

THE QUESTION —OF— THE DAY

Where can I get best value in Vinegars and Spices?

McCConnell's, Park St.,

Has a supply of A-1 Vinegar, just the kind to make good pickles, also our spices, whole and ground, are fresh and good.

Ginger Snaps, per lb. 50
6 Bars S. Soap 250
Try our 25c Mixed Tea.
Coffee, per lb. 150

Crockery at our usual low price.

John McConnell

Phone 190. Park St., East
Sign of the Star

In Using Baking Powder

Nothing that the parent should be used.

It is a well known fact that this article of food has been grossly adulterated, and to such an extent that "The Government" has now deemed it advisable to prosecute all vendors of

Baking Powder Containing Alum

We are pleased to say that we can supply you with a Pure, Wholesome Baking Powder, entirely free from Alum or any other adulteration, and at a price no higher than is asked for the worthless article.
Price 25c per lb.
Manufactured at

Central C. H. Gunn
Drug Store
Phone 105
Cor. K St. and 5th Streets

....SMOKE THEM....
Beresford Cigar
10c
MANUFACTURED BY STURTON & DYER,
LONDON, FOR SALE AT
Bennett's Cigar Store
100 O. F. BUILDING.

When
U=need=A

Package of Laundry done in the very best possible manner sent in to the

Parisian Steam Laundry
Co.
TELEPHONE 20

MEN OF ALL AGES
suffering from the effects of early folly, quickly restored to robust health, manhood and vigor. Lost Manhood, Premature Decay, Weak Memory, Stomach Disorders, Night Losses, Varicocele, etc., cured.
SLIM BOX OF MEDICINE FREE.
OLD DR. GORDON'S REMEDY FOR MEN in a few days will make an old man of 60 feel 30 years younger. Sent sealed on receipt of 2 cents to pay postage. Full regular one dollar box, with valuable medical book rules for health, what to eat and what to avoid. No duty, no inspection by Customs House, reliable Canadian Company. Write at once if we could not help you we would not make this honest offer.
GORDON MEDICINE CO.
P. O. Box W, 847 Montreal

BowPark
BACON
ALL DEALERS SELL IT

DEVELOPMENT.

People change: we did, you know, last August, just a year ago. That night at Bellevue's I called you fair and you were pleased I thought you so. The music, throbbing soft and low, seemed filled with joy—or was it love? I could not tell, for you were there—

Yes, people change. Helen Nesley in the Century.

"FOOL'S GOLD."

"Steady, Tom, old boy, careful where you step! Things are bad enough as they are, without anything happening to you. Look out for that stump ahead."

Tom and his young rider were alone on one of the Rocky mountain ranges—the "Front Range," it is called, almost in the heart of Colorado. It was a mid-winter afternoon and the falling snow nearly blinded them.

The horse stopped every few steps and looked inquiringly back, as though he had a mind to go no further; but the boy was bright and cheery, patting Tom's neck, and talked encouragingly to him.

Yet the horse was a native of those mountains, and should have been used to such scenes, whereas the boy was a city boy, who less than three months before had been sitting by one of the most cozy of eastern firesides.

"I really think, Rally," (the boy's name was Raleigh Sayre, but everybody called him Rally), "I really think," his father had said to him, "that it's not right for you to be fooling away your time in that school of mines, now that money is so scarce when you might be earning something."

"It's only to learn how to earn something for us all when I'm older," father Rally had replied. "But I'm sure through that I think I can earn something now, out in the mining country. I'll try it, if you will let me, and I can come back in a year or two and finish my course."

This was the beginning of Rally's start for Colorado; and in the more civilized parts of the state he had found enough small jobs to buy a horse to carry him into the mountains, where, as he knew, his chances would be better.

Two minutes had passed. Rally had dismounted, and for some time he had been leading Tom about in the dark looking for a good place to camp, when the sweetest music startled both rider and horse. It was the bark of a dog.

"Halloo!" Rally shouted. Instantly a place was opened, far up the mountain side, and a flood of light poured out.

"Can you give me shelter for the night?" Rally asked, out of breath with his exertion.

"Sure, lad," the man replied, "and that's about all we can give you, too. This is Camp Starvation. We're going to build up our old boots to-morrow. But come in, and bring the horse with you."

There was no other shelter for the horse, so Rally led Tom into the cabin, which was a cross between a dugout and a rough log cabin, but much larger than such places usually are, with a chimney of stones and mud at the end and a cheerful fire blazing under it. At this fire a second man was cooking something in a tin on a pot.

"Come in, young fellow," this second man said with a sarcastic laugh. "I'm boiling our last ham bone into soup. If you'd come to-morrow you'd had to eat candles, or boiled dogs, or a slice of meat."

"Never mind," he laughed. "I have some eatables in my trunk; some extracts of beef, and such things. A few bits of Tom here, too. Down on your luck?"

"Just slightly," the man by the fire answered, in his sarcastic way. "Out prospecting, and got strapped—that's all. Grab all you can, and no money; but if I'd all the money in the world, I couldn't get down to Central City to buy some grub, now this snow's come. That horse of yours looks plump and tender."

"Fiddin' something?" the first man asked, nodding his head toward the trunk as Rally stepped up to the fire to warm himself.

"No!" Rally laughed. "Nothing at all. I'm a workman, and carry my tools in there. That's all."

In due time the ham bone soup was ready, and Rally produced several jars of condensed food from his trunk, often when the two men ate their pipes after the meal they looked so much happier that Rally was encouraged to ask their names.

"That's Jack Dawson," the sarcastic one replied. "And I'm Bill Nogood. That's not exactly my name, but it fits me like a glove. We're two busted prospectors; that's what we are. Now who are you?"

"O, I'm Rally Sayre," the boy replied. "I'm from Sunset, in Boulder county; on my way to Central City, and making a little circuit over the mountain looking for work."

"Work?" Bill Nogood, the sarcastic, exclaimed. "We might go down to Central City and go to work, I suppose. There's as many as four jobs vacant in Central City, I hear, and more than 800 men, women and children fighting for each one of them."

"And the mountains are full of silver and gold, too, as you can see. I don't know so much about the gold, but as for silver (that's our business, my lad, prospecting for silver), I don't believe there's enough of it in this whole mountain to make a load quarter."

"Hold on!" Jack Dawson harshly interrupted. "don't forget my bottle of fool's gold. I believe there's enough copper in that stuff to pay for working it."

"Fool's gold?" Rally inquired. "That's what we call iron pyrites, you know," Dawson explained. "because it has a reddish look and weighs heavy; greenhorn prospectors often mistake it for gold. I've got a bottle of it I panned out here, and I ever got to Central City again I'm going to have it assayed for copper, for it has a coppery look to me."

OLD POSSUM'S EXPERIENCE.

What Defeat Him on His First Moonlight Ramble Alone.

Well, children," said the old Father Possum to his family, as they were all assembled in the hollow tree which served as their home, "did I ever tell you about my closest call?"

"No," said the youngest, as he cuddled up more closely to his mother. "Do tell us about it," said the oldest son; "it must have been something grand."

"It was," said the father, "but I did not look at it in that light at the time it happened," and after boring the ears of the eldest, who was pulling the fur out of his brothers to amuse himself, he continued:

"I was very young and inexperienced at the time, and in spite of my mother's warning to me to observe great caution in my rambles at night, I paid no attention to her and used no discretion whatever, wandering around at my own sweet will instead of following her instructions, but I came near paying dearly for my disobedience, as you shall hear."

"It was over in the old Marsh woods, the one in which there are two or three saw mills running now. It was on account of the saw mills your mother and I moved here."

"I was the oldest of a family of six, and, therefore, thought I ought to have more privileges than some of my brothers and sisters," at which his eldest son shook his head vigorously, "and sometimes on account of my age I was allowed to take a ramble by myself without the rest of the family being along. One night the weather was extra fine and I determined to take a stroll in the woods, but what was my surprise to find that we were absolutely forbidden to go out that night at all and more than that my mother refused to give me any reason why I could not go when I ventured to ask her for permission."

"This enraged me greatly. I was treated like a boy, I thought, and I would not stand it, I told myself, and telling my mother I was going for a drink and would be back as soon as I had got one, I started out."

"There was a full moon and the stars were all out in the sky, making it nearly as bright as daylight. I got along nicely, not even stumbling over anything, and having covered a good deal of ground I looked around, and spying a tree full of ripe haws it was not long before I had climbed to the top of the tree and was eating the ripe fruit. I was very careful to eat the best myself, for although I intended taking some of the fruit home with me, I was naturally greedy at the time, and instead of reserving the best for the family, as I should have done, I crammed myself so full of the fruit, there being such a quantity of it, that I could not bear to leave off after eating my fill, and gorged until I could gorge no longer, so that I could hardly move."

"Then I hung my tail from one of the branches and went to sleep. I was awakened by a dog barking under the tree and then a gun went bang, and I was so surprised, and badly scared for that matter, too, that I dropped right down to the ground without thinking, and then a boy hit me a whack with his stick, and holding me up by the back of my neck, he and his companions began boasting of what a good shot he was."

"He thought he had killed me, but one of the others told him I had only been stunned and advised him to prick me with a knife to make sure, but he objected to that, and said he was quite certain he had me, and he held me with his club again, and put me in a sack which he flung over his shoulder and taking the ends in his hands he went on with the rest."

"Now, you see, I had learned old things at least from my parents and that was to always pretend to be dead if I was ever captured by any one. I could not move around in the sack for fear of disturbing the boy, but as the sack jolted a great deal I had about decided to gnaw a hole in the end and slip out, had not the dog at that moment jumped up at the sack to get at me, for I think he suspected I was not dead and that way, having often heard the old saying, 'it is better to be a live possum in a bog than a dead one in the mouth of a dog,' and I kept quiet and tried to think of another plan."

"But I soon gave it up, and then I began to think of my poor parents and how they must be worrying about me and so I said to myself, 'I will not shed tears thinking about what they would undergo when I would never come back. But just then the dog started on again and began barking under another tree and the boy dropped me in his excitement and taking his gun he started to run under the tree.'

"I saw the opportunity at once and took advantage of it. The mouth of the sack had not been fastened and I slipped out and into the underbrush without being noticed. It did not take me long to find my way home and when I arrived my parents could hardly believe that I was myself. They thought I had been captured and had given me up as dead, and when I told them my adventures it was all I could do to convince them of the events that had taken place, but after I had told them all they were so overjoyed at my escape that I did not get the good scolding I should have received."

"And that, children," said old Father Possum, as he settled down to take a nap, "was the closest call I ever had, and it was only through the ignorance and carelessness of that boy that ever I escaped being served on the table."

Moral—Always take the advice of those older and wiser than yourselves. One of the surest evidences of friendship of an individual can display to another is telling him gently of a fault. If any other can excel it is listening to such a communication with gratitude and amending the

SHEEP RAISING

Four Reasons Why We Should—A Great Demand for Mutton.

Why should we not raise more sheep? There are several reasons why we should raise sheep. The following four reasons will be ample to answer the question satisfactorily:

First. There are millions of the human race and millions more continually being brought into it, and all so constituted that they get hungry about three times per day, (and the dogs in the night, also). To allay their hunger they must have at least a portion of animal food to mix with their vegetable diet. Sheep furnishes one of the best and most healthy meats—mutton. Mutton can be raised as easily and cheaply as beef or pork, and is growing in favor. The present prospect is that there will continue to be millions, yes, thousands of millions of the human race getting hungry three times a day, and these will raise dogs that are hungry at any time when the sheep are in sight so that there will be a great demand for mutton. Therefore we should raise sheep.

Second. All these millions of the human race (not the dogs) have to have artificial coverings for their bodies from the cradle to the grave, day and night, to protect them from the elements and accidents. Wool is one of the best, if not the best, material out of which this artificial covering must be manufactured. The sheep produces the wool, and is a poor sheep whose fleece will not pay its board bill. Thus the sheep pays up its cost annually and the raiser has the carcass for profit. Therefore we should raise sheep.

Third. The sheep is one of the best animals to clean up a farm and keep it clean of weeds, brush, etc. It will eat many kinds of plants that horses and cattle will not, and thus destroy trash that would cost the farmer many dollars to hire destroyed. But the sheep will work for nothing here and board itself, or pay its board in wool. Therefore we should raise some sheep.

Fourth. Where there is thin land, or in a hilly section of the country, no stock will contribute to the fertilization of the land as well as sheep if properly managed. Their manure is one of the richest and when left to themselves they will deposit it on the highest, driest, and most likely, the poorest places they can find.

A part of the proper management above referred to is, keeping the sheep in yards and stables during the winter, where they will manufacture rich fertilizer to be applied wherever the owner chooses. If confined on dry feed with good water easily accessible, they will keep full, fat and feeling well, but if allowed to run out on frozen grass they will not do as well, and they destroy more grass than would keep them through the summer. Therefore owners of hilly land, especially, should raise sheep—Farmers' Guide.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

Vanity is universal—and it is universally disowned.

Love finds a way, even if it has to stand the furniture man off.

The coming man is usually the one who holds your promissory note.

The reproaches of a true friend are always just and not too frequent.

The size of a man's bank account has nothing to do with his dimensions as a man.

Were it not for wine and passion some men would never speak the truth.

Fame never blows. Jer trumpet for a man who is too lazy to raise the wind.

The easiest way for a girl to prove that she can't sing is to make the attempt.

When a girl begins to take a comic valentine seriously she has reached the age limit.

It's always well to bury the hatchet—and it's also well to remember the spot where it is interred.

The worst thing about a man who wastes his time is his penchant for wasting the time of other people.

It's an easy matter to interest a girl. All you have to do is to talk about matrimony, new bonnets and sleigh rides.

Quality has much to do with the value of some things, but the man with plenty of common sense has no reason to complain.

Some people who don't claim to know very much make better use of their knowledge than others who think they know it all.—Chicago News.

In every woman's heart is implanted the love of home.

Love's grand sweet song sounds best arranged as a duet.

To add to the happiness of others is to increase your own.

A man can enjoy no better gift than the love of a good woman.

It seems a pity that the bridegroom is never the best man at his own wedding.

According to the latest discovery of science you should never kiss a man on the top of his head; it will make him bald.

DICTIONARY GIRLS

- A disagreeable girl—Annie Mosty.
- A sweet girl—Carrie Mel.
- A very pleasant girl—Jenny Roalty.
- A smooth girl—Amelia Ration.
- A seedy girl—Corra Ander.
- A clear case of girl—E Lucy Date.
- A geometrical girl—Polly Gout.
- Not orthodox—Hetty Rodoxy.
- One of the best girls—Ella Gant.
- A flower girl—Rhoda Dendron.
- A musical girl—Sarah Nade.
- A profound girl—Mettie Physies.
- A star girl—Jessie Mine.
- A nervous girl—Calla Sthenic.
- A lively girl—Anna Maton.
- An uncertain girl—Eva Nescent.
- A sad girl—Ella G.
- A great big girl—Ellie Phant.
- A warlike girl—Mille Tary.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children.
Dr. G. C. Osceola, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me.
H. A. ARCHER, M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher

APPEARS ON EVERY WRAPPER.

Eddy's Matches

PRODUCE A QUICK, SURE LIGHT EVERYTIME.

FOR SALE—

By All First Class Dealers

For packing BUTTER, LARD, HONEY, etc., use

Eddy Antiseptic Packages

OUR NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure you, and make a man of you. Under its influence the brain becomes active, the blood purified so that all pimples, blotches and ulcers disappear; the nerves become strong as steel, so that nervousness, bashfulness and despondency disappear; the eyes become bright, the face full and clear, energy returns to the body, and the moral, physical and mental systems are invigorated; more vital waste from the system. The various organs become natural and manly. You feel yourself a man and know that you are cured. Don't let quacks and false promises rob you of your hard-earned dollars. WE WILL CURE YOU OR NO PAY.

We treat and cure NERVOUS DEBILITY, SEXUAL WEAKNESS, EMISSIONS, SYMPHYSIS, GLEET, STRICTURE, VARICOCELE, KIDNEY and BLADDER DISEASES, and all diseases peculiar to men and women. Cures guaranteed.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you contemplating marriage? Has your blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. Consultation free. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion from Dr. Kennedy & Kergan. The Golden Monitor (Illustrated) on Diseases of Men and Women. "The Wages of Sin." "Varicocele, Stricture and Gleet." All sent Free sealed.

No medicine sent. C. O. D. No names on boxes or envelopes. Everything confidential. Question list and Cost of Treatment, FREE, for Home Cure.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN

148 SHELBY ST. DETROIT MICH.

THE SLATER SHOE

The "Natural Shape."

A new comfort shoe without clumsy looking toe. Roomy but neat, fitting a broad foot easily while making it look stylish and narrow. Light, Medium and Dark Tan, Seal Brown and Black. 14 sizes and 5 widths. Goodyear welted. Stamped on the soles "\$3.50 and \$5.00 per pair."

"The Slater Shoe."

MAKERS MONTREAL

Trudell & Tobey—The 21's—Sole Local Agents