

LONDON
Conservatory of Music
—AND—
School of Elocution and Expression.
MR. WM. CAVEN BARRON,
PRINCIPAL.
Fees—A list of fees charged at the Conservatory will be sent on application to Mr. Barron.

The Little Minister.

By J. M. Barrie.
AUTHOR OF "WINDYBROOK," "WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE," "MY LADY NICOTINE," ETC.

On the west side of the hill, two figures:
"Tammie, hie! Tammie Whamond, I've lost you. Should we gang to the manse down the hill?"
"Viest, Hendry!"
"What are you listening for?"
"I heard a dog barking."
"Only a gypsy dog, Tammie, barking at the coming storm."
"The gypsy dogs are all tied up, and this one's atween us and the Toad's-hole. What was that?"
"It was nothing but the rubbing of the branches in the cemetery on ane another. It's said trees make that fearsome sound when they're in fear."
"It was a dog barking at somebody that's flinging stones at it. I ken that sound, Hendry!"
"May I die the death, Tammie Whamond, if a great drop o' rain didn't strike me now, and I swear it was warm. I'm for running home."
"I'm for seeing what drove awa' that dog. Come back wi' me, Hendry."
"I winna. There's no soul on the hill but you and me and these dafting and drinking gypsies. How do you no answer me, Tammie Whamond, whaur are you? He's gone! Ay, then I'll mak' tracks home."

In the broom, a dog cart:
"Do you see nothing yet, McKenzie?"
"Scarcely the broom at my knees, Rintoul. There's not a light on the hill."
"McKenzie, can that schoolmaster have deceived us?"
"It is probable."
"Urge on the horse, however. There is a road through the broom, I know. Have we stuck again?"
"Rintoul, he is not here. I promised to help you to bring her back to the Spittal before this escapade became known, but we have failed to find her. If she is to be saved now, it must be by herself. I daresay she has returned already. Let me turn the horse's head. There is a storm brewing."
"I will search this gypsy encampment first if it is on the hill. Hark! that was a dog's bark. Yes, it is Snap, but he would not bark at nothing. Why do you look behind you so often, McKenzie?"
"For some time, Rintoul, it has seemed to me that we are being followed. Listen!"
"I hear nothing. Ha! McKenzie, at last we are out of the broom."
"And, as I live, Rintoul, I see the gypsy lights!"

It might have been a lantern that was dashed across the hill. Then all our part of the world went suddenly on fire. Everything was horribly distinct in that white light. The first of Caddam were so near that we could have arrested them in a single march upon the hill. The grass would not hide a pebble. The ground was scored with shadows of men and things. Twice the light flickered and recovered itself. A red serpent shot across it, and then again black night fell.

The hill had been illumined thus for nearly half a minute. During that time not even a dog stirred. The shadows of human beings lay on the ground as motionless as logs. What had been revealed seemed less a gypsy marriage than a picture. Or was it that during the ceremony every person on the hill had been turned into stone? The gypsy king, with his arms upraised, had not had time to let it fall. The men and women behind him had their mouths open as if struck when on the point of calling out. Lord Rintoul had risen in the dog-cart, and was leaning forward. One of McKenzie's feet was on the shaft. The man crouching in the dog-cart's wake had flung up his hands to protect his face. The precursor, his neck outstretched, had a hand on each knee. All eyes were fixed, as in the death glare, on Gavin and Babbie, who stood before the king, their hands clasped over the tongs. Near was petrified on the woman's face, determination on the man's.

They were all released by the crack of the thunder, but for another moment none could have swerved.
"That was Lord Rintoul in the dog-cart," Babbie whispered, drawing in her breath.
"Yes, dear," Gavin answered resolutely, "and now is the time for me to have my first and last talk with him. Remain here, Babbie. Do not move till I come back."
"But, Gavin, he has seen! I fear him still."

"He cannot touch you now, Babbie. You are my wife."
In the vivid light Gavin had thought the dog-cart much nearer than it was. He had seen Lord Rintoul's name, but got no answer. There were shouts behind, gypsies coming from the approaching storm, dogs barking, but silence in front. The minister moved forward some paces. Away to the left he heard voices:
"Who was the man, McKenzie?"
"My lord, I have lost sight of you. This is not the way to the camp."
"Tell me, McKenzie that you did not see what I saw."

"Rintoul, I beseech you to turn back. We are too late."
"We are not too late."
Gavin broke through the darkness between them and him, but they were gone. He called to them.
"Is that you, Gavin?" Babbie asked just then.
For reply, the man who had crept up to

her clapped his hand over her mouth; only the beginning of a scream escaped from her; a strong arm drove her quickly southward.

Gavin heard the cry, and ran back to the encampment. Babbie was gone. None of the gypsies had seen her since the darkness came back. He had rushed hither and thither with a torch that only showed his distracted face to others. He flung up his arms in appeal for another moment of light; then he heard Babbie scream again, and this time it was from a distance. He heard a trap speeding down the green sward through the broom and dashed after it.

Lord Rintoul had kidnapped Babbie. Gavin had no other thought but this as he ran after the dog-cart from which the cry had come. The earl's dog followed him, snapping at his heels. The ten o'clock bell stopped. The rain began.

CHAPTER XXIV.
Gavin passed on through Windyghoul, thinking in his frenzy that he still heard the trap. In a rain that came down like iron rods every other sound was beaten dead. He slipped, and before he could regain his feet the dog bit him. To protect himself from dykes and trees and other horrors of the darkness he held his arm before him, and soon it was driven to his side. Wet whips crackled in his ears, so that he had to protect it with his hand, until it had to bear the lash again, for they would not. Now he was forced upon his knees, and would have succumbed, but for a dread of being pinned to the earth. This fight between the man and the rain went on all night, and long before it ended, the man was past the power of thinking.

In the ringing of the ten o'clock bell Gavin had lived the seventh part of a man's life. Only action had been required of him. That accomplished, his mind had begun to work again, when suddenly the loss of Babbie stopped it, as we may put out a fire with a great coal. The last thing he had reflected about was a dog-cart in motion, and consequently, this idea clung to him. His church, his mother, were lost knowledge of, but still he seemed to hear the trap in front.

The rain increased in violence, appalling even those who heard it from under cover. However rain may storm, though it be an army of archers battering roofs and windows, it is only terrifying when the noise awells every instant. In those hours of darkness, it again and again grew in force and doubled its fury, and was louder, louder and louder, until its attack was to be more than men and women could listen to. They held each other's hand, and stood waiting. Then abruptly it abated, and people could speak. I believe a rain that became heavier every second for ten minutes would drive many listeners crazy. Gavin was in one of those states of mind that is on one night that tried us repeatedly for quite half that time.

By-and-by even the vision of Babbie in the dog-cart was blotted out. If nothing had taken its place he might not have gone on, and had he turned back objectionless his strength would have succumbed to the rain. Now he saw Babbie and Rintoul being married by a minister who was himself, and there was a fair company looking on, and always when he was on the point of shouting to himself, whom he could see clearly, that this woman was married, the rain drove back his words. Presently the ceremony began again, always to stop at the same point. He saw it in the lightning flash that had started him. It gave him courage to fight his way over, because he thought he must be heard if he could draw nearer to the company.

(To be Continued.)

Overloaded.
You've eaten too much turkey, and you can't work. Your head feels very murky. There! I don't believe I could add another line and make it rhyme if I had a dollar for doing it. A few cents, however, will cure me. To relieve stomach and bowels from the effects of overloading, a full dose of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets is the best remedy. The operation gently, yet thoroughly, and without griping, nausea, or other unpleasant effects. In vials convenient to carry.

Worth, the Parlian dressmaker, works hard and regularly, putting in ten hours a day at his desk. He hears up well under the strain.

A Cure for Constipation and Headache.
Dr. Silas Lane, while in the Rocky Mountains, discovered a root that, when combined with other herbs, makes a powerful and certain cure for constipation. It is in the form of dry roots and leaves, and is known as Lane's Family Medicine. It will cure sick headache in one night. For the blood, liver and kidneys, and for clearing up the complexion, it does wonders. Druggists sell it at 50 cents a package.

William Waldorf Astor is in treaty for the purchase of the magnificent gold service which was given by the first Napoleon to his beautiful sister, Princess Pauline Borghese.

Carter's Little Liver Pills must not be confused with common Cathartic or Purgative Pills, as they are entirely unlike them in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority. Dr. Cherot, the great French specialist on nervous diseases, is 67, but appears only 50. He has very striking facial features. In dress and manner he is very simple.

A man who should always be the same especially to his husband; but the weak and nervous and uses Carter's Little Liver Pills, who will make her "the same" like a different person, at least so they say, and their husbands say so, too.

The Grand Duchess Alexandrine of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who recently celebrated her 90th birthday, is the oldest of European princesses.

A bottle of Angostura Bitters to flavor your lemonade or any other cold drink will keep you free from Dyspepsia, Colic, Diarrhoea and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Be sure to get the genuine Angostura, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

"The World Gone Mad!" Wanted—the world to regain its reason and dyspepsia the use of their stomachs by the use of K. D. C.

A practical cook book containing nearly 1,000 valuable receipts free to housekeepers by calling at STROGO's drug store, 184 Dundas street.

THE TORONTO MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.

[Wives and Daughters for April.]
The Ministerial Association of Toronto, when recently asked by the W. C. T. U. of that city to further the teaching of temperance in the Sunday schools, refused to take any steps in the matter.

So says a report in a daily paper which we have no cause to distrust. No reason was given for this singular refusal, and we are beaten about by the waves of speculation in an attempt to give a satisfactory explanation of it.

Perhaps the association feared that the free absorption of temperance principles in youth would almost certainly lead later on to an enormous increase of our total abstemious population. It is useless to close our eyes to the deplorable fact that such would be the result. It is painful to think of the bright boys speculating in unending procession along that brilliant broad path which leads to a drunkard's grave, and never allowed to get there because of the wholly uncalculated interference of Sunday school teachers and others. Many a noble career of degradation and crime has been ruined in precisely this fashion, and in innumerable cases. Youth is a very impressionable period of life, and when the earnest man or woman, for whose character and convictions he has learned to feel a great respect, pointedly warns him against the so-called evil of strong drink, there is a serious danger that he will abstain from it—namely, that he will go so far as to make a life-long habit of abstaining. What a terrible picture do these simple words convey. Try to realize, if possible, the horror of a life in which young men never get intoxicated, in which mothers' hearts are never broken, nor fathers' heads bowed down with shame; in which there are no stings of remorse, nor vain struggles, nor despairing yieldings; no enfeebled will, nor clouded intellect, nor shattered constitution. How same, flat and dreary must that existence be which is robbed of these high-flavored ingredients! But do Sunday school teachers ever stop to think of this? Never! Availing themselves of their high positions of trust and responsibility, and in the very shadow of the sanctuary itself, they speak the insidious, blighting word which turns the boy who might otherwise be a first-class drunkard and an example to the entire community, into a commonplace total abstainer. This is a grievous evil, but the members of the Ministerial Association are equal to it. We can imagine them shaking their heads at each other and saying, "No, no, it would never do. We must stop to think of the sickening tide of moral instruction which thus flows into the giant evils of the time. These evils must be kept alive, for otherwise there would be the need of a Ministerial Association!"

This is the first hypothesis that we have to offer in explanation of their action. The second has to do with the folly and blindness of W. C. T. U. women in stepping so far out of their sphere as to ask the association to move in the matter of teaching temperance in the Sunday schools. St. Paul expressly says that if a woman has a petition to make the husband at home is the proper official before whom to state the case. If temperance women have no husbands, or if the husbands do not happen to be at home, or if being at home they say that, "Oh, they don't want to be bothered," all that W. C. T. U. women can do is simply to let the matter rest. We own that no reform was ever advanced by lecturing matters rest; but really, ladies, do you expect that a constitution as hard in the mouth as a ministerial association is going to trot off in the right direction whenever you flop the lines, and call out g'lang? We know not. If your husbands absolutely refuse to drive you, you will as a last resource have to surround the association with miles of double-distilled sweetness, and say, "Reverend and kind sirs, we are poor, weak women, aspiring to be nothing but good matrons worthy of the feet of men. We know nothing about the evils of intemperance, nor about anything else for that matter, because it is so unbecomingly know nothing; but our husbands have declared that they will neither eat nor sleep until temperance is taught in our Sabbath schools, and in the spirit of purest submission we come to you for help." Then it would be necessary for you to smile and smile quite a good deal more, and show your long lashes. The association would feel all smooth and tranquilized, and its members would lean one towards another and say, "Well, now, perhaps a little temperance in the Sabbath school wouldn't do so very much harm after all."

If the Ministerial Association does not consider the spread of temperance knowledge an evil, and if the executive vanity has not been wounded, then we are at a loss to account for its curious decision. The three saving agencies of civilization are the church, the home and the school. A great multitude of parents are doing their part in the homes, and teachers all over the country are doing their part in the schools. What is the church doing? Why should it be lethargic? The church of our country, if they would but exert themselves, could sweep every vestige of the pestilential evil of intemperance from the land. In the face of this fact the association's refusal seems all the more remarkable. It displays such a large amount of immoral courage where only a very little moral courage was required.

Dr. Froude succeeds the late Dr. Freeman as professor of history at Oxford University.



At the top of all washing mediums, you will find Pearlina. When you have found it you will never let it go. In washing clothes or cleaning house, you can find nothing else that saves as much work without doing the slightest harm. Use Pearlina, and you can find no fault; if you don't use Pearlina, the fault is your own.

Beware of imitations. 223 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

ALWAYS TRUE.

RHEUMATISM. Col. DAVID WYLLIE, Brockville, Ont., says: "I suffered intensely with rheumatism in my ankles. Could not stand; rubbed them with ST. JACOBS OIL. In the morning I walked without pain."

NEURALGIA. Mr. JAMES BONNER, 155 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "St. Jacobs Oil is the only remedy that relieved me of neuralgia, and it effectually cured me."

IT IS THE BEST.

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THE LEADING AND Most Popular Ladies' Monthly IN THE DOMINION.

The subscription price of this excellent publication for women is 50 cents per annum, but to "Advertiser" subscribers it is offered for a short time at only 25 cents per year. Leave your order with your nearest newsdealer or send direct to the office of publication. Postage stamps acceptable for sums under \$1. Address—

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RAILWAY TIME TABLES

CORRECTED TO NOV. 15, 1901.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.
LONDON TIME.

Canada Southern Division—Going East.	Leave London	Arrive Toronto
North Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 a.m.	11:30 a.m.
N. Y. Express (daily)	8:30 a.m.	11:30 a.m.
American Express (except Mondays)	8:30 a.m.	11:30 a.m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	8:30 a.m.	11:30 a.m.
Mail except Sundays	8:30 a.m.	11:30 a.m.
N. Y. and Boston Express (daily)	8:30 a.m.	11:30 a.m.
Accom'dn (except Sundays)	8:30 a.m.	11:30 a.m.

Canada Southern Division—Going West.

Leave Toronto	Arrive London
North Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 a.m.
Chicago Express (daily)	8:30 a.m.
Chicago & Lake Erie Express (daily)	8:30 a.m.
American Express (except Mondays)	8:30 a.m.
Atlantic Express (daily)	8:30 a.m.
Mail except Sundays	8:30 a.m.
N. Y. and Boston Express (daily)	8:30 a.m.
Accom'dn (except Sundays)	8:30 a.m.

Trains arrive in London at 8:35 a.m., 12 m. and 6:40 p.m.
[Note.—No trains to or from London on Sundays.]

JOHN PAUL, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 255 Richmond street.

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division
CORRECTED DEC. 7, 1901.

MAIN LINE—Going East

ARRIVE	DEPART
Limited Express (A).....	8:30 a.m.
Mail.....	8:30 a.m.
Atlantic Express (A).....	8:30 a.m.
Day Express.....	8:30 a.m.
St. Louis Express (A).....	8:30 a.m.
Mixed—No. 74 Freight (C).....	8:30 a.m.
Eric Limited (B).....	8:30 a.m.

MAIN LINE—Going West.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Chicago Express (A).....	8:30 a.m.
West End Mixed.....	8:30 a.m.
St. Louis Express (A).....	8:30 a.m.
Accommodation.....	8:30 a.m.
Pacific Express (A).....	8:30 a.m.
Mail.....	8:30 a.m.
Accommodation.....	8:30 a.m.

Sarnia Branch.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Limited Express (B).....	8:30 a.m.
Atlantic Express (B).....	8:30 a.m.
Accommodation.....	8:30 a.m.
Accommodation.....	8:30 a.m.
Eric Limited (B).....	8:30 a.m.

Sarnia Branch.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Chicago Express (B).....	8:30 a.m.
Accommodation.....	8:30 a.m.
Eric Limited (B).....	8:30 a.m.
Pacific Express (B).....	8:30 a.m.

London, Huron and Bruce.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Express.....	8:30 a.m.
Mail.....	8:30 a.m.

London and Port Stanley.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Mail.....	8:30 a.m.
Accommodation.....	8:30 a.m.
Mail.....	8:30 a.m.
Accommodation.....	8:30 a.m.
Mail.....	8:30 a.m.
Mail.....	8:30 a.m.

St. Marys and Stratford Branch.

ARRIVE	DEPART
Mixed—Mail.....	8:30 a.m.
Express.....	8:30 a.m.
Express.....	8:30 a.m.
Express—Mixed.....	8:30 a.m.

Toronto Branch.

Hamilton—Depart.	Am. Ex.	Am. Ex.	Am. Ex.	Am. Ex.	Am. Ex.
Am. Ex. (A).....	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.
Am. Ex. (B).....	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.
Am. Ex. (C).....	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.
Am. Ex. (D).....	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.
Am. Ex. (E).....	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.
Am. Ex. (F).....	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.

These trains for Montreal.

(a) Trains daily, Mondays included.

(b) Trains daily, Sundays included, but makes no intermediate stops on Sundays.

(c) No. 74 carries passengers between London and Paris.

(d) This train connects at Toronto for all points in Manitoba, the Northwest and British Columbia via North Bay and Winnipeg.

E. DE LA HONTE, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, P. O. 1, Masonic Temple.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Going East.

DEPART	ARRIVE	DEPART	ARRIVE
Toronto.....	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.
Woodstock.....	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.
Galt.....	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.
Georgetown.....	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.
Cambridge.....	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.
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