HAMILTON EVENING TIMES, MONDAY, OCTOBER 25 1909.

SCRAP BOOK

POETRY

The Dapper Stranger

said:

said



(Celt in the Tatler.) It was the night of the county ball. The excitement and the swift motion of the dance had sent a warm, rich flush to her cheeks. Of the many admiring eyes that fol-lowed her in and out of the maxy waltz two pairs, each bent upon her from different parts of the room, showed more than ordinary zeal in the persis-tence of their surveillauce. The music stopped.

tence of their survey and the survey as a sorbet as a survey and the possessor of one of those pairs of interested eyes. "Will you excuse me just a moment, Mr. Wright?" she asked her partner. "I shall join you shortly at the palm settee in the red room." Sybil turned and held out her hand to the possessor of the eyes. "I saw you

Sybil turned and held out her haud to the possessor of the eyes. "I saw you arrive. How d'you do?" "Sybil, you look lovely to-night." "Don't talk nonsense, Percy." "You know I mean what I say." "Aren't you tired of rolling out the same prefity speeches to every pretty woman you meet?" "You are unjust, Sybil. You know, dear, that I love you." "And if I so far forgot myself as to yield, where, think you, would your love lead me?" She looked across the room and encountered another pair of eyes. Those were eyes of fire-and pur-poseful. Something was going to happoseful. Something was going to hap pen, she told herself, and that shortly.

Sybil, can't you be serious? Methinks the times be

"Sybil, can't you be serious?" "Methinks the times be strangely changed, my Don Juan. Adam is now the tempter, not the tempted." "Now you know very well how stupid it is to talk like that. You know that Eve is still the temptress." "Percy, you've grown sententious. But I must leave you. Mr. Wright will be coming back for me." "Gad! she's a peach," muttered Percy Marlow as he moved towards the smoke-room, "and, hang me. if I let her slin.

ments also stepped into the evening air. Sybil was a witness of these silent de-partures and grew apprenhensive, but she could not break up the set however great was her desire to get away. Percy Marlow leaned an elbow on the balustrade of the veranda and gave him-self over to the contemplation and puf-fing smoke wreaths. "Eddenly a footstep upon the gravel just behind him roused him from dream-tind. But before he had time to turn or to speak a man stood at his side. "Delightfully cool out here, Mr. Mar-low," commented the newcomer. "D'you want me to argue the point?" "No. I want to say something on quite a different matter. D'you mind having a stroll round the lake? It's pleasanter than here and we're less like-ly to be interrupted." "What is it you want to say? Noth-ing serious, I hope. I make a rule never to talk seriously at a bai." "No. I imagined."

"So I imagined. "What do you mean?" "What I say. My name's John Deane. Am I quite plain?" "Yeav !" assented Percy, meaningly. "Very!" assented Percy, meaningly. "Let that stand. Will you walk round the lake?

"No need. Say what you've got to say here. I can spare you just five min-

utes." "You may be induced to spare me longer than that, though I reckon five minutes will just be about enough to say what I've got to say." "Make it less if you can." "You return to London this morning, I believe?" It was now approaching 2 a.m.

a.m. "Not if I know it," replied Percy. "Who told you that story?" "We need not discuss that. I think, however, you will consent to leave Levenworth by the 5.30 express." "Then you think wrongly, my good sir. I do not think this conversation is likely to interest me: nermit me to mith

likely to interest me; permit me to wish you good morning." Deane held up his hand. "You lowed me five minutes, Marlow; t

"Well, what is it you want to say?" "Well, what is it you want to say?" Miss

tion, but it takes skill to bring down a stag which is driven forward at full speed. Six fine stags in one day King Edward brought down with the rifle last week. There are still about 50.000 acres in the royal deer forest at Balmoral. King Edward is proud of his Stewart ances. To sive the bree still keen weed! To sive to stop an' take a map. An' as the see right mouse-the Highlands he appears in a "kill of the hunting Stewart tartan with a dark green background. In the evening the brilliant red and pale blue royal Stuart tartan replaces the quieter hunting kill. The Prince of Wales and his sons also wear the kilt and tartan. Their favorite sport is deer stalking. Thirteen stags have recently been brought down by the Prince of Wales and one by young Prince Edward. Many Energish wome nare proud of Wen Tim all grow ed un tall and bir Start and the means the Prince of Wales and one by young Prince Edward. They've passed the bowl and even made of Fate a happy jest. But, comes at ime when cheer departs and Death becomes the guest. Then two strong men shall clasp their hands and, ere the final ban. Can look into each other's eyes and each can see_a Man! It is no woman's heart that quails, nor childish tears that start. When two such men stand at the forks where best of pals must part! —John D. Wells. A. GREIG, Newsdealer, 10 York Street. Call and see us. With a view to preventing the sale of worthless articles at exorbitant prices the Russian Government has not only "What the d---- is that to you?" "Much-very much. Will you answer The HAMILTON MILLING CO. JAMES MITCHELL W'en I'm all grow ed up tall and big I don't know wich I'll be-A sram'ma or a gram'ps, 'cause They'rs bof so good to me! --Marie Leuise Tompkins, in H. Weekly. Many English wome nare proud of Certainly not. I decline to discuss forbidden the importation into Bassi Many Enguish wome have proud of their provess at deer stalking. Lady Loder brought down one of the largest stags of the season recently, a magnif-cent animal weighing twenty stone. Am-erican women have not evinced any en-thusiasm for deer stalking heretofore, 97 York Street. "Certainly not. I decline to discuss Miss Moore with you. Let me pass." "Not yet, Mr. Marlow. You've been contriving to see a good deal of Miss Moore for some months past. You met her, I believe, in London; you seem to take a great interest in her, and now you come here to-well, you know hest "wat." of a long list of panacea, catholica and theriacs, and of numerous so-called MRS. SHOTTER, Confectioner, 244 York Street. theriacs, and of numerous so-called "patent medicines," but it has also en-Weekly. "It's all vary well for you to preach conomy," said his wife, "but I ontice whenever I cut down expenses that you smoke better cigars and spend more money for your own leasure than at any other time." "Well, confound it, what do you suppose I want you to conomize for, anyway?"-Chicago Record-Herald. "Politeness costs nothing." said the man who quotes proverbs. "You are wrong again." answered Mr. Sirius Bar-ker. "You have evidently not figured how much it costs to persuade a New York waiter to look pleasant and saw "Thank you."-Washington Star. Little Ted, seven years old, was sent to the bathroom for a "good serub" he-fore dimer, but returned so quickly that his mother declared he couldn't possibly have washed himself. He replied: "Truly. I did, mother, and if you don't believe it you can just go and look at the tow-el."-Dolimeator. The cartoonist's wife was talking to a friend. Worth Knowing. Baby is very fond of apples, and the doctor told us we could give her a whoie one, peeled. He said that the tiny bits she could bite off with her four little, teech would not choke her, and the mois-ture of the apple would be cooling to her for a long time. But the smooth, round apple kept elipping from her chubby little hands; the big sister thought of this scheme: With a long tape needle, she drew a piece of tap-through the needle, tied it together and slipped it over baby's head. Arranged cted that no new medical substance NEW TROY LAUNDRY, 367 York Street. ---women have not evinced any en-m for deer stalking heretofore, is year the Marquise de Ganay tished herself by shooting a fifacted that no new medical substance, nor any new compound intended to be used in therapeutics, shall be admitted into or sold in Russia without the sanc-tion of the medical department at St. Petersburg. The control of the entire trade is in the hands of the minister aut this but this year the Marquise de Gan distinguished herself by shooting a fi teen stone stag. Grouse shooting has been rather failure this year, and the advance ports of the partridges are depress to sportsmen. Pheasants promise to plentiful. S. WOTTON, 376 York Street. Harris Tweeds. Of all the classes of homespun probably the most famous is the Harris tweed, made on the island of Harris, is the Outer Hebrides, off the west coast of Scotkand, but some of the tweeds known as "Harris" are made on the Isle o Lewis and also in the North Uist. All o these tweeds are legitimated designated as Harris tweeds, as they are made by almost identical methods, and it is practically impossible even for an expert 6 differentiate between tweeds made on these islands. These homespurs a heavy of weight, and the natives being proficient in the use of dyes, the cloth i uniformly of various soft colors, such a Harris Tweeds. T. S. M'DONNELL, 374 King Street West. "Again I ask, do you intend to marry Sybil Moore ?" trade is in the hands of the minister of commerce and manufactures. Applica-tions for the admission of new articles are referred to a medical board; which in turn refers to a chief medical inspec-tor, who examines and reports back to the board, which then enters its deci-Sybil Moore?" "Does a man marry every girl he pays compliments or attentions to." "Don't try to pass it off that way. I ask a straight question." "And what right have you to ask a question at all?" "Sybil Moore is more to me than she is to you. Now do you understand?" "Then why the deuce don't you marry the girl?" At last Marlow had struck his opponent in a weak spot. M. WALSH, 244 King Street West. tor, who examines and reports back to the board, which then enters its deci-sion. Wifey-If I cook for you a whole month, what do I get? Hubby-All the life insurance and a long black veil.-St. Louis Post. W. STEWART, Confectioner, 422 King West. D. T. DOW, 172 King Street West. ours. JOHN MORRISON, Druggist, 112 Main Street West. St. Louis Post. Mrs. Orpan are both dead." the girl?" At last Marlow had struck his opponent in a weak spot. John Deane could be masterful enough with other men; he could play as good a game of polo as any in the country, he was generally in at the death with the hounds, riding a thoroughbred that no one else cared to bestride-but marry Sybil Moore! He had never somehow felt courageous enough to ask the mo-mentous question. A. F. HOUSER, Confectioner, 114 James Street South. used on hitch ropes to each end of my ine. Now all I have to do is to pass each end of the line around the horizonproficient in the use of dyes, the could be uniformly of various soft colors, such as browns, greets, drabe, or rich and har-monious blendings of these colors. It is a curious fact that very few of these islanders possess the secret of dyeing black, and grey is likewise an uncommon color in a real Harris tweed. These merches have concernently but out invari--> J. H. SPRINGSTEAD, 113 John Street North. line The cartoonist's wife was talking to a ROBT. GORDON, Confectioner, 119 John Street South. friend "I just know Fred didn't want to work "Because in his sleep he said, "Well, "Because in his sleep he said, "Well, "I'l stay, but I don't know what to draw." -- Lippincott's Magazine. BURWELL GRIFFIN, Dueen and Charlton Avenue. color in a real Harris tweed. Inese tweeds have generally, but not invar-lably, a questionably pleasant odor, with which any one who has ever worn a Harris tweed will be instantly familiar, and which to a considerable extent comes mentous question. "You can't summon up enough cour-age to take the plunge yourself, and so you're jealous because another man steps in and threatens to carry off the MRS. SECORD, Locke and Canada. you're jeanous because another man steps in and threatens to carry off the prize. Don't you think you're in rather a false position?" John Deane in very helplessness would have liked to choke the speaker, but he restrained the passion that was surging within him. "Just now," he replied, as calmly as possible, "you as good as said you didn't want to marry Miss Moore. Do you think, then, that you are playing a straight game by hunting after her and making people talk?" "And do you think that disturbs me?" "Very likely not; I am far from in-terasted in what disturbs you, but when Miss Moore's name is coupled in CANADA RAILWAY NEWS Co., G. T. R. Station. and which to a considerable extent comes from peat smoke, or "peat reek," as it is called, peat being the fuel universally burned on these islands. The dyes also contribute to the odor as well, particu-larly a lichen called crottle, which is yery redolent. The presence of this odor is one way of telling a genuine Harris from the machine made substitute.— From Daily Consular and Trade Reports. DYSPEPSIA "Having taken your wonderful Cascy-rets' for three months and being entirely a think a word of praise is due to "accarete for their wonderful composi-tion I have taken numerous other so-talled reundise but without avail, and I that that Cascarets relieve more in a day han all the others I have taken would be taken ta H. BLACKBURN, News Agent, T., H. & B. Station. R. WELLS, Old Country News Stand, 197 King Street East. "It seems queer that she ever took a farey to him. He isn't at all the kind of a man one would expect her to admire." "I know: but he always had a way of notreing it when she happened to have on a new hat or a gown that had just come from the dressmaker's."-Chicago Record Herald. It will pay you to use the Want Column of the TIMES. 2/11/11/2 Money causes some people quite as much woiry as the lack of it causes **Business** Telephone 368 Evening elippers of white suede or buckskin ated with pretty buckles and double-looped bow in high favor for evening wear. in coloniai design decor-of grosgrain ribbon, are



AN UNDERSTANDING

THE WIDOWER.

THE WIDOWER. A word or so, Sister Snow, I must 't leave unsaid Afore the parson hitches us—then he kin go ahead: I know yew can't weave through my life like her that's passed away, Nor share with me th' bygone years that streaked her hair with gray. Nor live th' patient toil an 'trust, the tragic sacrifice, Which make th' mem'ry sacred-like o' her in paradise— But barrin' all them blessed ties, I 'low that yew will do Ter be a source o' solace yet as simply No. 2. THE WIDOW.

I make no bones, Deacon Jones, o' sayin' I don't keer How frank yew be ef bein' frank makes our relations clear; I own that I still treasure up my best love fer th' man Who heaved his dyin' gasp while holdin' of my han'; An' though he now be of th' past, my heart fer him I save, Because he fit th' uphill fight, an' he wuz true an' brave— But all aside from thoughts like them I reckon yew will do Ter smoothen my remainin' days as merely No. 2.

and Society Deer Hunting.

the village beershops with yours I have LIVELY DAYS IN SCOTLAND. something to say." "Come, come; haven't we had enough of this talk ?"

of this taik?" "Once again, sir, I tell you that until you have decided to leave Levenworth by the 5.30 express you don't enter that ballroom. Is that clear?"

American society for the last month-

ballroom. Is that clear?" "Perfectly. And if I refuse and tell you just as plainly that I will not be dictated by uo or anyone clse." "Then I shall pitch you into the water." The words were spoken, with the most dispassionate calmness, while a slight nod and elevation of the eyec-brows left no doubt as to what John Deane meant

been the sports of royalty, of statesmen

Ten minutes later he had thrown his half smoked cigarette into the fire. The antagonistic to his nerves, and he passed on to the lobby and thence out into the cool, refreshing air. Another man, who had been a deeply interested watcher of Percy's move system on the evening air. Sybil was a witness of these silent de-partures and grew apprenhensive. been the sports of royalty, of statesmen and of rich Americans who have taken castles and estates there. All Scotland is en fete in September, for then is held the annual gathering of the clans. Competitions of all sorts take place-games, races, weight throwing, high jumping, and, best of all, dancing and bagpipe playing. The visitors from London take in the meetings as part of their programme of pleasure. All who have a trace of Scotch blood don the kilt or the tartan. It is the fashion to be Scotch in the autumn.

By the variable of the first the two the second Bit by bit Marlow was forced along the veranda and down the steps. He was clutching his opponent in an un-comfortably passionate embrace, but his legs were not able to withstand the powerful advance of the other's. The odds were very much in favor of his gretting the promised bath head-first from the top of the rustic bridge near-by. Scotch in the autumn. this year more Americans than ever be by.

this year more Americans than ever be-fore were seen among the crowd assem-bled in the grounds where the events took place. Mrs. Bradley Martin, whose fine estate, Balmacan, has been filled with guests, mostly compatriots, was much in evidence, with Lord and Lady Craven, Frederick Townsend Martin and others in her house party. Mrs. Smith and Miss Drexel drove over from Tul-loch Castle and Mrs. Amory More motor-ed her visitors over from her fine place near by. by.
"Mercy! What are you doing?" It was the repressed cry of a woman who came hurrying toward the men through the trees and the gloom. They ceased struggling for a moment. She came mearer. It was Sybil Moore just released from the most trying dance she ever went through.
"Do come away from each other, I entreat you!" She waited while the men slowly released each other. "John, what does it all mean?" near by. King Edward were there. He goes

"Oh-er-nothing much, Sybil," Deane

"Oh-er-mothing much. Sybil," Deane managed to reply after some hesitation. "John, that's not true. You've been quarreling, and about me, too. You surely don't think I care for Mr. Mar-low, How blind and stupid you've both been. Why, there's only one man I care for, and thanks to Mr. Marlow." placing her hand on Deane's shoulder, "I've got him".

Block Signals Cross Continent. Except for a few short distances, to-talling 127 miles, automatic block sig-mals.now extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. According to the Railroad Age Gazette, of the distance unprotected by this system, 93.4 miles on the Southern Pacific in the Sierra Nevada Mountains uses the electric-train staff. The next longest gap, 20 miles in length, occurs where a change of the line is about to be made. The re-maining gaps are due to bridges and points where changes are in progress. The line thus operated by the block sys-tem extends from Jersey City on the Block Signals Cross Continent. than he was. In deer stating the skag is followed on foot, sometimes on all fours, over hill and dale till a favorable moment comes for a shot. In deer driv-ing the deer are beaten up and driven before the hunters, who are posted in hutts, where they can take aim easily. The ine thus operated by the block sys-tem extends from Jersey City on the Atlantic to Oakland on the Pacific, over a total distance of 3.245 miles, and it in-cludes the Lehigh Valley Railway to Buffalo, the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern to Chicago, the Chicago & Northwestern to Council Bluffs, the Unon Pacific Railway to Ogden and the outhern Pacific Railway to Oakland.

Foreign Medicines in Russia.

(Roohester Post Express. "I was with Cook." she stranger Said the editor, "Say no more, But come into my sanctum hers And write a page or more." "I was with Cook," the stranger Said the editor, "Say no more-I prithee write at double speed, For we close the forms at 4. "Give us a tale of the man who fared Into the great unknown, And we will set it with double leads Aud use your own half-tone."

"I know not," quoth the drapper man. "And as I remarked before, I was with Cook-" "Nay, nay, I know," Said the editor, "Say no more." "Tell me the tale of his early life, His struggles in manbood's prime, How he started out in win the wo With a fortune of haif a dime.

"Give us the yarn, we'll pay you fair, At double the usual rates, And we will get an extra out That'H scoop the United States."

"I cannot write," said the dapper min, "But to remark I'm free That I was with Cook, the tourist chap, On a jaunt through New Jersee."

word.

Then the editor spake him never But-ah, the subject pains! Suffice to say the coroner called And mathered up the remains.

THE NEWSPAPER GUY.

see a man pushing his way through the lines of the cops where the work of the fire fiend The Clans at the Annual Gatherings "The chief?" I inquire—but a fireman replies: 'Oh, no: why that's one of those newspaper guys.''

London-Scotland has been the happy hunting ground of English and Anglo see a man walk through the door of a show Where great throngs are blocked by the sign "S. R. O." literally the happy hunting ground, for

"Is this man the star that no ticket he buys "In the star that no ticket he "Star nothin!" He's one of those newspaper sups." not only has social gayety been centred there, but deer stalking, deer driving,

grouse shooting and cub hunting have I see man start on the trail of a crook, And he scorns the police, but he brings him And he scorns the police, but he brings him to book. "Sherlock Heines?" I inguire-some one scornfully cries. "Sherlock h--! Naw: that's one of those newspaper guys."

And some day I'll pass by the great Gate of Gold And see a man pace through unquestioned "A smint?" I'll ask, and old Peter'll reply: "No: ho carries a pass-he's a newspaper

Ruy." -Benjamin Scoville in the Louisville Her-ud.

THE FROST SPIRIT.

He consec-he consect he Frost Spirit comes! You may trace his footsteps now on the maked woods and the biasted fields and the brown hill's wither'd brow. He has smilten the leaves of the gray old trees where their pleasant green and And the winds, which follow wherever he goes, have shaken them down to earth! The Inverness-shire gathering is the argest and most fashionable of all, and

He comes-he comes-the Frost Spirit comes! --from the frozen Labrador--From the lee bridge of the Northern seas, which the white bear wanders o'sr--Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the luckless forms below In the sunless cold of the atmosphere into marble statues grow!

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes! —on the rushing Northern blast. And the dark Norwegian place have bow'd as his fearful breach went past. With an unscorch'd wing he has aurried on, where the fires of Hecla glow On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient ice below. King Laward were there. He goes from one great estate to another, mak-ing informal visits to his friends. Though strict court etiquette is dispensed with, still everything is planned with reference to his wishes. Coverts remain unhunted

still everything is planned with return of the series of the se

ON A VISIT When I go to my gram'ma's an' She gets done klasin' me. I wonder what's to happen nex', (Don't have to 'cite no 'Golden Tex' ' At Gram'ma's—no, sir-ee!) This method saves a good deal of exer-tion, but it takes skill to bring down a stag which is driven forward at full



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WHEN PALS MUST PART.

When two young men who've passed the bowl and laughed at quib and

Who've e'er been true when failure claimed the toll it takes from

The vergiven each the other's hand and helped him up again— The world must turn aside nor heed the honest tears that start, When two such men shall reach the forks where best of pals must part!

"Old pal"-there lurks within the words a meaning more than friend— A pledge, a trust, a fellowship that only men can blend; They've shared their woes, their cheer and smiles, alike the worst and beet:

And pledged the word for what worth and overlooked the rest worth and overlooked the rest. They've drunk in silence 'round the board, and seen, with heavy heart. The time when they shall reach the forks where best of pals must

smoked their pipes, believed in

jest-

best;

part.

wait.

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habitant, "when that piece of projetty sold for a song." "Really!" replied the grand opera prima donna. "How very expensive.!"—Washington Star.



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Use of Slag Waste. Use of Siag waste. Biast furnace slag waste, of which there are millions of tons at present disfiguring the face of Great Britain, especially in the west of Scotland, is be-ing successfully treated, chemically and otherwise, for utilization as cement, the product being claimed as superior even to Portland cement, and much cheaper.

case end of the fine around the norzon-tol har and catch the smap on the rope. It works most satisfactorily. All empty spools are saved in our household, from the largest ribbon one to the tiniest buttonhole twist. When to the tiniest buttonhole twist. When-ever any dyeing is done, the accumulated spools are dropped into the solution. Then they are put away, to be brought out only in stormy weather. Supple-mented by meat skewers, their building possibilities are almost unlimited, and their gay colors have the most cheering effect needed by children on a rainy day.

slipped it over baby's head. Arranged in a nice, large stork bib and her apple necklace, baby enjoys many happy hours. Living in the city, where I am consid-erably annoyed by having to stop to put up my clothesime by tying it at both ends, I have attached a snaffe like those

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