THURSDAY, OCT. 28, 1909



Hurry-Out Sale

eater crowds than ever swarming the big aisles of the bright store again eek. Remember, only three days more to take advantage of these Out Sale prices and the remaining days will be the strongest valuedays of the great sale. Don't let these opportunities to save pass by or, without a doubt they are chances to save that seldom occur to you Sharp at \$3.00 to-morrow morning, on sale many new lines just marked I passed into stock. We mention a few of the grand specials here for to r's selling. The blue price tickets throughout the store will tell the Come.

Women's New Fall Gloves

Small Ladies' French Kid Gloves, made of perfect skins, in all the fashionable shades, neat stitched points, pique sewn, all sizes, in black, white, tan and smoke. Regular \$1.25, Hurry-Out Sale price 89c

Children's Ringwood Gloves 25c Pair

Children's nice warm Ringwood Gloves, in all shades and sizes shaped and worth 35c pair, Thursday 25

Tremendous Dress Goods Selling These at Hurry-Out Sale Prices for Thursday 2 Grand Specials at 45c and 69c yard

New Suitings, worth up to \$1, Sale Price 45c Yard

Swell new stripe Suitings at a big drop in price, from 44 to 54 wide, on sale in all the New Shadow Stripe Suitings

Going at 69c

Going at 69c

Fetching Venetian and Broadcloth Shadow Stripe Suitings, in
perfect colors of wistaria, taupe,
elephant. Burgundy, prune, resin,
brown, navy, myrtle and blue,
worth regular up to 81, sale price
69e yard

Startling Bargains from Lace Dept.

Appliques, Regular Up to \$1.50, for 49c

An Alarming Announcement

Real Cut Jet Hat Pins 10c

Real Cut Jet Hat Pins, 10-inches long, regularly 25c, Tuesday sale

Thursday Special Bargains for Hurry-Out Sale White Vesting 19c Yard

stripes, spots, and pretty floral designs, good wide yard, Thursday Hurry-Out Sale price 130

Veloset Cloth 25c Yard

Veloset Cloths in blue, green and red grounds, with fancy colored stripes.

Just the thing for fall and winter blouses and splendid washing material, 28

25c yard

Interesting Hurry-Out Prices From Embroidery Dept.

Corset Cover Embroidery 15c Yard

0 yards Corset Cover Embroidery, in many up to 25c yard, Thursday Hurry-Out sale ...

Edging and Insertions, Reg. 10c, for 5c Yard

A Sacrifice in Real Cut Jet Buttons

Now for a List of Every Day Needs ...15c pair ...5c each ...10c each

Tremendous Bargains in Suits and Coats

\$15.50 Winter Coats \$5.98

Black, brown, navy and a good assortment of dark tweeds, in semi and tight fitting models, beautifully taliored garments, 34 and 36 lengths, regular tight fitting models, beautifully taliored garments, 34 and 36 lengths, regular \$5.98 \$15.50, Hurry-Out Sale Price

\$17.50 Tailored Suits \$9.98

Navy, black, green, brown and fancy mixtures, semi and tight fitting is, nicely tailored and trimmed; skirts newest models, regular \$17.50, Hur ry-Out Price

Hurry-Out Sale of Cashmere Waists \$3 Waists for \$1.49. THIRD FLOOR

Just received, a shipment of fine Cashmere Waists, tailored style made with back and front daintily tucked, in cream, navy, grey, cardina and black; these are traveller's samples, worth regular \$3.00, Thursday's Only one allowed to a customer.

1,100 Yards of Black Taffeta Silk at Hurry-Out Sale Price 29c

The sale price on this Silk will be for to-morrow only; over 1,100 yards of good Black Silk Taffeta, suitable for foundations, skirts, etc., soft and hard finish, regular 50c yard, Hurry-Out Sale Price

R. McKAY & CO.

A Spanish Beauty

CHAPTER I.

The September sun was setting stormily down there on the Wicklow coast. Far off, the purple mountains were fast losing themsolves in the double darkness of coming night and storm. Hearer, over moor and meadow, the lowlying sky brooded darkly, and the rising wind sighed fitfully, sweeping up from the Irish Sea. Westward, lurid bars of blood-red showed where the fiery sun had gone down, and the black cloudrack came rapidly trooping up, like a fleet of misshapen piratical crafts, over the blue of the evening sky. Black and angry heaved the sea, under that omnious canopy, and the white-capped, surf crashed already on the shingly shore with the dull roar of a beast of prey. A lonely scene and hour. Away to the east, the fishing village of Cloutarf nestled under the rocks; to the left, the tall Tudor turrets and peaked gables, rising above the trees of the park, Cloutarf of the stateliest and oldest houses in Britain. Curlews and sea-fowl screamed and whirled away in dizzy circles over the black waters; high and dry were drawn up the fisherman's fleet, and the only moving things on darkening earth and sunlit; cheeks like radiant June roses; hair, thick, rich, abundant, of the truest golden-brown; a low brow, and a mouth like a veritable rosebud. I face for an artist, a study for a pre-Raphaelite, standing there, in vivid relief against black sky and dark sea, lowly are like specific over the standing there, in vivid relief against black sky and dark sea.

In the pretty, sunburned cheeks under in sight of your lord, stating a petulant little mouth. Well, I dare so, you'll be safe in spite of the story wind hand some the mouth. "Well, I dare soy, you'll be safe in spite of the story wind hand some the proverb."

"Hanged, will never be drowned. You know the proverb."

"Hanged, will never be drowned. You know the proverb."

"Stand I'll dare the sow, you'll be safe in spite of the story will keep to when hanged for his country's benefit, either, by long of a rule of his country's benefit, either, by long of hi

and a mouth like a veritable rosebud. A face for an artist, a study for a pre-Raphaelite, standing there, in vivid relief against black sky and dark sea, the brown hair and picturesque red cloak streaming in the rising wind.

The yacht lay a mile away, rising and falling in the long ground-swell — the trimmest little craft imaginable—a picture in its way, as well as the girl all white and green—an emerald banner with the Sunburst of old Ireland (when the fairest lise of all islands had - the maginable—a picway, as well as the girl—with the Sunburst of old Ireland (when the fairest isle of all islands had a flag) flapping from its mast-head. In golden letters, on the stern, was the name. "Nora Creina."

The girl looked impatiently at the darkening sky, at the heaving vessel, then glanced behind her with a little, petulant frown.

"How long he is!" she said. ""Twas from Kathleen's every the sale seamoss girlish imposition."

petulant frown.

"How long he is!" she said, tearing
up the tall sea-moss by the roots, in
girlish impatience. "They expected Mr.
Gerald this evening, but I don't see
why that should keep him. Ah!"
She stopped suddenly, her pretty sunburned face brightening; for a boat
was lowered from the "Nora Creina,"
and two men rowed ranidly shoreward

and two men rowed rapidly shoreward.
"He will come, then, after all!" she

"He will come, then, after all!" she cried in a joyful, breathless sort of way, a rosy flush of intense delight glowing through the golden tan of her fair skin. That tell-tale little pronoun! The old, old story, you see, to begin with. The pretty peasant-girl waited there, in the twilight, for the rising of her day-god—the coming of her lover! A step came rapidly down the rocky path—a step light and fleet, and a rich, melodious voice rang down the stillness, singing a ringing hunting song.

The girl started nervously, reddening to the roots of her fair brown hair; but she turned half away, and drew closer

to the roots of her fair brown hair; but she turned half away, and drew closer to the tail shelter of the rock. She waited for her darling, but she was too thoroughly a woman to let his mightiness know that.

"A southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaim it a hunting morning!" chanted the full, rich voice; and then the singer came into view, with the light leap of a stag over the bowlders, and stod balancing himself in midair, on the topmost peak of a lofty crag, twenty feet over the water.

proclaim it a hunting morning!" chanted the full, rich voice; and then the light leap of a stag over the bowlders, and stod balancing himself in midair, on the topmost peak of a lofty crag, twenty feet over the water.

He was a tall young man—nay, youth—of scarce one-and-twenty, a "six-foot son of Anak," lithe and long of limb, straight as an arrow, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, golden-haired, and azure eyed. A magnificent young giant—the wildest dare-devil in the three kingdoms, with the face of an Archangel Raphael—a mad-headed, hot-brained, reckless young ne'er-do-well, who yet looked at you with eyes as blue, and smilling, and innocent as the eyes of a month-old babe. He was dressed in the colors of bis first and only love—the idol of his heart—his graceful "Nora Creina," there afloat on the waters—white trousers, green jacket, green cap with a bold band set jauntily on his handsome golden head. He stood poised on the dizzy peak, looking seaward, with brilliant, cloudless blue eyes.

"There you are, my beauty, my darling!" he cried, apostrophizing the trim little barque. "And if I don't give you a syanking run in the teeth of this gale before morning, I'm not my father's son. We'll make King's Head in four hours, with this stiff breeze. A glorious race before midnight, my darling 'Nora'!"

"Oh me Nora Creina, and the trimbid and the storm than the storm lashed sea.

"He was a tall young man—nay, youth—of scarce one-and-twenty, a "six-foot six on of Anak," like a darkness—something bright, like a fallen star, gleamed and glowed. Ilis men were gathered around him; they was contained to the storm, the wind and the storm black darkness—something bright, like a fallen star, gleamed and glowed. Ilis men were gathered around him; they was contained to the storm, the wind and the storm black dear darkness—something bright, like a fallen star, gleamed and glowed. Ilis men were gathered around him; they was contained to the storm, the wind and the storm the glant bright and provided and provided and provided and pr

with this stiff breeze. A glorious before midnight, my darling 'Nora'

"'Oh, my Nora Creina, dear, My charming, bashful Nora Creina! Beauty lies in many eyes, But love in yours, my Nora Creina!

He sung gayly, his voice floating out on the breeze to the boat, dancing like the cockle-shell it was over the break-ers, and answered by the men on board with a hearty Irish cheer. "Lord Rory!"

He had turned to leap down, agile as

a cat, never seeing the red cloak and the pretty face so near him, when the girl, starting up, called; and as he turned with a bewildered "Halloo!" called

"Lord Roderick!" He was beside her with a bound. "Standing here like a Wicklow fairy, or a banshee, or a godddess of the storm, or anything else you like. Come to see me off, Kathleen!" How polite of you!"
Kathleen tossed her pretty head saucily. She had come to see him off, and colored guiltily as he guessed it.
"You always were conceited, Lord Rory, and always will be. As if one could not come "down to watch the sterm rise without coming on your account!" "Lord Roderick!"

in the pretty, sunburned cheeks under his merry gaze.

"So you're going to King's Head to-night, my lord," Kathleen said, making a petulant little mouth. "Well, I dare say, you'll be safe in spite of the storm. 'And one born to be hanged—' You know the proverb."

Good-evening to you. I'm going home."
"My boat is on the shore, and my
harque is on the sea." And so you won't
come? Well, then, I would recommend
you to go home, for standing here in the
wind is neither pleasant nor profitable,
that I can see. Good-night, Kathleen. If
quite convenient, dream of me. Oh! I
say, how's the Englishman?"
The girl turned upon him suddenly,
her face reddening, her eyes flashing
passionately in "he half-light.
"Lord Rory!" she cried.
He laughed, bounding like a chamois
down the steep crags.
"Then you won't smile on your lover?
Poor fellow! how I pity him! My own
heart has been broken so often, you see,
Kuthleen, that I can afford to sympa-

But for the Kathleen standing on the rocks, she was forgotten ere the passionate, yearning blue eyes were fairly out of his sight.

He sprung into the boat, the men pushed off, and it went dancing lightly over the billows. The girl shrunk eway behind the tall boulder, lost to his view in the grathening dancing. in the gathering darkness, but watching him and his fairy craft with impassioned eyes, that told their own story of wo man's deepest bliss and deadliest pain—

And then distance and darkness took him, and Kathleen hid her hot face in her hands, loving, and knowing she loved, as vainly and wildly as that other Kathleen, of whose "umboly blue eyes" Moore sings, hurled into the lake by flinty-hearted Saint Kevin.

Vainly, indeed, for she was only the daughter of the village pedagogue, and he, ah! the blue blood of the princely Desmonds—kings of old—flowed in his veins, and an earl's coronet awaited him in the future.

Night had fallen—black, starless, wild The frowning coast had vanished; the The frowning coast had vanished; they were far out on the tempest-lashed ocean, the wind rushing by with a roar, a dark and fiery abyss of waters heaving around them.

"We must lower the boat at once, and if the boat does not go down like an egg-shell, then a miracle will have taken place," Lord Roderick said. "Lower away, my lads; there is not a second to be lost.

to be lost.

And as his words rang out, wild and high above the uproar, there came, piercingly, a woman's scream of distress. It seemed surely death, but even unto death these men would have followed their gallant young leader. And a Desmond never knew fear, and death and Lord Roderick had stood face to face many a time already in his brief one-and-twenty years.

Was he going to shirk it now, and a

and-twenty vears.

Was he going to shirk it now, and a woman perishing before his eyes? His wild cheer, clear as a bugle blast, echoed cheerily as he sprung into the frail skiff, "You will come with me. Fitzgerald," he said. "No, my lads; any more of you would only be in the way. Now, then, pull with a will."

And the fairy bark sped away over the foamy breakers, as though upheld by fairy hands. The "luck of the Desmonds," traditionary a!! the country-side over, was with them in their dauntless daring to-night.

ly. She had come to see him off, and colored guiltily as he guessed it.

"You always were conceited, Lord Rory, and always will be. As if one could not come down to watch the sterm rise without coming on your account!"

"Watch the storm rise? By Jove! how romantic the dear little git's getting!. Has quite a Byronic sound, that, 'poin my word, and comes of improving her mind, under my tuition, as she's been doing lately."

He looked a dangerous preceptor of youth, this fair-haired King Olaf, with his laughing eyes and aplendld face; and the red light flashed gloriously up

yacht gazed. There was a moment of inexpressible peril and suspense; then the
woman was lifted in the stalwart young
arms of Lord Clontarfs son and laid in
the bottom of the boat.

But that moment was fatal. The
Missars Falls. New York—2.27 a.m., *6.57 a.
m. 18.08 a.m., *10.06 a.m., *10.06 a.m., *10.09 p.m.

18.08 a.m., *10.06 a.m., *10.09 p.m.

the bottom of the boat.

But that moment was fatal. The white face of the man vanished, as a huge wave dashed him brutally into it depths. Over the wild, midnight sea one last agonized cry rang-out:

"Oh, God, save me; asve my Inextillation of the yack to the yacht, Fitzgerald—back, for our lives!" Lord Roderick shouted. "The man has perished! Back! Give me the oars!"

The little boat, urged by those strong, skilled rowers, shot back to the "Nora Creins" as if invisible hands guided it through the tempesheuss sea.

They reached the yacht, and a great shout of joy and thankfulness rose as the young heroes passed up the rescued woman and came on board.

The burning ship blazed steadily to the water's edge, then went headlong down, and an awful blackness reigned.

Of all her living crew, only this one woman remained to tell the tale.

She lay on the deck where they had placed her, still as one dead. Lord Roderick lifted her in his arms, carried her into the lamplit cabin, and laid her upon a couch.

She was dripping wet, and her hair,

her into the lamplit cabin, and laid her upon a couch.

She was dripping wet, and her hair, long as a mermaid's, clung about her. Her eyes were closed; the face was marble white. Cold and still she lay there before him in a dead swoon.

And the young Lord Roderick stood above her, a brandy-flask in his hand, gazing down on that white, still face. For, in all the one-and-twenty years of his bright, brief life, Earl Clontart's only soon had never looked on anything half so lovely as this unknown girl he had saved from death.

(To be Continued).

(To be Continued).

MARIA'S EXPERIMENT

She Tried Matrimony Twice With Sad Results.

Winnings Oct. 26 -- Maria Harasym comely young Assyrian woman who came here from Fort William some months ago, and later married P. Baerkovski, was arraigned in the police Daerkovski, was arraigned in the ponce court to-day on a charge of bigamy, pre-ferred against her by Jan Harasym, of Fort William, who asserts that she was married to him legally in 1907. Both husbands were in court to-day and seemed of one mind, to have their mutual wife punished if their concerted efforts could achieve that end.

could achieve that end.

She, on her part, announced that she would rather go to jail that live with either of them again, thereupon they left court arm in arm to wait the arrival of the priest from Fort William who performed the first marriage, and will, therefore, be an important witness.

QUEBEC SUNDAY LAW

Hull Magistrate Cannot Find Anything to Prohibit Picture Shows.

Ottawa, Oct. 26.-The Lord's Day Al liace has lost a test case that it brought against A. B. Charron, of Aylmer, Que., for keeping a moving picture show open on Sunday. Magistrate Rainville, of Hull, dismissed the case with costs, de-Hull, dismissed the case with costs, de-claring that he could not find anything in the statutes which would justify con-viction, as a moving picture exhibition could not be classified as a labor, a business or a theatrical performance. An appeal will be taken by the Lord's Day Alliance.

GIRL MISSING.

Flossie Ferguson, Toronto, Disappears From St. Catharines.

St. Catharines, Oct. 26.-Flossie Fer guson; a twelve-year-old Toronto girl vho has been visiting her uncle, J. J. Murray, Niagara Falls, Ontario, is mising since Monday. She came with her uncle's hired man with a load of pork to Meyer Bros', packing establishment, and went into the office to warm herself and went into the office to warm herself while the pigs were being unloaded. She was not seen afterwards. The hired man told Mr. Murray when he arrived hone that he gave Flossie in charge of a lady on the Niagara Falls trolley, who promised to see she got off safely at the Falls.

And then his rich voice rang out above the uproar of the storm, the wind and the sea, giving his orders to bear down to the relief of the burning ship.

Away—as a deer flies from the hounds—the "Nora Creina" flew over the foam-lashed billows. Nearer and nearer they drew to that brilliant ray—that terrible bonfire on the ocean. Larger and larger it loomed up before them—a pillar of fire—in the storm-lashed sea.

And as they reached it—as close that but a few yards divided them—they could see on the blazing deck two figures—a man and a woman. Toronto, Oct. 27.—The strengthening hold obtained by Sunday school effort made evident at the sessions of the forty-fourth annual convention of the which opened yesterday in High Park Avenue Methodist Church. Not only Avenue Methodist Church. Not only was this shown in the splendid mass meeting of man in the convention church, but in the even more magnificent gathering of women in Victoria Presbyterian Church last night. It was equally manifested in the reports of advance in different lines given by representatives of city, county, district, and township associations in the afternous session.

CROSSMAN SET FREE.

Friends of St. John Man Affected Settlement at Detroit.

Detroit, Oct. 26 .- Arthur H. Crossman the young St. John, N. B., man who made a sensational attempt to carry off a \$250 diamond from a jewelry store her-last Saturday night, and was captured after he had been chased by a mot after he had been chased by a mot through the down-town streets, was given his liberty yesterday, after his friends had effected a settlement. With his bride of two weeks Crossman left to the east immediately afterwards.

King as Coin Collector.

Rome, Oct. 26.—The Tribuna announces that King Victor Emmanuel will shortly publish a book on the history of numismatics, written by himself. His Majesty has been a coin collector for years and has already written a treatise on the subject, which was issued for mixed circulation among his friends. is the result of long study arch.

Corespondent Contracts

Harars Falls, New York.—2.27 a.m., 45.67 a.m., 19.08 a.m., 19.08 a.m., 5.37 p.m., 1.30 p.m. a. Catherines, Niagars Falls, Buffand.—45.57 a.m., 19.08 a.m., 19.08 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 19.08 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 12.50 p.m., 19.31 p.m., 15.45 p.m., 17.30 p.m. ethiology, Heameville, Merritton—19.06 a.m., 11.30 p.m.

a.m., 79.05 a.m., 110.05 a.m., 111.20 a.m., 22.50 p.m., 58.3 p.m., 15.45 p.m., 71.20 p.m.

Grinsby, Heamsville, Merritton-19.05 a.m., 111.20 a.m., 15.45 p.m., 15.45 p.m., 17.20 p.m.

Defroit, Chicago-11.17 a.m., 78.50 a.m., 19.05 a.m., 19.05 a.m., 19.05 p.m., 19.05 p.m.

"9.65 p.m.
Burlinston. Port Credit, etc.—[7.90 a.m., †11.30 p.m.
Bull. 18.35 p.m.
Port Hope. Cohourg. Believille. Brockville.
Mentreal and East.—[7.50 a.m., *7.05 p.m.,
18.05 p.m., *9.05 p.m.
18.104 p.m., †3.40 p.m.,
18.104 p.m., †3.40 p.m.,

Lindsay, Peterboro—†11.30 a.m., †3.40 p.m., †3.35 p. m. 'Daily, 'Daily, except Sunday, ‡From King street depot.

CANADIAN FACIFIC RAILWAY.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAIL-WAY.

7.40 a.m. for Toronto, Lindsay, Bobcay, Borangerille, Owen Sound, Fortune, Bobcay, Bobcay,

Wingham, Corawic, Coracto, 256 p.m. for Toronto, 256 p.m. for Toronto, Peterboro, Ottawa, Mostreak, Quebec, Sherbrooks, Portland and Boston, aiso for Alliston, Coldwater, Bais, Parry Sound, Sudbury, Sault Ste Marle, Fort William, Winnipeg, Canadian Northwest, Koobenay and British Columbia points. Trains leave Toronto 7.50 a.m., (dairy, 1.15 p. m. 3.45 p. m. 5.29 p. m., (dairy), 7.10 p. m., 11.10 p. m.

TORONTO HAMILTON & BUFALO

Mamilton to New York, Cleveland and Pittaburg.

Arrive
Hamilton

**8.30 a. m. Detroit, Chicago and

Toledo Express ... **9.55 a. m.

**12.20 a. m. Brantford and Watterford State and State arrived and State arrived and St. Thomas

**20.53 p. m. Brantford, Water-series and St. Thomas

**20.55 p. m.

**20.55

HAMILTON & DUNDAS RAILWAY. Terminal Station—4,15, 47,15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.16 a. m., 12.15, 1.1f, 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 6.15, 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 p. m. Leave Hatt St. Station, Dundas—46,00, 46.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.15, 4.15, 2.

HAMILTON RADIAL ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Hamilton to Burlington and Oakville—6.10. 9.10. 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 a. m., 12.10, 11.0. 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10. 9.10, 10.10.

*11.10 p. m.
Burlington to Hamilton—*6.00, *7.00, 8.00, 9.00
10.00, 11.00, 12.00 a. m., 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00
5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, *11.00, 12.00

BRANTFORD & HAMILTON RAIL-WAY. Leave Hamilton—8.30, *7.46, 9.00, 10.30 a. m., 12.00, 1.30, 3.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.13, 9.00, *11.00

b. m. Leave Brantford—*6.30, *7.45, 9.00, 10.30 a. m., 12.00, 1.30, 3.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.00, *11.00

D. m. *Daily, except Sunday. HAMILTON, GRIMSBY & BEAMS VILLE ELECTRIC RAILWAY. Leare Hamilton - 6.10, *7.10, *8.10, 3.10, 10.10
11.10 a. m., *72.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10
6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 8.10, 8.10, 10.10, *71.10 p.
Leave Beamsville - 6.40, *6.40, 7.40, 8.40, 5.40, 4.10, 6.11
8.40, *10.40, 11.40 a. m., 12.40, 1.40, 2.40, 3.40, 4.40, 6.40, 6.40, 7.40, 8.40, 5.40, *10.40, 1.40, 8.40, 5.40, 10.40, 8.40, 5.40, *10.40, 8.40, 5.40, *10.40, 8.40, 5.40, *10.40, 8.40, 5.40, *10.40, 8.40,

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