100 Women's **Tailored Suits**



or broadcook and serges, black, may, gry an econi, in the newest models, perfect fitting, all sizes, actually worth \$25.00; they are truly wonderful values, all kinds of new materials; coats are satin lined; skirts newest American models; these Suits are worth \$25.00, on sale Monday at \$11.98

50 Tailored Suits at \$8.98

Actual \$17.50 values, made of Venetian and vicuna cloth, semi-fitting mod-34 length coat: beautifully tailored Suits; skirts pleated models; this er is certainly the best we have ever made, regular \$17.50, very specially \$8.98

Dress Goods Remnants on Sale Monday 25c 300 Remnants of Dress Goods, Worth Regularly 50c Up to \$1.00 Yard, Clearing Monday at Per Yard 25c

300 ends of all this season's best selling materials, comprising broadcloths,

Full Yard Wide Black Taffeta Silk 97c Regular \$1.50 Yard

600 yards of lovely Black Taffeta, suitable for suits, skirts, etc. French dyed silk in soft or hard finish. This silk is positively sound wear assured, full 36 inches wide, regular \$1.50 lines, on sale Monday...

Quick Selling Prices For Monday

Handsome Velvet Rugs, size 3 x 4 ards, extraordinary value, suitable Art Squares, size 3 x 21/2 yards, re yards, extraordinary value, sinting versible, seamless, sprengig parterns, for parlors, worth \$22,00, Quick Selling worth \$4.25, Quick Selling Price. \$3.25

Velvet Room Rugs, size 3½ x 4 yds., Art Squares, size 3 x 3½ yards, relegant patterns, suitable for parlors versible, seamless, excellent patterns, or dining rooms, wonderful bargains. a great bargain, worth \$6.00. Quick corth \$25.00, Quick Selling Price \$18.50

\$24.50 Axminster Rugs, size 3 x 3½, seam-less, heavy quality, elegant colorings, a rare bargain, worth \$30.00, Quick Selling Price \$24.50

\$27.50

\$4.75

\$6.00

\$1.98

Axminster Rugs, size 3 x 4 yards, seamless, high grade quality, hand-some patterns, extraordinary value, worth \$35.00, Quick Selling Price \$27.50 \$3.00, Quick Selling Price \$1.98

R. McKAY & CO.

IN PARLIAMENT.

Borden Talks of Delay in Appointing Judges.

Aylesworth Throws Blame on B. C. Government.

Ottawa, Nov. 12.-With the open ing of the debate on the address de felred until Monday, the Opposition found an apportunity to set the Par hamentary ball rolling this afternoon by ventilating a complaint as to the

by ventilating a complaint as to the delay in appointing Judges to the new Court of Appeal in British Cotumbia.

"Mr. Borden, in opening the discussion, which took place on a motion to adjourn and lasted an hour, demanded an explanation for what he described as the extraordinary delay that had occurred in making appointments to the Appeal Court.

Hon. Mr. Aylesworth, in reply, pointed out that the Government in British Columbia had allowed two years and a half to elapse before putting the act constituting an Appeal Court into effect, the act having become law as long ago as April, 1907, and being followed in 1908 by legislation in the Dominion House providing for the payment of salaries to the fludges of the new Court. Alluding to the suggestion that the delay in making the appointment was attributate to political causes, Mr. Aylesworth wondered whether the leader of the Opposition had heard any rumors in the summer of 1908 that these judicial positions were being made a pawn in the political game, and that the Government of British Columbia was waiting in the hope that the delay in making the appointment was attributate to political causes, and or any rath summer, "says H. Addington Bruce in Succession Bru

any rumors in the summer of 1908 that these judicial positions were being made a pawn in the political game, and that the Government of British Columbia was waiting in the hope that the elections in October last years and that an immediate operation with british the elections in October last year might bring a change of Government at Ottawa. That delusion was dispelled, and nothing more was heard of the matter until in April or May of this year, when he discussed the subject at Ottawa with Mr. Bowser, Attorney-General of the Province, who left him with the statement that the act constituting the Appeal Court would be proclaimed on the following day.

Nothing was said about September last the date, and no communication to that effect had reached the Department of Justice. For the delay that had occurred since his return from abroad, four weeks ago, he frankly accepted the responsibility. He had written to Mr. Bowser, suggesting that it would be in the public interest and in the interests of the administration of justice that the new Court of Appeal thould not be composed entirely of men who had had no judicial experience, and to that letter he had received no answer. It was his view that it would be unfortunate to make

appointments to the Court of Appeal appointments to the Court of Appeal until he was in a position to make recommendations for all the judicial positions that would require to be filled in the Province. In these matters it was desirable to go reasonably slow, but he trusted that the appoinments would be made before the end of the present month. If the Government of British Columbia could wait two and a half years before putting the act into force ne did not think a delay of a few weeks was a matter for which the Dominion Government could be blamed.

Mr. Burrell (Yale-Cariboo) and Mr.

last day of September was ending in a wild night.

The great house was still. Its inmates had gone to their rooms to dress for dinner. The little silver-voiced ormodiner. The little silver-voiced ormodiner. The little silver had gone to their rooms to dress for dinner. The little silver-voiced ormodiner. The little silver-voiced ormodin Mr. Burrell (Yale-Cariboo) and Mr. Middlebro (North Grey) continued the discussion, at the conclusion of which the House adjourned.

A DREAM CAT.

A Spanish Beauty

"She looked so lovely as she swayed The rein with dainty finger-tips, A man had given all other bliss And all his worldly worth for this, To waste his whole heart in one kiss Upon her perfect lips."

"Honor thy father, that the days may be long in the land," thought Trevannance, gazing on that exquisite face. "It would be a pity to disappoint the two governors, since they have set their hearts on the match; a greater pity to give all this perfect beauty to that dolt, Amethyst. My peerless Rose of Castile, do you dream, I wonder, that your future husband rides by your side?"

And while the cavalier and his lovely lady galloped gayly away toward the setting sun, the beggar in the inky cloak reared himself upright and watched them out of sight with vengeful, tigerish eyes. "Honor thy father, that the days may be long in the land," thought Trevan

For twenty years he has prospered. An earl's coronet, ill-gotten, has graced his head; the women he loved has been his own; wealth and honor and greatness among men, all are his. For twenty years I have been an outcast and a felon, ill and poor, despised and forgotten, and his daughter flings me alms as she would meat to a dog! Well, it is my turn now, and I'll tear the coronet from his head, the honor from his name, the turn now, and I'll tear the coronet from his head, the honor from his name, the wife from his bosom! I'll lower that beautiful, haughty head of yours, my lovely Lary Evelyn, to the dust! Roderick Desmond, in his bloody grave, shall be avenued at least! be avenged at last!"

CHAPTER IV.

She lay on a low couch before the fire—Irez, Countess of Clontarf. A confirmed invalid, she was always chilly. Accustomed to the tropic heat of her own lovely sunlit land, England, with its cold rains, its easterly winds, and damp sea fogs, was only rendered endur able, even in its warmest summe onths, by a glowing fire. She lay back amid the silken, rose

able, even in termonths, by a glowing fire.

She lay back amid the silken, rose-hued pillows of her lounge, watching the red glow of the embers, while the gleam of the wax-lights shone down on her pale, dark, delicate beauty—in the velvety depths of the solemn, shining eyes—on the chiseled, beautiful lips, compressed in a hard, thin line of pain.

She looked like some frail waxen japonica—lovely and fragile, pale as a snow-wreath, and with deep lines of suffering and endurance marking the low brow and delicate mouth.

Beautiful she must be ever, even in decay: but it was a worn and weary

beauty now, and the rare smile that came and went so swiftly was cold as The dainty little boudoir was all that

heart could desire, or wealth procure, or refined taste suggest. Its rose hangings gave a delicious air of warmth and mel-lowness. Its silver awinging chandeliers gave a delicious air of warinth and mel-lowness. Its silver swinging chandeliers; its inhaid toilet tables, draped in lace; its lofty mirrors, framed in Dresden; its genimed vases, filled with rarest flow-ers; its crystal carafes of perfume; its wondrous beauties, smiling down from the rose-tinted walls; its exquisite sta-tucttes, agleam in the silvery wax-light—all were perfect of their kind, and fit-ted up a chamber for a queen.

Lady Clontarf, wrapped in a gold-tinted negligee of softest Indian texture, her long, shining nair unbound, lay and gazed with dark, brooding eyes into the crinson heart of the fire.

Outside the rain beat and the wind bew, the tossing trees in the park

ew, the tossing trees in the park caned wearily, and the solemn voice of the mighty, ceaseless sea came borne to her fitfully in the lull of the gale. The last day of September was ending in a

one!!"

As the thought crossed her mind, there came a soft tap on the pane! followed by a sweet, young voire, "It is I, mamma. May I come ine" "Come in, my darling," Lady Clontarf answered. "I have been waiting for words."

The door opened, and her daughter, he Lady Evelyn, stood before her. In her dinner dress of white silk and misty

on, I believe in the pouring rain, to-Royal Rest, but that Lord Clydesmore and papa chanced to appear, and they really took him captive by main force." "Ah!" the countess said again, very thoughtfully. "And he dines here this evening? What is he like, this young man?"

man?"

Lady Evelyn looked at her mother in

surprise.

"You asking questions, mamma, and interested in the appearance of Mr. Vivian Victor Trevannance? You see I know his name. What will happen next?"

know his name. What will happen in ext?"

"Tell me, my dear."

"What he is like? Really, I am not sure that I can. He is handsome, certainly—a stately and gallant gentleman, with the perfect manners and finished ease of a courtier—but what is the color of his eyes, or the hue of his hair, or the shape of his nose, I am not prepared to say. However, mamma"—with her gay, glad smile—"as you appeare interested in the subject, I will take a mental photograph of my preserver, for your benefit, at dinner."

The countess looked up, with earnest words on her lips, but before she could utter them the great-bell upon the windy turret clanged for dinner.

"I must leave you, mamma. Ah, if you could but come down! It is cruel to leave you here alone."

"Better here, my dearest. I would be but the skeleton at the feast, and there is only you to miss me. Go—bellanny and young and beautiful while

"With Mr. Trevannance's portrait? (Certainly, mamma. Until then...")
She kissed the pale brow lightly, then swept from the room, her silvery drapery floating lightly about her, and with all the lofty, beautiful grace of a young

deer.

Left alone, the countess sunk back among the cushions with a heavy, weary sigh.

"She is lovely as a dream! She is hopeful and young—as I was once. Ah, Dios! what a weary while ago it seems! Will they blight her life, too? Will she love this man to whom they will wed her? She does not know. She speaks of him so lightly. If she only dreamed—my beautiful, proud Evelyn!—that, whether she will or no, she must marry him! He is made of iron—her father. What is she that she should centure to oppose his will? She is heart-free now. Oh, pitiful heaven, let her love this man whom she must wed!" Backward her thoughts went drifting nineteen years to a drearily loveless bridal—loveless on her part at least. Gerald Desmond had been a successful

Gerald Desmond had been a successful nan. He had won all for which he had plotted—all. The coronet that had been the dream of his life, the title he had plotted—all. The coronet that had been the dream of his life, the title he had coveted so passionately, the woman he had loved with a fierce, savage, burning love, the heiress whose wealth had restored the greatness and splendor of a fallen name—all had been his! He had taken his seat in Parliament. He had made his name famous as the name of a profound statesman, a stirring orator, a leader among the leaders and law-makers of mankind. His ambition had been satiated to the full. The Earl of Clontarf was a synonym for all that is great and good. He had endowed hospitals, founded asylums, pleaded for the down-trodden and the oppressed, reformed almshouses, and headed munificently every charitable work; and yet, since the fierce fire of his love for the woman he had wed had burned itself out, and that ere the honeymoon month had ended, there was not in all the with himsdom a more miserable, man these had ended, there was not in all the will kingdom a more miserable man than this hidden assassin who had slain his

For, dead and in his grave, Roderick For, dead and in his grave, Roderick Desmond pursued him and outrivated him still. With his first wedded k-ss warm on her lips, her lost lover had risen before Inez Desmond, reproachful and pale, and with one faint, moaning word—his name—she had slipped back in a dead faint in her new-made bushand's arms.

band's arms.

He had stood between them from that hour, and now that nineteen years had passed and gone, the memory of the bright, beautiful lover of her youth was dearer to the Countess of Clontarf than her living lord had ever been in the hours when she had striven to love him

and wou for himself the lovelines he had coveted, but Roderick Desmond still claimed his lost bride by right divine of that doubles love

ing and hating! And the warmer love, the bitter the hate. Gerald mond, slowly but surely, grew to hate his wife. He hated her now above all earthly things, and bitterly made her

feel it.

In the hour when his child was born, he had wished with all his soul fer its mother's death, for the pale mother, looking up from her pillows with great dark dilated eyes, that seemed burning into his bad heart, had caught his wrists in her cold, was figures and whiteness.

BULK TEALOSES FLAVOR

It not only loses flavor, but it takes on new ones, such as kerosene, molasses, onions, coffee, soap, etc., to say nothing of its exposure to sun, dust, dirt and air. To overcome this

is sold only in sealed lead packets-never in bulk

passionless as marble, submitting to his caresses, never, never returning them with one word, one look, one thought of love. It was his punishment—or part of it— and the deep, dark, violet eyes haunted him ever like some avenging ghost.

All day long they gazed at him in his daughter's beautiful face, and at night, —oh, Heaven—in the deep, still, solemn watches of long summer moonlight, of wild wintery storm, Rory Desmond rose up before him—the gold-hued hair dripping with brine, the brilliant azure eyes stony and fixed—paic and horrible from his deep sea grave, until his cold drops rolled down the watcher's livid face, and his hands had clinched in agony.

Men wondered why the great statesman's hair had silvered so soon— why, at fifty, he was more worn, and haggard and pallid, and hollow-eyed than men of eighty—and set it down to profound study and ceaseless mental labor. And of all the world—his world—only his wife knew or guessed.

For a horrible foreshadowing of the GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Niamra Falls. New York—2.27 a.m., *5.97 a.m., *1.09 p.m.

8t. Catnarines. Niagara Falls. Buffalo—5.67
a.m., *19.06 a.m., *10.06 a.m., *11.10 p.m.

8t. Catnarines. Niagara Falls. Buffalo—5.67
a.m., *19.06 a.m., *10.06 a.m., *11.20 a.m., *2.20 p.m., *5.37 p.m., *7.45 p.m., *7.10 p.m.

8t. This you keanaville. Merrition—19.06 a.m., *11.10 a.m., *5.45 p.m.

11.20 a.m., *15.45 p.m.

12.20 p.m., *5.45 p.m.

12.20 p.m., *7.55 a.m., *7.55 a.m., *2.45 p.m.

12.20 p.m., *5.50 a.m., *2.50 a.m., *2.45 p.m.

12.21 p.m., *2.22 p.m., *17.10 p.m.

13.22 p.m., *17.23 p.m., *17.24 p.m.

13.22 p.m., *17.24 p.m.

13.23 p.m., *17.24 p.m.

14.24 p.m., *17.25 p.m., *17.26 p.m., *17.25 p.m., *17.2

"Better here, my dearest. I would be but the skeleton at the feast, and there is only you to miss me. Go—be happy, and young, and beautiful while you may. Gather life's roses while they bloom. Only come back before you retire."

"With Mr. Trevannance's portrait? Certainly, mamma. Until then—"
She kissed the pale brow lightly, then swept from the room, her silvery drapery floating lightly about her, and with

in his frenzy? Had she not heard broken fragments that, strung together, told the whole grisly tale?

Up to that time she had striven to do her duty—striven to like him — to overcome her loathing and repuguance—but she never struggled again.

She had faced him one morning, after some bitter, insulting words flung at her by him, with a terrible light in her eyes that he had reason to remember all his life long.

"Dastard! she cried in a voice that rang. "Coward and traitor! Women

"Dastard! she cried in a voice that rang. "Coward and traitor! Women of my race have dealt death for a tithe of what you have dared say to me! Utter such words to me again, and, by all I hold holy, I will give you up to the gallows and the hangman, you murderer!"

"You Judas, who sold your master—
you Cain, who slew your brother! I
know your secret at last! Beware of
me now! Oh, God! that I had fallen
dead in the hour that made me your
wife!" He had crouched down before her, pa He had crouened down before her, pai-lid, gasping, the dew of death upon his brow. He had striven to catch her dress to detain her in his first agony of mortal fear. She plucked it from him, and no words can describe the horror in her di-lated eyes—the loathing, the repulsion the hatred in her face.

the hatred in her face

lated eyes—the loathing, the repulsion the hatred in her face.

"Touch me not!" she said, wildly, "lest I go mad and tell the world all! Never, while we both live, shall you touch my lips with a husband's kiss—take my hands in a friend's grasp! Oh, surrely I am forgotten of God, or I had never been your wife!"

And then she had broken from him, and for many weeks they had not looked into each other's faces again. And she had kept her word. There had been no open scandal, no public separation. The world saw plainly enough there was little love or union between the husband and wife; but in fashicnable society that is such a common case. Incz Desmond had kept her word—and her terrible secret. She dwelt beneath the same roof for her daughter's sake, but she and Gerald Desmond were sundered as far as the poles.

She lay here to-night in her luxurious little words.

She lay here to-night in her luxurio

She lay here to-night in her luxurious little room, while the ceaseless rain lashed the windows and the wild wind soughed among the trees, and thought of her wrecked, lost life.

There was a world of despair in the dark, melancholy eyes that gazed in the ruddy fire—a settled night of sorrow. She loved her daughter very dearly—that daughter who looked at her with Rory Desmond's own blue eyes—and for her sake she lived and clung to life. But the end was not far off now. An incurable inward disease had held her victin for years. Any day, any hour, any instant, she might be summoned hastily away.

claimed his lost bride by right divise of that deathless love.

There had been times when, in the midst of his impassioned caresses, his endearing words, so coldly borne and never returned, he had hurled her furnihim, in a paroxysm of rage and despair and rushed from her presence. There were times when, madly as he worshipped her, he could have taken a dagger and plunged it into her very heart—that heart of ice to him—forever gone with the bright-haired youth so foully slain in his strong young manhood.

And then, as passion unreturned must, that fiery love had died out and given way to sullen hate. Ah! how brief brief the boundary ever is between loving and hating! And the warmer the

They will compel her to marry this man, Well, if she can care for him, as well Vivian Trevannance as another. But before the bridal day she shall know how my life was blighted. Yes, this very night she shall hear my story."

She drew from her bosom a locket, strung round her neck by a fine gold chain. It held a bright ring of golden hair, and a frank, fair, boyish face, smiling and beautiful, looked up at her—the face of Roderick Desmond.

"My love! my darling!" she softly murmured, "so foully slain in your bright youth by the hand you loved and trusted! My life!—my husband!—Inez will join you soon!"

And then, with that pictured face clasped close, she sank down among the cushions, shutting out firelight and waxlight, and went back over the weary past.

Twenty years drifted away—the lover.

past.
Twenty years drifted away—the lover Twenty years drifted away—the lover of her happy girlhood came back to her over the guif, and lay-at her feet as in the golden days forever gone. And the hours drifted on. There were laughter, and music, and light, and luxury, below stairs, where her husband and daughter were laughter, and the hours a gled gaz girl one were; but she was a glad, gay girl once more, and the wide universe held but one treasure for her—Rory Desmond's love!

(To be Continued.) PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

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"Going Tourist" is the popular way to travel now-a-days—the berth rates but half those in the standard sleeper—and the accommodation quite satisfactory. Ask for "Tourist Car Booklet." Tickets, etc., at Hamilton Office, cor-James and King streets, W. J. Grant

Toronto-Tr.07
a.m., #11.18 a.m., #1.05 a.m., #2.05 p.m.,
*2.60 p.m., #5.35 p.m., *7.06 p.m., #2.05 p.m.,
*9.06 p.m., #5.35 p.m., *7.06 p.m., #11.30
Burlington. Port Credit, etc-#7.00 a.m., #11.30
a.m., #6.36 p.m.org. Believille, Brockville,
Port Hope. Cobourg. Believille, Brockville,
Nortical Best-#7.50 a.m., *7.05 p.m.,
Mortical Best-#7.50 a.m., *7.05 p.m.,
Lindsay. Peterboro-#11.30 a.m., #2.40 p.m.,
Lindsay. Pete

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. \$9.40

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

7.40 a.m. for Toronto, Lindsay, Bobcaygeon, Tweed, Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal,
Quebec, Sherbrooks, Allaton, Coldwater and
Allaton, Sherbrooks, Allaton, Coldwater and
Allaton, Coldwater, Bals, the MusReston, Allaton, Coldwater, Bals, the MusRoyal Reston, Coldwater, Bals, the MusRiverton and Goderich, Toronto, Lindsay, Bobcaygeon, Peterboro, Tweed,
Brampton, Fergus, Elora, Orangeville, Owen
Sound, Arthur, Mount Porest, Harriston,
Wingham, Coldwater and Immediate stations.

tions.

5.06 p. m. for Toronio.

5.06 p. m. for Toronio. Peterboro, Ottawa.

Montreal, Quebec. Sherbrooke. Portiand and
Montron. Quebec. Sherbrooke. Portiand and
Boston. also for Alliston. Coldwater. Bals.
Parry Sound. Sudbury. Sault Ste. Marie. Fort
William. Winnipeg. Canedian Northwest,
Kootenay and British Columbia points.
Trains leave Toronio 7.50 a.m., (daily), 130 a.m., (daily), 7.10 p. m., 11.10 p. m.

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*8.30 a.m. Detroit, Chicago and

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*91.20 a.m. Brantlord, Water

#9.53 p. m. Brantlord, Water

#8.56 p. m. Detroit, Chicago, To
#8.59 p. m. Detroit, Chicago, To
#8.59 p. m. Brantlord, Water

#8.50 p. m. Brantlord, Water

#8.50 p. m. Brantlord, Water

#8.50 p. m.

Sleeping cars on Michigan Central connecting at Waterford and west

#9.20 p. m.

#8.50 p. m.

#8.

HAMILTON & DUNDAS RAILWAY.

Terminal Station—6,15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 a.m., 12.15, 11f. 2.15, 2.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 8.16, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 p.m., Leave Hatt St. Station, Dundas—5,00, 48.15, 7.15, 8.16, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 a.m., 12.15, 4.15, 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.13, 9.11,15 p.m.

Daily. except Sunday. HAMILTON RADIAL ELECTRIC

HAMILTON HADIAL ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Hamilton to Burlington and Oakville—%10. e7.10. £10, 51.0, 10.10. 11.10 a.m., 12.10. 11.0. 21.0, 21.0. 41.0, 61.0, 61.0, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10. 91.0, 10.10. 91.0, 10.10. 91.0, 10.10. 91.0, 10.10. 91.0, 10.10. 12.00 a.m., 1.00. 2.00, 2.00, 4.09. 5.00. 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00 a.m., 1.00, 21.00, 11.00, 12.00 a.m.

b. m. Cakville to Hamilton—7.30, 8.20, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 12.30, 1.30, 2.20, 3.30, 4.30, 5.29, 6.30, 7.30, 8.80, 9.30, *10.30, 11.30, *12.30. BRANTFORD & HAMILTON RAIL.

Leave Hamilton—6.30, *7.46, 9.00, 19.30 a. m., 12.00, 1.30, 3.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.00, *11.64 b. m. Leave Brantford—6.30, *7.45, 9.00, 10.30 a. m., 12.00, 1.30, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 3.00, *11.04 D. m. Daily, except Sunday.

HAMILTON, GRIMSBY & BEAMS-VILLE ELECTRIC RAILWAY.
Leave Hamilton—5: 10, 57.10, 58.10, 9.10, 10.10,
11.10 a. m. 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10,
6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 p. m.
Leave Bermsvilla—5: 6. 56.0, 7.40, 7.40,
9.40, 10.40, 11.40 a. m. 12.80, 1.40, 2.40, 3.40,
4.40, 5.40, 6.40, 7.40, 3.40, 19.40, 10.40,
Daily, except Sunday.

HAMILTON STEAMBOAT CO. Leave Hamilton, 9.00 a. m. Leave Toronto, 4.30 p. m.

Cats Watching Sparrows.

Every afternoon just before twinght a row of cats of all ages, stages, gauges, breeds, tribes and then a few other kinds thrown in to sort of even up the balance of things, can be seen in the yard next to St. Andrew's Church, at Eighth and Shipley streets. All of them are suquezed as close to the wall of the church building as they can get, and there they be lie in wait for sparrows which infest the creeping vines that grow all over the wall of the church on the south side. Every moment or so some luckless sparrow aights too near the ground or chirps too loud, and some cat immediately makes a running jump up the vine, and before the bird can fly from under the leaves it is cat food. Sometimes as many as twenty cats can be seen in a row watching for their evening meal of birds.—From the Wilmington News. Every afternoon just before twinght a

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