Picture Frames

A very large assortment of the latest designs in Mouldings just opened out.

HANDSOME GOODS.
LOW PRICES.

E. N. HUNT
190 DUNDAS STREET.

FAITHFUL TILL THE END

Nell is looking meditative.

"It must be dreadful to be as ugly as Mr. Nobbs," says she, at last. Her glance unfortunately returns to Cecilia, as though addressing the remark to her—to Cecilia, who so seldom thinks, and who today is a little more outside herself than ever. She looks back at her sister.

"He's even uglier than Peter!" says she gaily. Her mind has been running on Peter for the last hour—ever since the memory of her betrothal and marriage to him had been brought back to her with such cruel force. As the words pass her lips, however, they frighten her a little—a very little! Who has heard her? She glances quickly round. Only Nell, who is looking a little sad—for her—and Mrs. Chance. "Oh!" cries she, with a sudden touch of contrition, but still, in spite of all, with an irrepressible laugh. "Poor old Peter!"

"I don't think Peter ugly," says Nell, with a little thoughtful frown, as if considering Peter, bringing him up before her mental vision, and judicially putting him upon trial.

"Of course not," says Peter's wife. "I merely called him ugly——"

"As a term of endearment!" suggests Mrs. Chance, with her perpetual smile, that has so often a touch of venom in it.

"Perhaps," says Cecilia, looking at her. The pretty girlish face is almost unreadable now. It has put on a mask—a very calm and thoughtful one.

"Used you to call your husband ugly?" asks she sweetly.

Mrs. Chance changes color. The late owner of the charming widow had, indeed, been excessively ugly, not only in all his works and all his ways, but in his appearance besides. Cecilia's little dart had gone home.

"Your sense of humor seems deficient," says Mrs. Chance, with ill-suppressed anger. "I meant nothing but a mere jest."

"A mere—ugly—jest?"

"Another quip," says Mrs. Chance. She is trying to smile pleasantly, but she is very pale. Her footing in the society round her is very insecure, and to quarrel with the wife of Peter Gaveston would be to give herself away a good deal. Yet to refrain, to hold back, to lower a weapon before Cecilia Gaveston or her sister seems more than her strength is equal to.

"Oh! a quip, of course," asks Nell, breaking into the moment very eagerly if quietly. Surely things have gone far enough? And why is Cecilia so foolish, so silly, as to quarrel with this woman, who seems to her, Nell, such a horrid person, and so full of queer little ways. "And besides, when one loves a person, one never thinks him ugly."

"And when one doesn't?" says Mrs. Chance, always smiling.

Oh! then, of course, the defects stand clear."

Mrs. Chance nods lightly at Cecilia. There is consummate impertinence in the nod.

"I think it was you who suggested Mr. Gaveston was ugly," says she.

Cecilia looks calmly back at her. She is young, frivolous, in many ways wanting, but just now she rises so far above her usual indolence as to let her spirit override that of the woman who has been so studiously rude to her. She looks with a little wrinkled brow of disdain at Mrs. Chance for a moment of two, then tilts back her chair so far that her pretty open-work stockings and high-heeled shoes can be seen. McNamara is just behind her. She nods to him, and he bends down to her.

"What a very vulgar person!" says she, in a whisper indeed, but one distinctly audible to—Mrs. Chance.

CHAPTER XII.

To round the cliffs, and start for a long swift walk across the sandy soil today is to be happy. The sea is a bright blue, with delicate little flounces of white swaying up and down upon it; now here, now there, and from rock to rock, the pale grey gulls are flying. Sometimes the ever-changing sea is grey, and sometimes green, but today it is blue—blue as the deepest sapphire, and brilliant as the diamond.

It glitters and glances in the sunrays . . . small, soft flecks of foam that gride . . . the bosom of every wave, making the glorious color of it even more glorious. And up here on the top of the overhanging cliff, it is all color, too. Such a splendid blending. Here a blaze of yellow from the lesser St. John's Wort, and there the soft pink fleecy sweetness of the sea-clover, and beyond the gold of the tiny potentilla—and everywhere, mingled with these, deeper tinges still of red and white and blue, and as a background the faint lilac of the pretty ling. Truly, as sings Mr. Bridges, one of the sweetest of our later day poets:

"The cliff-top has a carpet
Of lilac, gold and green,
The blue sky bounds the ocean,
The white clouds scud between.
* * * * * *
"A flock of gulls are wheeling
And wailing round my seat;
Above my head the heaven,
The sea beneath my feet."

Philip Stairs sitting on a chair of Nature's hewing, up here on this bold cliff, has little of heaven in his heart. Yesterday he has seen her for the first time after all these long six years. And all last night he had walked up and down his room, cursing her bitterly with each fresh pipe.

When first he heard of her marriage—when the news he would not believe at first, but later he was compelled to acknowledge—had come to him in Burmah, it had finished at once the last touches of boyhood in him. It laid bare to him the cruelty of life. The cruelty to her! For in his soul he had still held her true; coerced and driven and compelled by a scheming mother—but at heart the tender loving girl he had known.

This thought, this secret belief, helped him to live. It was too late for succor, for interference of any kind, but the memory of his pretty sweetheart dwelt with him always, saddening him, adding many years to him that he had not actually lived, but without hardening him. He grew less light-hearted, it is true, but more earnest; and with a passionate desire to fill the void in his heart he flung himself into his work, and had already distinguished himself in many ways, and gained the friendship and respect of his colonel, when sickness struck him down, and after a terrible struggle with death he had pulled through sufficiently to be invalided home.

All the long voyage was filled with the thought that soon, somewhere, he should see once again the beloved, unforgotten face. He did not fear to see it. He had told himself lately that the old delight was over. Had passed as a dream in the night; that he could meet her fairly as the wife of another man, and greet her as a friend only.

And yesterday he had seen her, had looked into her eyes, noted the fairness of her, the sweetness, the unsurpassable charm, and knew that the old mad love was still alive, and deep, deeper than ever. He knew, too, as he touched her hand, and met her smiling, careless welcome, that all his fond belief in her was dead.

She had not been coerced by her mother! She had seen the advantage of money, young as she was. He had not touched her heart at all in those poor dead days, when his heart had been touched to its death. She was frivolous only, a poor beautiful thing, and unworthy.

Rising, he goes slowly across the dry and sandy plain, to where a dark wood shows upon his left. A longing for cool shadows and dense places has come upon him. The glare here is terrible, searching his very soul as it were. It is impossible to feel along in this vast brilliance—brilliance of sea and sky.

If he could only blot out yesterday. In spite of himself, he dwells upon it, and that tries him. It is hideous to dwell upon the ruin of an idol, it leaves so little behind. Sometimes absolutely nothing. He would so gladly have drawn a sponge over the memory of Cecilia's smiling face, her outstretched, welcoming hands.

But for yesterday, he might have gone on his way, contented in a measure, and not knowing. But now it is clear to him. The old horrible pain is still here, the pain that rendered his nights sleepless, and his days interminable, six years ago.

He has seen her, and found her wanting—there lies the stab. Found her, more beautiful than ever, and steeped in worldliness. He had dreamed of her as sad, forlorn, and found her joyous, lovely, the very incarnation of idle content.

He is close to the wood now, and the dull, soft moan of the ocean is growing fainter. He has reached, indeed, the first tree, the outpost of the innumerable host behind, when the sound of a merry laugh reaches his ears. A breathless, happy laugh, as of one running. It is clear and sweet.

He stands quite still for a moment, as if listening.

It is here!

A second later an echo of it comes to him—that laugh again, so like, yet so unlike. A child's laugh this time, also a little breathless, as if the owner is running for dear life. All at once it becomes quite plain to him. Her child. Hers! His heart almost stops beating. He had not thought of that!

(To be continued.)

The Very Finest
In the Land . . .

Norwood Ceylon Tea.

Nothing Like It.

Ordinary price in large cities,
$5.00 per lb.

We offer a special lot at
75c per lb.
to introduce High Grade Teas.

Fitzgerald,
Scandrett & Co.,
169 DUNDAS STREET.

THEY TOSSED CANDY.

Four Girls Thus Upset a Boat, and One Was Drowned.

Cassapolis, July 31.—Miss Dena O'Dell and three companions from Jones, while in a boat on Diamond Lake, began to toss candy about. The boat was upset and all thrown into the water. They clung to the boat, and one girl held up Miss O'Dell as long as possible, but she finally sank. Her body was recovered in a few moments.

Mary Skinner was apparently lifeless when rescued, but by vigorous work soon recovered consciousness, and is now at Sandy Beach Hotel in a precarious condition. Etta Train fainted away. Clara Whited showed great presence of mind by holding on the boat and to the other girls who might have lost their lives but for her.

A CHANGE IN TONE.

The Stand Taken by Doctors on the Kent Case Beginning to Weaken.

Ottawa, July 26.—It is safe to say that the statement made under oath by Mr. G. H. Kent, of this city, with regard to his wonderful recovery from Bright's disease through the agency of Dodd's Kidney Pills have definitely decided the question as to whether he owes his recovery to this valuable medicine, and has been accepted as a final settlement of the debate. While, however, there is now no objection raised to this statement, there is still a strong feeling in the city and neighborhood with regard to the cure, and those who at first combatted the idea as incredible are now loud in their expressions of astonishment that what has been considered an incurable disease should succumb so quickly to a remedy, and in their praise of the remedy itself.

No one need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly, and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, rich and poor, and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

Western Ontario.

Tilbury's Test Oil Well Down Nearly 800 Feet.

Serious Charges Against an Aylmer Boy of Eleven Years.

An Illicit Still Seized Near Wiarton by Customs Authorities.

Many sheep are being destroyed by dogs in North Easthope.

The test oil and gas well at Tilbury is now down about 770 feet.

New wheat was sold at Brantford on Thursday for 62 cents per bushel.

The Cockshutt Plow Company contemplate a $10,000 addition to their shops at Brantford.

The annual rifle matches of the Lambton Rifle Association will be held on Saturday, Aug. 21.

At Simcoe the celebration committee gave $100 of its surplus to the band, and there will be open air concerts twice a week until the end of August.

Mary Maddock, one of the oldest members of the Guelph Salvation Army, died suddenly Sunday night from a blood vessel bursting in her head.

Mr. Burt, of Chatham, has shipped to Kingston a consignment of gingseng root, which is highly prized by the Chinese. It is quoted at $3 60 per pound.

Albert Sharp, of the township of Raleigh, has been locked up at Chatham on a complaint under the Charlton Act. The complainant is Mary Rodd, of Raleigh.

Charles Nantais, one of the oldest residents of Essex county, was found dead in his bed in a stable in the rear of the Montreuil House, in Walkerville. He was 61 years of age.

The sharp point of a file accidentally stuck in the throat of Harry Lake, an employe of the Waterous works, Brantford, on Wednesday. Strange to say, he will recover, the file end having missed the arteries.

The Simcoe Bicycle Club had a meeting Tuesday and decided to send a racing team to Brantford on Aug. 9, to represent Simcoe in the district championship races. It will also be endeavored to have a phalanx of Simcoians go over attired in white duck suits.

Merritt Zavitz, a lad 11 years of age, has been committed to jail for trial by Police Magistrate McDiarmid, of Aylmer, on two charges of theft. The lad is charged with stealing rigs from Mr. John Lindsay and Mr. W. E. Leeson.

A quiet wedding took place Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride, Yarwood street, St. Thomas, Mrs. Eunice McNabb and Mr. A. C. Palmer being united in marriage by Rev. C. T. Scott. The formality of bridesmaid and groomsman was dispensed with.

F. E. Davey, a former resident of St. Thomas, was killed in Michigan by falling from a barn. Mr. Davey was foreman of the M. C. R. lumber yard, and left St. Thomas in the spring for Michigan. Mr. Davey was a leading member of the church of the Latter Day Saints.

Miss Belle Steinhoff, of Simcoe, who went on the Loop line excursion to Detroit, had her leg broken in that city on Saturday. She was riding her bicycle on Woodward avenue when she was struck by an electric car and thrown down. She is at the home of her sister, Mrs. W. Lemon.

A Wiarton dispatch says: Mr. W. J. Graham, collector of inland revenue, of Owen Sound, seized an illicit still in complete working order on the premises of Robert Linton, at Golden Valley, Indian Peninsula. There was a large quantity of spirits, and several hundred gallons were ready to run.

The ten-year-old son of Thomas McClintock, who lives on the town line between Dorchester and Dercham, climbed to the platform of a windmill, 35 fet from the ground. In some manner he lost his hold on the framework, and fell to the ground, alighting on his back on a pile of clay. He was picked up unconscious, but is now as well as ever.

The widow of the late Christopher McKay, of Goderich, left home last Tuesday afternoon about 2 o'clock, and since then has not been seen. She has been brooding over family troubles lately, and it is thought that probably her mind has become unbalanced. The authorities are doing their best to locate her. She is about 65 years old.

The recent rains in the vicinity of Wallaceburg, Ont., were not heavy and no serious damage has been done. The greater portion of the hay crop had been harvested before the rains set in. Wheat is mostly cut and being housed in good condition. Threshing has already commenced on many farms. The prospects for an all-round average crop are good.

The Columbia Handle Works, Thamesville, is a very busy concern. There are at present 33 men at work with the paysheet running over $250 per week. With increased facilities, such as they would have if they moved to Ridgetown and occupied the old casket factory, the number of men employed would probably reach 50, a fair portion being heads of families.

At Cottam, on Tuesday last, an extraordinary wedding came off. The age of the groom, Uriah Phillips, of Olinda, is 68 years, the bride's, Mrs. Christian Bruner, being the same. The age of one of the attesting parties is 72 years and that of the other is 71. The issuer of the marriage license is well advanced in life, and the officiating minister, Rev. J. Iler, is within two months of his 80th birthday.

Henry Wurm, of Zurich, died this week. A short time ago he met with an accident through the running away of his team in the hay field, by which his legs were badly hurt. He seemed to rally from the effects of the accident, but on Friday took a turn for the worse, and gradually sank until death ended his sufferings on Sunday night. Mr. Wurm was one of the oldest settlers, and well known throughout the country.

Kingsville engaged Wm. A. Simpson to dig a gas well, and Simpson claims that after he had drilled 300 feet he was ordered to cease. A few months afterwards he was told to proceed, and did. Now he says the village has paid him for the bottom of the well, but still owes him for the work at the top. This, in connection with the time lost while the corporation was deciding what to do, is worth about $1,622, and he has commenced suit for that amount.

"Arthur Lowe, formerly of Chatham, son of Richard Lowe, of this place, roadmaster of the G. T. R., was married at Los Vegos, New Mexico, by Rev. George Silby, to Miss Josie Duncan, of that city. Miss Mary Stevenson was bridesmaid and Harry Tregue best man. The bride is the daughter of Senator Duncan, of New Mexico. Mr. Lowe, when residing in Chatham, was one of the baseball enthusiasts. His many friends in this vicinity join in wishing him every happiness on his voyage on the sea of matrimony."—Chatham Banner.

Latest in Products.

Developments in Canada's Staple Agricultural Commodities.

Apples, Eggs, Cheese, Peas and Hay.

THE APPLE CROP.

We are now in a position to give a better idea of the apple crop of Ontario, our information being derived from parties who have made special trips through the apple sections of Ontario, for the purpose of ascertaining, for the English houses they represent, the condition of the crop at the present time. And, as the report given us by different parties agree in the main, we publish them with greater confidence as affording a pretty accurate idea of the yield as promised at this time. In the majority of the orchards west of Toronto, as far as St. Catharines, the prospects favor a good crop of Greenings and Northern Spies, the fruit having a clean and fine appearance; but red fruit, such as Baldwins, are a comparative failure, and all agree in stating that this is an off year in Baldwins. West of St. Catharines, a moderately good crop of Greenings is promised, and a fair yield of Spies with a good sprinkling of Russets. There is the same paucity of red apples in these sections as noticed between St. Catharines and Hamilton, and in sections north and northwest of Toronto. East of Toronto, as far as Brockville, there will be a fair crop of green fruit, and in some orchards a good sprinkling of red fruit is observable. Of course, these conditions may be subject to modification by the havoc of wind storms; but the results from present appearances may be calculated on generally. The blight referred to by us some weeks ago is still noticeable in some districts, but it is by no means general.—Trade Bulletin.

THE EXPORT EGG TRADE.

Prices in the English markets are beginning to reach a point which is more profitable for Canadian shipments, and this appears to correspond with advices received from western and Montreal exporters, several good-sized sales having been made by the latter during the past few days on the basis of 5s 4d to 5s 6d per long hundred of 10 dozen, c. i. f., Liverpool and Glasgow, but these eggs require careful selection, and should be of good size, weighing about 15 lbs to the long hundred. The time is now commencing for the best eggs of the year, fresh August stock being the most suitable of any for the English market, as hens then live principally on grain scattered in the harvest fields, and the eggs are consequently of a more firm and meaty consistency. Even in eggs, England wants the best, and will pay a premium for them over common stock. A number of shipments are going forward to British ports on through bills from the west, and several firms here are filling orders this week. The conditions for prosecuting an export trade are therefore improving, and Canada should become as noted for her egg products in the British markets as for her famous brands of bacon. Eggs and bacon form a very appropriate team. As an illustration of the vast possibilities of this trade with Great Britain, it may be mentioned that last year Great Britain imported 132,440,000 dozen eggs, of which colossal sum only 5,900,000 dozen were contributed by Canada. What a field for the expansion of this important trade with the mother country.—Trade Bulletin.

CANADIAN PEAS.

There is reported to be a big opening for Canadian blue peas, oats and barley in Australia. The peas are quoted at $1 37 per bushel, and this ought to leave room enough for profitable trade from this country.

THE HAY TRADE.

The market is quiet at the moment, although there has been some business for export since our last report, a lot of 100 tons of No. 1 timothy being sold at $12 delivered alongside ship. Sales have also been made of carloads for local account at $11 50 to $12 for No. 1 on track, and $10 50 to $11 for No. 2. In this province it is believed there is not much old hay to come forward, but the new crop will be larger than many calculated on a month or so ago. At one time farmers thought they would not have a quarter of a crop, but subsequently they had to admit that they would reap a third of a crop, and now it has become apparent in many sections that a good half crop may be depended upon and in some districts even more. It seems, however, that Ontario can compensate for Quebec's shortage, as shipments of new Ontario hay are offered on this market showing good quality, sales having been made of Ontario No. 1 hay at $12 on track here for No. 1 and $11 for No. 2.—Montreal Trade Bulletin.

LATEST ON CHEESE.

At Brockville today (Thursday) about 2,500 boxes were offered, and the bulk of the sales were made at 8⅛c. At Kingston today 1,200 boxes were offered, of which 200 boxes sold at 8⅛c and 70 boxes at 8 1-16c. These prices show no signs of the predicted break in the market; and why values are not down ½c to 1c is the great puzzle which so many in the trade are trying to unravel. Advices from New York today stated that a good sized lot of finest colored was taken for export at ½c over quoted values. The make still goes on in Canada at a great rate; the shrinkage from the flush being much smaller than in former years; and yet in spite of it all prices keep up with a persistency that is difficult to account for.—Trade Bulletin.

TORTURED AND HELPLESS.

Rheumatism Has Hoards of Victims, and Is No Respecter of Persons—South American Rheumatic Cure Resists Its Cruel Grasp, and Heals the Wounds He Inflicts—Relief in Six Hours.

George W. Platt, manager "World's" Newspaper Agency, Toronto, says: "I am at a loss for words to express my feelings of sincere gratitude and thankfulness for what South American Rheumatic Cure has done for me. As a result of exposure I was taken with a severe attack of rheumatic fever, which affected both my knees. I suffered pain almost beyond human endurance. Having heard of marvelous cures by South American Rheumatic Cure, I gave it a trial. After taking three doses the pain entirely left me, and in three days I left my bed. Now every trace of my rheumatism has disappeared."

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

Thomas Moore was always in love. The names of no less than 14 different ladies to whom he vowed eternal fidelity are to be found in his poems.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Has It Increased?

Reckless Charges About the Dominion Expenditure.

The Figures Demanded—Exaggerations Not Supported.

An Ottawa correspondent writes: The opposition press, including such "Liberal" papers as are opposing the Liberal Government, have been declaring that the government has increased the expenditure instead of reducing it. This statement has been repeated from day to day and has had the effect of leading some daily papers which are not opposed to the government into giving it currency, and supplies that sort of mild criticism which some people imagine furnishes evidence of independence and impartiality. If a statement is repeated often enough there are a great many persons who finally come to take it for granted. There is almost no original inquiry among the critics of the government. Two lines of type which can be set up while a man would light his pipe can convey a falsehood or circulate a slander, but a little research would take time, and the readers of some papers are credited with that peculiar sort of intelligence which is unable to distinguish between an irresponsible position and information based on facts and figures. What evidence is there that the government has increased the expenditure? The expenditure for the first year of the present administration is not yet known even to the minister of finance, so what good ground could there be for the assertion that the expenditure has been increased? When in the course of a few weeks the accounts are all in and the announcement made it will be seen that the government have kept down the expenditure in a way that will satisfy everybody save and except those who will not be satisfied until the name of the administration is changed from Liberal to Conservative. The first year's expenditure was made on estimates prepared by the late government, but it will be found that those estimates have not all been used and that economy has been exercised consistent with the carrying on of government and the execution of contracts and the discharge of obligations entered into by the government of Canada when it was in the hands of Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Sir Charles Tupper. The estimates for the second year of the present administration, that is for the year beginning July 1, 1897, showed a reduction of a million and a half of dollars in the ordinary expenditure. Taking account of the fact that the controllable expenditure is probably less than twelve or fourteen million dollars, this record is pretty good. The critics of the government who assert that the expenditure has been increased will kindly furnish the figures in support of that assertion, and by so doing set up a good defense to the charge which is here and now made, that they have been wilfully and recklessly circulating false statements.

Used Up and Worn Out Men and Women

Renewed and Invigorated by Paine's Celery Compound.

With the coming of hot and sweltering weather we see around us—on the streets, in the office, in our homes and in the homes of others—men and women who are listless, tired, used up and worn out.

Look well on the faces of such mortals! They are hollow cheeked, emaciated, nervous, sallow, unsteady in gait, with sunken and heavy eyes. They are unfitted for business cares and home duties, and as a rule they help to make the world miserable and gloomy.

Such people stand in need of pure red blood, renewed digestive vigor, with nervous system well and truly balanced.

Paine's Celery Compound supplies every element of true physical manhood and womanhood to the used up and worn out in body and brain; it gives buoyancy to the spirits, and power to withstand the enervating effects of the hot weather.

Will you remain in your present weak and used up condition when you are positively assured that nature's medicine, Paine's Celery Compound, will make you what you should be—healthy and strong? You surely cannot treat with contempt the strong testimony given by thousands who have found new life through the best of all earth's medicines. The effects that one bottle will produce will convince you of its mighty power to strengthen and cure; it will induce you to speak of Paine's Celery Compound to other afflicted mortals.

172 and 174 Dundas Street.

$

From a dollar up; yes, up, up, up.

P.D. Corsets

The largest range and the most perfect Corset made.

Every pair handcut and tailor made. Sole agents for London

Bayley's

LONDON SHOW CASE WORKS

having removed to new quarters, corner Bathurst and William streets, are prepared to take orders for Show Cases. A few good Second-Hand Cases for sale. Estimates given and contracts taken for wood carving by an expert.

S. Gillies & Son.

208, 210, 210½ and 212 RUNIANS & BUTLER

SATURDAY AND MONDAY'S BARGAINS

The Big Building Sale

Our special offerings for Saturday and Monday are without doubt the greatest bargains offered yet, and should crowd every department in the Big Store with shrewd buyers and make

LONDON'S ONLY DEPARTMENTAL

Ring with busy trade. The new walls are nearly up, and the interior alterations are commenced. Between builders and buyers this is a busy place.

READ THE LIST. DON'T SKIP A LINE.

Figured Blouse Silks, regular prices 40c, 50c, 75c, 90c and $1 50; sale prices 25c, 35c, 50c, 65c and 90c.

Black Figured Silks, new patterns, regular price 90c, sale price 69c.

Black Figured Silks, regular price 75c, sale price 50c.

Black Figured Silks, regular price $1 50, sale price $1.

Black Moire Antique Silks, regular price $2 50, sale price $1 65.

Black Moire Bengalines, regular price $2 25, sale price $1 50.

Black Figured Dress Goods, regular prices 40c, 50c, 75c and $1, sale prices 25c, 35c, 50c and 69c.

Black Silk Grenadine, regular prices 50c and 75c, sale prices 35c and 50c.

Black Figured Lustre, regular prices 40c, 75c and 85c, sale prices 25c and 50c.

49-Inch Colored Tweeds, regular prices 40c, 60c and 90c, sale prices 25c, 35c and 50c.

49-Inch Tweeds, regular price 15c, sale price 7c.

42-Inch Fancy Serge, regular price 25c, sale price 15c.

Organdie and Lappet Muslins, regular prices 30c and 35c, sale price 15c.

60 Pairs Men's Fine Laced Boots, regular price $1 50, sale price $1.

50 Pairs Ladies' Ox-Blood Oxfords, regular price $1 75, sale price $1.

45 Pairs Ladies' Fine Kid Oxfords, regular price $2, sale price $1 29.

35 Pairs Ladies' Chocolate Oxfords, regular price, $1 50, sale price $1 15.

45 Pairs Boys' Fine Laced Boots, regular price $1 25, sale price 95c.

50 Pairs Youths' Fine Laced Boots, regular price $1 15, sale price 85c.

In Basement—Cowan's Breakfast Cocoa, regular price 25c, sale price 15c.

4 Cans Tomatoes, Beans, Peas or Corn for 25c.

10-Piece Printed Bedroom Sets, regular price $2 25, sale price $1 65.

Majolica Jugs, regular prices 20c and 15c, sale prices 15c and 10c.

7 Pounds Granulated Sugar and 1 pound of Imperial Blend Tea, black or mixed, for 50c, Saturday and Monday only.

In Staples—Heavy Cottonade, regular 25c, sale price 20c.

Best Check Shirtings, regular 13c, sale price 11c.

2 Bales, 49 Pieces Factory Cotton, same as last, regular 7c, sale price 5c.

Fancy Dress Muslins, half price, selling at 5c, 10c and 15c.

Runians & Butler.

IMPORTERS

Pure Juice of Fruit

Most of the summer beverages are mere stuff and are neither thirst quenching nor refreshing—while many of them are quite injurious. On the island of Montserrat the lime is cultivated and the pure fruit juice pressed out, bottled and sold all over the world under the trade mark name

Montserrat

It is pure, wholesome and refreshing. Beware of imitations. "Montserrat" is sold by all druggists and grocers, and is always to be had where summer drinks are sold.

If a Lime Juice Cordial is required "Limetta" will be found the finest article of its kind on the market.

81c tyw

Soft water is plentiful now and with SWEET HOME SOAP all washing is easy. But

SWEET HOME SOAP

washes well in hard water. There's Borax in it. Nothing softens water nicer than borax.

Not a Hammock But Much Better

RECLINING CHAIR.

Adjusts automatically to any desired position.

Made entirely of steel and strong fancy canvas.

No rope to break or post to give way.

Being light (only 35 lbs) can always be placed in a shady spot.

$4.00

ALSO ASK TO SEE OUR
FOLDING STEAMER CHAIR
WITH LEG RESTS.

Something new!
Will cure that tired feeling!

Only $2.50.

To know what they are is to want them; they cost nothing to try, and but little to buy, at

John Ferguson & Sons
174 to 180 King St., London, Ont.