When We Sau

We mean "Pure Caylon," not a combination of this, that and something dee, blended to reduce cost.

On a sealed packet insures the contents to be ALL RIGHT.

- The Face Behind the Mask

A Romance.

"I know that lady, my lord! She is a friend of mine, and you must give her to me!'

"Is it you, Ormiston? Why, what brings you here alone on the river at "I have come for her," said Ormis-

ton, pressing over to lift the lady. "May I beg you to assist me, my lord, in trunsferring her to my boat?" You must wait till I see her first,' said Rochester, partly raising her head, and holding a lamp close to her face, "as I have picked her out, I think I deserve it. Heavens! what an extraor-

earl had glanced at the lady, then at his page, then at the lady, and lastly at Ormiston, his handsome countenance full of the most unmitigated "To whom?" asked Ormiston, who had very little need to inquire. "To Hubert, yonder. Why, don't you see it yourself? She might be his twin-

"She might be, but as she is not, you will have the goodness to let me take charge of her. She has escaped from her friends, and I must take her back

He half-lifted her as he spoke; and the boatman, glad enough to get rid of one sick of the plague, helped her into the batteau. The lady was not insensible, as might be supposed, after her cold bath, but extremely wide-awake, and gazing around her with great black shining eyes. But she made no resistance; either she was too faint or frightened for that, and suffered her-self to be hoisted about, "passive to all changes." Ormiston spread his cloak in the stern of the boat, and laid her tenderly upon it, and though the beautilfui, wistful eyes were solemnly and unwinkingly fixed on his face, the pale, sweet lips parted not—uttered never a word. The wet bridal robes were drenched and dripping about her, the long dark hair hung in saturated masses over her neck and arms, and contrasted vividly with a face, Ormiston thought, at once the whitest, most beautiful, and most stonelike he had

Thank you, my man; thank you, my lord," said Ormiston, preparing

Rochester, who had been leaning from the barge, gazed in mingled ourlosity, wonder and admiration at the lovely face, and turned to her cham-

Who is she, Ormiston?" he said per-

But Ormiston only laughed and rowed energetically for the shore. The crowd was still lingering, and half a dozen hands were extended to draw the boat up to the landing. He fifted the light form in his arms, and bore it from the boat; but before he could pro-ceed farther with his armful of beauty, a faint but imperious voice spoke: "Please put me down. I am not a baby, and can walk myself."

Ormiston was so surprised, or rather dismayed, by this unexpected address, that he complied at once, and placed her on her own pretty feet. But the young lady's sense of propriety was a good deal stronger than her physical powers, and she awayed and tottered, and had to cling to her unknown friend for support.

"You are scarcely strong enough, I am afraid, dear lady," he said kindly. You had better let me carry you. I assure you I am quite equal to it, or even a more weighty burden, if neces-

"Thank you, str," said the faint voice quickly, "but I would rather walk. Where are you taking me to?"
"To your own house, if you wish—it is quite close at hand."

"Yes, yes, let us go there! Prudence is there, and she will take care of me." Will she?" said Ormiston doubtful-"I hope you do not suffer much

"I do not suffer at all," she said wear-"but I am so tired. Oh, I wish I were home." Ormiston half led, half lifted her to

the stairs. You are almost there, dear ladysee, it is close at hand."
She haif lifted her languid eyes, but did not speak. Leaning, panting, on

his arm, he drew her gently on until they reached the door. It was still unfastened. Prudence had kept her word, and not gone near it, and he opened it and helped her in.

"Where now?" he asked.
"Upstairs," she said feebly; "I want to go to my own room."

All grocers sell Tea, but al Teas are not the same. Some are good and some are not We have had a great many years' experience, and after carefully studying the productions of all the countries we recommend the use of

Pure Indian or Ceylon.

Make your Tes in an earthen pet, use boiling water, let it draw seven minutes. Buy our 25c or 35c Indian or Ceylon.

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Ormision knew where that was, and assisted her there as tenderly as he could have done La Masque herself. He paused on the threshold; for the room

"There is a lamp and tinder-box on the mantel," said the faint, sweet voice, "if you will only please to find

them. Grmiston crossed the room-fortunately he knew the latitude of the place—and moving his hand with gingeriy precutition along the manter-snelf lest he should upset any of the gimcracks thereon, soon obtained the articles named, and struck a light. The lady was leaning wearily against the door-post, but now she came forward, and dropped exhausted into the downy phlows of a lounge.

"Is there anything I can do for you, addame?" began Ormiston, with as madame?" solicitous an air as though he had been her father. "A glass of wine would be of use to you, I think, and then, if you

wish, I will go for a doctor."
"You are very kind. You will find wine and glasses in the room opposite this, and I feel so faint that I think you had better bring me some.' Ormiston moved across the passage, like the good obedient young man that he was, filled a glass of Burgundy, and as he was returning, was startled by a cry from the lady that nearly made him drop and shiver it om the

"What under heaven has come to her now?" he thought, hastening in, won-dering how she could possibly have come to grief since he left her.

She was sitting upright on the sofa, her dress pulled down off her shoulder, where the plague-spot had been; and which, to his amazement, he saw now pure and stainless, and free from every loathsome trace.

You are cured of the plague," was all he could cry.
"Thank God!" she exclaimed, fervently clasping her hands. "But on, how

can it have happened? It must be a

miracle. "No, it was your plunge into the river; I have heard of one or two such cases before, and if ever I take it," said Ormiston, half laughing, half shuddering, "my first rush shall be for old Father Thames. Here, drink this; I am certain it will complete the cure."

The girl-she was nothing but a girl -drank it off and sat upright like one inspired with new life. As she set down the glass she lifted her dark, solemn, beautiful eyes to his face with a long, searching gaze. "What is your name?" she simply

"Ormiston," he said, bowing low.
"You have saved my life, have you

"It was the Earl of Rochester who rescued you from the river; but I would have done it a moment later." "I do not mean that. I mean"—with a slight shudder—"are you not one of

those I saw at the plague-pit? Oh, that dreadful plague-pit!" she cried, covering her face with her hands. she cried, Yes, I am one of those."

"And who was the other?"
"My friend, Sir Norman Kingsley." Norman Kingsley?" she softly repeated, with a sort of recognition in her voice and eyes, while a faint roseate glow stole softly over her face and neck. "Ah, I thought-was it to his

house or yours, I was brought?"
"To his," replied Ormiston, looking at her curiously; for he had seen that rosy glow, and was extremely puzzled thereby; "from whence, allow me to add, you took your departure rather unceremoniously."
"Did I?" she said in a bewildered

sort of way. "It is all like a dream to me. I remember Prudence screaming, and telling me I had the plague, and the unutterable horror that filled me when I heard it; and then the next thing I recollect is being at the plaguepit, and seeing your face and his bend-ing over me. All the horror came back with that awakening, and between it and anguish of the plague sore I think I fain'ted again" (Ormiston nodded sagaciously) "and when I next recovered was alone in a strange room, and in bed. I noticed that, though I think I must have been delirious. And then, half mad with agony, I got out to the street somehow, and ran, and ran, and ran, until the people saw me and fol-lowed me here. I suppose I had some idea of reaching home when I came here; but the crowd pressed so close behind, and I felt through all my delirium that they would bring me to the pest-house if they caught me, and drowning seemed to me preferable to So I was in the river before I

well as I do. But I owe my life to you, Mr. Ormiston-owe it to you and another; and I thank you both with all my heart."
"Madame, you are too grateful; and I don't know as we have done anything much to deserve it." "You have saved my life; and, though

knew it-and you know the rest

you may think that a valueless trifle, not worth speaking of, I assure you I view it in a very different light," she said, with a half-smile. "Lady, your life is invaluable, but as to our saving it, why, you would not have us throw you alive into the plague-pit, would you?"

[To be Continued.]

A man who has been running a race with steam and electricity for years, finds himself suddenly stopped. seems as if a cold hand clutched his heart. His brain whirls; he can hardly see. "What is it?" he asks himself as

the attack passes. If his question meets a right answer, he'll be told that his seizure is a warning to pay more attention to his stomach, which is already deranged by irregular meals and rich foods.

Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. It eliminates from the blood disease breeding poisons. It makes the blood rich and pure, and furnishes a foundation for sound,

physical health.

physical health,

"About ten years ago I began to have trouble with my stomach," writes Mr. Wm. Connolly, of 535 Walnut Street, Lorain, Okio. "It got so bad that I had to lay off quite often—two and three days in a week. I have been treated by the best doctors in this city, but got no help. Some said I had cancer of the stomach, others catarrh, others dyspepsia. Then I wrote to you for advice. You advised the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets.' These medicines I have taken as directed. I commenced to get better from the start, and have not lost a lay this summer on account of my stomach. I feel tip-top, and better than I have for ten years."

Keep the bowels healthy by using De.

Keep the bowels healthy by using Dr. Pierce's Pellets. They don't gripe.

[Continued from page 3.]

tion of Millais and Boehm, his most intimate friend was Leighton, in whose attitude toward art and life he seemed to find particular satisfaction. It is in his social relations that Sir Redvers Buller has been, as it seems to his friends most oddly misconceived. This "silent, saturnine man" is not silent at all in company that he likes, and his geniality is often radiant. He is certainly formidable in approach, but those who are bold enough to advance discover that the lions are chained. He can be very trenchant and even

fierce, but the blunt mood passes in a and it leaves no wound behind Sir Redvers Buller is full of good humor, and underneath a sort of truculence or roughness there are funds of kindly nature. His reputation for silence arises, perhaps, from his dis'n-clination to be floated on the stream of disconnected chat which so often passes for conversation. He likes to con-centrate his mind, and certainly he appears to the best advantage as a talker when he is called upon to give a definite opinion on a particular subject. I think I have noticed that he likes to be so directly appealed to. His advice is always clear and fresh, practical in its bearing, and illuminated by a twinkling humor. On matters of conduct he is just and yet indulgent,

often extremely severe, but never crabbed or vindictive. He has a singular art in telling his friends their faults without grieving them, and without seeming to take upon himself the role of a censor. This regard as one of the most remarkable of his minor qualities. Without inflicting the least offense, he gives other cople a window through which they look and perceive their own defects One of the most eminent of living generals, a very old friend, is in the habit of saying: "Buller's company is good for me; he tells me my faults, and I keep near him, just as the old ladies

like to live near a cemetery, that I may remember my latter end."
This humor, which pervades his whole attitude of spirit, carries him over all conversational difficulties of this kind. What might else be taken as a reproof is put in such a pithy form that the victim must be a fool indeed is he does not receive it in good part.
All through his life, Buller's first idea

has been to do thoroughly whatever he had in hand to do. This has given him the reputation which he possesses of

A GLUTTON FOR WORK, in and out of season. But this legend he repels, and to people who reproach him with it, he is in the habit of saying: "I do not slave half as much at my work as you do at your play."
With this intense concentration on his business, he yet is delightfully lazy. "Ch!" he said, only the other day, "I can loaf, on occasion, with the best of you!" It is sometimes noticed that after a spell of exceptionally heavy responsibility, Sir Redvers Buller is entirely lazy for a little while; sitting gazing into the fire in winter or lying on the grass in summer. But these intervals never last long. He has lately become a fisherman, and after his close work at the war office a year or two ago, he gave himself up keenly to salmon fishing in Sutherlandshire, and talks of returning to it season by season.

The physical endurance of Sir Redvers is proverbial. As I write these words he is on the point of entering his fist year, yet in mind and body atike he has all the elasticity of youth. No one would dream of calling him an elderly man. This youthfulness of spirit makes him a pleasant companion; and friends much younger in years are encouraged to be natural in his presence. I think that the discordant accounts of Sir Redvers Buller's behavior in the society of men—some represent-ing him as bluff and taciturn, others as singularly genial and open in speech— may be accounted for by a simple for-mula. He has a fellow-feeling with, and will come out to and meet half-way, any man who is interested in doing definite things. He does not demand tastes similar to his own, but he must have reality of some sort. If he fails to find it, he is silent and perhaps harsh. He is really—for all his character as a "martinet"-very indulgent; I have heard him contradict people, but never snub them. Young men who have the advantage of his company in the country, in hunting or shooting with him, always find him geniality itself. And he has another very human side. He feels the infection of youth. He will enter, heart and soul, into a party of young people, marshal their entertainments for them, and even take a world of pains in coaching them for private theatricals. On these occasions he seems to have no other aim in life; he becomes the most juvenile of the ju-

There is no doubt that his extraordinary prestige in the English army comes not merely from the illustrious courage and skill of Sir Redvers Buller, but from an almost superstitious confidence which he awakens. Even those who have never seen him believe in him from almost every point of view. He has contrived to make people consider him infallible. Mr. Leveson Gower once asked Lord Welby with anxiety, "Who superintends the wine cellar of Grillon's Club?" "Why, Buller," was the reply. "Well," said Mr. Leveson Gower, with a gesture of relief, "I don't know anything about military matters, but I am quite sure that Buller must be a real judge of good wine." This was but an expression of the instinct which made the demoralized and hunted soldiers in the Soudan smile with satisfaction when they heard he was coming. "There's — old Buller," they said. "Now we shall be all right again." He gains this reputation, which now amounts almost to that of a fetish, by the serene determination with which he sets about his work. In "The Tragic Comedians," Mr. George Meredith has a phrase literally hammered out to fit Sir Redvers Buller: "The sense of power in him was leanine enough to promise the forcing of a way, whithersoever the path." Sir Redvers has been known to admit, with a little touch of remorse, that it is a fault with him that when he thinks a thing ought to be done he admits no obstacle

in the way of its completion. Once, at a dinner party, a discussion as to the relative merits of the Biblical military heroes and of modern generals arose. Some one, who took the antique side, quoted Joshua as an instance of a soldier the like of whom could not be matched in modern history. Mr. Gladstone, in his vehement way, took this up at once. "Joshua! Joshua!" he exclaimed. "Why, Joshua couldn't hold a candle to Redvers Bul-

A LEADER OF MEN!" This was the more valuable a tribute in that Sir Redvers was never a supporter or much of an admirer of Mr. Gladstone. But this is the impression the general makes with his imperturbable and cheery force. Just after the bad Fenian times in Ireland, the government sent him to Kerry, where everything was being dissolved into anarchy. He found the police force

utterly demoratized, without a leader, without loyalty, without a plan. Within a single fortnight they had all ralin a single fortnight they had all ral-lied round him, and one man expressed the general feeling in declaring, "There is not a policeman in the county of Kerry who would not lay down his life for Sir Redvers." This was the quality which struck General Hawley at the end of the ten years when Redvers Builer had no active service, after the Builer had no active service, after the Chinese war. Hawley was miserable with the idea that for want of opportunity such an astounding gift of ership might be lost to the British army. It is, in fact, not generally known that, toward the end of this time, just as Wolseley, struck with his usefulness, was determining to employ him in the Red River expedition, Si Redvers had almost made up his mind to send in his papers and take up the career of a backwoodsman in the wilds of Canada. From this misfortune, at least, the frontier troubles saved the

unconscious English nation. If, finally, one is to try to define what strikes one as the central feature of Sir Redvers Buller's individuality, one is tempted to say that it is his keen appreciation of life in all its bearings. There is no more highly organized creature to be found in the range of the seven seas. One is reminded of what Ruskin says of the really well-equipped man: "A gentleman's first characteristic is that fineness of structure in the body which renders it capable of the most delicate sensation; and of structure in the mind which renders it capable of the most delicate sympathone may say, simply, 'fineness of ure.' This is, of course, compatible with heroic bodily strength and mental firmness; in fact, heroic strength is not conceivable without such delicacy.' There is not a facet of experience that Sir Redvers Buller has not touched; one would conjecture that from every en-counter with life he had come back conquering and to conquer. He some-times says, "The only thing to do is to keep right on," and this march forward is fan instinctive movement which makes him admired by many, and perhaps dreaded by not a few. He is never in a state of real quiescence. Somebody once said to him, immediately after his arrival after long perambulation, "I believe that if the truth were known, you would like to start off again tomorrow." "You are quite mistaken," Sir Redvers replied, "I should like to start off to-night." He likes color and light and form, and perceives them with an apprehension that is extraordinarily

It is impossible to describe him as he appears to his friends without touching, however lightly, on sides of character which are too essential to be left unmentioned, and yet too private to be emphasized. But those who know this "saturnine, bloodthirsty martinet" best will certainly think a portrait of him incomplete which does not suggest his sensitive refinement, his chivalrous feeling for women, his deep religious humility. A friend, who understands him as few do, says to me: "Whatever you omit, you must say how tender he is, only you must explain that he never lets you lean upon him, but only stands by you and teaches you to support yourself." The legends of his brusquerie, we shall all be agreed in declaring, start in the first instance from a certain shyness never entirely conquered. When he first came back in glory from the Zulu war, the people Exeter could not spare him the kind infliction of a banquet. Somebody who saw him at it said that he looked like a captive, suffering agonies of nostalgia, while his exuberant captors were triumphing and drinking deep. "Not triumphing and drinking deep. here, Apollo, are haunts meet for thee," presence at that feast, by quoting against him another of his own familiar by quoting dicta: "If there are two courses of action open to you, always choose the agreeable. It is sure to be the right

In this brief attempt at a portrait of our famous general in mufti. I have avoided of course, the repetition of those public features in him which are like the scarlet coat, the plume, the belted sword. In these days, when he is

THE CENTRAL FIGURE of our living history, upon which a million eyes are anxiously fixed, there is no need for me to dwell upon what every-one is repeating and what I am particularly ill-fitted to describe. For recapitulation of Sir Redvers Buller's campaigns and prowess in the field, I shall certainly not be called upon. Nor, ir he were in England and at peace, or if his fame were not now so transcendent that he has become the broadest public property, should I venture to discuss in any form or any place a man who takes so little pleasure in every species of publicity. But the occasion is exceptional and I am weary of seeing one side only, and that the most superficial, of his multiform character pre-sented to the world. This is my excuse for attempting to sketch a Monsieur le generalissime intime-of Sir Ridvers Buller as he appears to his One word more. The foregoing pages

Good Advice.

Mr. Isaac Holden, Omemee, Ontario, formerly of Toronto and Montreal, cattle buyer, well and favorably known all over Ontario and Quebec, says in regard to Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills: "For the past two years I have been a great sufferer with muscular and nerve rheumatism, and chronic constipation. The rheumatism got so bad the early part of the past winter that I could not get around without the help of a cane; even then it was only with great difficulty and excruciating pain. My blood was stagnant; my legs, feet, arms and hands feeling numb all the time, brisk rubbing failing to restore circulation. Frequently when walking a spasm of pain would take hold of the muscles and nerves of my legs, and in an instant I became powerless, and would fail perfectly helpless. The first of last January was in such a crippled state and suffering such constant pain, and I felt I must go to bed and be laid up helpless and suffering for an indefinite time, with the probabilities that I would never be able to get around again. Fortunately, my son, who had received a great benefit from Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, said:

"Father, Why Not Try These Pills."

"I did so, and in one week felt so much better and so much relieved from pain that I have continued the use of them. They cured me of constipation, and the rheumatic pains have entirely disappeared from my loins and stomach. They have restored healthy and natural circulation of my blood and enabled me to get around without incon-

"They are a marvel in the medicine line. It is the only medicine of the many I have taken that gave me immediate and permanent relfer. I am satisfied that if I had not taken them I would today be helpless in bed, suf-fering torture which only those who have acute, muscular and nervous

rheumatism can imagine.
"ISAAC HOLDEN." Fifty cents per box, all druggists, or Sam. Williams & Co., Toronto, Ont. 49tf Ext

A Pastor

announcing, from the pulpit, a committee to look after the cleaning of the building, called it "The Pearline Committee." That is the kind of advertising that has swelled the sales of Pearline. It's from people who know Pearline, and are using it, and who think and speak of it as the one thing necessary in any matter of cleanliness. Talk with some of these people, if you

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have been read by Lady Audrey Bul- Railways and Navigation ler, without whose encouragement and co-operation I could not have dared to compose them. But these last lines she will not see until they are published, and I must seize the opportunity they offer me by reminding my readers of what England owes to her also. While her husband leads our armies in South Africa, she sits, not in her country home, but in the midst of the soldiers at Aldershot, superintending the acministration of the fund for the widows and orphans. There in my judgment, we may says to him with justice; or she presents as sympathetic a figure as we might prove the propriety of his the events of today supply to us—the center of a benevolent activity which finds its reward, I hope, in removing her thoughts from her own anxieties And I believe that our American friends will hold the devoted philanthropy of the wife scarcely less interesting than the heroism of the husband. also serve who only stand and wait."

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pimples, freck-les, moth pat-ches, rash and skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detec-tion. It has of 51 years and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is

similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair

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Railways and Navigation

On and after Sunday, Oct. 16, 1899, the trains leaving Union Station, Toron to (via Grand Trunk Railway) a.m. and 9:30 p.m., make close con. section with Maritime Express and Local Express at B. naventure De-pot, Montreal, as follows:

The Maritime Express will leave Montreal daily except on Saturday, at 750 p.m., for Half fax, N. S., St. John, N. E., and points in the Maritime Provinces.

The Maritime Express from Halifax, St. John and other points east, will arrive at Montreal daily except on Monday, at 5:30 p.m.

The Local Express will leave Montreal daily, except Sunday, at 7:40 a m., due to arrive at Riviere du Loup at 6:00 p.m.

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Maritime Express. Buffet cars on Local Express.

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Tickets for sale at all offices of the Grand Trunk system, at Union Station, Toronto, and at the office of the General Traveling Agent.

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