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Keeps constantly on hand, a
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Watches, Clocks and Jewellery promptly and
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 Clerk.—Mr. T. A. Wilson.

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Assessor.—Mr. C. W. Chadwick,

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WHAT WE DON'T WANT.

We don't want any more general stores.
 Nor hotels.
 Nor saloons.
 Nor butcher shops.
 Nor druggists.
 Nor watchmakers.
 Nor hardwaremen.
 Nor shoemakers.
 Nor clerks.

We are full up just now of these, but we
 do want energetic capitalists to come in and
 take advantage of our grand water privileges
 and give employment to hundreds and thou-
 sands of hands.

Show this paper to your friends, and ask
 them to subscribe.

LOOKING AHEAD

As a manufacturing centre Keewatin offers
 unusual advantages to capitalists seeking in-
 vestments. Situated on the Canadian Pacific
 railway with waterpower unequalled on the
 continent, with fuel plenty and cheap, con-
 tiguous to both the eastern and western as well
 as the American markets, the following indus-
 tries would find good footholds and opportu-
 nities to develop seldom accorded them:

A biscuit factory.
 A box factory.
 A match factory.
 A furniture factory.
 A factory for the manufacture of pails, but-
 ter tubs, wash tubs, and other woodware.
 An ore crushing mill and any other indus-
 try that can stand on its own base.

Just now every name counts. Send along
 your own subscription.

Lay of a Spring Chicken.

I was hatched in 1860, on an old Virginia
 farm.
 Ah, I cannot recollect without a sigh.
 When that awful war was raging, how my
 friends all came to harm,
 And I only saved myself by roosting high.

When the cruel war was over, I was such a
 noble bird
 That I far surpassed in beauty all my mates.
 I was sent to all the poultry shows and took
 upon my word,
 Thirty prizes, in as many different States.

But those fairly days are over, I have weak-
 ened year by year,
 And I cackle that I'll be an angel soon;
 For they sold me to a butcher, and my end is
 drawing near.

There is murder life and blood upon the moon.
 Just a little while ago, a lovely woman called
 to say
 She would like a tender broiler; and said he,
 "Ma'am, I've got some extra nice ones; I will
 send one right away."
 And his bloody eye was looking straight at
 me.

There he is! I see him coming with his hatchet
 in his hand;
 To the great henceforth I'm going—Well,
 adieu!

There'll be no more wicked butchers in that
 bright and fetter land.
 Wretch, I'm ready! Cut-cut—cock-a-doodle-
 doo-coo-coo.

—J. L. Tyler, Jr., in *Tid Bits*.

The "hen and a half," laying an egg and a
 half, in a day and a half chestnut, which has
 driven so many people wild within the past few
 months, is taken off by the poor editor of the
 Smithville, Ga., News, who depends upon
 subscribers bringing in country produce for a
 livelihood. He says: "If a delinquent and a
 half should come up and pay a dollar and a
 half in a year and a half, an editor and a half
 would then stand some chance of getting a
 meal and a half occasionally." Volumes could
 not speak more.

At the club: "By the way, Jinks, how is
 De Soak? I hear that his dog bit his nose off
 yesterday. Is there any danger of his having
 hydrophobia?"

Jinks: "No, I guess De Soak will pull
 through all right, but his dog is a goner. The
 poor animal had two attacks of delirium
 tremens last night."

The Pittsburg Chronicle is responsible for
 the following terrible thing: "I see," ob-
 served Mr. Snuggs, "that some eminent men
 think the Garden of Eden was located in the
 Mississippi valley." "That may be true,"
 replied Mrs. Snuggs, "for the ark rested in the
 southern States." "It did!" "Yes,"
 Noah came out of the Arkansas land, you
 know."

Doodle had called on Miss Fluffy, and little
 brother Harry was left to entertain him while
 she arranged her bang, and hid her gum.
 Doodle: "Say, Harry, did sister expect me
 this evening?"
 Harry: "Yes, I am sure she did, cause
 this afternoon Fido died, and she said that
 misfortunes never come singly. Mamma asked
 her what she meant and she said that she ex-
 pected that you would come this evening and
 keep her awake half the night." Doodle
 makes a quiet snuck, and Harry is sorer but
 wiser.

It's an old one but it's a good one. Cut it
 out and paste it in your hat:

Call on a business man,
 In business hours
 Only on business.
 Transact your business.
 And go about your business
 In order to give him time
 To attend to his business.

Notes from Everywhere.

A game rooster in Little Rock, Ark., at-
 tacked a four-year-old boy not long since, and
 picked and spurred him so severely that he
 died in convulsions.

A pet Indian pony belonging to a citizen of
 Chili, Ind., that was foaled in 1837, died a
 short time since, being at the time of its death
 the oldest pony in the United States.

Swain County, N. Y., has a natural rock-
 house that is used as a church. The people in
 the neighbourhood have furnished it with seats,
 and regular services are conducted in it.

A fourteen-year-old boy of Tunkannock,
 Pa., is the hero of the township, having killed
 three large bears without himself having re-
 ceived a single scratch. While chopping in
 the woods he was attacked by one of the ani-
 mals which he dispatched with his axe, and
 succeeded in disposing of the other two in like
 manner, and all in about ten minutes.

When moving day comes in the city of New
 York, full fifty thousand families change quar-
 ters in one day.

Robinson (who has had an evening out)—
 "Well, goo' night, boyah. Had (hic) splen-
 did time. Goo' night."

Brown—do you think you'll be able to find
 the key-hole when you get home, Robinson?

Robinson (thoughtfully)—Fin' key-hole? I
 shay (hic), Brown, I'll be lucky 'I fin' housh!
 —N. Y. Sun.

A good many of the people who are settling
 in Canada are those who have neglected to do
 any settling over here.—Yonker's Statesman.

It is said that the soldiers of Russia are
 sleeping on their arms. They could not very
 well be sleeping on their legs.—N.O. Picayune

It is a curious fact that, although women
 talk about four times as much as men, it takes
 them eight times as long to tell a thing.—Ex.

Sir Donald Smith is the possessor of the
 highest priced painting in Canada. "The
 Communicants," by Jules Breton. Cost at the
 Senecy sale, \$45,000.

Gas official (to collector)—Did you tell Mr.
 Hendricks that if his bill is not paid to-day the
 gas will be shut off.

Collector—No, sir.

Official—Why not?

Collector—Because I was calling on his
 daughter last night until 12:30 and I hadn't
 the cheek.—Epoch.

Jack Goodfellow's small brother: "Jack, is
 there any past tense of due?" Jack (gloomily):
 Yes, "dun."—Harvard Lampoon.

The amateur photographers are not much in-
 clined to conviviality, for their main depend-
 ence is upon dry plates.

GEORGE TURNER,**KEEWATIN,****House, Sign, and Ornamental****PAINTER.****Kalsomining, Paper Hanging,****Decorating, &c.****PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.****ESTIMATES FURNISHED.**

A lady of respectability who is the mother
 of a little baby, was telling some lady friends
 what an experience she had the other day.
 "Oh, I was never so mortified in all my life,"
 she said to her friends. "You see I went
 down town to do some shopping, and I had the
 nurse wheel the baby along the sidewalk, by
 the shop windows. I was in a store, buying
 some ruching, when I heard my baby out on
 the sidewalk, in his carriage, crying for mam-
 ma as loud as he could, and I went out in a
 hurry I can tell you. Do you know what
 set the baby crying? Well, there was a large
 picture of Mrs. Langtry in the window of a
 cigar store, with her neck and bosom all bare,
 and such a development of bust I never saw,
 and I don't believe she is built that way at all.
 The baby saw the picture and began to cry for
 his lunch. I didn't blame the child for being
 hungry at the sight of that picture, but it was
 awfully annoying to me. Do you know I
 had to take the baby in the store, and go to
 the place where they try on dresses, and actu-
 ally nurse him before he would be quiet, and
 when we came out of the store I made the
 nurse fix the carriage top so baby could not
 see the picture of Mrs. Langtry, or I might
 have been compelled to keep feeding him all
 the afternoon. I am going to write to Mayor
 Brown and ask him to suppress Mrs. Lang-
 try's pictures in the windows, or I shall not
 dare to take baby down town again." "What
 a shame," said the ladies in chorus, "and
 what store window did you say the picture
 was in?"

"John," she said, as she toyed with one of
 his buttons, "this is leap year, isn't it?"

"Yes, Jessie," he answered, as he looked
 fondly down on the head that was pillowed on
 his manly bosom.

"This is the year when the proposing is done
 by the young ladies?"

"Yes."
 "I hope you don't expect me to propose to
 you?"

"Why, Jessie, dear, I never gave the mat-
 ter a thought—I—er—to tell the truth, I've
 only known you for—that is to say—"

"I'm glad you didn't expect me to propose.
 No, John, dearest, I couldn't be so immodest.
 I am going to let you do the proposing your-
 self in the old-fashioned way. The old-fash-
 ioned way is good enough for me.

And the gentle maiden gave her lover a
 beaming smile and the lover rejoiced that he
 had found such a treasure of modesty.—
 Modern Society.

G. C. Mortimore,**BOOKSELLER,****Stationer & News Agent,****347 MAIN ST., WINNIPEG.**

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