



English Brass BEDSTEADS.

A Fine Line of the above have just arrived, and are well worthy of inspection.

As we are removing from our present premises, we will offer them at sacrifice prices for the balance of the month.

Carroll & Co.,
256 DUNDAS ST., London, Ont.

A PET NAME.

Miss Birdie Slade (an Oklahoma belle)—I kinder hate to call you Mr. Bowersock—it sounds so formal.

Swain—Then call me Polecat Pete just as all the fellers do.

KNEW HER BUSINESS.

Miss Quiverful (breaking into a proposal)—Why do you speak so low?

Mr. Shyman (in confusion)—I was afraid of waking your mother up.

Miss Quiverful (reassuringly)—You need not be alarmed. She won't wake up until you are through.

ORNITHOLOGICAL

Hungry Hank (entering taxidermist's)—Do you keep all kinds of stuffed birds here?

Taxidermist—Well, yes; but what of it?

Hungry Hank—I wish you'd gimme a turkey stuffed with oysters. I'm famished.

NOT ROOM ENOUGH.

Haverly—Trilby could never have been a Chicago girl.

Austen—Why not?

Haverly—Because she could never have posed for her foot altogether in one studio.

Joseph
Dambra,

Merchant
Tailor.



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