DITOR AND PROPRIETOR

B. LOVERIN

SUBSCRIPTION

ADVERTISING

ments sent without written in vill be inserted until forbidden and

AT LAST.

One night when I silently watched her, With studied grace, pull off her gloves, Came a well known step in the hallway, "Twas that of the man whem she loves.

Gone, gone, were her graces Delsarteani Two little hands tight at her heart Told more of her sweet, loving nature Than all the tried postures of art. The cry of a heart full of gladness,

blush of a sweet bries rose, ids in the firm arms about her truest, best "Strength Through Re -Brooklyn Life.

Not Quick Enough.

A gentlemanly railroad clerk favored statior with an order for a \$50 suit and succeeded in inducing the citizen to allow him to take it home merely on a promise to pay in a week's time.

The week passed, so did the next and the next. Then the clothier called, went back are in and again. At the end of three

ext. Then the clothier called, went back gain and again. At the end of three conths he faced the situation. "If you can't pay me, give me a check on a bank" He got the paper and straightway pro-eeded to the bank, where he presented the

heck.
"Not enough funds," was the answer. "Not enough funds," was the anawer.
Contrary to banking rules, he was teld
that the clerk had \$20 on deposit when he
inquired how much was available. So he
got a deposit blank and entered up \$1 in
the name of his debtor and banked the

amount.

He went out for lunch and to give the bank people time to enter up the new deposit. Then he again tendered the check. The same answer was given as before.

"But there was \$89 here when I presented this check half an hour ago, and since them in the state of the state of

was here a few minutes ago and drew out the whole amount."—Toronto Saturday No Ladle.

Not many years ago, before the "boom truck southern California, Mr. L---, struck southern California, Mr. L.—, an old New Yorker, had a large ranch near Los Angeles. He was fond of good company and a good dinner, and frequently entertained house parties at the comfortable, old fashioned Mexican hadenda. Among others who made a stay with one of the New York parties was Miss M——, Although a woman of "uncertain age," she retained much charm of manner, and her quick wit was respected by every one who had come in contact with it.

Mr. L— was a july bachelor of perhaps

was respected by every one who had come in contact with it.

Mr. I.— was a jolly bachelor of perhaps 40 summers, who had seen much of the world and had a magnetic personality. He was a man of enormous proportions, some of them no doubt encouraged to their growth through his fondness of good things to eat and good wines to cheer the bachelor, The party was at dinner at the ranch one day. The host, the bachelor, sat at one end of the table, and Miss M— was on his left. He had been chatting with her for some time when she asked for a spoon. My, I.— arose at this, and bowing in his most suave and polite way said:

"My dear Miss M—, won't you take mei"
"Mr. L—," retorted the lady, "I did not ask for a ladle."—New York Tribune.

Maj. Reed's house was but a few minutes walk down the dusty lane, and was presently heralded by the baying of three or four fox hounds, and foreshadowed





accustomed to an old traditional task master, and I doubtif he will work fairly for any other-particularly for those who don't understand him. Don't mistake me: Idon't propose to go back to the whip, to that brutal institution, the irresponsible overseer, to the buying and selling, the separation of the family, nor any of the old wrongs, but I propose to make the old master our overseer and responsible to us. He is not a fool and has already learned that it is more profitable to pay wages to his old slaves and have the power of dismissal, like any other employer, than be obliged, under the old system of enforced labor and life servitude, to undergo the cost of maintaining incompetence and idleness. The old sentiment of slave owning has disappeared before natural common sense and selfishness. I am satisfied that by some such process as this utilizing of the old master and the new freedom we will be better able to cultivate our lands than by buying up their estates, and setting them adrift with a little money in their pockets as an idle, discontented class to revive old political dogmas, and foment new issues, or perhaps set up a dangerous position to us."

"You don't mean to say that those infernal niggers would give the preference to their old oppressors?"

"Dollar for dollar in wages—yes! And why shouldn't they? Their old masters understand them better and treat them generally better. They know our interest in them is only an abstract, sentiment, not a real liking. We show it at every turn. But we are nearing Rediands, and Maj. Reed will, I have no doubt, corroborate my impressions. He insists upon our staying at his house, although the poor old fellow, I imagine, can ill afford to entertain company. But he will be offended if we refuse."

"He is a friend of yours, then?" asked Drummond.

"If fought against the service of the properties of yours, then?" asked Drummond.

"He is a friend of yours, then?" asked

"I fought against his division at Stony creek," said Courtland, grimly. "He never tires of talking of it to me,

"He never tires of talking of it to me, so I suppose I sm."

A few moments later the train glided beside the Redlands platform. As the two travelers descended a hand was laid 'on Courtland's shoulder, and a stout figure in the blackest and shiniest of alpaca jackets and the whitest and broadest of Panama hats welcomed him. "Glad to see yo', con'nel. I reckoned I'd waltz over and bring along the boy," pointing to a grizzled negro servant of sixty who was bowing before them, "to tote yo'r things over instead of using a hack. I haven't run much on horse flesh since the wah—hal hal what I didn't use for remounts I reckon yo'r commissary gobbled up with the other live stock, ch?" He laughed heartly as if the recollections were purely humorous, and again clapped Courtland on the back.

"Let me introduce my friend, Mr.

"Let me introduce my friend, Mr. rummond, Maj. Reed," said Courtand, smiling. "Yo' were in the wah, sir?"
"No-I-" returned Drummond hesi-

"No-I-" returned Drummond hesitating, he knew not why, and angry at his own embarrassment.

"Mr. Drummond, the vice president

"Mr. Drummond, the vice present of the company," interposed Courtland, cheerfully, "was engaged in furnishing to us the sinews of war."

Maj. Reed. bowed a little more formally. "Most of us heah, sir, were in the wah some time or other, and if you the wah some time or other, and it you gentlemen will honan me by joining in a social glass at the hotel across the way, I'll introduce, you to Capt. Prendergast, who left a leg at Fair Oaks."

Drummond would have declined, but a significant pressure at his arm from Courtland changed his determination. He followed them to the hotel and into the presence of the conclerged warrior. day. The host, the backelor, set at one end of the table, and Miss M—was on his left. He had been chatting with her for some time when she asked for a spoon. My, L—arose at this, and bowing in his most snave and polite way said:

"My dear Miss M—, won't you take me!"

Mai. Reed's house was but a few min.



"Will you apologize for blowing smoke in that lady's face?"
"Apologize nawthin."
"Yery well, I intend to thrash you, and before I do I think it only fair to tell you that I am Tranjan, the heavyweight rusher of Harvard."
"That's all right, young feller. I'm Lives Gilligan, the middleweight champion of Hoboken."—Harper's Magasine.

In a Windstorm.

She—This is an awful wind. Am I bedly disheveled?
He—Please don't. I shall get used to you are like vice, you know.
She—Inke vice? What do you mean? He—Why, "Seen though and with the scrubing cloth in it apparently stopped on a "dead center."

There was the usual istiless, black shadows haunting the veranda and outer offices—former slaves and still attached house servants—arrested like lizards in breathless attitudes at the approach of strange footsteps, and still holding the brush, broom duster or home implements they had been lazily using, in their fixed the bridge.

He—Please don't. I shall get used to you are like vice, you know.
She—Like vice? What do you mean? He—Why, "Seen too oft, familiar with your face, we first endure, then pity, the membrace."

She—Cho, do you? How delightfull—Boston Herald.

A Conscientious Dealer.

"John," said an up town merchant to his clerk, "what are the latest reports from the crops?"

"The peach crop is entirely killed by the last cold snap, cherries badly injured, black berries and black raspberries killed and pears touched to some extent."

"All right, John, order a lot of new baskets with the bottoms a half inch neurer the top than last yeer. I am deternined to keep down prices out of regard for my poor customers."—Texas Siftings.

Domestle Economy.

Poor Man—Well, did you buy that book

customers,"—Texas Siftings.

Domestic Economy.

Poor Man—Well, did you buy that book telling all about how to economize in the kitchen?

Wife—Yes, I've got it.

Poor Man—That's good. What does it say!

he reckons to pay paw for those niggers yo' stole?" she suggested, with
gloomy sarcasm.

"No," said Courtland, smiling, "but
what if he reckoned to pay those niggers for working for your father and
him?"

"If paw is going into the trading
business with him—if Maj. Reed, a
so'th'n gentleman, is going to keep
shop he hain't such a fool as to believe
niggers will work when they ain't
obliged to. That's been tried over at
Mirandy Dows, not five miles from here,
and the niggers are half the time runnin'
round here takin' holiday. She put up
new quarters for 'em and tried to make
'em eat together at a long table like
those low-down folks up north, and did
away with their cabins and their melon
patches, and allowed it would get 'em
out of lying round too much and want-



ed 'em to work over time and get mo'
pay. And the result was that she and
her niece and a lot of poor whites,
Irish and Scotch, that she had to pick
up long the river, do all the work. And
her niece Sally was mo' than half union
woman during the wah and up to all
no'then tricks and dodges and swearin'
by them, and yet for all that the thing
won't work."
"But isn't that partly the reason?
Isn't her failure a great deal due to this
lack of sympathy from her neighbors?
Discontent is easily sown and the negro

Discontent is easily sown and the negro Discontent is easily sown and the negro is still weighted down by superstition. The Fifteenth amendment did not quite knock off all his chains."
"Yes, but that is nothing to her. For if there ever was a person in this world who reckoned she was just born to manage everything and everybody it is Sally Dows!"

Sally Dows!" repeated Courtland, with a slight start. "Yes, Sally Dows, of Pineville."

"Yes, Sally Dows, of Pineville."
"You say she was half union, but did
she have any relations or—or—friends
in the war—on your side? Any who—
were killed in battle?"
"They were all killed, I reckon," returned Miss Reed, darkly. "There was
her cousin, Jules Jeffcourt, shot in the
computer, with her heam—who they say her cousin, Jules Jencourt, shot in the cemetery with her beau—who they say was Sally's, too; there was Chet Brooks and Joyce Masterton, who were both, gone on her, and both killed, too; and there was old Capt. Dows himself, who never lifted his head again after Rich-mond was taken and drank himself to death. It wasn't considered healthy to death. It wasn't considered healthy to be Miss Sally's relation in those times, or to be even wantin' to be one."

Col. Courtland did not reply. The



COURTLAND LOOKED UP RECOVERING HIS USUAL CALM.

toward him out of the blue smoke rose as vividly as on that memorable day. The pictures and letters he had taken from the dead man's breast, which he had retained ever since; the romantic and fruitless quest he had made for the fair original in after days, and the strange and fateful interest in her which had grown up in his heart since then, he now knew had only been lulled to sleep in the busy preoccupation of the last six months, for it all came back to him with redoubled force. His present mission and its practical object, his honest zeal in its pursuit and the cautious skill and experience had brought to it, all seemed to be suddenly displaced by this romantic and unreal fantasy. Oddly enough, it appeared now to be the only reality in his life—the rest was an incoherent, purposeless fream.

"Is—is—Miss Sally married?" he

reality in his life—the rest was an incoherent, purposeless dream.

"Is—is — Miss Sally married?" he asked, collecting himself with an effort.

"Married? Yes, to that farm of her aunt's! I reckon that's the only thing she cares for."

Courtland looked up, recovering his usual cheerful caim. "Well, I think that after innehoon I'll pay my respects to her husband! From what you have just told me the farm is certainly an experiment worth seeing. I suppose your father will have no objection to giving me a letter to Miss Dows."

COUNTRIE U.

She received it with still greater access of dignity and marked deliberation. "It's clean gone outer my mind, sah, ef

CHAPTER IL



Powestie Economy.

Poor Man—Well, did you buy that book telling all about how to economize in the kitchen?

Wife—Yes, I've got it.
Poor Man—That's good. What does it say?

Wife—It's full of recipes telling how to utilize cold roast turkey, but we haven't the turkey.—New York Weekly.

A Foolish Question.

A Foolish Question.

"What would you do, Katle, if I were to kiss you now?"

"Oh, kiss me first and then ask the question first never kisses the girl afterward."—

"Hegende Blatter."

Paw," said Miss Octavia with gloomy confidence to Courtland by with a pretty curl of the hereditary lip, "is about to was a net to recipe the family. "J davise yo' friend, Mr. Drummond—if he's coming here a letter from an admirer who had been dead three years, and whose memory she had probably buried. Neither wash." But when Courtland hastened to assure her that Drummond was not a "carpet baggen,"—was not too much to paw's "reconstruction." It won't wash." But when Courtland hastened to assure her that Drummond was not a "carpet baggen,"—was not on with the avowed intention of bringing here a letter from an admirer who had been dead three years, and whose memory she had probably buried. Neither wash." But when Courtland hastened to assure her that Drummond was not a "carpet baggen,"—was not on with the avowed intention of bringing here a letter from an admirer who had been dead three years, and whose memory she had probably buried. Neither wash." But when Courtland hastened to assure her that Drummond was not a "carpet baggen,"—was not on with the avowed intention of bringing here a letter from an admirer who had been dead three years, and whose memory she had probably buried. Neither wash." But when Courtland hastened to assure her that Drummond was not a "carpet baggen,"—was not only free from any of the political intrigue implied under that baleful title, but was a was nevertheless not entirely free from that peculiar superstion which surrounds every man's romance. He believed there was surely than the property in the court of



and design. There was no reminiscence of the usual southern porticoed gable or columns and veranda. Yet it was not northern either. The factory-like out-lines of facade were partly hidden in Chemicae come and issuamine. A long. Cherokee rose and jessamine. A long, roofed gallery connected the buildings and became a veranda to one. A broad, well-rolled gravel drive led from the open gate to the newest building which seemed to be an edifice; a smaller path seemed to be an 'edifice; a smaller path diverged from it to the corner house, which, despite its severe simplicity, had a more residential appearance. Unlike Reed's house there were no lounging servants or field hands to be seen; they were evidently attending to their respective duties. Dismounting, Courtland tied his horse to a post at the office door and took the smaller path to the corner house.

door and took the smaller path to the corner house.

The door was open to the fragrant afternoon breeze wafted through the rose and jessamine. So was a side-door opening from the hall into a long parlor or sitting-room that ran the whole width of the house. Courtland entered it. It was prettily furnished, but everything had the air of freshness and of being uncharacteristically new. It was empty, but a faint hammering was audible on the rear wall of the house, through the two open French windows at the back, curtained with trailing vines which gazed upon a sunlit courtyard. Courtland walked to the window. Just before it, on the ground, stood a small light ladder which he gently put aside to gain a better view of the courtyard, as he stood at the open window. In this attitude he suddenly felt his In this attitude he suddenly felt his hat tipped from his head, followed al-most instantaneously by a falling slip-

hat tipped from his head, followed almost instantaneously by a falling slipper, and the distinct impression of a very small foot on the crown of his head. An indescribable sensation passed over him. He hurriedly stepped back in the room, just as a small striped-stockinged foot was as hastily drawn up above the top of the window with the feminine exclamation: "Good gracious met"

Lingering for an instant, only to assure himself that the fair speaker had secured her foothold and was in no danger of falling. Courtland snatched up



"IS MISS DOWS AT HOME?"

his hat, which had providentially fallen inside the room, and retreated inglori-ously to the other end of the parlor. The voice came again from the window; it struck him as being singularly sweet

and clear.
"Sophy, is that you?"

Bre received it with still greater access of dignity and marked deliberation. "It's clean gone outer my mind, sah, ef Miss Sally is in de resumption of visitah, at dis houah. In fac', sah," she continued with intensified gravity and an exaggeration of thoughtulness as the sounds of Miss Sally's hammering came shamelessly from the wall, "I doahn know exac'ly ef she's engaged playin' de harp, practisin' de languages or paintin' in oil and watah colors, o' givin' audiences to offishals from the court-house. It might be de houah for de one or de odder. But I'll communicate wid her, sah, in de budwoh on the uppah flo'." She backed dexterously, so as to keep the silpper behind her, but with no diminution of dignity, out of a side door. In another moment the hammering cased, followed by the sound of rapid whispering without; a few tiny twigs and deaves slowly rustled to the factful window again.

Presently he heard a faint rustle at the other end of the room and he

Presently he heard a faint rustle at the other end of the room and he turned. A sudden tremilousness swept along his pulses, and then they seemed to pause. He drew a deep breath that was almost a sigh, and remained mo-



"I'M NOT MISS MIRANDA DOWS."

were in bright gray harmony with both; that the frock of Indian muslin, albeit that the frock of Indian muslin, albeit homemade, fitted Miss Sally's figure perfectly—from the asure bows on her shoulders to the ribbon around her waist—and that the hem of its billowy skirt showed a foot which everybody knew was the smallest foot south of Mason and Dixon's line. But it was something more intangible that this which kept Courtland breathless and silent.

which kept Courtland breathless and silent.

"I'm not Miss Miranda Dows," said the vision, with a frankness that was half childlike and half practical, as she extended a little hand, "but I can talk 'fahm' with yo' about as well as aunty, and I reckon from what Maj. Reed says heah," holding up the letter between her fingers, "as long as yo' get persimums yo' don't mind what kind o' pole yo' knook 'em down with."

The voice that carried this speech was so fresh, so clear and sweet that I am afraid Courtland thought little of its oddity or its dialectical transgressions. But it brought him his own tongue quite unemotionally and quiet-

sions. But it brought him his own tongue quite unemotionally and quiet-ly. "I don't know what was in that note, Miss Dows, but I can hardly believe that Maj. Reed ever put my present good fortune quite in that way." Miss Sally laughed. Then with a charming exaggeration she waved her little hand toward the sofa: "There! little hand toward the sofa: "There! Yo' naturally wanted a little room for that, co'nnle, but now that yo've got it off—and mighty pooty it was, too—yo' can sit down." And with that she sank down at one end of the sofa, prettily arranged a white billow of skirt so as to leave ample room for Courtland, and, locking her fingers over her knees, looked denuesly expectant.

"But let me hope that I am not dis-"But let me hope that I am not dis-turbing you unseasonably," said Court-land, catching sight of the fateful little slipper beneath her skirt and remem-bering the window. "I was so preoccu-pied in thinking of your aunt as the business manager of these estates that I quite forgot that she might have a lady's hours for receiving."

"We haven't got any company hours," said Miss Sally, "and we haven't just now any servants for company man-

now any servants for company man-ners, for we're shorthanded in the fields and barns. When yo' came I was nailing up the laths for the vines outside ing up the laths for the vines outside because we couldn't spare carpenters from the factory. But," she added, with a faint accession of mischief in her voice, "yo' came to talk about the farm?" "Yes," said Courtland, rising, "but not to interrupt the work on it. Will you let me help you nail up the laths on the wall? I have had some experience The young girl looked at him brightly. about that. Yo' mean it for sure?"

about that. Yo' mean it for sure?"
"Perfectly. I shall feel so much less
as if I was enjoying your company
under false pretenses."
"Yo' just wait here, then."
She jumped from the sofa, ran out of
the room, and returned presently, tying
the strings of a long striped cotton



blouse — evidently a habiliment of sophy's—behind her back as should be turned. It was sophy's—behind her back as she re-turned. It was gathered under her oval chin by a tape also tied behind her, while her fair hair was tucked under the usual red bandana handkerchief of the negro housemaid. It is scarcely necessary to add that the effect was be-witching.

necessary to and that the calculation witching.

"But," said Miss Sally, eying her guest's smartly-fitting frock coat, "yo'll spoil yo'r pooty clothes, sure! Take off yo' coat—don't mind me—and work in yo'r shirt sleeves."

Constitution obsdiently flung aside his

yo' coat—don't mind me—and work in yo'r shirt sleeves."

Courtiand obediently flung aside his coat and followed his active hostess through the French window to the platform outside. Above them a wooden ledge or cornice, projecting several inches, ran the whole length of the building. It was on this that Miss Sally had evidently found a foothold while she was nailing up a trellis work of laths between it and the windows of the second floor. Courtland found the ladder, mounted to the ledge, followed by the young girl, who smilingly waved his proffered hand to help her up, and the two gravely set to work. But in the intervals of hammering and tying up the vines, Miss Sally's tongue was not idle. Her talk was as fresh, as quaint, as original as herself, and yet so practical and to the purpose of Courtland's visit, as to excuse his delight in it and her own fascinating propinguity. Whether she diving on perilously with she stopped to take a nail from between her pretty lips when she spoke to him, or whether holding on perilously with one hand to the trellis while she ges-ticulated with the hammer, pointing out the divisions of the plantation from her coign of vantage, she was as clear and convincing to his intellect as-she was distracting to his serves.



Percy—Mamma, I can't count 10 any nore when I'm angry. Mamma—Why not, dear? Percy—Billy Atkins hit me with a stone, and before I counted six he had run away. Brooklyn Life.

She was sitting patiently in the waiting room at the Central Union depot, when he came lankily stalking in with a dejected

room at the Central Union depot, when he came lankily stalking in with a dejected face.

"It ain't no use, Lizy," he said wearly. "There ain't one of them picters in the whole city. I've been a goin since 9'c'dock this mornin, trapsin all over the place. And I've been in every bookstors from Clark's down to a dago newsstand, and I've been in every bookstors from Clark's down to a dago newsstand, and I've been in every picter store down to a thitype gallery on Main street—and if there's anywheres else you want me to go you'll have to send the police—I'm fagged plumb out?"

"I've mighty funnyl Mary Spriggins'—
"Yes, Mary Spriggins said she got hern down here, but I believe Mary Spriggins yarned about that picter—there wasn't a single picter dealer in town had ever even heard of such a picter as 'Sarah at the Pump.'"
"Sarah at the Pump!" cjaculated the old lady. "Sarah at the Pump! Josiah," and her voice grew cold as ice in January, "pick up that bandbox and set down."

He set.
"Josiah," said she in a tone like a crosscut saw, "don't you hever come to town ag'in till you're clear baked through. The picter that I wanted was 'Rebecca at the Well.'"—Choninnati Commercial Gazette.

Natural Enemies.

"I wasn't always down on my luck like this," said the frazzled tourist, whiteling a splinter from the bench in the park. "I had a good postition on a newspaper once."

"So did I," responded his new acquaintance. "Shake?"

"Put'er there. What was the job you held?"

"I was a copy reader."
"I was a reporter." And the policeman said, b'George, it was the toughest fight he ever seel—Chicago Tribune, Kind Hearted.

scribe and crime should be suppressed, y would be out of a job.—Awning Journal.

First Broker-Of all mean, despicable ishonorable fellows, I think Quotem is the dishonorable relicous, I think Quotem is the worst.

Second Broker—You don't say! What has he done?

First Broker—He made a big pile in that last flurry, and now he's going to retire from business and live on the money instead of giving his old true and tried friends on the street a fair ohance to get it away from him.—New York Weekly.

No Cause For Alarm. "This is your sixth trip across the ocean in winter, is it?" said the timid passenger. "Are you never oppressed by a fear that the ship will run into an iceberg and sink?" "Never, madam," replied the business-like passenger briskly, "I never invest a cent of money in ships."—Chicago Tribune.

Rerdenable,
Mr. Kidder—See that mild looking man
yonder? Would you think he'd raise his
hand to his wife?
Mrs. Kidder—Is it possible?
Mr. Kidder—Yes; he's å deaf mute,—
Truth.

"Well, I declare," said young Mr. Dolley as he said in Miss Munn's parlor at 11 p. m., "my foot has gone to sleep."
"Happy foot" exclaimed Miss Munn improved the said of the

An Ancient Superstition Verified.
Wagg—Then you don't think that it is bad luck to walk under a ladder?
Greyneck—Why, of course not. Such a supposition is absolutely absurd.
Wagg—Well, absurd or not, I know it's true. I've had it proved.
Greyneck—What proof, I'd like to bears?



one—There goes George. He said was going to propose to her at 8 o'clo sharp. Do you think she accepted in Arthur-i guess not. I called there five minutes past 8, 2023.

A Hint to Housekeepers

O'Donahoe Bros. Carpets and Housefurnishing for Spring are now forward and complete for the season.

In styles, the carpets of this year are very superior to anythin fore shown, some marked improvements being noticeable in Uni Tool engrains which are now almost as choice as Brussels.

The Tapestries also are much handsomer in design-we con

Our Brussels are as usual away up in style and away down in price. All the latest colorings and designs for rooms, halls, etc., with handsome borders and stairs to match. We start a good Brussels at 85c.

See our special line of yd. wide engrain carpets at 89c yd. Hemp carpets are here in great variety from 8c. Lovely Curtains, Rugs, Draperies, Window Shades, Rugs, Mats, Art Squares, Window Poles, Brass goods, etc., among which will be found so tempting bargains.

Window Poles complete 25c. each. Window Shades, Roller and all 50c. When you want a good carpet sweeper, try the celebrated Bissell at

O'Donahoe Bros.

Telephone 109.

BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Lyn Woollen Mills



Have a good stock of genuine all-wool Yarn and Cloth, will be prepared to sell the same at moderate prices, and will as all times be prepared to pay the highest market price for wool in cash or trade.

R. WALKER

A Society Mother. Nurse—Excuse me, madam, but little Mabel insisted on seeing you, and I have taken the liberty to bring her in. Madam—What do you wish, Mabel? Mable—Won't mamma please let Mabel oome sit on her lap a little while? Madam—Why, what are you thinking of? Madam—Why, what are you thinking of? It was only last week I granted you that privilege, and it will never do for me to become too indulgent. Mabel—But won't mamma please kiss Mabel? Madam—Nurse will do that for mamma. Run along now! You must not interfere with my Delsarte studies.—Yonkers Gasette.

E. A. BIGG & CO.

DRY GOODS

In addressing the public of Brockville and surrounding country, it is with pleasure that we point to our past record and note with what favor the Bradford Warehouse has been Canvasser—Do you wish to subscribe anything to the sid of the Society for the Suppression of Crime?

Man of the House—Do you make anything out of this for yourself?

Canvasser—Certainly, the society pays me a commission on all I collect.

Man of the House—Then it is best for you that I should subscribe anything.

Canvasser—Why so?

Man of the House—Why, if I should subscribe and crims should be suppressed, you like the suppressed, you like attractiveness by selling them at a small margin.

its attractiveness by selling them at a small margin.

Good Grey Cotton	Linen Glass Cloth5c ve
Pillow Cotton 81c vd	Check Shirting51c yo
2 yd. wide Sheeting18c yd	Shaker Flannel6c ye
2 yd. wide Bleached23c yd	Table Linen17c ye

Dress Goods Department

To make the assortment in this department as complete as possible in all the niceties of weight, fabric, color, finish, etc., we have examined the samples of all the best wholesale houses in Canada, and we flatter ourselves that the value we show is unapproachable, and our stock a galaxy of novelties.

..8c yd | 52 in. Black Cashmere.

Every yard of Dress Goods must be sold by 191 of July

SUNDRIES

The following lines we wish to clear at once and offer them at less than wholesale prices :-

.. 5c yd | Cottonade & Denims ... Wide Check Muslin ... 55 yd Light Prints, fast colors ... 5c yd Good Under Shirts ... 220 Wagg—Well, I walked under a ladder yesterday, and a great lump of mortar landed on my new tile.—Boston Courier,

THINGS TO REMEMBER—That we make the requirements of the trade a constant study. That our stock is kept fully assorted in all departments. That we have the largest Smallwear and Notion department in Brockville. That the Bradford Warehouse is under the superintendence of a member of the firm. That when you are wanting scarce goods you are sure to

JOHN McCONKEY, Manager

