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The Grand Canyon of Sunny California

A Winter in the Santa Maria Valley

Interesting Letter From Mr. W. B. Riggs.

The many friends of Mr. W. B. Riggs in this city will be interested to read the following letter received from him today by one of his friends:

"You ask about my impressions of the Grand Canyon of Colorado. Well, really, it is quite beyond me to anything like describe that wonderful old cave, so, I will quote you a few sentences (as the parsons say in their sermons) from a recognized authority, George Wharton James, and add my own little comments. Mr. James says: 'The Canyon is about 217 miles long, from 5 to 12 miles wide and from five to six thousand feet deep. The Colorado river runs through the main canyon. I say main canyon for the charm consists of a maze of canyons.' In this book the author speaks of the impression it made on one of his own household keenly intelligent, and well-read, who had imagined something of what it would look like. As the carriage approached the rim at Glotosta Amphitheatre and gave her the first glimpse of the Canyon, 'she drew back terrified, appalled, horror-stricken. Subsequent analysis of her emotions and the results of that first glimpse, revealed a state of mind so overpowered with the sub-

limity, vastness, depth and power of the scene, that her impressions were totally inadequate, altogether lacking in detail and accuracy, and at complete variance with her habitual observations.' In another place he speaks of those who have long and carefully studied the Canyon, do not hesitate for a moment to pronounce it by far the most sublime of all earthly spectacles. In another place he says, 'What revelations of forms, what richness of colors; what tireless walls into angles and arches and recesses and facts and entablatures and friezes and facades. What lighting up of towers and temples and buttes and minarets and pinnacles and ridges and peaks and pillars of erosion, the colors are vivid, the shadows are purple to blackness, the heights are lowering, the depths are appalling. Men have stood before it and called it an inferno, swathed in soft celestial fires. Chas. Dudley Warner, versed in much of the plain-scenery, mountain-sculpture, canyon-carvings, and the first glimpse of the Canyon, 'she drew back terrified, appalled, horror-stricken. Subsequent analysis of her emotions and the results of that first glimpse, revealed a state of mind so overpowered with the sub-



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look three drives, the Oak drive, Pasadena drive, and the Beech drive. On our way to Pasadena we visited the Alligator farm, the Ostrich farm, and the Bush Sunken Garden. I learned more about alligators the little time I spent there than I could tell you in an hour. I learned that some of them are great fighters, and sometimes tear a leg off one or part of the jaw. They have an alligator hospital and place all maimed in there to be looked after. When they find one that wants to fight all the time they place him in a pen by himself and he lives an isolated life thereafter. We saw alligators from 6 months old to 200 years. The Ostrich farm was most interesting. They sometimes develop into a quarrelsome state, they find one now and then of a fighting disposition, then they separate them and place them in solitary confinement. I learned many things about the habits and traits of the ostrich. They are a fascinating bird, indeed, and by no means as silly as the old proverb about the ostrich sticking its head in the sand (to escape the almrods) would lead us to believe. The Pasadena drive was great. We passed dozens and dozens of millionaires homes, the guide calling out the names of the owners. The City drive was beautiful. We passed the most beautiful homes, and street after street of tastily built bungalows. Los Angeles is the largest city in America in area. It takes in more acreage than any other city, has a population of 500,000 and growing wonderfully fast! The lawns are a beautiful green and flowers of every description growing everywhere. Never wore an overcoat all the time I was there, not even on our drives. The climate seems to be about like our September and I understand will continue about the same all winter.

From Los Angeles I came on to Santa Maria, a journey of a little over 200 miles. On my arrival here, I went and surprised my brother, whom I hadn't seen for 43 years. It was a great meeting, I assure you. Santa Maria is a nice little town, population about 3,500, the whole valley, including the town about 5,500, think it is about 12 miles long and 8 miles wide, 75,000 acres. Mr. Warren, who seems to be well posted, told me that this year the total products of the valley was \$12,000,000, as follows: Beet Sugar, 300,000 sacks at \$7.00, \$2,100,000; Oil, 4,000,000 barrels, \$5,000,000; Beans, 400,000 sacks at \$11.00, \$4,400,000; Hay, Barley, Onions, Live Stock, \$500,000; Total \$12,000,000.

Land is worth from \$200 to \$600 per acre. The streets in the town are very wide, being 100 feet.

At my brother's bungalow on Christmas Day, I counted 90 Geraniums in full bloom on his lawn, ranging from 4 to 8 feet high.

The valleys in California are beautiful, with mountains all around in this part of the state beans are the principal product. They raise from 20 to 50 sacks per acre and they are now worth from \$10 to \$12 per sack, to produce \$500-worth of beans to the acre is going some. A rancher informed me the other day that he received a cheque for \$45,000 for beans harvested from 270 acres. How would you like to have this crop just for one year? Nothing doing? I'm trying to arrange for 3 1/2 feet of ground to raise beans on, think that's all I can farm to start with. Land not far from here is selling for \$1,000 per acre and over, for ranching purposes. Will I buy 1-64 of an acre for you? Wire me if you decide to take it, only a little left, terms 10 per cent down, balance ten equal annual payments. You can figure the amount of the payments, interest at 8 per cent, to be paid after principal is settled.

I am taking auto trips daily. The roads are smooth and wide and the drivers hit up 45 miles an hour frequently. I spent a week at Santa Barbara, 85 miles from Santa Maria, and went in sea-bathing every day. The water was fine. It seems strange to think of you having zero weather in Belleville and out here we are enjoying sunshine and warm weather and fresh vegetables and fruits daily. There are some fine churches out here. I attended the great Baptist Temple in Los Angeles last Sunday and heard a fine sermon by Dr. James Whitcomb Brougher, the successor of the late Bob Burdett. We have had a few light frosts here this week, (Feb. 6th) but not cold enough to do any damage. My health is steadily improving and I am looking forward to coming back to Dear Old Belleville, feeling as big and strong as an ox."

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John L's First Fight One of Greatest of Life

His Bout With Charley Mitchell 35 Years Ago.

The late John L. Sullivan's most sensational fight was with Charley Mitchell of England in old Madison Square garden on the night of May 14, 1883. The following account of the mill published the following day will interest the present generation of fight fans as well as the old timers who either saw the scrap or were deeply interested in Sullivan's career:

The excitement over the match between Charles L. Mitchell and John L. Sullivan culminated in the passage at arms at Madison Square garden last evening. Fully 12,000 persons were present. A twenty-foot ring was pitched on the platform in the center of the great hall. A score of electric lights and over a thousand gas jets shed a bright light over the scene. The floor was packed with standing spectators and the galleries and boxes were banked with excited men. Judges, lawyers, politicians, pugilists, theatrical celebrities and eminent statesmen were among them. Ex-Senator Roscoe Conkling and other distinguished gentlemen occupied seats near the ring.

It was nearly half-past nine when Sullivan and Mitchell entered the ring. A hoarse murmur ran over the great audience as they threaded their way to the steps. Sullivan was the first to pass under the ropes. He entered the ring with a bound and strode to the further corner. He was stripped to the waist and wore tight fitting pink drawers buttoned to the knee, white stockings and gaiters.

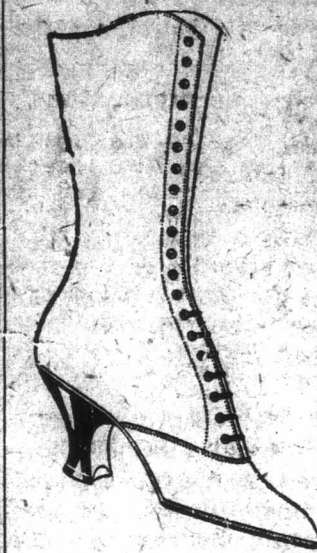
He appeared to be taller than when he met Tug Wilson, but his trainer said he weighed twenty pounds less. He sat in a chair in his corner and rested his muscular arms on the ropes. His black hair was neatly combed and his eyes snapped with fire. A moment later Mitchell mounted the platform, the perfection of manly grace and good humor. His skin was as white as the driven snow and his blue eyes seemed as mild as a May morn. The striking disproportion between the two men was almost painfully apparent. One was an Antinous in appearance and the other a Hercules. Mitchell wore an armless silk shirt, white drawers, socks ribbed with brilliant colors and calf-skin gaiters. A blue and white kerchief fluttered over his left hip. He gazed for a few moments at the 12,000 faces turned toward him, slightly bowed his head in acknowledgment of the deafening cheers, and sat down in the opposite corner from his antagonist. Peter McCoy who had accompanied Sullivan to the platform hung a towel on a stake at the side. Sullivan whispered in his ear and he sprang from the platform among the audience. The fight was to be under the Marquis of Queensberry rules, four rounds, three minutes each. Mitchell 154 pounds—40 pounds less than Sullivan. The difference certainly seemed to be much greater. The Englishman was 5 feet 8 1/2 inches in stature. Sullivan was two inches taller.

William Mahoney acted as master of ceremonies. The noise and excitement was so great that his introduction was almost unheard. Waving his right hand toward the further corner he said, "Mr. John Sullivan." His left hand gyrate toward the opposite corner, and the words "Mr. William Mitchell" followed. Then he shouted "Time!" in a loud voice. The men jumped to their feet as though shot. For a second they stood like Grecian statues. Then Sullivan sprang for Mitchell like a maddened bull. His left flew out like a stone from a catapult. It was nearly stopped by Mitchell, who retaliated by tapping Sullivan on the ear. His onset, however, was so terrific that his weight alone seemed to carry him over the little Englishman. The fighting had begun in Mitchell's grasp and there were fierce deliveries and exquisite stoppings until Sullivan's corner was reached. Here after a sharp rally, Mitchell went to the floor. He was fought down, not knocked down. The excitement was at fever heat. There were cries from all parts of the hall. Sullivan straddled the prostrate man but allowed him to rise. He was hardly on his feet before there was another close rally, Sullivan's left still playing, but with little effect, as his antagonist neatly stopped it. In the rush that followed Mitchell was again borne to the floor. Again on his feet, there was a fierce struggle at the ropes. The little fellow broke away. Sullivan made another mad rush at him and received a blow from Mitchell's right. It took him on the jaw with full force and capsize him. The hall roared like a furnace in full blaze. In a trice Sullivan was again on his feet. He seemed blown and amazed, but kept forcing the fighting. Unable to keep away from him, the Englishman closed with him. Mitchell caught him around the waist. Amid close fighting the three minutes expired.

The men broke for their corners at the order to break. Sullivan seemed the most blown out of the two. McCoy pitched him his towel and he was vigorously rubbed. The Englishman wiped his own face and seemed fresh as a daisy. Sullivan's labored breathing indicated a lack of condition.

After an interval of a minute "time" for the second round was called. Sullivan again forced the fighting, going for Mitchell with the ferocity of a wild beast. Finding the Englishman prepared for his terrible left-handed blows he led off with his right. Mitchell parried it and again tapped Sullivan on the jaw. Body blows followed, but the Bostonian ran over him like a locomotive over a hand car. For five seconds they sparred and Sullivan again broke for his antagonist. In the rally that followed Mitchell nearly threw him over the ropes. The men then closed again. Sullivan's rushes and right-hand blows were telling. Mitchell wore an anxious face. To avoid being hard pressed over the ropes he again closed with his man. Sullivan had regained his wind. He threw him from him like a putty image. His face was the picture of fierce determination. He apparently felt that he had the game in his own hands and he was looking for a knockout. Not for a quarter of a second did he allow Mitchell to rest. The little Briton was making 500 motions a minute. He was kept on the defensive. His guard was beaten down. He was kept so constantly employed that he had no opportunity to get in the body blows that proved so effective on Cleary. Sullivan caught him square on the

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face and he fell under the ropes. He was hardly on his feet before a fiercer crush sent him to grass. Ten seconds afterwards they were so tightly clinched that they were parted amid the greatest excitement. Then Mitchell rallied. Sullivan had drawn him to his corner and was threatening to knock him among the reporters when the Englishman hit him in the mouth with a spat that might have been heard on the street. The uproar was deafening. Sullivan made a drive at him with his left. Mitchell dodged and sprang back. Sullivan drove him to the opposite corner, pitched him clear of the ropes, injuring his legs. He was lifted back by the spectators, much weaker in body but not in spirit. A second time he went over with his head down and his heels in the air. The three minutes expired a moment afterward and the men went to their corners.

Sullivan was fresh and confident. There was a look of exultation in his eye. Mitchell was weak and slower. His face wore a look of anxiety bordering on terror when he arose for the third round. Sullivan was sweating like a bull, but the labored breathing had gone, and he sprang to the scratch with the agility of a cat. Mitchell dodged a blow from his left duke and got one on the mouth from the right. He closed in and got badly punished. Sullivan again pushed him from him like a bag of meal. With a final effort the Englishman got in one or two body blows and was knocked down by Sullivan's left. He had been knocked over the ropes twice in succession, and had become staggering weak when Capt. Williams stepped forward and laid his club between the combatants. "This fight must stop right here," he said. Mitchell feebly held out his hand. Sullivan grasped it and Mitchell tottered from the stage. With out the interference of the police he would have been knocked out. Had they been fighting with bare fists he might have been killed.

There was much confusion for a few minutes and Sullivan was officially declared the winner of the match.