe were stating a matter of fact.

"So it is; so am I; so are you," said Neville, quietly; "and so js the claim."

But he got up and fetched his pick and spade and dropped into the hole again.

"This was soon after noon on the fourth

and spade and dropped into the hole again.

This was soon after noon on the fourth day after the doctor's visit. He had grown to hate the sight of the hole, the tools, the very sand and pebbles which he painfully cast up to the surface and after diggling for an hour he looked up and laughed.

"Yes," he said. "It's played out, as the Doc said, and I'm off. But where." He looked absentl yround the plain. "To some other camp, I suppose. No use going back to England without money; better stop here where it isn't wicked to wear old clothes and go barefoot. Poverty's a crime in England, and I should he punished. Besides," he wiped the sweat from his brow and his handsome face clouded. "I couldn't face them; couldn't face dradn's sneer. No! not England!"

Then he sighed. The old woman came dawn to the hole again, and shook the mend bag.

"This yere's empty as a drum!" she eroaked.

Neville got out of the pit slowly, and

roaked.

Neville got out of the pit slowly, and walked to the hut, unlocked the box and took out a silver pencil-case, value probably two and ninepence.

"My last piece of plate, Meth," he said, with a short laugh. "Take it down to the camp and swap it for meal. Some-body who can't write may take a fancy foot."

The old woman clutched at it with her grimy claw—every hand in Lorn Hope was more or less grimy; generally more—and shuffled off toward the camp.

Hope was more or less grimy; generally more—and shuffled off toward the camp.

Neville went slowly back to his claim and took up the pick.

"Yes," he said, "the Doc was right; Lorn Hope is played out. I ought to have cut it with my partner. Now, look lare, I'll take just six strokes, and then good by and be blowed to you!"

He raised the pick above his head, sand struck to the right of him. Once, fixed the right of him. Once, fixed the pick poised, a grim smile on his un-browned lips.

"The sixth and very last, so help me leaven!"

The sixth and very last, so help me heaven!"

Down came the pick, up went the dust, down rattled the stones. He scarcely looked at the heap, but let the pick fall, and turned to leap from the hole. As he tid so the corner of his eye, the corner eally, caught the sweet, the precious, the down, dull glitter, which is the grandest light earth holds for a digger's eyes. He sweng round, dropped on his knees, and clawing at the heap with his hands dragged out—a nugget.

The sudden turn of the wheel of ftrune stunged him for a moment. It was

clawing at the heap with his hands dragged out—a nugget.

The sudden turn of the wheel of ftrune stunned him for a moment. It was so unexpected, so unlooked for, that he could not believe in it.

He took it up and weighed it in both hands. In nine months a digger learns something of the value of a nugget. Nestille thought there must be over a thousand pounds in the one he held in his hat trembling hands.

trembling hands.

He turned it over as a miser turns over his title deeds, a bibliomaniac his rare trat edition, a numismatist his precious

coin; he held it close to his eyes, stroked it, even smelled it.

Over a thousand pounds! He sank down in the pit, leaning against the side, and still with his eyes fixed on it, thought of what he would do with it.

It was not a fortune. By no means. But a thousand pounds, remember, is a large sum to fall into the hands of a youngster of nineteen, especially when a few minutes before his only valuable was a silver pencil case—which he had parted with for meal!

With a thousand pounds he could go back to England, if not rich, as riches are counted, yet at any rate, not a beggar. Jordan—no one—would laugh or sneer at him. A thousand pounds. He could buy land a small farm in Devonshire, and rear cattle. He could—at any rate, he could get out of this beastly, sun-smitten, plage-stricken, blackguard-haunted Lorn Hope.

The thought recalled him to himself, sent the fire through his veins, indued him with energy, strength, hope, spirit. He leaped—not climbed—out of the pit with the precious nugget hidden under his tattered shirt, and ran toward the hut and began turning out the contents of his box, flinging the things to right and left in a senseless kind of fashion. What he was trying to do was to look out some more decent apparel.

of his box, flinging the things to right and left in a senseless kind of fashion. What he was trying to do was to look out some more decent apparel.

The old woman darkened the doorway. "This yere's all I can get," she croaked, holding up the bag, in the bottom of which was some meal. "Tain't much, 'tain't half emough, but there don't seem no run on pencil-cases."

Neville turned his glowing face up to her wrinkled, weazened one.

"All right, Meth" he said, with a laugh in his voice. "It's all right! I've struck it!" And he held up the nugget. "Hush!" for the old woman had uttered a suppressed screech. "Struck it just now, five minutes, half an hour—"He didn't know how long he had been sitting in the pit staring at the nugget. "Just after you had gone. Grand, isn't it!" "Lork's sakes!" mumbled the old wo

"Lork's 'sakes!" mumbled the old woman. "To think of it! And I'd er bet
my bottom dollar that there warn's a
spark of yellow in the whole claim."
"That's just it! That's just the way
of jt," said Neville, rapidly. "It always
comes when you don't expect it, when
you're not looking for it. That's the
charm of this confounded gold-digging
business. But it's come, that's the main
thing."
"Let's wet it." said Mrs. Meth.

"Let's wet it." said Mrs. Meth.

Noville raked inside the box.

"Sorry. Gave the Doc. the last drop of liquor I had. Never mind, Meth. You shall have enough to swim in to-morrow. Let.me see. This is the 16th, isn't it? Yes. The day the bank agent comes down. I'll take it down to the camp and swap it for notes, and then—"

He drew a long breath.

"And then you're off," said Mrs. Meth, stirring up the fire with one hand and turning out the meal on to a board with the other.

"Then, I'm off, as you say," he assenten. "No more Lorn Hope for me, thank you."

you."

Where might be more where that came from," she croaked, pointing a skinny finger at the yellow nugget lying beside him, within reach of his hand. He shook his head.

"No; it's just a pocket, Meth. I know the look of if. And if there were—Well, I don't think it would keep me! T'm sick of it—just sick of it. I want to go back. I'm homesick—do you understand, Meth?"

Old Meth, rapidly making the meal

"Yes," he said. "And if my partner were here he should have half of it—the nugget, I mean. But he chucked it up.".
"All the better for you," said the old

oman, with a grin. Neville nodded. Neville nodded.
"Yes; and I wish he'd hung on. It's strange that I should have stayed."
"You believed in your luck, young un," she croaked, "Nothing like sticking to your luck. Here's your tea; and here's a cake."

a cake."

He drank the awful mixture of currant bush and iron filings and ate some of the hot meal cake. Your gold digger knowns not indigestion.

"Fifty pounds," he said, as he set the tin mug down on the top of the box. "That will give you a fresh start, eh, Meth."

She laughed and grooned.

She laughed and crooned.

He washed himself, thrust on a light

He washed himself, thrust on a light peajacket, and with the precious nugget hidden beneath it, left the hut.

A new moon was rising placidly above the mountain range, its faintly defined crescent shining feebly against the light from the west in which the sun had sunk surrounded by golden fire.

Neville didn't stop to admire or even notice the moon; but with the nugget pressed close to his heart, walked rapidly toward the camp.

He passed his claim, glancing at it as a man glances at a much-loved mistress, picked his way past many a similar hole, threaded the tents and shanties which formed the outposts of the camp and presently neared the centre—Sandy McGregor's grog tent.

# WONDERFUL Thursday Savings IN WANTED MATERIALS

### Immense Sale of Kid Gloves

Only 10 dozen of fine French Kid Gloves, in two dome wrist length come in white, black, green, navy, red, tan, grey, nice embroidered backs all sizes, in odd makes, worth up to \$1.25 pair, on sale ....... 63c pair

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20 dozen of Heavy Taffeta Silk Belts, in girdle style and tailor made, come in navy, gray, red, green and black, also fine leather belts, in tan, black and white, all sizes, worth up to 75c on sale ... 25c

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Three-quarter and seven-eighth lengths, in handsome light and dark check tweeds, beautifully strapped and finished with stitching, coat and stole collar, leg-o'-mutton sleeve, regular value \$14.50, on sale at .....\$9.95

### New French Venetian and Cheviot Suitings Special at 75c

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\$1.50 Skirts for \$1.19

Ladies' White Skirts of fine Cambric, full deep flounce trimmed and insertion, protected by dust frill, regular \$1.50 for . . . . . 65c Drawers for 49c

# McKAY &

Meth?"
Old Meth, rapidly making the meal into cakes, nodded.
"That's it," he said. "Homesick. Got the English fever on me, Meth. You don't know what that means. Lucky for you, perhaps. What's the time?"
He sprang up and screening his eyes with his hand, looked at the sinking sun. "The bank agent will be down at the camp, I should think. I'm oft."
"You'd best stop and get a cup of team," I should think. I'm oft."
"You go rushing down there with that there nugget on an empty stomach, and they'll get the best of you, young un."
He laughed and pushed the short curly hair from his forehead.
"You speak the words of wisdom and of truth, old Meth." he said. "I'll stay for tea. And, look here, I mean the square thing by you. You've stood by me through a long run of luck."
"That's nothing." she said, shifting the boiling kettle from the fire.
"But it is, and I'll stand by you, Meth. You shall have—let me see—you shall have fifty pounds!"
She opened her lips and showed her toothless gums.
"Yes," he said. "And if my partner with the said and particularly the familiar subject of graft."

She opened her lips and showed her toothless gums.
"Yes," he said. "And if my partner subject of graft."

manifold difficulties of modern life in big cities, and particularly the familiar subject of graft.

Long before he reached St. George's Church the big building was crowded.

After a message of love and sympathy, the bishop proceeded to discuss the conditions that tended to make an ideal city. The main one, he declared, was patriotism, a patriotism not merely to one's country, but to the city also. In this he declared that he had been more struck by the patriotism of Canadians to their country and civic institutions than by anything he had yet seen. With such an all-pervading patriotism he felt confident that no matter what difficulties might be encountered, the future of this and other Canadian cities was assured.

MORE LIQUOR CASES. Illegal Selling in the Camps Up Montreal

He washed himself, thrust on a light peajacket, and with the precious nugeto hidden beneath it, left the hut.

A new moon was rising placidly above the mountain range, its faintly defined crescent shining feebly against the light from the west in which the sun had sunk surrounded by golden fire.

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He passed his claim, glancing at it as a man glances at a much-loved mistress, picked his way past many a similar hole, threaded the tents and shanties which formed the outposts of the camp and dresently neared the centre—Sandy McGregor's grog tent.

It was a larger tent than the rest, and Neville as he approached it saw the lights of the candles and benzoline lamps shining through it. He also beard the buzz and nurmur of voices. They floated through the evening air, still shick and heavy with the remnant of the day's heat.

(To be continued.)

Hegal Selling in the Camps Up montreal River.

Cobalt, Sept. 10.—It has been kyown to the police for some time that liquor that be demont to the police for some time that liquor this been sold in the camps up the Montreal River, and it is stated they now have a dozen persons stated they now have a dozen persons stated they now have a dozen persons against whom charges for selling by our will be brought. To-day George Eatterson was fined \$100 and costs for sell mig liquor at the son are now in jail here on sainting liquor at the matron "employed a cook who would swear at the nurses of the nursing staff approached it is saw the light formed the camp and presently neared the centre—Sandy McGregor's grog tent.

It was a larger tent than the rest, and swille as he approached it saw the light formed the outposts of the camp and presently neared the centre—Sandy McGregor's grog tent.

It was a larger tent than the rest, and should tent the proposal tent the matron "employed a cook who would swear at the nurses of the nursing staff charged among other t

Eccentric Playwright Missed His Way in the Welsh Mountains.

the Welsh Mountains.

New York, Sept. 10.—The American has received the following cable despatch from Barmouth, Wales: There is great rejoicing in the remote Welsh village of Llanbedr over George Bernard Shaw, who was lost and is found. Hundreds of his Socialist disciples spent the night in the mountains searching for their master, but they did not find him, for Shaw found himself.

The dramatist has been spending his vacation in Wales, and he had an experience he will not forget in the hills

vacation in Wales, and he had an experience he will not forget in the hills near Rhinogfath, a neighborhood renowned for its Roman steps, and the most romantic part of the Welsh rountains. Shaw went on a ramble, leaving word for his friends of the Fabian Society of his whereabout in a not that he

word for his triends of the rabban Socie-ty of his whereabouts in a note that he had placed on the Roman steps.

His friends found the note, but when they looked for Shaw in the place he had indicated he was not there. A vain search was continued all night. Great anxiety was felt. After wandering about aimlessly for some time Shaw came upon the Tyngroes Hotel, where he speat the night, turning up this morning no worse for the adventure. He is a muscular giant, and laughed when some one suggested that he had suffered from his adventure.

When informed that three nundred people had spent the night searching for him, he laughed and said: "It will do them good."

#### NURSES THREATEN STRIKE.

Trustees of Fredericton Hospital Given This Ultimatum.

This Ultimatum.

Fredericton, N.B., Sept. 10.—All the nurses at Victoria Hospital have gone on strike. They are as united in their fight for what they want as any labor union could be. They liave given the trustees of the hospital two weeks in which to obtain the services of another matron, and in the event of their not dismissing Miss McCallum in that time the nurses will walk out in a body. During last evening's session of an enquiry, the members of the nursing staff appeared before the trustees and made their complaint and personally gave their ultimatum.

The different members of the nursing

#### DOMINION LINE

NORTHERN C NAVIGATION

LAKE SUPERIOR DIV.—Steamer. leaves Sarnia 3.30 p. m., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays until Sept. 13th, for Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur, Fort William and Duluth, Friday steamer going through to Duluth.

GEORGIAN BAY DIV.—Steamer leaves Collingwood, 1.30 p. m., Owen Sound 11.30 p. m., Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, for Sault Ste. Marie only. Mackinac service discontinued.

PARRY SOUND DIV.—Steamer leaves Pene-tang daily at 2.45 p. m. for Parry Sound and way ports. This service discontinued after Sent. 14th.

Tickets and information from all railway passenger agents.



HAMILTON-MONTREAL LINE 6.30 p.m.—Leave Toronto Tucedaya, "hursdays and Saturdays, for Bay of Quinto, Klageton, Brockville, Montreal and intermediateports." For tickets and berth reservations apply to W. J. Grant, C. P. Ry; C. E. Morgan, C. T. Ry; E. Browne & Sons, Agents, R. & O. N. Ce., Hamilton, or H. FOSTER CHAF-FEE, A. G. P. A., Toronto.

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### TRAVELERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

Niagara Falls. New York—2.20 a.m., \*5.32 a.m., \*18.40 a.m., \*9.60 p.m., \*7.66 p.m.

St. Cathariues, Niagara Falls, Buffalo—5.23 a.m., \*18.40 a.m., \*9.55 p.m., \*11.00 a.m., 16.40 a.m., \*9.55 p.m., \*11.00 a.m., 16.50 p.m. \*1.00 p.m., \*1.00 p.m., \*1.00 p.m., \*1.00 p.m., \*1.00 p.m., \*1.00 p.m., \*1.00 a.m., \*1.00 p.m.

St. George—18.00 a.m., \*1.35 p.m., \*1.00 p.m.
Burford, St. Thomas—18.35 a.m., \*1.35 p.m., \*1.00 p.m., \*1.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

TORONTO, HAMILTON & BUFFALO RAILWAY.

HAMILTON RADIAL ELECTRIC

Leave Hamilton—8-10, 9.10, 10.10, M.10, a. m., 12.10, 2.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10,

HAMILTON & DUNDAS RAILWAY. WEEK DAY SERVICE.
Leave Dundas-6.00 7.15, 8.05, 9.1a, 10.14
11.16 a. m. 1.2.15, 1.15, 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15
6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.30, 10.30, 11.15 p. m.
Leave Hamilton-6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15,
11.15 a.m., 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.30, 10.30, 11.15 p. m.

D. M. Leave Hamilton—9.15, 11.00 a. m., 12.40, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.20, 8.30, 9.15, 10.15

VILLE ELECTRIC KALLWAY.

WEEK DAY SERVICES.

1.eave Hamilton-7.40, 8.10, 9.13, 10.10 a.m.,
18.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 6.10, 6.17, 7.10, 8.16,
9.30, 10.10, 11.10 p. m.
Leave Beameville-6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.18,
11.15 a. m., 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 6.15,
11.5, 8.16, 8.40 p. m. 1.15, 8.15, 9.40 p. m.
SUNDAY TIME TABLE.
Leave Hamilton-9.10, 10.10, 7.10 2.10, m.,
12.45, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10 2.10, p. m.,
Leave Beamwillo-7.16, 8.15, k.15, k.15, a.
L. 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, 2.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15,

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Leave Hamiltor. 7.30 a. m. Loave Plers.
7.45 a. m. Leave Oakville 9.10 a. m. Arrive
Torooto 11.30 a. m.
Leave Toronto 6 p. m. Leave Oakville 8.20
p. m. Arrive Plers 9.45 p. m. Arrive Hamilton 10. p. m.

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Montreal, Quebec, Sherbrooka, St. John, N.
S. Halifax, N. S., and all points in Maritime
Provinces and New England States. Tottenham, Beeton, Alliston and Craighurst.
10.00 a. m. -For Toronto, Bala and Mustoka Lakes.

10.00 a. m.—For Toronto, Bala and Muskoka Lakes.

12.25 p. m.—For Toronto, Fort William,
Winnipeg, and all points in the Northwest
and British Columbia.

3.10 p. m.—For Toronto, Myrtle, Lindsay,
Bohoaygson, Peterboro, Tweed, Brampton,
Fergus, Elora, Orangwille, Owen Sound,
Arthur, Mount Forest, Harriston, Wingham,
and intermediate stations.

5.05 p. m.—For Toronto, Tottenham, Besten, Alliston, Craighratt, Coldwater, Bala,
and the Muskoka Lakes.

8.15 p. m.—(Daily) for Toronto, Peterboro,
Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Sherbrooke, Portland and Boston, Sault Ste. Marle, Fert Willlam, Winnipeg, Canadian Northweet, Kootenay, and British Columbia points.

Trains arrive at 12.45 a. m., 8.45 a. m.,
10.28 a. m., (daily), and 2.10, 2.35, 4.59, 6.15,
(daily), and 8.10 p. m.

RAILWAY.

Arrive

RAILWAY.

Arrive

Hamilton

†13.05 p. m....Niagara Falls and

Buffalo Express .....\*8.60 a. m.

\*8.06 p. m....Niagara Falls and

Buffalo Express .....\*10.50 a. m.

\*8.06 p. m....Niagara Falls, Butfalo and New York

Buffalo New York and

Boston express ....\*10.50 p. m.

Buffalo New York and

Boston express ....\*5,30 p. m.

Buffalo New York and

Caron train is a condition of the property of the prop

through trains.

Arrive Hamilton
\*\*2.40 a. m...Detroit, Chicago and
\*\*2.40 a. m...Detroit, Chicago and
\*\*3.45 a. m. \*\*9.55 a. m.
\*\*9.45 a, m. Brantford and Water
\*\*12.20 p. m...Brantford and Water
criord express ....\*\*9.55 a. m.
\*\*4.56 p. m...Detroit, Chicago, Toledo and Cincinnate express .....\*\*3.13 p. m.
\*\*7.40 p. m...Brantford, Waterford
\*\*9.13 p. m...Brantford, Waterford
\*\*1.45 p. m...Brantford, Waterford
\*\*1.45 p. m...Brantford, Waterford
\*\*1.45 p. m...Brantford, Waterford
\*\*2.15 p. m.
\*\*2.16 p. m...Brantford, Waterford
\*\*2.17 p. m...
\*\*2.18 p. m...\*\*3.30 p. m.
\*\*3.19 p. m.
\*\*2.19 p. m...\*\*3.30 p. m.
\*\*3.19 p. m.
\*\*2.19 p. m.
\*\*3.20 p. m

HAMILTON RADIAL ELECTRIC RAILWAY,

WEEK DAY SERVICE.

Leave Hamilton—\*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, 5.30, 6.10, 6.20, 7.10, 8.25, 5.10, 10.10, 11.00 a.m., 1.00, 4.00, 6.45, 7.30, 10.00 p. m.

Leave Cakville—7.00, 00, 7.00, 11.00 a.m., 1.00, 4.00, 6.45, 7.30, 10.00 p. m.

Leave Burlington—6.00, 7.10, 8.10, 3.10, 4.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 11.10 a. m., 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 11.10 p. m.

"Gakville local cars stop at all statical, also in city limits.

SUNDAY SERVICE.

Leave Hamilton—\*8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 10.10, 11.10

SUNDAY SERVICE.
Leave Dundas—8.30 10.00, 11.45 a. m., 1.20, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.20, 7.30, 8.30, 9.15, 10.15

HAMILTON, GRIMSEY & BEAMS-VILLE ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

TABLETON SLEAMBOAT CO.
TIME TABLE.
6,65 p. m. Arrive Hamilton, 7.15 p. m.
a m. Arrive Toronto, 11.45 a. m.
Leave Toronto, 4.30 p. m. Arrive Beach,
6,55 p. m. Arrive Hamilton, 7.15 p. m.

Advance Showing of Wall Papers

GEO. METCALFE

Prompt attention given to all requirements of the control of the c ELECTRIC SUPPLY CO.