Ladies' Flannelette Wrappers at 59c.

WOODS' FAIR

Men's Self-opener Umbrellas at 35c.

Special Price in Children's Coats.

Children's White Bear Skin Box Coats, double breasted, with large sailor collars, sizes 1, 2 and 3; special sale price $2 25

Two different styles in Bear Skin Coats, heavy curl, made with deep rolling collar, and fancy quilted silk collar with frill, double breasted, button or fancy ornament fasteners; sale price $3 50

Ladies' Flannelette Gowns, 59c.

Ladies' Outing Flannel Gowns in pink and white; neck, front and sleeves trimmed with frill, edged with lace, full sizes, with lined yokes in back; sale price Saturday 59c

Ladies' Vests, Saturday 25c.

Ladies' Long Sleeve Vests, light fleeced, shaped waist, ribbed wrist, lace trimmed, button front; sale price Saturday 25c

Ladies' Vests, Saturday 35c

Ladies' Fine Ribbed Vests, long sleeves, button front, lace trimmed, shaped waist, ribbed wrist; sale price Saturday ..35c

Ladies' Vests, Saturday 50c.

Ladies' Fine Wool Vests, light fleeced, long sleeve, open front, lace trimmed, shaped, ribbed wrist; special sale price Saturday 50c

5 dozen Ladies' Cotton and Wool-mixed Tights, fast black and very finely made, with elastic band, sale price Saturday, pair 50c

New Lot of Frillings.

12 different designs and colors of latest Frilling; fine assortment of shades, different patterns; sale price Saturday, a frill 8c

Big line of New Fall Gloves at special prices.

Immense Cut in Fine Writing Paper.

150 pounds (125 sheets to each pound), including blue, gray, and white, regular note size. This line usually sold at 50c a pound, sale price Saturday, a pound..... 15c

Popular Music, Regular 25c and 35c, Saturday 19c.

Songs.	Instrumentals.
Peggy Grady.	Yanklana.
Central, Give Me Back My Dime.	King of the Wizards.
My Cosy Corner Girl.	Moonlight.
Can't You See I'm Lonely.	Dainty Dames.
In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree.	Repaz Band.

Special in Laundry Soap.

5 large cakes of Oxford Laundry Soap Saturday for 10c

We have everything in Stove and Stove Pipe Varnish.

Special Candy Offer for Saturday.

200 pounds Choice Crystallized Orange Slices, value 15c pound; Saturday, per pound 8c

Try our Maple Cream, in assorted flavors.

Our 20c Chocolates are equal to the regular 40c goods.

Two Big Specials in Dish-Towels

We have just received from one of the best linen manufacturers, 200 Dish-Towel Squares, made of best linen, square pattern throughout, in red and blue, all ready to be cut, 22 inches square size; regular 10c each, Saturday, each 6c

27-inch square size, regular 15c, Saturday, each 8c

Our stock is complete in Wools, Soles, Silks, Trimmings, etc.

75c Lanterns, Saturday 89c.

On Saturday next in our basement we will offer as one of our big Saturday specials, 25 dozen large size Tubular Lanterns, at, each 89c

special line of 50c Corsets.

WOODS' FAIR

Bagdad Cushion Slips at 35c.

The Foundation of Every "Progress" Coat

The good looks, and shape, and wear, too—of a "Progress Brand" Coat, depend on the part you never see—the INSIDE.

This figure shows the anatomy of "Progress Brand" Coats. The patent sleeve and shoulder pads—the strong felt, genuine hair-cloth and thoroughly shrunken canvas. This foundation is moulded by hand and held by hand stitches.

It is this perfect building of the foundation that gives perfection to the finished "Progress Brand" garment.

"Progress Brand" Suits and Overcoats prove that they are made right, by the wear they give.

MONTREAL CANADA PROGRESS

JOHN H. CHAPMAN & CO.

GIRL GIANTESSES

British Women's Average Stature Is Rapidly Increasing.

London, Oct. 19—Within the next few hundred years England may expect to have a nation of women giants, towering many feet above their diminutive male fellows.

The English woman is adding to her average stature at the rate of an inch in ten years.

This astounding fact has been clearly developed by the physical culture experts who have become busy with figures and statistics. Prominent physicians and even biologists heretofore concerned with graver matters, have admitted the rapid physical development of women.

A simple calculation shows that in 120 years, or in 2025, the English woman will be an even twelve inches taller than today. This added foot will cause her to tower above her male mate by many inches, but the fearful disproportion will be but slight as compared to that of 2505, when, if the increase in height be continued in the same ratio, she will stand over eleven feet.

That the houses of today will but barely suffice to kennel her dogs in that age is not without a scientific basis of fact. The glovemakers and bootmakers of England can tell of the strange changes made in their business in the last ten years. Glove sizes have increased at least one number in the average, and the bootmakers acknowledge that there is a steady increase in the size of footwear required by women.

These Boadiceas of Briton, stalwart, large-limbed, broad-chested and of a warrior-like height and build, are the product of the golf field and the many forms of athletics indulged in by the women of today. They are alone in their strange leap forward in physical development, however, and the figures produced by the statisticians prove that equally accurate estimates of the height of the men of England show not the fraction of an inch increase in height in ten years. This fact has set the prophets to forecasting the dire gang plows.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

In order that they might not be disturbed by early arriving employes, some burglars in Berlin put upon the door of a store they were robbing a placard reading: "Closed on account of sudden death." The ruse was successful.

Always Remember the Full Name **Laxative Bromo Quinine** Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

E. W. Grove on every box. 25c

"Codfish cheese" is the name given to a canned preparation of fresh cod, now put up in Newfoundland. It is used for hash or fish cakes.

IF ATTACKED with cholera or summer complaint of any kind, send at once for a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial and use it according to directions. It acts with wonderful rapidity in subduing that dreadful disease that weakens the strongest man and that destroys the young and delicate. Those who have used this cholera medicine say it acts promptly, and never fails to effect a thorough cure.

A number of neighbors of Wesley Cramer, living near Garber, Kan., who has had a serious run of misfortune during the summer, gave him a plowing bee one day last week. Some came from as far as five miles with their plows.

For the Children To succeed these days you must have plenty of grit, courage, strength. How is it with the children? Are they thin, pale, delicate? Do not forget Ayer's Sarsaparilla. You know it makes the blood pure and rich, and builds up the general health. Sold for sixty years. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

A HEAVY PENALTY

CHAPTER XIX.

Florrie was playing a difficult game. Like most people who forsake the straight roadway of truth and honesty, and who betake themselves to the more tortuous paths of deceitfulness and double dealing, there were times when she was bewildered, even in her own mind, as to the dangers and uncertainties which surrounded her.

No one had seen her slip out of the house after dinner, on her way to Dr. Graham's house, nor did any living soul ever know what it was that the tall young lady in evening-dress had to say to the old doctor. In his mind, although he answered her questions civilly and to the best of his powers—and although he was, even at his discreet years, somewhat impressed by the graceful young lady, with her winning manner and her anxious and interested looks—Dr. Graham never quite settled satisfactorily to himself what it was that had made Mr. King's granddaughter pay him that furtive evening visit. He never knew whether it was the anxiety of affection or the workings of the basest self-interest that had prompted her close and searching questionings concerning the state of her grandfather's health, and he was a little ashamed of himself afterward that, being so overcome by the novelty and charm of the situation, he had been taken off his guard, and had answered her questions more fully and more unreservedly than he had felt it quite right to do.

As to Florrie she went home with a glitter in her eyes and a smothered excitement of manner which she had some difficulty in concealing.

Long that night she paced up and down the narrow limits of her little bed-chamber, thinking over what she had determined upon doing.

Once, stopping suddenly short before her dressing-table, she caught sight of her own face in the glass; there was a hard, fixed look of malignant triumph upon it that involuntarily made her recoil from her own image.

"What am I going to do?" she said to herself, shudderingly. "What name would any one give this thing that I am thinking about?" and then she laughed aloud to herself. "Pooh! what a fool I am! After all I am doing him no harm! He has heart disease, the doctor says; at any moment he may drop down dead. He is an old man; he has lived his life; he is quite prepared to die; he will not live a couple of months at the most, in any case—is that my fault?—and a week sooner or a week later, what can it matter in such a case? And he said—he said—that any sudden shock—any disappointment—any little trifle to upset him—"

And then she stood still suddenly, and held up both hands to her head, and was silent; for there are some things that are best unwhispered even in the remotest depths of our own hearts. After that, Florrie jumped into bed, pulled up the clothes round her head, and slept as soundly and sweetly as any child of three years old. The next best thing, for one's peace of mind to having a good conscience is certainly to have none at all.

The next morning Florrie met Norman on the stairs, on her way down to breakfast, and laid a detaining hand upon his arm. She did not notice that there were dark rings round his eyes, and wearied and care-worn lines upon his face. Mr. Allingham certainly had slept neither soundly nor sweetly.

But Florrie did not see these tokens of distress in her cousin's handsome countenance, because her own was cast down becomingly and modestly.

"Norman," she said, with a pretty hesitation of manner, "I am sorry for what I said to you yesterday—about—about our marriage."

Norman laid his hand kindly upon hers. If his conscience smote him often at times for his coldness of heart to the girl to whom he stood plighted and who loved him—for of course she loved him!

"My dear," he said, "we all say foolish things at times. Tell me what it is you wish about it."

"I have been thinking, Norman, that our grandfather has been very good to us; it would be wrong and ungrateful not to do as he wishes; and if—if he has set his heart upon seeing us married soon, why—why—"

She paused, stammering and confused, as was natural and maidenly.

Norman's heart gave a great leap, and then sunk down cold and sick within him; but he grasped her hand closely, and spoke out bravely.

"You are quite right; we will do as he wishes. We ought to consider him—it is our duty. You are a good girl, Florrie. I do believe that it will be a real joy to the old man to have this—this matter settled; and, Florrie, I give you my word of honor, I am not insensible to your sweet, yielding temper, and to the effort you have made to speak this to me. It shall be the object of my life," he said, solemnly and earnestly, "to be to you a good and devoted husband."

Norman spoke from his heart, gazing fixedly and gravely into her face. Never had he been more in earnest—never had he resolved more determinedly to fulfill to the very last letter the words he was speaking to this girl, whom he believed himself to be unconsciously wronging.

But she should never find it out. Never, he told himself—never, as long as life lasted in him!

Judge, then, of his surprise and bewilderment when Florrie's only answer was a smile of such intense amusement that it rippled up uncontrollably all over her face in a flood of suppressed merriment! He dropped her hand, and felt deeply disappointed. He had spoken from the very depths of his soul to her, and she seemed to consider it as a good joke! Would he ever understand this girl, or have one sympathy in common with the woman who was to be his wife?

After all, it was Stella, and not Florrie, whose task it was to tell the old man that he was to have his own way about the marriage that was his darling object.

Stella, who stood behind his chair with a face white and fixed, as though she were speaking her own death-warrant, said to him tremblingly:

"Grandpapa, they have told me to tell you that—that—"

"You are strangely timid, Miss Stella!" said Mr. King, irritably, twisting himself round in his chair to look up at her. "What are you stammering and stuttering for—and why do you stand behind me as if I were an ogre?—and who are they, pray?"

"How am I to answer three questions at once, grandpapa!" cried Stella with a touch of her old sauciness, and a little laugh, that even to the old man's ears sounded hollow and unreal! He drew her round to the front of his chair, and she knelt down by his side.

"Is it Norman and Florrie whose business you are upon, Stella? I suppose they were afraid to speak for themselves?"

She rested her elbow on the arm of his chair, and shaded her face with her hand.

"They wished me to tell you—the marriage shall be as soon as you like."

He was silent for half a minute; then he sighed contentedly.

"Thank God!" he murmured, fervently. "I shall see it before I die, and I shall have done justice to your father's child; for I was harsh to him, Stella—very harsh. May God forgive me!"

And then suddenly he took Stella's face between his two hands, and lifted it up, so that she was forced to look at him.

"My little girl, if it could only have been you!" he said, brokenly.

"Oh, don't, grandpapa!" burst with a cry from her white lips, and the sudden pain and anguish in her face smote upon him with all the force of a revelation.

He kissed her hurriedly.

"But you will stay with the old man, won't you, dear?" he said, drawing her tenderly to him. "We will send Finch away—I hate her—and you and I will live together. We will never be parted, Stella—you will never leave me, will you?"

"Never, grandpapa—never!" she answered, impulsively, casting up her arms about his neck, while tears that she could not restrain—tears of pent-up misery and despair—burst forth freely at his words of kindness and affection.

It was a strange thing, this love that had sprung up between the hard-hearted old man, with his crabbed temper and his well-nigh withered heart, and the girl who, so lately a stranger to him, had somehow crept into the emptiness of his loveless old life, softening, and purifying, and melting the frozen current of his soul.

How she had done it was a mystery both to himself and to her. She had never tried to win him; indeed, she had unconsciously thwarted his dearest wishes, and yet Florrie, who was about to realize them, was nothing to him, and Stella was everything.

"How can any one have ever called grandpapa hard and unkind?" said Stella to herself. "He has the warmest heart and the tenderest sympathy of any one I ever met."

And Stella, who, poor child! had so little to love, loved her grandfather with her whole heart and soul.

But though he loved Stella the best, Mr. King was not ungrateful to Florrie for her prompt consideration to his wishes.

When he met her at lunch-time he took her hand kindly and kissed her forehead.

"My dear, I am glad you have consented to let things be as I wish. You know I have set my heart upon this marriage, and you are acting rightly in allowing me to settle the time of it."

Florrie murmured an inarticulate reply; she was rather nervous in her manner, and Mrs. Finch, who was watching her closely, noticed that her hands trembled and shook with agitation.

Norman stood by her side and received his grandfather's thanks and good wishes also. Mrs. Finch was certain there was false play somewhere

"She is playing a double game—I am convinced of it," she said to herself. "Who was it that she met in the park the other morning? Could it have been Sir Edgar? for I am not such a goose as to suppose it was Norman! I must keep my eye on you, young lady!"

But aloud Mrs. Finch only said to Florrie, with the sweetest smile, as she took her place at the luncheon-table:

"Let me give you a glass of sherry, dear Miss Florrie, you look quite overcome; and will you have some chicken or a cutlet?"

"You had better order the invitation cards for the wedding," said Mr. King cheerily to her, as he sat down opposite her; "and the wedding-breakfast must be thought of. It is to be the first of May, Mrs. Finch, so mind you are in time with the preparations. Here is your good health, young people?"

None of them had ever seen the old man in such a good temper or in such radiant spirits.

CHAPTER XX.

The children had all gone upstairs to put on their hats and cloaks, but Lily lingered still in the school room. Ostensibly she was putting away the books and slates; but who will blame the poor child that the excuse was but a very shallow one? It was the time that Sir Edgar used so often to look into the school room for five minutes, and for many days Lily had waited, and hoped, and longed for him to come; but she saw very little of him now.

Her eyes were full of tears as she slowly and wearily put away the litter of objects that cumbered the table.

"I suppose he doesn't care to come now," she said to herself; "he must be getting quite fond of Lady Honoria, and I ought not to be sorry for it. Oh! no, I could not be so wicked as to be sorry, for, as mamma told me, he never could have meant to marry me; but I did not expect that. It was happiness enough just to see him now and then; but perhaps it is better not—only it is very hard to bear!"

The door opened softly behind her, and Lily turned round with a face radiant with sudden delight—only for an instant; in the next, every ray of pleasure had vanished out of it. It was Walter, not Edgar, who entered.

"All alone, lovely Lily?" cried the intruder, in a tone of bantering familiarity that was an insult in itself.

Lily colored deeply, but did not answer. She had already resented Walter's bold and disrespectfully expressed admiration; her pure instincts told her that he was not a good man.

"It is the first time I have had such luck since I have been in the house! Why do you always run away from me?" he asked, coming close to her.

"I have no wish to do so, Mr. Dyson," said Lily, quietly, though she was trembling very much; "but I am afraid I must go upstairs now, the children are getting ready for their walk; I must not keep them waiting."

She moved toward the door, but Walter stood in her way.

"Nonsense! you are not going away just yet; you are going to stay and talk to me a little. Do you know that you are very pretty? It's a shame of my mother to keep you mewed up in the school room all day! Why don't you come into the smoking-room in the evening sometimes? You would always find me there alone; I go there directly after dinner, while my mother and brother are hanging over Lady Honoria and her everlasting singing. That sort of thing bothers me, you know. I'm not musical, and I'm not in love with Lady Honoria. I get away into the smoking-room with my pipe. Suppose you slip in there tonight, and have a talk to me?"

"I don't think the smoking-room would be at all the proper place for me, Mr. Dyson."

"Any more, I suppose, you mean, than the school room is the proper place for me."

Lily was silent for a minute, then she said very quietly:

"Please let me pass, Mr. Dyson. I really must go upstairs?"

"You certainly shall not go until you've promised to come to the smoking-room after diner tonight."

"I shall never promise that, Mr. Dyson," said Lily, firmly, wondering at her own boldness.

If she had had more knowledge of the world she would have given the promise and have broken it afterward. But none of the arts of deception lay in Lily's category of self-defense. She was frightened and indignant; but it did not occur to her to use guile or deception to escape from the man who was insulting her because she was poor and friendless.

She made another attempt to reach the door; but Walter Dyson placed himself directly in her way that, without a personal encounter with him, it was impossible for her to get at the handle.

"Mr. Dyson!" she cried indignantly, "this is most ungenerous, most ungentlemanlike of you!"

"How pretty it looks when it is angry!" was the laughing reply.

Tears of distress and terror gathered in her eyes, and then all at once she heard an advancing footstep along the passage.

"For Heaven's sake let me go!" she cried, white with terror. "I hear some one coming—it must be Lady Dyson!"

"Then you shall give me a kiss before she comes!" cried Walter, and before she knew what he was doing he seized her suddenly in his arms.

Lily uttered a faint cry. She was so paralyzed with terror and disgust that she had neither the strength to resist him nor the courage to call loudly for help.

[To be Continued.]

Colds or Fevers Are broken up in a single night, and serious illness prevented, by taking **Hood's Pills** All druggists. 25 cents.

STRAUSS' OPERA IS SENSATIONAL

German Moralists Expected to Fume Over His Setting of "Salome."

Berlin, Oct. 20.—Musicians well informed assert that Richard Strauss' new opera "Salome," to be given for the first time at Dresden on Nov. 22, will be the most interesting and sensational feature of this year's German opera season. An advance piano text of the work has just been published, not intended for the public but only for the use of the artists who are to take part in the performance.

But even a superficial examination of the opera shows that Strauss draws most radical conclusions in the line of modern diatonics. In his text he has followed word for word the original play of Oscar Wilde. He has made no important changes, altering only the figure of the Roman ambassador, Tigellinus. Strauss' idea to translate Wilde's work into music will be followed by considerable discussion, but there is no reason to doubt that he has solved the task like a master. In fact, it is said by those who have seen the music of the new opera that the composer has indeed succeeded in reproducing the interesting and intoxicating brilliancy of Wilde's words.

Ears, however, used to diatonic sounds undoubtedly will be tortured by an abundance of disharmonies, and moral fanatics will fume at the immorality and perversity of the music. The world, indeed, will be surprised by this entirely new cult of the erotic, by the recitative power applied to St. John's speeches, and by the several magnificent and melodious passages in different scenes of the opera. An important part of the opera is still unavailable in the piano text—namely, the dance of Salome.

The part of Salome will be impersonated by Frau Wittich. Herodes by Herr Burrian, and John by Herr Perron. These artists in all probability will do full justice to their parts, so that Strauss will not have to face an experience which confronted him ten years ago in Munich, when such famous artists as Ternina, Vogl and Bruck went on a strike and refused to sing his opera "Guntram." Guests from different parts of the world have already engaged seats for the first performance of the new opera.

Herman Sundermann's new play, obscurely entitled "Stone Among Stones," is a study of a section of German working class life. It is marked by that clarity of observation and grim fidelity to life which distinguishes this master's work. The scene opens in the house of Herr Zarucke, master stonecutter, a large hearted, philanthropically minded Berliner, whose life's aim is to reclaim criminals and improve the lot of the miserable. His conversation is interlarded with saws, which do credit to his heart at the expense of his head.

His daughter Marie is a frail hunchback, emotional and unthinkingly enthusiastic about men or causes. She supports her father in all his benevolent schemes, and lavishes special admiration on his foreman Gottlingk, whose overmastering vitality fascinates her. A burglary has just been committed in the works, and suspicion falls upon one Struve, and later upon Gottlingk.

It develops that Gottlingk is a vulgar libertine, and Marie reveals her infatuation for the man. The culminating point of the drama discloses Gottlingk as a bully, and he is seen plotting murder. A synopsis of the play can give but a faint idea of the psychological insight shown by Sundermann in the development of his characters and the remorseless realism of his pictures. As it has been two years since Sundermann's last previous play was produced, "Stone Among Stones" has been awaited with great eagerness by the admirers of the great German dramatist and novelist.

When showing the violet shade the thickness of the film of a soap bubble is about the one million two hundred and forty thousandth part of an inch.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

"Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills Cure All Liver Ills." Easy to Take. Always Effectual. They Cure In Nature's Way.

A celebrated English authority once said, "The liver is the direct cause of nine-tenths of the ills that flesh is heir to." It is the largest gland in the body, and naturally has a great deal of work to do, for the reason that through its cells and tissues the blood must pass many times every hour. Now suppose its functions should become impaired or interfered with. You know you would have pains or uneasiness in the right side, or a dull aching under the shoulder blade. The complexion would become sallow or yellowish, your appetite would be impaired, your bowels inactive, while headaches, dizziness and bad feelings would be your daily experience. In these cases relief that is speedy and full is always afforded by the use of Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills, which are a marvelous success in curing all forms of liver complaint, including biliousness and jaundice. Taken as directed they always restore an inactive and torpid liver to healthy action, regulate the bowels and cleanse the blood of impurities. A week's use of Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills by a bilious or constipated person will elevate the spirits and again make life really worth living. They are invaluable for all stomach and bowel troubles, and they always cure sick headache, constipation and biliousness in one night. 25 cents at all dealers.

All genuine signed W. F. Smith.

SMITH'S BUCHU LITHIA PILLS A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM AND ALL FORMS OF KIDNEY AND BLADDER ILLS. AT ALL DEALERS—25 CENTS. A CURE AT THE PEOPLE'S PRICE

THE WEATHER TODAY—Showers.

Sale Extra-Ordinary

Manufacturer's Samples At Manufacturer's Prices

According to Webster's Dictionary "Extra-ordinary" means—UNCOMMON—REMARKABLE—WONDERFUL—RARE. We don't believe we could find another word that describes as correctly the real significance of this sale. It is not unusual for us to give our customers the price benefits of goods we secure from manufacturers at less than usual values. Quite the reverse. But to sell a manufacturer's entire collection of samples, consisting of Waists, Skirts and Shirtwaist Suits, all correct autumn and winter styles, at MANUFACTURER'S PRICES—that's UNCOMMON And the values are truly REMARKABLE. Just think for a minute. Here, on Saturday, you have the chance to buy these garments at the same prices the manufacturer charges the big wholesalers and drygoods merchants. That's approaching pretty close to WONDERFUL. Isn't it? And there's no mistake in saying this EXTRA-ORDINARY Sale affords a RARE opportunity. Every woman who knows anything about real values will pronounce this sale the BARGAIN EVENT of the season—provided she visits our second floor early Saturday morning, before the tables are emptied of their burdens of enticing values. Here are hints of what you may expect to find:

Taffeta, Jap and Louisine Silk Waists

$3 75 for $2 67
$5 00 for $3 66
$5 50 for $3 75
$6 00 for $4 00
$6 50 for $4 50
$7 50 for $5 50
$8 50 for $5 50

Black Sateen Blouses

$1 00 for 75c
$1 25 for 88c
$1 35 for $1 00
$1 50 for $1 13
$1 75 for $1 25
$2 00 for $1 38 and $1 50

Flannel, Luster and Velvet Blouses.

$1 50, for $1 13
$1 75, for $1 25
$2 00, for $1 50
$2 85, for $2 13
$2 50, for $1 88
$2 25, for $1 75
$3 75, for $2 75
$3 50, for $2 50
$4 00, for $3 00
$4 50, for $3 25

Shirtwaist Suits at various prices, in Silks and Tweeds.

Ladies' and Misses' Skirts in Broadcloths, Venetians, Tweeds, Homespuns, etc.

$3 00 for $2 00
$3 75 for $2 75
$4 00 for $2 75
$6 00 for $4 25
$7 00 for $5 00
$7 50 for $5 50
$9 00 for $7 50
$11 50 for $8 00

Sale Commences at 9 a.m. See Display in West Window.

Table Cloths, Linen Napkins and Towels Underpriced

Another collection of splendid values to tempt the saving women will be found in our Linen Section Saturday. They're seconds from two of Ireland's foremost manufacturers, which explains the low prices asked. Seconds with imperfections so slight that only honest manufacturers and honest stores would class them under that name. We expect a crowd to attent this money saving event. Our advice—Come early.

OVER 300 DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS, pure Irish Linen, many new designs, bordered all around. Sizes—
2x2, 2x2½, 2x3 .....
2½x2½, 2½x2½, 2½x3.....
2½x3½, 2½x4 yards .....
$1.00 UP

95 DOZEN, ALL LINEN NAPKINS, ⅝, 22 inches and ¾ sizes, at, per dozen $1.00 to.....$4.00

47 dozen TOWELS, damask, diaper, crepe and huck, hemmed and fringed, union and all linen; at, each, 10c, 12½c, 15c, 17c, 20c and 25c

SMALLMAN & INGRAM, 149, 151, 153 and 155 Dundas Street.

In the course of eight hours' point duty a London constable sees that he is asked on an average 250 times where such-and-such a street is.

THE NEVER-FAILING medicine, Holloway's Corn Cure, removes all kinds of corns, warts, etc.; even the most difficult to remove cannot withstand this wonderful remedy.

The Government of India will send four graduate students to Cornell University this fall, to take special work in agriculture.

"BY MEDICINE LIFE MAY BE PROLONGED."—So wrote Shakespeare nearly three hundred years ago. It is so today. Medicine will prolong life, but be sure of the qualities of the medicine. Life is prolonged by keeping the body free from disease. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil used internally will cure coughs and colds, eradicate asthma, croup, croup and give strength to the respiratory organs. Give it a trial.

There are 276 places of public entertainment in London with a combined seating capacity for 400,000 people.

MOTHER GRAVES' Worm Exterminator has the largest sale of any similar preparation sold in Canada. It always gives satisfaction by restoring health to the little folks.

CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed. Prevents contagion. EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U.S.A.

MEN AND WOMEN. Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, postpaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.

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