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ADVERTISER PRINTING CO., (LIMITED)

LONDON - CANADA.

JOHN CAMERON, President and Man. Dir.

God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world.
—Browning.

London, Saturday, July 31, 1897.

Business increases. Cockshutt's plow works at Brantford are being enlarged.

The Senate of the commonwealth of Australia will be elected by the people direct.

Most of the political canards today are sent out to Conservative papers from Montreal. Has the Ottawa prevaricator moved?

Ouida, the novelist, writes: "The more I know about men, the better I like dogs." Ouida must have had a disappointed love affair.

S. W. Cross, until three years ago controller of the Wiarton Echo, has resumed control of that journal. It will support Liberal principles.

Benham, the Batavia, N. Y., murderer, will be electrocuted more on account of his decidedly bad reputation than because of direct proof that he killed his wife. Character counts.

"Closed; back tomorrow; away on a wedding tour," was the legend on a card which a Dundas barber hung on his door. That man deserves prosperity. He wastes no time in honeymoon dawdling.

Let it be observed that the moment Canada's opposition leader lifted up his voice in Great Britain against Canada's new trade policy, the imperial government took steps to show how heartily it approved of it.

Canada's preferential trade with Great Britain will go on. The Canadian opposition schemed, talked, worked against it, and even sent Sir Charles Tupper to England to curse it, but failure has been their lot. We move a vote of condolence.

Within one day after Sir Charles Tupper told the British public that the preferential tariff between the motherland and Canada, established by the Dominion government, was a fraud, convincing proof was supplied that he was romancing. Come home, Sir Charles, and cease making a fool of yourself.

The Toronto News (Conservative) aptly points out that the fruits of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's visit to Great Britain are in reality, the interest in Canada that has been aroused throughout England, and it can do more good to our commerce than any of the special nostrums which would inevitably breed friction between Canada and the mother country.

It was announced in the opposition press that the Penman works in Paris had been ruined by the new tariff, but the Star-Transcript now states that a $40,000 addition is to be made to the factory, and adds: "In addition to the Penman Company, the Paris Electroplating Company have almost doubled their staff, the Campbellford Carpet and Hammock Company, the Empire carpet works, the Canadian Hammock Company, and the I X L carpet works have all materially increased the number of hands employed. The outlook for Paris is exceedingly bright indeed."

Laborers are getting from $15 to $20 a day in Klondike gold territory, but that seems none too big money in view of the expense and difficulty in getting there, the privations incident to life at the mines, the comparatively short season, and the enormous price of supplies. The ruling prices are given below:

Flour, per 100 lbs.	$12 00 to 120 00
Beef, per lb.	1 00 to 2 00
Bacon, per lb.	50 to 80
Beer, per glass	50
Lumber, common, per 1,000 ft.	150 00
Moose hams, each	30 00
Moose hams, per lb	2 00
Moose meat, per lb	60
Canned goods, per tin	75
Sugar, per lb	30
Kerosene, per gallon	1 00
Rice, per lb	75
Tea, per lb.	3 00
Coffee, per lb.	2 25
Butter, per lb.	2 50
Eggs, per doz.	3 00
Potatoes, per lb.	2 50
Tobacco, per lb.	2 00
Coal oil, per gallon	2 50
Lemons, each	25
Oranges, each	50
Liquors, per drink	50
Miners' picks, each	7 00
Shovels, each	$17 00 to 18 00
Shoes, per pair	5 00 to 8 00
Rubber boots, per pair	12 00 to 18 00
Laundry, per shirt	1 00
Cigar	50
One meal	1 50
Dried fruit, per lb	40

We did not begrudge the chuckling of the Opposition press when some one telegraphed that the Liberals in Prince Edward Island had been almost wiped out in the recent provincial elections. A little consolation of this kind might have improved tempers now sadly out of gear. The revised returns from the Island, however, show that the Liberals in the new Legislature number twenty and the Conservatives ten. That is the "narrow escape from defeat" which we were told had befallen the Liberal Administration in the island, and which Premier Hardy was asked to have repeated in his case when he goes to the country in Ontario. A similar "narrow escape" will be just the thing to please the Ontario Liberals.

Canada's Hand Free.

Our cablegrams today bring news of momentous importance to the people of Canada.

It was reported a few days ago that Sir Louis Davies, minister of marine and fisheries, appeared before the law officers of the British government, by request, to argue the validity of the clause in the new Canadian tariff giving preferential treatment to Great Britain in our markets to the extent of 12½ per cent this year and 25 per cent after July 1 next.

It was contended by some that Canada was debarred from thus fairly treating the motherland, in return for her admission of our products, without imposing a cent of taxation, because some 30 years ago Britain entered into certain treaties with Germany and Belgium. To this contention, the reply of the Canadian government is:

1. Existing treaties with Germany and Belgium do not apply to Canada, not having been ratified by imperial or colonial legislation.

2. That if they do apply the Canadian proposition for preferential trade does not interfere with them.

3. That if both these conditions fail it is imperative in imperial interests that the treaties should be denounced.

We do not know on which of these grounds these treaties have been "denounced" by Great Britain, but denounced they are, according to our cablegrams today. That is to say, the British government has notified the two nations affected that one year from now, as provided in the treaties, these arrangements shall cease. It is of small matter to us in Canada, who desired to see this great movement for the increase of trade between Canada and Great Britain succeed, how any resisting influence is got rid of, if it is put out of the way, as these restricting treaties are soon to be. It is interesting, however, to note for what the abandoned treaties provide. In the Belgian treaty, which was the first concluded, the stipulation is contained in the 15th clause:

"Articles the produce or manufacture of Belgium shall not be subject in the British colonies to other or higher duties than those which are or may be imposed upon similar articles of British origin."

The German treaty, which was drawn up afterwards, contained the following as its 7th clause:

"The stipulations of the preceding articles shall also be applied to the colonies and foreign possessions of her Britannic Majesty. In those colonies and possessions the produce of the states of the zollverein shall not be subject to any higher or other import duties than the produce of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, or of any other country of the like kind; nor shall the exportation from those colonies or possessions to the zollverein be subject to any higher or other duties than the exportation to the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland."

These are the only treaties by which the hands of the colonies could in any sense be alleged to be tied, but we hold distinctly to the view of Hon. David Mills, adopted by the Dominion government, that these treaties could not tie the hands of the self-governing colonies in the matter of raising their revenue by any method they pleased, by preferential tariff or otherwise, unless they were consenting parties to the restriction of their liberty. It is, however, well to have them out of the way, and no longer used as a bugbear whensoever politicians either in Canada or elsewhere require an excuse for opposing closer and freer trade relations with the motherland.

Some have expressed fears that Britain's trade with Germany and Belgium would suffer were these treaties abrogated. We do not believe it. The trade between these countries and the motherland is too valuable to jeopardise by unfair treatment, whereas the commerce between Canada and Great Britain is bound to enormously increase. Britain has no commercial treaty with France, but France extends to her the most-favored-nation treatment from the desire of the French to maintain good terms with one of their best customers. Germany and Belgium will likely pursue a similar policy.

The result is as we anticipated. We never believed that Canada would be compelled to take a step backward after her government declared for a lowered tariff for those who receive her products without toll.

THE great Chulalongkorn, King of Siam, as this visit to the Swiss parliament in Berne, took an album to all the members in which he asked them to draw a pig with their eyes shut and sign their efforts with their autographs. The King, as have many American youths and maidens, gained much amusement from the regularity with which the statesmen failed to connect the tail with the body, and put the eye in the middle of the head.

Foolish Outcry Against the Royalty on Gold.

We learn from our esteemed contemporary, the San Francisco Report, that United States miners who contemplate going to the Klondike region, in search of gold, are not at all satisfied because the Dominion government has resolved to collect a royalty on the gold taken out of the mines, confiscating the claim of any miner who attempts to evade payment. Our contemporary professes to be very indignant, and foolishly urges that the United States government send a war vessel to Dawson City to aid the alien miners in evading the duty. It is in the power of the Canadian government to collect this royalty because the territory in which the gold is found is undoubtedly within the Dominion. The Canadian authorities could also pass a law similar to that enforced within some of the neighboring states, preventing foreigners from holding mining claims. The last named policy would, at the present time, be unwise, as the western road of travel to the mines is through territory owned or claimed by the United States. Some reciprocity, therefore, is wise, and the Canadian government is conceding it.

We would like to know how far the home and foreign opponents of the collection of a royalty can justify their opposition, except in the purely selfish interest of a few fortunate men? The royalty is not collected from those who are unfortunate, but from those who make strikes. It is a wise policy, warranted even on the ground of public necessity, for no reasonable person will argue that the cost of preserving law and order in a region without value apart from its mineral wealth should be paid by the taxpayers at large, while the adventurers who enter the territory pick up the gold and clear out. The United States miners, on whose behalf our contemporary pleads, can very easily escape the royalty. They need not cross the Canadian border.

Car Conductor Etiquette.

Even in these dog days, Boston is excited over a great social question. It is as to the right title to apply to a woman in a street car who does not see fit to respond, without special appeal, to the conductor's request to "move up," or "crowd up in front." The Boston conductors have hitherto been under the impression that the proper formula was "Move up, please, lady," but this term, it seems, has been objected to, and the conductors have had a bulletin put up for their inspection in which in all future vocal efforts they are asked to refer to their women fares as "madam," not "lady." Madam is a word borrowed from the French, and was originally used only when speaking of married women. How would it do to revive the good old English word "Mistress"? It has come to refer only to married women, but in earlier times it included women of all ages. Some of our London conductors really adhere to the Shakespearean idea, and use the word "Mistress" freely. Either "Madam" or "Mistress" is certainly an improvement upon "lady."

GENUINE AND LASTING.

[Toronto World, Conservative.]

It looks as if Canada was at last on the high road to genuine and lasting prosperity.

MIGHT SILENCE THEM.

[Toronto Star.]

It's really a pity some of these disgruntled critics couldn't have a week at Ottawa to show just how much more efficiently they could boss the job.

A GOOD MAN'S REQUEST.

[Bakerville (Va.) Review.]

The Rev. A. J. McClanahan requests us to say that he is afflicted with the measles, and desires, if agreeable to all parties concerned, to postpone the protracted meeting which was announced for the third Sunday in July.

NEED OF RECREATION.

Chauncey Depew.

I have learned from observation that three things happen to a man who works steadily without relaxation. In the first place, he becomes nervous, irritable and hard to get along with. In the second place, the grade of his work falls off, his services are worthless, and he is liable to err in his judgment. In the third place, he dies suddenly. It is an incontrovertible law of nature.

THE FUTILITY OF NOISES.

Joliet Signal.

'Twas a wise fellow who said: "When you fight or work don't make a fuss. The hen cackles after she has laid the egg. The noise and sizzle of the locomotive are not force. All force is silent. The heehaw of the mule may startle you, but it is not so dangerous as his hind legs. Bear in mind that it is an empty wagon that rattles most when in motion. The noise of the drum is due to the fact that there is nothing in it."

A HARD WORD.

Perseverance! Can you spell it?
And its meaning, can you tell it?
If you stick to what you're doing,
Study, work or play pursuing,
Every failure bravely meeting,
Bravely each attempt repeating,
Trying twice and thrice and four times,
Yes, a hundred, even more times,
You can spell it! You can spell it!
And its meaning, you can tell it!

The Hottest of All.

A Glimpse of the Seething American Desert.

It Seems to Be Hotter Than Any Other Place on Earth—The Terrible Death Valley—Mammoth Tank.

A San Bernardino, Cal., correspondent says: "Hot! Well, I should exclaim!" remarked the switch tender at Barston as I swung off the train for an observation while the engine wet its thirsty whistle. "Hot? Say, hell ain't a patch alongside this here place. We'd go there if we could to cool off!"

And Barston isn't the hottest station in the Mohave desert, either. Nor is it the biggest settlement, consisting mainly of an eating house, a few shanties, and a saloon or two. Its importance lies in the fact that at this point trains for Southern California turn off to the south, and those for Frisco keep on still westerly. Another fact also—here we set our watches back another hour, as the standard official changes from mountain to Pacific. From the Colorado River westerly perhaps 250 miles stretches the great Mojave desert, a portion of that great arid area which guards all the eastern approaches to California, no matter which railroad you take to enter the Golden State. Once upon a time the A. and P. Railway made the passage across this desert by night, thus relieving the passengers of the discomforts by day, but of late, owing probably to the fact that it cannot make a time schedule to give a nocturnal journey across all the numerous sand seas it traverses, the trip is made by daylight.

As morning dawns the beautiful though forbidding forms of the Needles, those sharp spired and multi-colored mountains at the crossing of the Colorado, rise against the sky. Once over the muddy and treacherous river, the real desert is entered, and for nearly 200 miles the rails pursue their sinuous course, glistening and blistering in the sun. We call this a desert, and so far as the term goes it is not misapplied, yet is vastly different from the African Sahara, which I looked upon in Algiers nine years ago—not actually a sea of sand, like that of the dark continent, with only a fertile oasis here and there to enliven its vast expanse. This American desert is decidedly destitute of vegetation, for we have here several varieties of cactus, areas of sagebrush and the yuccas, with pointed leaves and tall spikes of blossoms. Oases, too, are occasionally seen, as at the infrequent stations, where water from hidden streams or artesian wells has carried life and fertility to this barren waste. As there is nearly always a breeze stirring, life is rendered endurable beneath the planted groves and by the side of water coursing through the "acequias."

No, this is not the hottest spot on earth. North from Barston and its sister station of Doggett, from which latter place a line of freight wagons once in a while ran to it across the torrid alkali plains, lies the terrible Death Valley—a great furnace heated basin, depressed nearly 300 feet below the level of the sea and surrounded by mountains brilliant in coloring, but barren of vegetation.

Only one miserable river runs into it, the poisonous waters of which, so vile that it is known as the Amargosa or Bitter, are entirely absorbed by the sands of Death Valley. Gold has been discovered in the mountains surrounding Death Valley, and there are large deposits of soda and borax here, but the intense heat prevents their successful working. Would-be visitors are also deterred by the fate of several prospectors, who perished of thirst and the terrible heat. It seemed the irony of fate that water was subsequently discovered close to the spot where the last man had fallen by those who were digging their graves.

Still, it is said by those in authority that even Death Valley does not hold the record as the hottest place on earth. That unenviable distinction has been fairly won and is held by a station on the Southern Pacific Railway known as Mammoth Tank.

This station has been declared the hottest place out of doors, the mercury disporting itself at 128 degrees during the summer season day after day.

There is little else there besides the tank aforementioned and the station-keeper. The latter not long since took a respite from his arduous duties of pouring water into himself and hunting a shady spot long enough to woo and win the belle of a little village up near Indio, on the same railroad. The climate of Indio is pretty hot, Thermal, the station below it, is hotter; Volrano Springs, still further south, is even more so, but Mammoth Tank beats them all for torridity. It beats the world, in fact, and the Mammoth Tanker, who wooed the maiden of Indio, had doubtless imbibed somewhat of the ardency of the sun that shone on that forsaken spot. At all events he "cut out" all the other admirers of the belle of Indio and bore her off to melt and sizzle at Mammoth Tank. That is all. There isn't any moral, only the forsaken suitors at Indio derive consolation from the fact that the faithless charmer will be righteously rewarded for her neglect of them, even though her husband's affections never cool. "Hot as love" is a saying that has passed current for ages, but even love cannot stay permanently at 128 degrees in the shade—so they say.

Those who have tried it out here say that a reliable temperature of 100 in the shade is not at all oppressive. I don't know how that may be, but I can vouch for the fact that you don't feel the same degree of heat so much here as on the Atlantic coast. A few days ago I had occasion to go to San Jacinto, south of here, and to be out driving all day. It seemed pretty hot, though I had often felt the heat more in other regions, and I was surprised when I returned to the hotel to find the temperature that day had reached 106 in the shade.

The hotel was a wooden structure, and every room was in the western end, so it was late that night before the temperature was lowered enough to permit of sleep. Various articles in the bureau, such as comb, hairbrush and razor, were so hot that the handling of them was not pleasant. On the train next day I sat between two ladies, one of them had a child with her. I overheard considerable of their conversation, but the fragment that particularly struck me was this: "Yes, yesterday was pretty hot. But do you know, my little Bennie here is a year old come Sunday, and the day he was born it was 112!" She was a hearty-looking woman, and Bennie was a healthy child, apparently. So I fancy the climate must be beneficial, even if it is hot. It is summertime, to be sure, and the hills are brown and dry, the roads dusty, the streams dried up, but the nights are always cool, and wherever water and shade can be found there are luxuriance and comfort.

Spurgeon.

In his recent volume, "History of Our Own Times," Mr. Justin McCarthy says of the late C. H. Spurgeon, that while people ran into extremes about him—some regarding him as the greatest pulpit orator who had ever been heard, while others argued that he was nothing but a loud-voiced charlatan—"all had to agree that Spurgeon had a magnificent voice, a fine dramatic gesticulation, and a style which rose from conversational simplicity to an impassioned and a thrilling rhetoric. He had come into the pulpit determined to be heard—determined to be heard because, as he said himself, he had a message to deliver, and deliver it he would. He knew perfectly well the importance of getting himself talked about as soon as possible. . . . This, it should be understood, was not in the least because Spurgeon cared about notoriety for its own sake. He had no personal desire to be known by the public. It was because notoriety, even through eccentricity, was of value to him as a means of attracting an audience." Those who knew Mr. Spurgeon best will hardly admit that he considered for a single moment the importance of getting himself talked about. Notoriety came, and he made it tributary to the Gospel, but he did not treat it as something to be fostered.—New York Observer.

RIGHT FROM THE MINES.

Family Ties May Be Broken in the Grand Rush for Gold, But What's Wealth Without Health—Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Is a Wonderful Cure—It Never Fails to Relieve in Ten Minutes.

Fred Lawrie, of Trail Creek, B. C., writes: "I have used two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and have been wonderfully helped. I can recommend it very highly to all sufferers from Catarrh." And here is another: Mr. B. L. Egan, Easton, Pa., says: "When I read that Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder would relieve Catarrh in ten minutes, I must say I was far from being convinced of the fact. I decided to try it. I purchased a bottle. A single puff of the powder through the blower afforded instantaneous relief."

For sale by C. McCallum and B. A. Mitchell.

The Cooking

quality of rolled oats is the true test of those cereals claimed to be just as good as Tillson's PAN DRIED ROLLED OATS. Try 'em by this test. Don't take our word for it—try 'em. If you have the slightest question of their superiority, write us. A postal card will do. It will pay you well for the moment's time you take to send it. Ask your grocer.

The Tillson Co'y, Limited
Tilsonburg, Ont.

Now for Your Suit
—AT—
WM. SLATER'S,
OPPOSITE THE V. PRICES LOW.

Hellmuth Ladies' College,
LONDON, ONT.
Fall term will begin on Wednesday, Sept. 15. Graduation courses—Academic, Music, Art, Elocution—also elective courses. Fees, board, etc., and academic studies, $2 75 per year. Music, art, etc., extra.
A limited number of bursaries (value $25 to $100) will be awarded to students at entrance. For calendar address
REV. E. N. ENGLISH, M.A., Principal.
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Mammoth Livery
Hacks, Coupes, Landaus, Busses and Light Livery. Saddle Horses. Sale and Boarding Stable. Open day and night. Phone 568.
A. G. STROYAN —189— Dundas St.
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NOTICE
Cooking Stoves, new and second hand, also Bedroom Suites, Sideboards, Chairs, Mattresses, Springs, cheap for cash. Old furniture taken in exchange. Call and get prices before buying.
G. PARISH, South Market, 357 Talbot Street

Suicide
Many men, and women too are guilty of this means of self destruction, by eating inferior or ill-cooked food. The Hub is noted for the excellence of its fare. Dine with us and prolong your life.
The Hub, 203, 205½ Dundas Street

SOAP
If it is the right kind will keep the hair in its natural condition and prevent falling out. You can get it at
Madame Ireland's Parlors
211½ Dundas Street.

BABY'S SKIN
In all the world there is no other treatment so pure, so sweet, so safe, so speedy, for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp, and hair, and eradicating every humor, as warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, and gentle anointings with CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure.
Cuticura
Is sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston.
"All About the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," free.
EVERY HUMOR From Pimples to Scrofula cured by CUTICURA.

BLOOD POISON
HAVE YOU Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Aches, Old Sores, Ulcers in Mouth, Hair Falling? Write COOK REMEDY CO., 307 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill., for proofs of cures. Capital, $500,000. Worst cases cured in 1 to 35 days. 100-page book free.

Saturday Night Fair

THESE prices need no comment, those who have attended our Saturday night sales in the past require no comment. The bargains are here each week. We can't afford to offer many of them, and those we do offer go to those who are sharp enough to watch our business announcements.

LAST NIGHT OF THE WRAPPER SALE.

It's a long road that has no turn. For nearly a month we have been selling wrappers for next to nothing, but the sale ends this Saturday night.

This is what you will pay Saturday night:	This is what you will have to pay next week:
$ 66	$1 00
95	1 25
1 05	1 35
1 15	1 49
1 45	1 75

Buy Yours on Saturday Night.

Fancy Frontings:

Fancy Ruchings is what they are generally called. Some have white and butter edges and insertions. Others are in linen and white. Some of them are worth 75c—there's none of them worth less than 35c. But they were bought at a bargain and as a bargain they will be sold.

10C AND 15C

Straw Hat Sacrifice.

They're all new goods — all high-crowned palms and fancy straws, plain and fancy bands. But it's a case of getting next to nothing for them now, or of carrying them over to next season. These prices show which course we choose.

$1 25 Hats, now to be had for.....75c
$1 00 Hats, now to be had for.....50c
75c Hats, now to be had for.....39c
50c Hats, now to be had for.....25c
25c and 35c Hats, now to be had for....15c

Haberdashery Dept.

Ladies' Colored Silk Gloves, worth 38c and 45c, tonight 15c a pair.

Ladies' Colored Silk Gloves, worth 50c, tonight 37c.

Ladies' Fancy Handkerchiefs, worth 20c, tonight for 14c each.

Ladies' Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, worth 12½c tonight 3 for 25c.

Ladies' Black Cotton Hose, spliced heels, toes and double sole, worth 25c, for 18c.

Ladies' Black Cotton Hose, double heels and toes, Hermsdorf dyes, worth 18c, 2 pairs for 25c.

Children's Ribbed Cotton Hose, have double heels and toes, worth 15c, for 10c.

All colors in Ribbons, worth 10c, Friday 5c yard.

Gloria Parasols, fancy handles, worth $1 25, Friday 89c.

Fancy Colored Parasols, worth $1, Friday 68c.

Ladies' White Lawn Aprons, worth 18c, Friday for 12½c.

Children's White Lawn Aprons, embroidery trimmed, worth 50c, for 39c.

Staple Department:

Table Damask, 58 inches wide, worth 30c, for 25c.

Victoria Lawn, wide and fine, 15c, for 12½c.

Fancy Stripe Dress Lawn, silk mixture, worth 35c, for 12½c.

Bleached Twill Sheeting, 2 yards wide, fine, worth 25c, for 20c.

Grecian Quilts, extra large, special, $2 50 goods, one to each customer at $1 49.

Unbleached Table Damask, with fine and durable all pure linen, 50c, for 37½c.

Your choice dozen of our best Table Napkins, worth $3 50 and $3 75, for $2 39.

Millinery Department:

One box of Fancy Colored Ribbons, 3½ inches wide, for 5c per yard.

Two boxes of Fancy Colored Ribbons, from 2 to 4½ inches wide, for 10c per yard.

One box of assorted Colored Sateen Ribbons, for 15c per yard, worth 25c.

Two boxes of Fancy Colored Ribbons, in gauze, moire, taffeta, corded silk and brocade, for 25c, worth from 50c to 75c per yard.

Pleated Chiffons, all shades, for 15c, worth 25c and 40c.

Straw Hats, all shades and shapes, for 25c, worth from 50c to $1 25.

One box of Colored Velvet Ribbons, Satin Back, for 5c yard, worth 25c.

All trimmed millinery at half-price.

Dress Goods Department:

Twenty Pairs Special Lace Curtains, white, 3½ yards long, cheap at $1 50, for $1 per pair.

Five pieces only, Silver Crepon, black and white striped, silk and wool goods, we have been selling lately at 50 cents per yard; will clear the balance at 25c.

Ten pieces Check Tweed, regular price 50c, for 25c yard.

Seven pieces All-Wool French Dress Goods, worth 50c and 65c yard, for 25c yard.

Eight pieces, 46-inch All-Wool Cashmere, regular price 60c yard, for 25c yard.

Five pieces Black Yack Dress Goods, regular price 50c, for 25c yard.

150 yards Black Mohair Crepon, the kind we have been selling at 39c yard, for 25c yard.

Gents' Furnishings:

Men's All-Wool Sox, worth 15c, Saturday night 3 for 25c.

Men's Cotton Sox, ribbed tops, worth 10c, Saturday night, 5 for 25c.

Men's Pure Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, worth 20c, Saturday night 5 for 50c.

Men's Fine Cambric Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, worth 20c, Saturday night 10c.

Men's Fine Mixed Underwear, worth 50c, Saturday night 35c.

Men's Flannelette Shirts, worth 40c, Saturday night 29c.

Men's Pure Silk Neckties, regular price 25c, Saturday night 2 for 25c.

Men's Colored Shirts, collars attached, worth 60c, Saturday night 43c.

Men's Colored Shirts, collar detached, worth 75c, Saturday night 59c.

Men's Colored Shirts, collars and cuffs detached, worth $1 25 and $1 50, Saturday night 75c.

Clothing Department:

Men's Bicycle Suits, fine tweed, not one of them but is worth $8, your choice of any one in the house Saturday night for $5.

Men's Light Summer Tweed Suits, worth $6, Saturday night for $3 85.

Men's Fine Black Worsted Suits, sack coat, well worth $13, Saturday night for $7 95.

Men's Pants, fine tweed, worth $1 75, Saturday night $1 25.

Boys' Fine Duck Blouses, not one of them but is worth 60c—some of them are 75c blouses—your choice of any one of them in the house, Saturday night 39c.

Children's Blue Serge Kilt Suits, worth $1 25, Saturday night 89c.

Boys' odd lines in Fine Tweed Suits, worth $2 50, cheap at that—Saturday night $1 45.

Boys' good-to-wear Tweed Pants, worth 40c, Saturday night for 29c.

CHAPMAN'S