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A Fan for Monaco's Princess.
A very beautiful fan has been painted by Miss Albons for the new princess of Monaco—lately the Duchesse de Richelieu. The fan is to be presented by the Monasque maids and matrons to their princess on the occasion of her entry into the delightful domains of her husband. On the left of the painting is the ancestral home of the Grimaldis, casting the shadow of its soverely plain outlines on the cerulean sea and sky.
To the right rises Monte Carlo, with its background of mountain, while in the center of the two landscapes appears the allegorical figure of the principality, leaning one hand on the armorial insignia of the Grimaldis, and with the other scattering flowers over the sunlit land. The landscape is in pastel and the figure in gouache. The reverse side of the fan is ornamented with arabesques and branches of the mimosa, the whole being mounted in mother of pearl set off with precious stones. The work is worthy of the artist by whom it has been done.—London Telegraph.

Electricity in an Indian Palace.
Perhaps no more significant evidence of the onward march of civilization could be afforded than the lighting by electricity of the palace of the ruler of Beroz in India, that, too, on a scale of unstinting splendor. The interior is lit with 216 sixteen candle power incandescent lights. The large hall is illuminated with two large twelve light electroliers, made in bronze and lacquered work, while the light is softened and diffused by electric shades. Single lights are hung pendant from the ends of the columns of the gallery. In the numerous rooms are three and four light electroliers, made in a variety of designs to suit the surroundings.—Chicago Times.

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THE POWER OF A PLUGGED NICKEL.

A White Careless Fascinated and Embarrassed by an Outhouse-Cat-Cat.
A tall man with a dark mustache and imperial got into a south bound Broadway car at Twenty-second street the other day and took a seat about midway up the car. When the conductor came for his fare the man fished a nickel from his pocket. The conductor looked at the coin sharply and passed it back again.
"Was it the matter?" asked the man.
"It's plugged," said the conductor.
The man put a pair of spectacles on his nose and critically surveyed the nickel. He found that the conductor was correct, and handed him a good nickel. He was about to put the bad one back into his pocket when he noticed that every one in the car was looking at him. He turned very red, hesitated, and finally dropped the nickel slyly on the floor. Every one saw him do it, but every one tried to appear as if he didn't notice it. The nickel lay on the floor in plain sight, but no one would look at it. All seemed to think that they would appear as if they cared if it did. Every one seemed quite uncomfortable. Two or three men tried to read, but they couldn't concentrate their attention on their newspapers. The conductor passed over the nickel once or twice, and tried not to notice it.

At Fourteenth street a man got in and was about to sit down, when he stepped on the nickel. He picked it up and tried to hand it to an old gentleman with a red face and a white mustache, saying, "You dropped this, sir."

"No, I didn't," said the old gentleman, with a laugh.

Then everybody laughed, as if greatly relieved. The man who picked up the nickel looked closely at it, turned bright crimson and dropped it again. Everybody saw him, but whichever way he looked he saw only averted faces. The people would glance slyly at him from the corners of their eyes, and then look away again very quickly. Again no one looked at the nickel, although every man there knew to a nicety just where it lay. It stayed in the same place on the floor until the car stopped just above Chambers street. Here the conductor told the passengers to take the next car, as that one was going to switch off and go up town again. As they left the car the passengers took a last glance at the plugged nickel, but no one touched it. It started up town again, and all the passengers went down town with that nickel weighing heavily on their minds.—New York Sun.

A Put Up Job.
"I don't see why every one makes such a kick on putting up a stove and pipe," said Packer. "To read the papers, one would think it the shortest road to insanity, but I didn't find it so. Easiest job I ever did."

"Been putting one up?" asked Jinks.
"Yes—just finished."
"Well, didn't you get all soot, and spoil your clothes?"
"No—no!"

"Now lend me your fingers, and get your eyes full of soot, and spoil the carpet?"
"Not I!"

"But you must have perspired, and tired yourself out, and fallen off the chair you were standing upon?"
"Nary."
"Say, Jinks, I believe you're a liar! You say you put up your stove and stove pipe without any of these adjuncts, and expect me to believe it."
"Of course I do—here's the ticket. I got \$10 on you."—Missey's Weekly.

Professional Pride.
First Printer—What are you saving up your money for, Bill?
Second Printer—I'm a going to get my wife a new hat on her birthday.
First Printer—What! you ain't returning, are you, Bill?
Second Printer—No, but I'm bound to give my wife a display head for once in her life.—Burlington Free Press.

A Good Excuse.
Mrs. G.—I hope you will excuse my husband for not attending your brother's funeral.

Mrs. H.—Was he ill?
Mrs. G.—No, but he had one of his silly fits on, and she would laugh if you showed a gas bill at him.—Texas Sittings.

Rubbed Out.
A little girl 5-year-old was sitting down beside her mother on a stool outside on a porch in San Diego, Cal., the other day—and a most beautiful day it was, too—with slate and pencil in hand. She was trying to draw a house, but gave it up after a good deal of rubbing and cleaning the slate. Finally, after a short pause, the little girl concluded to draw the San Miguel mountain, whose majestic peak rises east of the city. She had just completed part of the outline of the mountain, and as she glanced up for another look, saw a high fog passing over the peak, when she exclaimed: "O mamma, mamma, just look! Dad has rubbed out the Miguel mountain!"—Lawton Journal.