

### BRINDLE COW AND POLITICS

#### VEHEMENT STRANGER MAKES PLAIN THEIR CONNECTION.

He Made the First Upward Step, Only to Be Undone by a Combination of Cows, Hemlock Lumber, Smokehouses and a Red Bonnet With a Blue Feather.

Goshen, N. Y.—"Is there anybody here," said the stranger, his vehemence of manner being in such contrast to the placidity of his countenance that it was startling, "who can tell me why it is that a fellow citizen's high ambition has got to be set down on to and the pole star of his existence put in total eclipse because the female sex is vain and man persists in building a smokehouse when he can buy good ham for 9 cents a pound?"

"There was nobody present ready with an answer, but the landlord said to the vehement stranger that there was a cheaper hotel up at the other end of town. If the stranger heard the landlord's suggestion it did not appear to him. He took a long breath and burst forth again:

"Then it's plain to me that the news of Jake Goble's wife's red felt bonnet with the blue rooster tail in it and the smokehouse Bill Cooper built hasn't got over as far as this yet. Has it?"

"The news was still due, so they told him. "Do you want to tell me, then," he exclaimed, "that the news of the pole star of my existence and its total eclipse is likewise as yet unbulletined, so to speak, in this balliwick?"

"They must have wanted to tell him so, for they told him. Nothing doing whatever in pole stars of anybody's existence."

"And yet," said the man, bitterly, "they boast to me that the telegraph and the telephone and the newspaper have sent the sewing society and the quilting bee to a back seat. Bah! Don't you s'pose that if it had been left to the sewing society or the quilting bee that you'd have heard long before this how I went to Bill Hooper almost with tears in my eyes, knowing that he needed a roof on his woodshed and his garden fence jacked up a good deal more than he needed a smokehouse, and pleaded with him not to do it? Don't you?"

"No one seemed to care to commit himself. "Don't you s'pose that if it had been left to them," the vehement stranger persisted, "they'd have spread the news to you long ago that, although Jake Goble's wife did have her heart wraped all around that red felt bonnet with the blue rooster tail in it, she'd have had to unwrap it if it hadn't been for Bill Hooper's smokehouse?"

"I'll say yes," said the landlord; "and if you're waiting for the Pine Island train it goes at 2:07. It's 2:06, now. My watch is a little slow at that."

The vehement stranger gasped, now, for the Pine Island train and time seemed no object to him.

"That for your telegraphs and your telephones and your newspapers!" he said, with a contemptuous snap of his fingers. "Bah! Why, I'll bet a hen that they haven't got the news yet with the news you long ago that, although Jake Goble's wife did have her heart wraped all around that red felt bonnet with the blue rooster tail in it, she'd have had to unwrap it if it hadn't been for Bill Hooper's smokehouse?"

"I'll say yes," said the landlord; "and if you're waiting for the Pine Island train it goes at 2:07. It's 2:06, now. My watch is a little slow at that."

"Yes!" said he, "and I'll double the bet, and throw in a flock of ducks that they are still shy in arriving with the news that for ten years my fellow citizens persisted in lifting some one else to the constable's office year after year, but rallied as one man at last election and hoisted me to the place! What takers do I hear for that?"

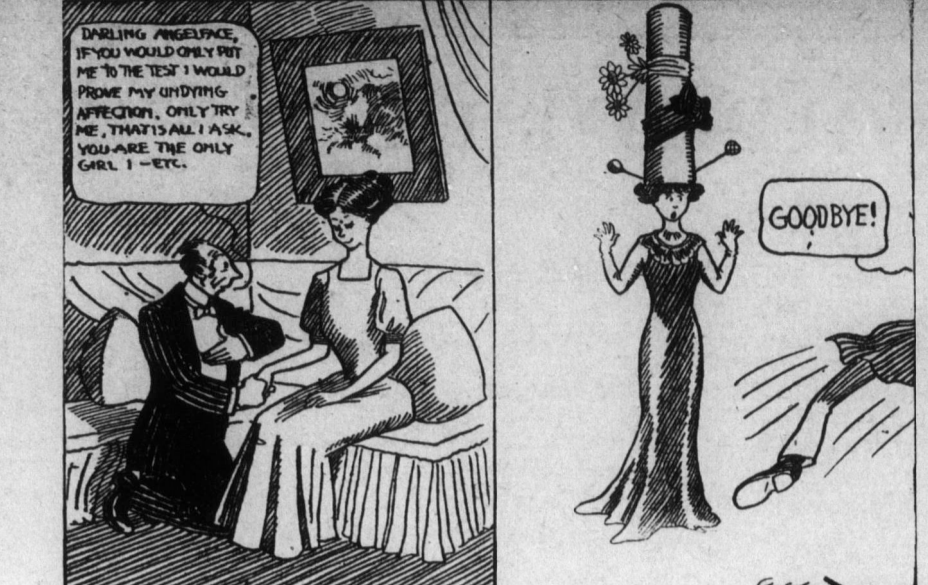
If he heard any he could hear a pin drop in a boiler of Huckleberry Hill and was on my way to clutch the pole star of my existence. I leaved on the brindle cow and posted her for sale, Three days before the sale she got away somehow and was lost. Responsible for her custody, I scoured the country for her, and the day before the sale found the brindle feeding by the roadside six miles from Jake's. I drove her in, glad hearted, and next day knocked her down to the highest bidder. The pole star of my existence, so I thought, was beginning to blaze like the sun.

"Next day," came Farmer Benson, and all the day through.

"Nice work!" said he to me, "Runnin' off my brindle three-year-old and sellin' her to make good your losin' that ee rack of Jake Goble's, old enough to be her great-grandmother!"

"Sure as beeswax, the brindle turned out to be Farmer Benson's, and the citizen that bought her had to give her up and he fell back on me for the money. All paid out and distributed in costs. Then some one found Jake's old brindle dead in Bulger's swamp and Jake falls back on me to pay for her, because he intended to buy her in at the sale, but didn't when he saw I wasn't sellin' her. And to top it all, Farmer Benson charges me with stealing his brindle cow, and I'm out on bail!"

"And now," said the stranger, expression of voice, but still placid of expression, "is there anybody here who can tell me why it is that a fellow citizen's high ambition has got to be set down on to and the pole star of his existence eclipsed because the female sex is vain, and man, loony man, persists in building a smokehouse when he can buy good ham for nine cents a pound?"



A new style in millinery will reach this city soon. It will be a hat called the Russian turban, and will be a foot and a half in height.

### CUPID'S SUPREME TEST.

Two dollars and forty-seven cents was the spot cash price Polly Skiggins, the milliner, wanted for the red felt bonnet with the blue rooster tail in it that Jake's wife had her heart wrapped around; but Jake's wife didn't want it; and she said she'd take a quart of milk from Jake's wife in pay. Jake's wife said she'd be tickled all to pieces to pay for the bonnet with milk, and she'd do it in a minute only for one thing. She didn't have any cow. Not seeing any way by which she could get around that little obstacle, Jake's wife would have to unwrap her heart from around that bonnet if it hadn't been for Bill Hooper's smokehouse.

"Bill had given up that smokehouse, not because I had argued with him and shown him how incompatible a new smokehouse was with no roof on his woodshed and his garden fence down flat, to say nothing of his having to buy pigs to get hams off of to smoke in the smokehouse, while he could get good ham already smoked for nine cents a pound—he hadn't given it up because of that incompatibility, but for the sufficient reason that when he came to go ahead with the building the smokehouse is dependent on him that he had no lumber to build it out of, so he had concluded not to build it.

"But Bill had a brindle cow. Jake Goble heard about Bill and his smokehouse and he went over to Bill's and he said:

"My wife's talking about gettin' up a deal of some kind with Polly Skiggins payin' milk for a bonnet or somethin' like that. I've got a snag of hemlock stuff I took out of old man Frazier's barn, but it won't give milk. Nor I don't see how you can make a smokehouse out of a brindle cow. I'll swap you hemlock for cow."

"Bill saw the logic of Jake's dicker and fell in with it, but while he was on smokehouse bent he had a frugal mind. "My brindle cow is worth \$25, said he. "Your hemlock ain't worth more than \$10."

"Free to admit it," said Jake; "and easily fixed."

The upshot of it was that Jake gave Bill the hemlock and his note for \$15 and Bill gave Jake the brindle cow. Bill got his smokehouse. Jake's wife got her near red felt bonnet with the blue rooster tail in it. The right lobe of the pole star of my existence passed into the shadow.

"Jake's note fell due. Settling things being incompatible with Jake's disposition, Bill sued on the note and got judgment. I had in the meantime been hoisted by a rallying constituency into the office of constable of Huckleberry Hill and was on my way to clutch the pole star of my existence. I leaved on the brindle cow and posted her for sale, Three days before the sale she got away somehow and was lost. Responsible for her custody, I scoured the country for her, and the day before the sale found the brindle feeding by the roadside six miles from Jake's. I drove her in, glad hearted, and next day knocked her down to the highest bidder. The pole star of my existence, so I thought, was beginning to blaze like the sun.

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### DRESS FOR MEN.

#### Flannels No Longer Worn as They Were in the Summer.

(New York Sun.)

It may be a new manifestation of the desire to make men's dress as expensive as possible, but it is true that the convenient white duck or any kind of extra flannel trousers have gone out of fashion completely. Men who dress carefully wear them only when playing tennis or sailing, and at the smart summer resorts as well as at the country clubs near the city there has been a sharp line drawn for the use of white duck or flannel trousers. They are often carried in hand bags to the clubs or to the houses at which tennis is to be played and put on there, so decidedly has the trend of smart dressing turned away from the wearing of extra trousers except when actually engaged in sport.

There was a time when white trousers of one kind or another were considered not only appropriate for any kind of summer wear, but smart. One suit of day clothes was sufficient to take to the country. With this suit and a pair of extra duck or flannel trousers the wardrobe was sufficient for all ordinary occasions. Then there were men who seized with delight this opportunity to give their clothes a rest while in the country. They can do that no longer and be smart dressers.

The full suit of flannels has succeeded the place once occupied by the coat and the white trousers. At the Narragansett and Newport casinos, where the players wear white flannel trousers, while other men are in full suits of flannels—dark blue, brown or grey—or in tweeds and homespuns. Such dressing is much more expensive. A four dollar pair of white duck trousers with any kind of sack coat was formerly sufficient. The smartly made flannels may cost from \$50 to \$75, while tweeds and homespuns may cost from \$75 to \$100.

This change in styles has come about gradually. The result has been to make full suits of light colored flannels more popular than they were. The light stripes or checks are worn and the trousers are considered appropriate for tennis, so with these suits no change is necessary. But these full suits in light color are about as expensive as the dark flannels. The reason for this is in reference to the extra white trousers designed, like many others, with the object of making it cost more to be smartly dressed.

This change in fashions has not extended as far down as men's shoes. It is no more usual to see men at the swimming pool at Bar Harbor wearing a dark blue cutaway, a fancy waistcoat and white canvas shoes. This combination is of course opposed to all rules of careful dressing, but it goes in the summer and is accounted smart.

Equally, in the matter of dress is the habit of wearing such things as tweed, for instance, a pair of patent leather pumps. White canvas shoes are also a favorite accompaniment of tweed and flannel suits, especially when the suits are rather dark in tone.

For tennis, however, there is nothing so smart as white linen spats on tan lace shoes. They are much smarter this summer than the tan leather shoes with the white uppers. The gaiters, however, should be of white linen. Tan colored or discolor linen is also used, but just as white is regarded as the only color for the line inside a waistcoat, so it is, in spite of the attempt to make other colors smart, the only shade for the summer linen gaiters.

The abandonment of flannels in light colors for anything but actual sporting wear has been the result of giving the preference to plain white flannel for tennis trousers instead of the striped materials which were popular for several years. Stripes and other patterns in the very light or colored goods are all right for the whole suit, but for the separate tennis or sailing trousers the heavy white flannel is used. It has become quite possible to make them costly also. The fashionable tailors are able to run the price up to \$18 without compunction. This has become more expensive even to dress for tennis.

As a natural accompaniment of the fashion of being always dressed up even in the country there comes the abandonment of the informal or summer neckwear. The stock has disappeared altogether, but will return for the hunting in the fall. The soft standing flannel collar is seen about as rarely.

The well dressed men seen now at the principal watering places have on stiff white collars, with no heed of the summer weather. They know that changing the trousers for tennis pants also a complete change of dress, so there is nothing to be gained by wearing the stock or any of the negligee neckwear that made tennis possible at any minute. American summer dress was always attractive through its informality, its variety in form and color and its present suitability to its purpose. Its present changed condition is admittedly due to the influence of foreign fashions. At all the English resorts dress is just as formal as it is in London, and has been for years, while flannels and duck never having been assumed for general wear, but for sport.

### MANY AFROPLANES.

#### Practic Flights at Rheims for the Great Contest.

Rheims, Aug. 20.—Aeroplanes flying in straight lines, or making wide turns, or wheeling abruptly, travelling slow and fast, and low and high, was the spectacle offered 15,000 persons on the field of Bethany to-day. Two slight accidents occurred. M. Dumanez, driving an Antoinette machine, came to the ground sidwinding his propeller on his investment.

This was the second last practice day before the commencement of the prize flights of aviation week, and many of the aviators took advantage of the beautiful weather to try out their craft.

Glenn H. Curtiss was given an ovation after a successful practice flight of seven minutes. Although the motor of his machine was a bit erratic, the bi-plane sped straight on its course, and without swaying. Mr. Curtiss declared he was now ready for the races, and had no intention of further risking his life in his machine in useless preliminary flights.

Hubert Latham also was applauded for a spectacular flight of ten minutes, and the crowd broke into cheering as M. Beriot, driving a small 40 horse-power monoplane, made a series of manoeuvres.

M. Sommer, who recently, though unofficially, beat Wilbur Wright's record for duration of flight, speeded across the plateau during the afternoon, and was lost to sight in the haze. When he reappeared and landed, he announced that he had made a voyage to the village of Vinny and return.

### BIG STEEL PLANT.

#### Five Acres Purchased at Chippewa for Erection of a Factory.

Chippewa, Ont., Aug. 20.—Reeve W. E. B. McKenzie announced to-day that the Electrical Products Company, of which Fitzgerald and Bennie, electro-metallurgical chemists, of Niagara Falls, N. Y., are the principal owners, would locate a factory here. Five acres of the old race course have been purchased for a site, and building operations will be begun immediately. The Ontario Power Company has been contracted with to supply 1,000 horse-power as soon as the plant is built. This amount may be increased to 10,000 at the option of the Products Company.

Steel rails, and other steel products, will be manufactured, and the plant will be the largest of its kind in the Province, according to Reeve McKenzie. The Village Council will grant the company permission to build a private wharf on the river, at the foot of Second Cross street.

### PASSENGERS SAVED.

#### Steamer Burned on the Illinois River Near Peoria.

Peoria, Ill., Aug. 20.—The steamer Fred Swain, owned by the Peoria & La Salle Packet Company, caught fire in midstream on the Illinois River this afternoon, and after the captain had landed in as near the shore as possible, the boat burned to the water's edge. There were about 150 people on board, but all were rescued by motor boats with skiffs and other water craft. The escape of the passengers, most of whom were women and children, was exciting, and at one time, when flames were discovered issuing from a stateroom on the second deck, panic reigned.

### A LITTLE HEROINE.

#### Anna Stadt Will Receive Humane Medal for Life-Saving.

Niagara Falls, Aug. 20.—For her heroic rescuing from drowning of her nine-year-old companion, Anna Stadt will receive a life-saving medal from the Humane Society. Anna is only twelve years old. When Mina Brook placed last Tuesday, when Mina Brook, the nine-year-old daughter of Officer Greenwood, was carried out beyond her depth in Chippewa Creek. The little heroine dived into the water and saved the drowning child just as she was sinking for the last time.

### GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the American suffragist leader, apropos of woman suffrage, said: "Men of that sort—men of that stupid sort—treat us women like little children or pet animals. They make no account of us whatever. They are like old Calhoun White, the negro. Old Calhoun walked down the main street one morning in his best black broadcloth suit, with a white rose in his buttonhole and cotton gloves on his large hands. 'Why, Calhoun,' said the barber, 'are you taking a holiday?' 'Dish yere,' said the old man, in a stately voice, 'dish yere am mah golden weddin', sah. Am'm sallybratin' hit.' 'But your wife,' said the barber, 'is working as usual. I saw her at the tub as I came out. Why isn't she celebrating, too?' 'Her,' said Calhoun angrily, 'she ain't got nothin' to do with it. She's mah fourth.'"

According to Jeff De Angelis, the player, the worst hotel anywhere was one that some years ago stood in the town of Abilene, Kan. "I had been bunking at this alleged hostelry with a fellow actor for two nights," says De Angelis, "and our experience took on all the horror of a nightmare. In the middle of our last night, not sleeping well, I was dimly conscious for a long time that something was wrong. Suddenly I realized that the trouble came from a leaky gas jet. 'Wake up, Bill!' I shouted in my friend's ear, as I shook him violently. 'The gas is escaping.' 'Well, can you blame it?' growled he, as he rolled off the cork stunks."

A group of horsemen in the Sheephead Bay Club were commenting on the cable stories of the vast sums of money that were reported won by William K. Vanderbilt on the success of his colt Megof in the French Derby and on other races. The comment was not in the nature of an indorsement of the rumors for the reason that during his days of active control of the Coney Island Jockey Club, according to the New York Press, Mr. Vanderbilt rarely made more than one wager a day, and never more than \$10 gold piece which he received as a director's fee at the daily meetings held in the little governors' bungalow on the course.

Usually, this went on a long shot, and the one was so pleased as he when he cashed in \$100 or \$200 on his investment. He would hustle around the ring in a loose fitting business suit, enjoying the crowding and jostling which was the common lot of all who wished to wager in the old days, when bookmakers from their boxes bid for patronage. Of course, he did not talk about his investments and betting could be completely forgotten in the old story of his adventure with "Virginia" Carroll, one of the most eccentric of the bookmakers of those days.

He had 20 to 1 against a horse that Vanderbilt liked, and the latter went for \$100 bill, by offering the bookmaker a \$100 bill.

"Say," said Carroll, "you bet just as if you were W. K. Vanderbilt." "Perhaps I am," replied Vanderbilt quizzically.

"Sure thing, you are," retorted Carroll. "The careful, though, that nobody wakes you up. And don't get into the other Vanderbilt will be in a minute with a ten-spot. Good-day, Mr. Vanderbilt."

Vanderbilt delighted to tell this story over and over again, and particularly the pleasure he had in cashing the bet. Carroll, who in spite of his chosen calling, was one of the most distinguished students that ever was graduated from the University of Virginia, said he never had such a job in his life as framing a sentence or two which would be expressive of his feeling when he discovered that he really was W. K. Vanderbilt who had made the bet.

Little Marion was about to make her first call unattended by a member of the family. She was to stay a half-hour, inspect a wonderful new doll belonging to a small friend, and return home.

"Now, Marion," was her mother's parting admonition. "Mrs. Rogers may ask you to stay and dine with them. If she does, you must say, 'No, thank you, Mrs. Rogers; I have already bitten.'"

"I'll remember, mamma," answered Marion, and took off.

The victor finished the little girl door, and started for the door. "Oh, Marion," said her hostess, overtaking her in the hall, "won't you stay and have a bite with us?"

"This was an unexpected form, and for a second the child hesitated; then she rose to the occasion. "I have already bitten," she answered quickly; "I have already bitten."—Woman's Home Companion.

### The Fleet in a Fog.

Navigation in a fog at sea is always perilous, even for single ships, but the dangers are increased a hundred fold for a fleet. Sound signals of every kind are in use, mostly by means of foghorns and sirens and also by firing guns from the flagship, the rounds and intervals between the shots being regulated by code so as to convey exact meanings to all concerned. At the same time, to prevent collisions, the first precaution taken on board every ship of a fleet is to put a fog buoy overboard the moment a fog comes on.

The buoy consists of a large cask painted red, which is attached at the stern of every ship by a rope of grass fibre, a material that floats on the surface. Each ship pays out a length of rope equivalent to the intervals kept between the ships of the fleet—two cables (four hundred yards) in close order, four cables in open order. The cask should float at the bows of the ship next astern, splashing up the water as it is towed over the waves. Station is kept throughout the fleet whatever the speed of the ships by every vessel keeping her bows close up to the splash of the fog buoy, towing in line. The leader of her immediate leader in line.—London Illustrated News.

### LANCASTER, ONT., CARRIED BY "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

These Wonderful Fruit Juice Tablets Are Winning Friends on Every Side.



Lancaster, Ont., Sept. 16, 1908. I was a martyr for many years to that distressing complaint, chronic Constipation. I tried many kinds of pills and medicines without benefit and consulted physicians, but nothing did me any real good. Then I began to take "Fruit-a-tives," and these wonderful little fruit tablets entirely cured me.

At first, I took five tablets a day, but now I take only one tablet every two days. I am now entirely well, and thanks to "Fruit-a-tives," I give you permission to publish this testimonial. (Madame) Theophilie Bonnevill.

This is only one more link in the chain of proof that "Fruit-a-tives" never fail to cure Constipation or non-action of the bowels. 50c a box, or 6 for \$2.50, or trial box 25c. At dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

### THE HOUSEKEEPER

PEEL TOMATO SALAD. Peel and chop fine eight ripe, firm tomatoes. Season with a little salt, pepper, and sugar, and three drops of onion juice; turn into a freezer and freeze. Fill a melon mould with this frozen mixture, pack in ice and salt, and let it stand for several hours to ripen. Serve on bed of white celery leaves, garnished with olives, with mounds of thick dressing over it.

CABBAGE SALAD. Roll back the outer leaves of a small, heavy cabbage. Cut out the centre, leaving the shell entire. Shred the heart leaves thin and soak in ice water. Drain and dry. Add two green peppers, cut in fine strips, and mix with a French dressing, using a half teaspoonful salt, a quarter teaspoonful pepper, one tablespoonful vinegar, and four of oil. Stir until blended; pour on the cabbage and peppers and refill shell.

LETTUCE SALAD. Two heads of lettuce, one cucumber, one or two onions as preferred cut up fine; one-half teaspoonful of salt, three teaspoonfuls of vinegar, pepper, and sugar to taste. Then beat one cupful of sour cream and pour over mixture when ready for use. Remember all must be mixed together after the cream has been poured on.

POTATO SALAD. Six medium size cold boiled potatoes sliced. Two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Put yolks of three hard-boiled eggs in stewpan with tablespoonful of butter, teaspoonful of mustard, same of flour, a little salt, mix into a smooth paste; pour over this one-half cupful of vinegar—use part water if vinegar is strong. Mix well together and set over fire, turning constantly.

When nearly cold heat in two or three tablespoonfuls of olive oil and one-half cupful of thick cream. Put a layer of potatoes into the dish; sprinkle with a little of the grated cheese; pour over a part of the dressing; repeat until all the potatoes are used, putting dressing in last. Shred whites of eggs and sprinkle on top.

### Muskoka the Beautiful.

Do you know the place? If not, your pleasure has suffered. Take a free trip, a mental little journey through Muskoka by asking for that handsome Muskoka Folder issued by the Grand Trunk Railway System. It contains a large map, lots of views, and a fund of facts. Take these folders of chequer, paper, and sugar to taste. Then beat one cupful of sour cream and pour over mixture when ready for use. Remember all must be mixed together after the cream has been poured on.

### EYE OF THE CAMERA IS KEEN, AND THE LONGER IT LOOKS THE MORE IT CAN SEE.

Often the eye of the camera will decipher documents of which the writing has been substantially obliterated by age, says a writer in Van Norden's Magazine. "I have successfully copied with the camera the utterly faded photograph of a classmate of forty years previous."

Changes in the pigment of the skin, undetected by the eye, appear with distinctness on the sensitive plate, and it is said that ample warning of approaching disease has been thereby given. The camera takes pictures of subjects which cannot be made to appear on the ground glass and of those which the eye of man has never seen. The human eye can penetrate space no further in an hour than in a single instant. Yet the eye of the camera will gaze into the sky for hours, looking deeper and seeing more with each second that passes. Through this attribute of the camera a great chart of the heavens is now being made. In this work distinguished astronomers and photographers throughout the world are co-operating. Yet not one in a hundred of the stars already plainly pictured by them was ever seen by the unaided eye of scientists.

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- JOHN MORRISON, Druggist, 112 Main Street West.
- A. F. HOUSER, Confectioner, 114 James Street South.
- J. H. SPRINGSTEAD, 113 John Street North.
- ROBT. GORDON, Confectioner, 119 John Street South.
- BURWELL GRIFFIN, Queen and Charlton Avenue.
- MRS. SECORD, Locke and Canada.
- CANADA RAILWAY NEWS CO., G. T. R. Station.
- H. BLACKBURN, News Agent, T., H. & B. Station.
- J. R. WELLS, Old Country News Stand, 197 King Street East.

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