who had won.

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HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

The Strange Metamorphosis.

Paul read it. It was a silly little school-girl note, half slang and half systiment, signed only with the initials C. D. "Well, sir?" said the doc-

'It's very forward and improper-

very," said Paul; "but it's not my fault-I can't help it. I gave the girl no encouragement. I never saw her before in all my life!" To my own knowledge, Bultitude, she has sat in that pew regularly for

Very probably," sad Paul, "but I don't notice these matters. I'm past that sort of thing, my dear sir.' "What is her name? Come, sir, you know that." Connie Devenant," said Paul, taken

unawares by the suddenness of the question. "At least, I-I heard so today." He felt the imprudence of such an admission as soon as he had made Very odd that you know her name

If you have never noticed her before,' "Jolland told me," said Paul.

"Ah, but it's odder still that she knows yours, for I perceive it is directed to you by name. 'It's easily explained. I've no doubt she heard it somewhere. At least I never told her; it's not likely. I do assure you I am as much distressed and shocked by this affair as you can I am indeed. I don't know what girls are coming to now

"Do you expect me to believe that you are perfectly innocent?" said the

"Yes, I do," said Mr. Bultitude. "I can't prevent fast young ladies from sending me notes. Why, she might

have sent one to you." "We won't go into hypothetical cases," said the doctor, not relishing the war being carried into his own country; "she happened to prefer you. But, although your virtuous indignation seems to one a trifle overdone, sir, I don't see my way clear to punishing you on the facts, especially as you tell me you never encouraged thesethese overtures, and my Dulcie, I am bound to say, confirms your statement that it was all the other young lady's doing. But, if I had had any proof that you had begun or had responded to her-hem-advances, nothing could have saved you from a severe flogging at the very least; so be careful for the

"Ah!" said Paul, rather feebly, quite overwaelmed by the narrowness of his escape. Then, with a desperate effort, found courage to add: "May Iah-take advantage of this-this restored cordiality, to—to—in fact, to make a brief personal explanation? It -it's what I've been trying to tell you for a long time, ever since I first came, only you never will hear me out. It's

highly important. You've no notion how serious it is!" "There's something about you this term, Richard Bultitude," said the doctor, slowly, "that I confess I don't understand. This obstinacy is unusual in a boy of your age, and if you really have a mystery it may be as well to have it out and have done with it. But I can't be annoyed with it now. Come to me after supper tonight, and

I shall be willing to hear anything you may have to say." Paul was too overcome at this unexpected favor to speak his thanks. He got away as soon as he could. His path was smoothed at last!

That afternoon the boys, or all of them who had disposed of the work set them for the day, were sitting in the school room, after a somewhat chilly dinner of cold beef, cold tarts, and cold water, passing the time with that description of literature known as "Sunday reading."

And here, at the risk of being guilty of a disgression, I must pause to record my admiration for this exceedingly happy form of compromise, which is, I think, peculiar to the British and, to a certain extent, the American na-

It has many developments. From the mild transattantic compound of cookery and camp-meetings, to the semi-novel, redeemed and chastened by an arrangement which sandwiches a sermon or a Bibical lecture between each chaper of the story-a great con-

vience for the race of skippers.

But the crown and triumph of sucressful trimming must surely be looked for in the illustrated Sabbath magazines, in many of which there is so dexterous a combination of this world and the next that even a public analyst might find it difficult to resolve them. Open any one of the monthly num-

All grocers sell Tea, but all Teas are not the same. Some are good and some are not. We have had a great many years' experience, and after carefully studying the productions of all the countries we recommend the use of

Pure Indian or Ceylon.

Make your Ton in an earthen pot, use ociling water, let it draw seven minutes. Buy our 25c or 35c Indian or Ceylon.

bers, and the chances are you will find at one part a neat little doctrinal essay by a literary bishop; at another, a paper upon "cockrosches and their habits" by an eminent savant; somewhere else, a description of foreign travel, done in a brittant and wholly secular vein; and, farther on again, an article on aesthetic furniture—the balance of the number being devoted to installments of two thrilling novels by popular authors, whose theology is seldom their strongest point.

Oddly enough, too, when these very novels came out later in three-volume form, with the "mark of the beast" in the shape of a circulating library ticket upon them, they will be fortunate if they are not interdicted altogether by some of the serious families who take in the magazines as being

who take in the magazines as being "so suitable for Sundays."

It was the editor of one of these magazines, indeed, who is said, though do not vouch for the truth of the story, to have implored the author who was running a novel through his columns, to shift the date in which he had made his lovers meet from Sat-urday afternoon to "Sunday after church time," in deference to the susceptibilities of his subscribers.

Mr. Bultitude, at all events, had no

reason to complain of the system. For in one of the bound volumes supplied to him he found a most interesting and delightfully uncertain novel, which appealed to his tastes as a business man, for it was all about commerce and making fortunes by blockade run-ning; and, though he was no novelreader as a rule, his mind was so re-lieved and set at rest by the prospect of seeing the end of his troubles at last that he was able to occupy his mind with the fortunes of the hero. He naturally detected technical er-

rors here and there. But that pleased him, and he was becoming so deeply absorbed in the tale that he felt seriously annoyed when Chawner came softly up to the desk at which he was sitting, and sat down close to him, crossing his arms before him, and leaning forward upon them with his

sallow face toward Paul.

"Dickie," he began, in a cautious, oily tone, "did I hear the doctor say before dinner that he would hear anything you had to say to him after supper? Did I?"

"I really can't say, sir," said Paul; "if you were near the key-hole at the time, very likely you did." "The door was open," said Chawner, "and I was in the cloak room, so I heard, and I want to know. What is it you're going to tell the doctor?"

"Mind your own business, sir," said Paul, sharply.
"It is my business," said Chawner; "but I don't want to be told what you're going to tell him. I know."
"Good heavens!" said Mr. Bultitude, annoyed to find his secret in possession

of this boy of all others.

"Yes," repeated Chawner, "I know, and I tell you what—I won't have it!"

"Won't have it! and why?" "Never mind why. Perhaps I don't choose that the doctor shall be told just yet; perhaps I mean to go up and tell him myself some other days." tell him myself some other day. I want to have a little more fun out of

it before I've done."
"But—but," said Paul, "you young ghoul, do you mean to say that all you care for is to see other people's sufferings?"

Sludge grinned maliciously. "Yes," he said, sauvely, "it amuses me."
"And so," said Paul, you want to
hold me back a little longer—because it's so funny; and then, when you're quite tired of your sport, you'll go up and tell the doctor my-my unhappy story yourself, eh? No, my friend; I'd rather not tell him myself-but I'll be shot if I let you have a finger in it. I know my own interests better than that!'

"Don't get in a passion, Dickie," said Chawner; "It's Sunday. You'll have to let me go up instead of you—when I've frightened them a little

"Who do you mean by them, sir?" said Paul, growing puzzled.
"As if you didn't know! Oh, you're too clever for me, Dickie, I can see,' sniggered Chawner.

"I tell you I don't know!" said Mr. Bultitude. "Look here, Chawner—you confounded name is Chawner, isn't it? there's a mistake somewhere, I'm sure of it. Listen to me. I'm not going to tell the doctor what you think I

"What do I think you are going to tell him?' "I haven't the slightest Idea, but whatever it is, you're wrong."
"Ah, you're too clever, Dickie; you won't betray yourself; but other peo-

ple want to pay Coker and Tipping out as well as you, and I say you must wait. "I shan't say anything to affect any one but myself," said Paul; "if you know all about it you must know that

-it won't interfere with your amusement that I can see."
"Yes, it will," said Chawner, irritably, "it will-you mayn't mean to tell of anyone but yourself; but, directly Grimstone asks you questions, it all comes out. I know all about it. And anyway, I forbid you to go up till I give you leave.' (To be Continued.)



The farmer who keeps bees plants buckwheat to the hives. He unhandy derstands that to put flowers rich in honey where the bee can get them with least effort, means an

increase in the quantity and quality of the honey garnered in the hives. It is on this principle that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery increases the quantity and quality of the nutrition of the body. The ingredients of this medicine are selected to furnish the blood and stomach with the essential materials for body building, in a concentrated and assimilable form. They make the conditions under which the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition must work, as easy as possible, and so reduce strain and waste. As the strength of the body is re-established disease is thrown off. It is due to this fact that persons with weak lungs, obstinate cough, bronchitis, and other diseases, which if neglected lead to consumption, find a complete cure by using "Golden

Medical Discovery."

"Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best blood purifier that I ever used," writes Mrs. M. Hartrick, of Demster, Oswego Co., N. Y." It is about three years since my health began to fail, Last September I gave out entirely with what the physicians pronounced enlargement of the liver. My back pained me all the time; the doctor said I must not ride, in fact I could not ride nor walk, nor hardly sit still; could not lie on my right side. I commenced taking the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' took them for three months, and still continue the 'Pellets.' I will be glad if I can say anything to help those who are suffering." Medical Discovery."

who are suffering."

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Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

A Strange Country Which Af fords Some Odd Contrasts.

Telephone Line Is the Only Sign of Civilization in Abyssinia-No Roads of Any Description in the Empire's Capital - Through an Unknown Country.

A party of young Englishmen, organized by Mr. Well-Blundell and Lord Lovat, started last November on a sporting and scientific expedition across Somaliland, says a London letter, through Abyssinia, or Shoa, and the country to the west hitherto quite unknown, thence to the Blue Nile and back by way of Khartoum. One of its members, Dr. Kottlitz, has returned with an interesting account of Emperor

Menelik's dominions. He says: "There is a telephone running between Menelik's capital and Harar, a distance of about 300 miles. This line, which is the only sign of civilization in that portion of the country, is kept by a Franco-Russian company, in which Menelik is a shareholder. The stations, which are about two days' march apart, are mere thatched huts surrounded by strong, high stockades, The dirty



eastern hut, with its Abyssinian attendant, affords a striking contrast with the telephone and the instructions to 'ring up Addis Abeba.' At one of these stations, when about half way to the capital, we heard that Menelik had left there with his army to receive the submission of Ras Mangascia. We then tried to telephone through to Capt. Harrington, the British resident at Addis Abeba. A Frenchman at the other end of the line tried his best to prevent this, and it was only through hearing one of the British interpreters talking on the line that we succeeded in getting through. During the month's journey between Harar and the capital we were constantly passing ivery caravans going to

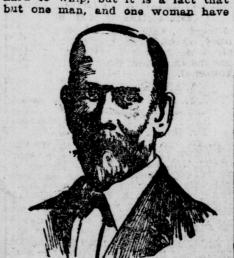
Harar, We also met parties in charge of Russians and Frenchmen connected with political and a few French missionaries. It was very hot work crossing the Hawash plain, and most of dur traveling had to be done late in the day and into the night. Afterwards the ascent of the central plateau made the conditions more pleasant. "The Abyssinia capital is about

five miles square, and is simply an agglomeration of round, thatched huts, made of bamboo and grass, without windows or chimneys. There are no roads of any description. The better class houses are surrounded by stockades. Menelik's so-called palace is merely a collection of somewhat larger houses of the same type. He is now having a few stone houses constructed by Indian workmen. For the past two seasons Capt. Harrington, who formerly resided at Zella. has lived in the capital. The British residency consists merely of couple of large tents with a number of smaller ones inclosed in a turfwalled compound. Besides Capt. Harrington, the one British subject living there is a man named McKelvy, who has had an extraordinary career. Formerly an officer's servant, he was one of the original prisoners of Magdala, and was tortured among the rest. He elected to remain in Abyssinia, and for 37 years he has lived as an Abyssinian. He has adopted their dress and customs, and when Captain Harrington first went to Addis Abeba he had actually forgotten his own language. This, however, soon came back, and he is now employed as an interpreter at the residency. He lives in the capital with his Abyssinian wife, and has lost all semblance of his own nationality."

WHIPPED THE PRINCE.

James Miller of California and Our King Elect.

There is probably only one in the world who can boast of having whipped the Prince of Wales with any degree of honesty. This is not because his H.R.H. would be very hard to whip, but it is a fact that



ever accomplished the feat, which is impossible even for Jim Jeffries, the world's champion.

The woman is Queen Victoria and the man is Mr. James Miller. With the woman we are not, in the nature of things, so much interested, says The Philadelphia Press. But the man is no relative of his victim, and is an American. He lives in Oakland, Cal., and his address is 1125 East Twelfth street.

But this is how it happened: "It was when we were well boys," said Mr. Miller, the other day, "that the Prince and myself fell to blows. Everything runs to knock-outs these days, and we were then in advance of our times, so when the smoke of the battle cleared away there was no question as to

"He was out of it and I had done for a member of the royal family, and a future King of England.
"At the time I was visiting my uncle, who then lived in old Forto Bolo, the famous little Scrittish pot tery town on the scuth coast, on the Firth of the Forth.

"One day I was riding out on a donkey, and the young Prince was walking by on foot when we chanced to meet, and trouble fellowed. The Prince, like any other boy of pugnacious qualities, approached me, and catching me by the leg, pulled me from the saddle.

"In those days I was a fighter, and before the youngster knew just what struck him I had landed some good left swings and he was all but out when his tutor, who accompanied him, came up from the rear to his

"I must say that the Prince showed pluck and good fighting qualities. He fought well and got the first fall in his favor by pulling me off the donkey, which landed me on my back in the dust of the middle of the road. "But I was stronger, bigger, older and more experienced, too, no doubt, and for the rest of the time all the honors were safely mine. "It is not on record just what hap-

but I have just a hazy recollection of a meeting with my aged uncle that ended in disaster for me. "That fight, none the less, made the Prince of Wales my friend for life. He never forgot it, and often

pened to me after it was all over,

tells the story and laughs over it now. "Long after that meeting in boyhood he happened to learn that I was in need of financial aid, and he lost no time in sending me a check for a princely sum. I have his kind letter to this day, and am not likely to part with it. It refers jokingly to our 'little mix-up.' We have met several times since then, and the Prince always buys the wine, after

securing from me a solemn promise to fight fair."

CASTING THE DISCUS. Athletes Would Like to Knew the Secret of the Ancient Way-The

Modern Contrast. "How did Phyallus throw the discus?" is the question absorbing the attention of many athletes, classical students and lovers of athletics. Phyallus has been dead for 24 centuries, and still the riddle is unresolved. Archaeologists without number, members of learned committees, modern athletes, artists and sculptors have sought the secret of the old Greek game, but none has found it. A fragment of the base of a statue to the memory of Physilus bears an inscription showing, that the athlets light, and at the same time will lessinscription showing, that the athlets light, and at the same time will lessinscription showing. had deserved immortality by casting the discus 95 feet, but beyond this the inscription is silent. What was the weight of his missile and in what manner he threw it is still unknown. We point it to a bright star, and ob-After 24 centuries the game of the Greek youths is again a favorite with the public. Then, as now, the crowds that throng field and amphi-



DISCOBULUS WALTER OF MYRON

this event, and note with critical eye the method of his throwing. But for many dreary experiences in municipal art we should probably find the latter day enthusiast erecting monuments to the winner of the western track meetings. When the Greek youth returned to his native town with the crown of wild olives he brought new luster to his valley and new pride to his family. The victor on the modern field sees his name inscribed in a yellow-backed annual, receives the compliments of coaches

and friends and passes into oblivion. Throwing the discus has become since its rebirth in 1896 a very popular addition to the list of modern athletic trials. In that year the plan of holding a great international athletic meet on the site of the national Greek game was developed.

Among the events on that occasion was the group of five trials which had been popular with the Greeks. These five were jumping, throwing the javelin, wrestling, running and throwing the discus. In classic times these events were grouped so as to test the all-round athlete in strong contrast with the modern athlete who specializes in one line of athletic effort.

In throwing the discus an American, Robert Garrett of Princeton, was the victor, though he had never before contested in such an event With his return the game came to America, and so steadily has it grown in popular favor that it now occupies a prominent position on the programme of every athletic contest. So small, however, is the world of amateur athletics when confined to its actual devotees that many who follow the fortunes of this team or that only through the daily press still know the game only by name.

"The Boot of Dukeronomy." T nervous curate the other day announced from the reading desk: "Here beginneth the second chapter of the duke of Booteronomy." His vicar looked severely at him, and the young man blushed, coughed and repeated, "The boot of Dukerono-

mispronunciation lurking in the air, for at a later period in the service the vicar read out, "I publish the manns of barriage, etc.

The curate beamed with satisface tion, in spite of the solemnity of the occasion.—Household Words.

There must have been germs of

The North Bruce Conservative convention, to have been held at Tare, Opt., on Thursday, has been postponed to New, 17.

Home-Made Telescope and Some of Its Many Uses.

An Interesting Instrument That Should Be in the Possession of Every Ingenious and Science and Mystery Loving Boy-What Can & Seen With It.

Here is a story of a pigmy instrument, an ordinary "spyglass," fact, such as one takes with him to the seashore, and which any boy who is desirous of seeing something in the heavens more than can be seen with the naked eye can easily fix up Finely polished Tortoise Shell Pomwith his own hands.

Let it not be despised because of its diminutive stature. It was with such a glass as this one which cost at second hand only a dollar and a half that Professor Barnard, the discoverer of the fifth satellite of Jupiter, began his observations of that planet. Read what this glass will do.

A word or two first about the mounting of it. Even the smallest telescope must be mounted, if it is to do its best work. Resting it against a post or the window frame will not answer. A telescope should never be even touched with the hand while one is looking through it. The mounting need not be either elaborate or expensive. That of the glass shown in the illustration given here was designedly made as simple as possible, even crude. It should re-

quire but little explanation. The block which carries the tube bound to it with twine, is fastened to the upright axis with a screw, not so tightly as to prevent the instrufollowing: ment from turning easily, yet tightly enough to keep it at any angle at which it may be set.

This axis-it had previously done duty as a window-shade roffer-turns on a pivot, a piece of thick wire driven into its lower end. Its upper bearing is a small block of wood in which has been cut a semicircular notch to receive the axis. A clip of tin, bent curving at one end, is screwed to the block, and presses as a spring upon the axis, hard enough to keep it steady while permitting it to turn easily.

Our telescope having been mounted, one thing more is to be done before we try it upon a celestial object, its aperture must be diminished. Its object glass, an inch and a half in diameter, is not too large for use upon terrestial objects, but it is larger than is needed for viewing, with the magnification we are using, the brighter celestial objects. Besides the lens is a cheap one and probably is very far from being perfect.

We make a cap for the instrument of cardboard, like a box cover, in the center of which is cut a round hele. an inch in diameter at the most. This Jelly Cake Pans, in dark and light

serve the appearance of the star when it is badly out of focus. What ought to be seen is a round spot of light of a uniform brightness, which is larger the farther from the focus it



HOME-MADE TELESCOPE.

is, and which has the same appearence on either side of the focusthat is to say, whether the tube is drawn out too far or is pushed in

too far. If this spot is brighter near its rim than at its center, or the reverse, the meaning is that our lens does not focus accurately, and we had better reduce its aparture still more.

It may be necessary to cut it down

We now focus upon the star. When we have found the point at which it appears the smallest and brightest, what we shall see, if the performance of our glass is fairly good, will be a tiny round bright spot — the "spurious disc" of the star — surrounded by one or more fine rings of light, the whole appearance being somewhat like that of a target with its central bull's eye.

And now what will this pigmy to lescope do? To begin with, it will give us a very fine view of the moon. Next it will give us a very interesting view of Jupiter, such as we may find in a textbook of astronomy, labeled "Low-power View." It will show us the phases of Venus, and even those of Mercury. It will show us the ring of Saturn very prettily. Of course, we do not expect to see the division in the ring-the dark line which separates it into two: still, we get a better view of this wondrous appendage of Saturn than Galileo ever had, for he was never able to make out exactly what it was. Many double stars, too, are quite within the reach of the instru-

ment we are using.
The objects which have here been pointed out must be remarded merely a specimene of calestial objects

A FEW OF

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Pompadour Combs

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in plain white, colored borders, and drawn-work; special, 6 for... 250 Veilings A few short ends, 5 or 10 yard lengths; these veilings are worth from 15c to 35c per yard; our special price for Saturday and Monday, choice, per yard 10

11 to 12 in the morning, and from 7 to 8 Saturday evening, we will sell the

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Stock Collars Fine quality Satin Stock Collars. in white, black and plain colors; regular price, 15c; Special Hour Stock Collars, in white, plain colors and plaids, with hem-STOCK stitched bow-tie attached, regular price 50c; special price 350

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About 50 fancy boxes of Note Paper and Envelopes, in white, cream and tints; regular price, 25c and 35c; our Saturday and Monday Hour price 150

Graniteware

will adust a sufficient amount of granite; Hour Sale, only 40 ite; Special Hour price Dippers-Long Handle, full size Granite Dippers, regular price 25c; our Special Hour price 10c

Underwear

Ladies' Fall and Winter Suits (vest and drawers), usually sold at 65c; Heavyweight Ladies' Vests and Drawers, worth 45c; our price, per suit Children's Fall and Winter Vests and Drawers, in all sizes; we have a fine line of black and red Vests and Drawers.

Men's Underwear Men's Heavy Fleece-Lined Shirts and Drawers, in Jaeger, blue, mottled, striped and plain white. Men's All-Wool Shirts and Drawers, all sizes; regular price 65c; sale price We keep a full line of Boys' and Youths' Underwear.

Wrappers Wrapperette Cloth, yoke back and front and rolling collar, trimmed with finishing braid, lined waist, extra full, belted or loose, in blue and black coloring; \$1 25, reduced

red and black, white and black, and brown polka dot, pleated back, extra full front; worth \$150. striped, in greens and blues; trim-med with black military braid; finished Wrappers, Capon shoulders, rolling collar and sleeves, trimmed with baby ribbon; \$2 25,

for\$1 75 your choice for or

small telescope, and every one of which was actually seen as described through the instrument here depicted. The list might easily be enlarged; but it is large enough to estab to a half-inch. This will be at the sacrifice of light, but it is better that our object—the moon, say—should be a little dim than that it a way, not only to afford a great deal of pleasure, but also to be of deal of pleasure, but also to be of dent of astronomy. In these days of cheap telescopes no one who is at all interested in the stars should restrict himself to observation with the naked eve.

> To their credit, be it said, the Japs are regular whales at bathing, and usually when not drinking tea are bathing. Their only trouble in life seems to be their inability to enjoy

THE JAPANESE BATH.

both these delights at the same time. If some American trick swimmer could teach the Japs how to swallow tea out of a bottle while under water they would build a tin temple around him, burn incense made of old rags and bones under his nose and worship him. Puplic baths are numerous in which 'mixed bathing" was practiced until lately; but now a bamboo fence separates the sexes though it does not screen them from view, the fence being only two feet high in bath-houses in the interior of Japan. Some homes have a wooden bath tub, circular shape, with a stove built in one end, which heats the water. The whole family, beginning with the father, bethe in the same water. Sometimes women "tub" them-selves and their children outside their doors in the streets, where sidewalks should be. The first time a foreigner and into the arms of the bather, he de calculated abjects feels that the situation is unique; but by the time he has tumbled over half Books! Books!

About three hundred Books; extra fire paper; good, clear, large type; well bound in heavy paper covers. Among the titles are: "Titus" (a comrade of the titles are: "Titus" (a comrade of the cross), "Prince of the House of David," "Pillar of Fire," "The Wrestler of Philippl," "Ten Nights in a Barroom," "The Days of Mohammed," "The Awakening of Kohalh Sloane," "Ruby, or A Heart of Gold," "A Stan in a Prison" (a tale of Canada), "Young Ditch Rider," "A Devotee and a Darling," "In League with the Powerful," "Out of the Triangle," (a story of the far east), "The Lamplighter," "A Double Story."

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that popular two-step, "Belle of the
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be equaled.

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On this following; Ja flat, and wit Opalescent Toothpick shoe Pin Opalescent So Japanese Ci Bouquet Ho China Bread figure and edges; Tinted Dishes, fruit Child's Fancy and White an

Japanese Woo Metal Card-Rec Puff Boxes, Jar Handpainted Card Boxes (c (covered), Card face effect Pape wire frame; reg

Cream Jugs.

10c and 15c.

25c, your choice 12-inch Japane Trays, Japanese Brush, Japanese in silver and g Brush Tray, Opa Handpainted Pla Spoon Holders, I Cup and Plate, Biscuit Jars, Ch China Cream Just

a dozen he tires mentary remarks, woman underneath yonara." (Sir, ple -Baltimore Sun.

THE BO

Mrs. Knuger e very intimate f Joubert accompa all his warling altern commander fact, on more tha insisted on being of war, and it is more responsible matum than an Transvaal. She woman for a Bo a girl was rema acomplishments ever seen in Pr friend, Mrs. Kr ticity, and on always cooked dinner, and in she became Gen. Joubert

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