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AS M. QUAD SEES THINGS.

BROTHER GARDNER FINDS HIS FEL-

LOWS ARE MENTALLY WOBBLING.

His Denunciation on the Extravagance

of the Day-Rings and Pillow Shams

Tell the Tale of Modern Degeneracy—

Patent Leather Hoofs and Cuckoo

Clocks.

"I've bin deeply pained," began

Brother Gardner, as he slowly rose up

and stood with his hands under his coat-

tails—"I've bin deeply pained at cum-

in across fresh evidences to show dat

de cull'd man an' mentally wobbly

'bout, instead of walkin' right ahead in

de middle of de road. Two weeks ago

tonight I was in a store when Brudder

Waydown Bebees cum in dar and got

measured fur three shirts, an' ordered

dat dey be made to button behind. He

didn't see me, an' I was so paralyzed dat

I couldn't hev spoken to him if he had.

All my life I has bought cotton cloth

at 6 cents a yard, an' had de ole woman

make me shirts, an' dey was shirts

same as George Washington, Henry

Clay and Abraham Lincoln was. De

shirt dat buttoned in front, wid buttons

costin' 6 cents a dozen, has bin good nuff

for poets, warriors an' statesmen. De

homemade shirt passed de Declaration

of Independence. It won liberty fur

this nation. It clerged de war. It

plowed de prairies an' laid de founda-

shun fur our present greatness. De ideah

dat de time has arrive when a nation

aimin' seven dollars a week an' havin'

only one lung left to breathe with, feels

dat he must hev 12 shillin' shirts to be

in de swim, jest takes my breath

away!

"A few nights ago I met Brudder

Elder Toobs in a drug store. De elder

an' ole man. Any one to look at him

would say dat he was sot to stay sot. I

hev altus considered him a man widout

any foolishness, an' you kin imagine

my surprise when he boldly inquired fur

scented soap, vaseline, cream an'

tooth powder. He actually turned

away from a ten-cent tooth-brush an'

sok on at 25 cents a box. De elder

you inquir' fur scented soap befo' he

crossed de Delaware? Did Patrick

Henry hold a bottle of vaseline in his

hand when he closed de memorable

speech by sayin', 'Gin me liberty or

gin me death?' Did Abraham Linkum

go an' brush his teeth wid a rag tied

to a stick, but our Elder Toobs must

fill his mouf wid Paris powder an' grease

up his paws like a cat. De elder

no difference dat he's in debt an' got

a big family, an' de elder Toobs must

be so fat in de style.

"What an Brudder Shindig Watkins

to-night? I answer dat he an' home an'

in bed, an' de doctor says his backache

an' two inches of steam. I was

workin' in my garden de odder day

when Brudder Watkins cum in to see

me. He leaned up agin de fence an'

talked, an' he sot down on my onion bed

an' talked, an' he sot by he sprang it on

me. What d'ye s'pose dat poison want-

ed? Wanted to berry fur dollars to get

a pair o' shoes—patent leather shoes—an'

another dollar to buy two pairs o' red

summer socks. My friend, I didn't pear

to breathe fur three minits. Den my

breff cum wid a rush, an' I picked up

Brudder Watkins an' frosted him ober

a nine-fut fence on a heap o' bricks.

I dun couldn't help it.

"I cum on me so sudden an' wid sich

impetuosity dat I couldn't control my

self. Did Christopher Columbus hev on

patent leather shoes when he discover-

ed America? My friend, Purseman Morse

war'n red socks wid a pansy embroid-

ered on de ankle, when he gin us de

telegraph? No, de fact is, Purseman

was in de army, an' he wore a button

uppers, humpbacked whitewasher named

Watkins, who wouldn't hev a button

on his clothes if his devious wife had

g'n' sight 'round belong to de For-

Hundred.

"My ole woman was tooken sick de

odd' night, an' I went ober to de cabin

of Gilead Jones to berry a little

ginger. Brudder Jones has allus pear-

ed to me to be a solid, sensible man, an'

I couldn't skally believe dat I was

awake when I looked around dat house.

Dar was a cuckoo clock same as de

President of de United States goes to

bed by. Dar was three stuf cheaters,

best of Napoleon, a funfol dat nebbor

cost less'n 50 cents, an' right on de floor

bein' stepped on by de family a dozen

times a day, was a rug dat cost 88! When

Mr. Pullen invenst de steamboat, did he

hev his feet on an 88 rug? When Sir

Issac Newton discoverd gravity did he

hev a cuckoo clock cuckoo to him?

When Gen. Taylor fit an' licked de

Mexicans did he sot on a stuf cheater an'

direct his battles?

"But dat was not all, my fren's. I

got a peep into de spar' bedroom an'

beheld sham-holders on de bed an' a

canopaceous canopy above de same as de

knights of Europe. Dar was a red table-

cloth on de table, an' album fit fur a

queen lyin' around, an' all de knives an'

forks had handles on 'em. Brudder

Jones works in a woodyard fur 89 a week

an' has a wife an' eight children, but he

must be in de swine, de better come

to my house to borrow money. 'Bout de

time he gits his way fren' 'splainin' to

me dat he has got to hev 86 to get a set

o' silk underclothes to wear to de baseball

game I shell light down on him an' make

him wish he had nebbor bin on. We

will now go home.

Experience.

Miss—I wouldn't marry for money,

would you?

Mrs.—Um—well, not the second time.

ROOM NO. 13.

The Youth Was Superstitious and the

Girl Got Into the Other Bed.

During a heavy influx of guests at

one of the Spring Lake hotels, two sis-

ters, one a married woman with a baby,

agreed to sleep together, although they

had engaged two rooms, No. 12 and 13,

for the season. Last Wednesday after-

noon the gentleman and his wife, who

had been assigned to No. 13, were sud-

denly called home on account of sick-

ness, and when the younger sister retired

that night she went through the con-

necting door and smuggled down to sleep

in her old bed. On the last train from

New York there arrived, very unex-

pectedly, a young man who had come

down to visit friends.

When the clerk assigned him to No.

13, he said, he would not take it, as he

was superstitious. The clerk told him

it was the only vacant room in the

house, and he ought to be glad to get it

instead of having to use a cot. The

young man accepted the situation, but

remarked that something would surely

happen before morning. He then went

off with his waiting friends for a drive

and some time after midnight returned,

picked up his bag and started for bed.

The first thing he did upon entering the

room was to throw his coat on a chair,

hang up his hat and then take off his

shoes. This done, he lighted the gas.

As he turned to remove the remainder

of his apparel he saw the form of a

young woman in the bed.

"The situation was a strange one, and

drops of perspiration jumped out on his

forehead, for he had never before lying

about and nothing to indicate that the

slumbering woman had come from any

place else but the clouds. As he stood

fixed to the spot she turned slightly on

her side, and evidently being disturbed

by the light, opened her eyes. "I—I—

beg your pardon," stammered the

young man, "but I've got into the

wrong room by mistake. Just let me

get my things." With an exclamation

of horror the young woman rose to a

sitting posture, and then, strange to

tell, began to laugh. "It is I who am