

REMEMBER T. BEATTIE & CO.'S GREAT SALE.

SUMMER GOODS MUST BE CLEARED OUT

BEST GOODS SELLING AT LOW PRICES.

T. BEATTIE & CO., DUNDAS STREET.

George Washington.

He was black as the ace of spades, you see, And scarcely as high as a tall man's knee; He wore a hat that was minus a brim, But that, of course, mattered nothing to him; His jacket—or what there was left of it—Scarcely his little black shoulders to fit; And as for stockings and shoes, dear me! Nothing about such things knew he.

He sat on the curb-stone one pleasant day, Placidly passing the hours away; His hands in the holes which for pockets were meant, His thoughts on the clouds overhead were intent; When down the street suddenly marching along, Came soldiers and horses, and such a great throng Of boys and men, as they crowded the street, With a "Hip, hip, hurrah!" the lad sprang to his feet.

And joined the procession, his face in a grin, For here was a good time that "dis chite in in!" How he stretched out his legs to the beat of the drum, Thinking surely at last 'twas the jubilee come!

Then suddenly wondering what 'twas about—The soldiers, the music, and all—with a shout He hailed a small comrade, "Hi, Cesar, you know What's all dis purcession's a marchin' fur so?"

"Go 'long, you George Washington," Cesar replied, "In dis yer great kentry you ain't got no pride! Dis is Washington's Birthday; you oughter know dat, Wid yer head growed so big, burst de brim off yer hat!" For a moment George Washington stood in surprise, While plainer to view grew the whites of his eyes; Then swift to the front of the ranks scampered he, This mite of a chap hardly high as your knee.

The soldiers looked stern, and an officer said, As he rapped with his sword on the black woolly head, "Come, boy, clear the road; what a figure you are!" Came the ready reply, "Ise George Washington, sah, But I didn't know nuffin about my birthday 'Till a feller jist tole me. Oh, golly! Its gay!"

Just then a policeman—of course it was meant—Removed young George Washington far from the scene. —Young People.

HUMOROUS.

If poverty is a disgrace, mended stockings are a darned shame.

"A man who'll maliciously set fire to a barn," said Mr. Slow, "and burn up twenty-eight cows, ought to be kicked to death by a jacksaw, and I'd like to do it."

"I would box your ears," said a young lady to her stupid and tiresome admirer, "if—" "If what?" he anxiously asked. "If," she repeated, "I could get a box large enough for the purpose."

Young men who stand in front of church doors waiting to see as the congregation come out might be used as stands to hang wraps and umbrellas on.

"If you grasp a rattlesnake firmly about the neck he cannot strike you," says a western paper. There is now no excuse for any one's being bitten by these serpents.

"Well, Miss-takes will happen in the best regulated families," as the gentleman remarked upon hearing that the tall and slender young man had stolen his child away.

A prettily-dressed little girl fell on a muddy street-crossing the other day, and a gentleman hastened to her assistance. After cleaning her clothes, he asked her if he shouldn't escort her home. "No, thir," answered the dignified little damsel; "if you please, we ain't been introduced."

A colored cook, expecting company of her kind, was at a loss how to entertain her friends. Her mistress said: "Chloe, you must make an apology." "La, missus! how can I make it? I got no apples, no eggs, no nuffin, to make it wid."

A party of Cleveland youths marched around the city the other day wearing elegantly trimmed bonnets. When the police asked them to explain, the young men pointed to ladies promenading the streets with hats like men's hats on, and simply said: "Turn about is fair play."

tain arrangements, you may have the whole lot at three shillings per load." "Done," said the man, and he left us walked up to congratulate our friend upon the success of his negotiation. "These lots," said Tom, as he grasped our hands with the energy of a man who had just succeeded in a great enterprise, "belong to a young lady to whom I am now paying court, and I have just sold to Smith, the mason, the building sand on them for three shillings per load."

The last time we saw Tom he was laying out (on paper) a grand public park in the vicinity of some unimproved property belonging to another young lady.

That Was Too Much. Detroit Free Press. The tenant of a house on Crawford Street, who was always behind in his rent, was some days since ordered to vacate, and then he put his imagination at work to invent excuses to remain in the house. He first had his wife fall sick, and thereby got a week. Then he was taken with the chills and got in four days more. Then he got two days in which to get another house, and yesterday when an officer went there for the key he found the man dying. At least his wife said such was the case, and acted like one greatly distressed in mind.

"This is very sudden," remarked the non-plussed officer. "Very sudden, sir. He had just said to me that we would begin moving after dinner, when he dropped on the floor and he has been lying in a stupor ever since. The doctor says he may never rally again."

"Can I see him?" "Oh, yes, but please don't speak above a whisper." She led the way to the bedroom. There lay the unconscious man, but somehow he didn't look as a sick man should, and his breath had a strong smell of whiskey. The officer felt of his pulse, and made up his mind that it was a game to beat the court.

He therefore began: "Well, Mrs. Blank, I congratulate you. In a few more hours you will be rid of him forever. He is a great loafer and a hard drinker, and but for this he would have died in State Prison."

The wife opened her eyes in astonishment, and the officer continued: "I'll leave word with the undertaker as I go down. Any sort of a box will do, or may be they'll haul him out on the commons. It's of no consequence what becomes of these old soakers. You will be a happy woman when the old galoot goes up the spout."

At this point the dying man rose up, and took a cool survey of the officer, and quietly observed: "Sir, you are no gen'lman! No, sir, you are not! I'm no loafer or loafer, and I want you to understand that I'm able to have as decent a funeral as you can. You can take your old house and go to bangs with it for all of me. Mary, hand me my clothes, and we'll show this vulgarian that we can move out of this old shanty and into a residence in about forty minutes."

In twenty minutes all their goods were on the walk and the house locked up.

The Colonel's Coffee Mill. Detroit Free Press. Yesterday old Joe Henlock, one of the blackest colored men in Detroit, was promenading through the editorial rooms of the Free Press, in search of money enough to buy a new pair of boots, and the sight of him revived an old recollection. In 1861, after the retreat from Bull Run, the 3d Michigan infantry went into camp at Hunter's Place, and old Joe, then a middle-aged darkey, came into camp as a runaway. Col. McConnel seized upon him for a cook, and after instructions Joe was given charge of the Colonel's kitchen. His first meal was dinner, and about time for it to appear he walked in on the colonel, made a very low bow, and said: "Kernel, Ize not quite up to de situation jist yit. You tole me to bake beans, didn't you?" "I did."

STANDARD CHOPPING MILLS. WATEROUS ENGINE WORKS CO., BRANTFORD, CANADA.

PORTABLE SAW MILLS! GRIST MILLS! FARM ENGINES. WATEROUS ENGINE WORKS CO., BRANTFORD, CANADA.

WATEROUS ENGINE WORKS CO., BRANTFORD, CANADA. 431176 GENUINE SINGER SEWING MACHINES

THE SINGER MAN'G CO'Y, 222 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

INSURANCE. THE LONDON MUTUAL (Formerly Agricultural Mutual.) HEAD OFFICE, Molsons Buildings, London, Ontario.

BOOT & SHOES. WINLOW BROS. 113 DUNDAS STREET, Opposite B. A. Mitchell's Drug Store.

ORGANS. ESTABLISHED 1839. S. R. WARREN & SON CHURCH ORGAN BUILDERS

BATHS. Electropathic Remedial Institute, 24 QUEEN'S AVENUE, LONDON, ONT.

RE-OPENED! TURKISH & ELECTRIC BATHS. 79-ly Dus. STREET & McJAREN.

GROCERIES. THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY, (LIMITED).

House GROCEERIES. O'CALLAGHAN'S, Star House, next door to City Hotel.

TEAS, VERY FINEST QUALITIES. PURE JAVA COFFEE. Wilson & Cruickshanks,

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS. J. W. HARDY, CORNER KING & RIDOUT STREETS.

GROCERS ONTARIO. FITZGERALD, SCANDRETT & CO., 169 DUNDAS STREET.

DRUGS & CHEMICALS. -Gothic Hall- ESTABLISHED 1846. MITCHELL & PLATT,

DRUG STORE. W. H. ROBINSON, Opposite City Hall.

DRUGGIST. J. W. ASHBURY, Successor to Puddicombe & Glass, CHEMIST AND

DRUGGIST. JOHN COOPER PHOTOGRAPHER. In the city, doing an immense business in the photographic line.

AGRICULTURAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO. AGRICULTURAL BUILDINGS, COR. DUNDAS & TALBOT STS

SAVINGS BANK BRANCH. MONEY LOANED ON REAL ESTATE SUPERIOR SAVINGS & LOAN SOCIETY, LONDON, ONT.

DOMINION SAVINGS & INVESTMENT SOCIETY LONDON, ONT. OFFICE, OPPOSITE CITY HALL, RICHMOND ST.

HARDWARE. T. & J. THOMPSON, Importers and Dealers in ENGLISH, GERMAN AND AMERICAN HARDWARE.

REID'S HARDWARE HARVEST TOOLS! Best and cheapest in the city.

BUILDING HARDWARE. PAINTS, GLASS, OILS, ETC. CALL AND SEE US

CHEAP Lawn Mowers GARDEN TOOLS, COWAN'S HARDWARE, 127 DUNDAS STREET.

ALFRED CRAIGIE, MANUFACTURER OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF PRINTERS' MATERIAL.