



Modern!

Featherbone Corsets must not be confounded with those which were made five or six years ago. The Featherbone Corset of to-day is as far removed from the old style, as black is from white.

BUY A PAIR AND YOU WILL BE PLEASD.

AS GOOD AS WHEAT.

Buffalo Express.

"I see," remarked the wide-awake farmer, "that wheat has gone up to seventy cents in Chicago, and there's a report that it will keep goin' till it gets to one dollar. Now, I'd like to contract to sell you my crop for seventy cents. Seventy cents will do me. I'd rather have a sure thing while it's goin' than to take my chances on doin' better by waitin'."

"But," replied the commission merchant, "I can't agree to contract for your wheat at seventy cents."

"Why not? It's goin' up to a dollar an' you'll make thirty cents a bushel. Ain't that enough?"

"Oh, yes; but you see that seventy cents is only a speculative price. It ain't what they pay for real wheat."

"Don't pay that for real wheat? What in thunder do they pay for, then?"

"Why, for options."

"Well, what the blazes are options?"

"Why, they're promises to get wheat and sell it for such and such a price."

"Well, then, they got to get the wheat, ain't they?"

"No; they sell the promises again, accordin' as the market rises or falls."

"An' don't they buy an' sell any real wheat at all?"

"Not much."

"Just buy an' sell wind at seventy cents a bushel?"

"That's about it."

"Thunder an' Mars, wish I'd knowed that last fall. I wouldn't a-sowed any wheat. I'd tied my grain bags to the back o' my fannin mill an' kept the boy turnin' it all winter, till I'd filled all the bags I could get hold of. But it ain't too late yet. By gosh, if it's wind they want 'stead of wheat, I can supply the market for the hull country right off my farm!"

First citizen (in the near future)—"Who is that they're goin' to string up?" Second citizen—"That's the man that stole Tornado Pete's bicycle."

"War," said the lecturing philanthropist, "is a horrible evil. The warrior is a survival of barbarism—What's that! A drum! Soldiers coming!! Open the window. I want to see them."—Boston Transcript.

Patrons of this Theatre will confer a favor by reporting any discourtesy on the part of employees, to A. E. ROOTE, Manager.

Parties finding lost articles in any portion of the theatre will please leave them at the Ticket Office.

Parties losing any articles in this Theatre will please inquire at the Box Office.

Harry McKenna,

DEALER IN

Choice TOBACCONIST'S Goods.

ALWAYS OPEN AFTER THE OPERA.

225 DUNDAS ST. RETAIL AND WHOLESALE

SAVING.

"I much commend Jeanette and John, Their thrift could never be outdone, Though twenty chairs are in the room, Night after night they use but one"
—Boston Budget.

UNNECESSARY.

"In popping the question, he did prefer To do it in manner firm and steady; He did not go on his knees to her— For she was on his knees already."
—Life.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

Foot Tighes—"Hungry! Dere's an appetizing odor about you dat reminds me of the roast goose of me childhood. Hev you hed any?"

Hungry Hawkes—"Nope! But I slep' in an onion bed last night."