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.

A Lover's GERALDINE: Romance.

"No," she said firmly. "You have taunted me with passive obedience, and you have cured me of it. I shall not go away until I have learned what has happened here this afternoon."

"I have told you already that an accident has happened."

"Do you think that will satisfy me? Do you expect me to go away smiling and contented with that assurance? Do you think that, if you had loved a person, and prayed for him night and day for years, you could hear calmly from the lips of his declared enemy that he had met with an accident, and ask nothing more? And do you hope that I shall bow my head meekly and go without another word, just because you are my husband? There are limits to a slave's endurance, and there are limits to a wife's! You must satisfy me before I go."

She was white and trembling with conflicting passions of anger, terror and despair as she stood by the table a short distance from him, sobbing out the hot words which from time to time were scarcely audible. He drew himself slowly up in his chair and turned to face her.

"Don't imagine that I expect much from you on the ground that you are my wife. There are limits to all your wifely virtues, and they are very soon reached. But, on the ground that you are a reasoning human being, don't you think you are in a great hurry to charge me with having made away with this precious James Otway? Heaven and earth couldn't succeed in convincing you that he was guilty of a murder, though the proofs were plain enough; yet now, when I am concerned, the mere fact that a gentleman whom you expected to see is not in the room with me is sufficient ground for you to accuse me of being his murderer. Is this all the advantage my proud position as your husband gives me?"

She paid no attention to him; but, after groping about in the feeble light of the smoking lamp, she picked up the overturned chair; and the next moment, feeling that her hand was wet, she held it up to the light, and uttered a shrill shriek as she saw the dark red stain upon it. She fell down on her knees, sobbing like a child, shaking like a leaf, utterly broken down and reduced to the meekest, most miserable pleading.

"Philip," she quavered out, "Philip, let me see him—tell me where he is—alive or dead! Have some pity upon me! I am at your mercy—I will never contradict you or resist you again if you will have pity on me now! Look at me—aren't you satisfied? Isn't my spirit broken enough? You shall treat me as you like—just as you say a husband may treat his wife—neglect me, strike me; I will bear everything; only—only let me see James now! I must, I must—O heaven, my heart is breaking! I shall die at your feet if you refuse!"

She could see only dimly, through her fast flowing tears, the face of the man to whom she was pleading; she had to wait for the sound of his voice to tell her whether her prayer was successful. All her energy seemed suddenly gone; it did not occur to her to search the house, to wonder whether it was James whom she had seen in the lane; she could do nothing but sob helplessly, crushed at last, after six months of suspense and misery on account of her old playfellow, by the mysterious fate which had befallen him. There was silence when she had finished speaking. She continued to sob bitterly, while her husband for some moments said nothing. At last she got up with an impulse of energy, and groped her way, still crying, toward the door.

"Where are you going?" asked her husband, in a coarse voice.

"I am going to find him. Since you won't help me, I'll find a better guide."

"Stop—I will help you; you shall see him. Come back and wait for me."

She hesitated, and her husband, coming slowly to the door where she was standing, laid his hand gently on her arm, and led her to the nearest chair.

"Stay here, and I'll come and fetch you."

Something unusual in the tone of his voice made her look up; and the sight of his face as he stooped to say these words close to her ear, froze back her tears and appalled her. She had seen him angry often enough, she had seen him hurt by her own coldness; but she had never before seen his face branded by the savage agony which marked it now. For one moment it touched her; she instinctively threw out her right hand to detain him, that she might question him sympathetically. The expression of his sensitive face changed at once; but at the same moment her eyes fell upon the stain which still showed on her hand, and withdrawing it quickly she shrank back into herself with a shudder, and then she heard one deeply drawn breath escape him as he opened the door and left her.

She listened to his lagging tread as he very slowly mounted the stairs, and she heard him open a door above; but, as the room he entered was not immediately above her head, she could distinguish no further sound. She did not attempt to disobey him and satisfy her burning impatience sooner by following him upstairs. She was afraid of her husband; the terrible look on his face she ascribed to remorse, and, while her horror grew greater with every moment of specter-haunted suspense, it was horror mingled with involuntary respect for a strong nature in pain.

She had sat rigidly listening for some moments, when her intent ears again heard the slight sound of the opening of a door above, and her husband's slow footsteps along the passage upstairs.

"Geraldine!" he called.

The kitchen door opened at the moment that Geraldine stepped into the passage. Mrs. Corbyn appeared, and asked timidly if anybody called.

"It is only my husband calling me, Mrs. Corbyn," she replied, trying to smile into the tear-stained, sympathetic face of the farmer's wife, who gave a hasty glance up the stairs, saw that Captain Morrison's back was turned, and whispered into the lady's ear, with surreptitious eagerness:

"Don't take on so, ma'am; and don't be too hard to him, or you'll be sorry afterwards—indeed, you will!"

Then she hurried back into the kitchen, leaving Geraldine bewildered and apprehensive as she went up the staircase.

Her husband, who was standing at a door with his fingers upon the handle, said in a low voice:

"Can you bear a sight which will be a terrible shock to you? Can you bear it quietly, I mean, and keep your sobs and moans until by and bye?"

"Yes," answered Geraldine coldly, braced up by the harsh and sneering tone.

"Very well; that is a promise—remember!" and he opened the door and led the way into a small, low-celled bedroom, on the painted wooden dressing table of which was a tallow candle.

He signed to her to pass into the room, and, when close to the dressing table she turned; she saw that on the big mahogany, curtained bedstead behind the door, something covered over by a sheet was lying.

Her husband watched her, but she kept her word. A shudder shook her from head to foot; but she did not utter a sound. As soon as the convulsion of her limbs was past, she advanced to the side of the bed, and, before her husband could prevent it, lifted the sheet off the head of the figure. Then, after one look at the still face, she replaced the sheet with steady hands and turned away.

"Now I am ready to go," she said quietly; and they left the room together. "Will you tell me all about it now?" she asked, with the same frigid meekness, as soon as they were outside.

"Not now; I have something to say to Mrs. Corbyn. There are watching and funeral arrangements to be made, and I must speak to her about them. I wish you to return home without me at once."

She began to tremble again, as he said these words in a matter-of-fact tone which jarred upon her horribly.

"Ah," he continued dryly, "I guessed how much your vows of eternal submission, if I only let you see him, alive or dead, were worth!"

"No, Philip, you are mistaken. I will keep my word; I will never oppose you again. I will obey you like a slave. What else can I do? I have nothing else to live for now."

She raised his hand with lifeless meekness to her lips, and, printing a cold kiss of obedience on her husband's fingers, went downstairs and out of the farm house without another word.

Captain Morrison started forward as she left him, but restrained himself as he was on the point of crying out to her. He leaned over the balusters of the landing and watched her go out of the house; then, with a sigh heavy with the whole weight of the utmost sorrow a man can bear, he went back slowly to the room where James Otway was lying.

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.

FOURTEEN YEARS IN TERROR.

But Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Gave Relief in 30 Minutes, and Three Bottles Effected a Cure Which Baffled the Best of Physicians.

This is what Mrs. J. Cockburn, of Warkworth, Ont., says: "For fourteen years I have been a great sufferer from heart disease; troubled very much with sharp, shooting pains constantly passing through my heart. Very often the spasms were so severe that I would become unconscious. My limbs would swell and become quite cold. For these fourteen years I doctored with best physicians without relief. Having seen Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart advertised, I determined to try it, and before I had taken half a bottle I found great relief. I felt the beneficial effects inside of thirty minutes. I have taken three bottles and it has done me more good than any medicine or any physician ever did. I can conscientiously recommend it to all sufferers from heart trouble." Sold by C. McCallum and B. A. Mitchell.

"I told her I was afraid to kiss her while we were on the tandem for fear we would both fall off." "What did she say?" "She said she hoped I didn't call myself an experienced wheelman."

What Dr. A. E. Salter Says.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Gents: From my personal knowledge, gained in observing the effect of your Shiloh's Cure in cases of advanced Consumption, I am prepared to say that it is the most remarkable remedy that has ever been brought to my attention. It has certainly saved many from Consumption. Sold by all druggists.

Violent exercise should not be taken immediately after eating, since the blood required for digestion is drawn away from the stomach and indigestion follows.

THERE is not a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil—a pulmonic of acknowledged efficacy. It cures soreness and lameness when applied externally, as well as swelled neck and crick in the back; and, as an inward specific, possesses most substantial claim to public confidence.

Mrs. Gladstone is six months older than the Queen, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is five years older; and Lady Louisa Tighe, who was present at the ball at Brussels the night before the battle of Waterloo, and is still hale and lively, was a girl when Victoria was born.

Minard's Liniment is the Best.

Closer Trade Relations

Between Canada and the United States.

Favored by the Detroit Manufacturers Club—Resolution Embodying Their Views Unanimously Adopted.

Detroit, Mich., June 26. — "Closer Trade Relations with Canada" was the subject of discussion, and favorable resolutions, at the dinner of the Detroit Manufacturers' Club, held here Thursday night. About 125 members of the club were present.

At the conclusion of the banquet, President Geo. H. Barbour, who acted as toast master, called upon Secretary Campbell to read letters of regret which had been received.

Mayor Maybury, who was to have responded to the toast, "The desirability of more friendly relations with Canada," wrote as follows, after regretting his inability to be present: "The sentiment assigned me will not fail of response by my absence, for I am sure that every hearts beat responsive to the desire for closer trade relations with our neighbors. Every condition that gives promise of successful intercourse is present. Our trade relations and all others should be intimate and mutual. It was my privilege to introduce into the 48th congress resolutions favoring reciprocity in trade, and the committee on foreign relations returned a report strongly favoring commercial union with Canada. Let the subject be agitated until every barrier is thrown down and the principle of reciprocal trade established."

C. W. Gauthier, of Windsor, was asked to say something on the topic of the evening, and he stated his belief that three-fourths of the Canadians were in favor of reciprocity with the United States, and that such a relation could be brought about.

Governor Pingree and several other gentlemen spoke, and the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, trade relations between the United States and Canada are not satisfactory to all, and believing that by mutual agreement made between both governments our trade could be largely increased to the benefit of both countries, it is hereby resolved, that the Detroit Manufacturers' Club is in favor of closer trade relations with Canada; and resolved, that our senators and representatives in congress be requested to use their influence to bring about better trade relations; and resolved, that commercial organizations in other cities be requested to take up this subject and use their influence to improve our business relations in this direction."

FOWLER'S FOLLY TUMBLES DOWN.

Last of the Great House Built by an Eccentric Professor of Bumps.

A Poughkeepsie, N. Y., dispatch says: Within a few weeks "Fowler's Folly," the large octagonal building between Fishkill village and Wappinger's Falls, on the old Post road, has fallen into ruins, after having been a landmark for nearly half a century. Fowler's Folly was built by Orson S. Fowler, who was at one time the best known man in Dutchess county, and the most noted in his peculiar profession in the United States. He made a fortune by feeling bumps, and dissipated it in queer enterprises.

The structure was finished about 1850, and cost in all about $40,000. The site is on an elevation commanding a magnificent view of the Fishkill Mountains and the Hudson River Valley from the northern gates of the Highlands to the Catskill Mountains. The building is an architectural oddity. Much of its original plan can still be made out, although the roof, piazzas, and part of the walls are gone. It was three stories in height, surmounted by a tower, and built of concrete laid in courses of about three feet each. Prof. Fowler had a theory that every man who could purchase a plot of land could build his own home from materials in the soil. In the construction of the Folly he put into execution his ideas on the subject. He took stone from the land he owned and had it broken up and mixed into concrete, which he poured into troughs and allowed to harden, after which the troughs were moved up their own height, the repetition of this process forming a solid wall of concrete. The work was all done under Prof. Fowler's supervision, but it was not altogether successful, for several times the walls built across the building to steady the outside walls slid down from their own weight. The construction of the building cost a sum far beyond its value, as it was done by day work, and the workmen felt that it would be a pity to hurry so novel an enterprise to completion.

The original intention of Prof. Fowler was to make of the building a spiritualistic home and water cure. He divided his castle into 60 rooms. It cost as much to furnish the Folly as it did to build it. The farm surrounding was laid out with walks and drives, and fruit trees and berry bushes of every variety were planted all over the place. Great barns were built for cattle and horses, to store the crops in, and to house the poultry. Prof. Fowler spent fifteen years of his life at Fowler's Folly. In the winter he would lecture, sometimes making in a season as much as $20,000; but every dollar went to pay debts previously contracted, and it is told of him that frequently a month after his return, which was usually in April, he would have but a small part of his earnings of the previous winter. Strange stories are still told by the people of the countryside of the doings at Fowler's Folly during the days when its owner thrived. Spiritual manifestations were of nightly occurrence, and many of the most famous mediums of the country appeared there.

Among his other fads was a belief that man could live on the products of the soil in their natural form. He would frequently go out and make a meal from the berries or fruit on his place. At one time he called a public meeting in Fishkill village and invited 100 men to join him in setting out fruit trees on the highways so that the poor could get fruit without being subjected to the humiliation of begging it or stealing it from their richer neighbors. One day a wayfarer, weary and worn, called at Fowler's Folly, and asked for something to eat. Prof. Fowler was enthusiastic at this time over his fruit and berry theory, and, calling the man into the garden, invited him to pitch in.

"But I am worn with walking and want something substantial," protested the tramp.

It then appeared that there was nothing in that $40,000 house fit for a hungry man to eat.

After Prof. Fowler's death, Fowler's Folly was sold for a small part of its cost. For several years a Spaniard named Andreas Carsard conducted a boys' boarding school in it; afterward it was conducted as a summer hotel. The property at one time and another has borne tremendous mortgages, compared with its value, and it has been sold and traded for apparent considerations of from $10,000 to $50,000. For twenty years past it has been unoccupied.

BRIDGES SWEPT AWAY.

Heavy Losses by Floods Along the C. P. R.—Steel Bridges Twisted Out of Line or Carried Away.

Manitoba, June 25.—Dispatches from Canmore indicate that the Canadian Pacific Railway losses by flood are greater than was at first supposed. During recent years much of the heavy timber which covered the sides of the mountains has been burned off, and when the cloud burst between the gap and Castle mountain the steep slopes of the mountains and foothills became chutes, along which the flood rushed, swelling the rivers and valley into a wide torrent of seething and desolating waters. Under such a mad rush the strongest abutments quivered, fine steel bridges twisted as much as two feet out of line, while some of the smaller bridges and more exposed line of dump were carried away bodily.

Quite a stretch of track was swept out near Canmore, and when the same afternoon the bridge at Fifth crossing gave out, all communication was broken between the east and west. The anthracite mines are said to be wholly submerged. The mules and horses working underground were drowned. The miners were fortunate to just escape with their lives.

Between Kananaskis and Canmore the damage is very great. The approaches to Devilshead bridge are swept out. The bridge at fifth crossing over the Bow has its east pier broken up, and the east end of the span is sportively swinging in the stream.

The work of repairing these breaks is an enormous task to engineering skill. Traffic was resumed today. At Calgary several of the finest residences have been washed away. Some of them were fully 50 feet away from the river at a point where the banks were ten feet high. The banks crumbled away with the tremendous rush of water.

DECORATED THE BRIDAL COACH.

Mr. Herbert Failed to Keep His Marriage to Miss Waterman a Secret.

New York, June 26.—Henry Arthur Herbert a grand nephew of Cryus W. Field, and Miss Mary Grace Waterman, daughter of W. J. Waterman, of 219 West Fourteenth street, were married yesterday in St. Luke's Church, at 110 West Forty-first street by the Rev. Charles S. Harrower, the pastor. Miss Clara Herbert was the maid of honor, and Mr. Dixon Williams was the best man. Mr. Herbert confided to his friends that he had arranged the details of the wedding tour so that no one would suspect that he and his wife were newly married. His friends promptly made up their minds that they would do all they could to make his preparations useless.

A reception at Mr. Waterman's followed the wedding, and Mr. Herbert had the carriage that was to take his wife and himself to the train wait at the corner of Seventh avenue. The conspirators, after greeting the bride and bridegroom, slipped away from the house and artistically draped 100 yards of white satin ribbon on the carriage. The pole was wrapped with ribbon, and long streamers were fastened to the horses' headstalls by huge rosettes. The running gear and body of the carriage were covered. On the carriage a variety of placards of generous size were pasted. Among them were these:

WE ARE JUST MARRIED.

TREAT US KINDLY.

This is bliss.

There's nothing like it.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert went away on a New York Central train from the Grand Central Station. Mr. Herbert tried to tear some of the ribbon and signs from the carriage before they started, but he could not, and the bridal trip to the station gave delight to more people than either he or his wife had ever heard of.

BOY HERO WITH WOODEN LEGS.

Raced With Fire Down a Mountain and Saved Human Lives.

Richmond, Va., June 26.—Not far away from the Virginia line lives a two-thirds youth, for, unfortunately, both of his lower limbs are artificial, who has to his credit an act of heroism which should make him a loved lad as long as the memory of those who know him last. His name is "Tim" Olin, and his home is away up in the mountains, 35 miles from everywhere, as a book agent once said of that part of the country.

This bit of a boy about three weeks ago heard that forest fires were sweeping everything that would burn before them along the Virginia side of the mountains. One afternoon he climbed through the snow to the top of the mountain, one of the steepest of the Cumbelands, and took a view of the fire-swept country below him. He was surprised to find the fire so fierce, and, as he watched, Tim saw that the red tongues were creeping on toward a little log cabin in which lived two old and helpless women, the Ober sisters, and their blind and crippled brother, who is one of the oldest men over on the other side. The lad realized that the house was a long way from any other farmhouse, and knew that the people in the humble cot would find themselves powerless if they were left in the cabin until the fire got to their home. Without thinking of how much suffering it meant to his poor, aching limbs, Tim started down the rugged hillside on his perilous journey of heroism. He had a race with the fire, and twice fell from exhaustion and almost despaired of saving the old folks. But his indomitable courage never flagged and he kept going. He reached the old homestead just as the prairie fire was attacking the old frame crib.

He hurried into the house and informed the old and thoroughly frightened people of their danger. It only took him a few minutes to hitch the horse to the sled, and the old man was helped on to this. The four drove on to shelter at the nearest neighbor's, leaving the fire to do its worst. The home of the old people was partly burned during the night, but the boy had gotten some of the neighbors to go and fight the fire, and they were able to save most of the contents of the house.

Windsor Salt

Purest and Best for Table and Dairy

No adulteration. Never cakes.

CANCER CAN BE CURED.

PROGRESS IN MEDICAL SCIENCE.

An Entirely New Discovery for Cancer Treatment and Cure Inaugurated by the Abbott Myron Mason Medical Company, of New York—Knife No Longer Necessary—High Commendations From Saved Sufferers and From Physicians—Vegetable Agents Alone Employed.

Medical scientists throughout the world are elated at the discovery of the Vitalia Remedies for the Cure of Cancer. The remedies have been proven by innumerable tests.

Sir Benjamin Brodie, one of the great English surgeons, not long ago declared that he would "never remove another cancer without telling the patient that the operation would probably not prolong life."

Then all the more should this later discovery be hailed with delight, both by medical men and by those who suffer from this dread and heretofore fatal remedy.

The Vitalia Remedies have revolutionized the treatment of cancer by substitution of gentle vegetable agents that may be used at home under soothing and curing circumstances—rather than at the hospital, where the heavy expense and distressing surroundings contribute in a sad way to the attendant dread and the untold agony engendered by the surgeon's knife. And even then the case proves hopeless—the pain is suffered for naught.

A Toronto lady requests the publication of her testimony in order that other sufferers may be benefited by the information of her experience:

My Dear Sir,—Some two years ago I discovered a lump in my breast about the size of an egg; it grew rapidly, and in a short while I discovered two more under my arm. They caused me a great deal of pain and worriment.

I consulted specialists, and they all pronounced them malignant cancer, and said they must be cut out at once, as they were growing rapidly. I had made up my mind to have them removed, when, on a visit to my friends, I heard of a marvelous cure by the use of your Vitalia Remedies.

I went to see the lady at once, and found that she had been cured of a very large open cancer, larger than a dinner plate, involving both breasts and under the arms; she was doing the work for seven in the family, and could not say enough for Vitalia.

I left her feeling much encouraged, and concluded to try them immediately, as I had a horror of the knife.

I sent for a three months' treatment, and felt better in health before it was gone; and before the second course was used the two lumps under my arms had disappeared, and before the third three months' bottle was gone the large lump in my breast and all pain and soreness was entirely gone.

I feel that if Vitalia will cure such malignant blood trouble as mine was, there must be hope for everyone.

With boundless gratitude for the discoveries of Vitalia, I am,

Ever your friend,

MRS. ROBERT H. OLIVER.

163 Church street, Toronto, Ont.

THE BOOK THAT TELLS.

Nowhere is the progress of science better set forth than in the free book of the Abbott Myron Mason Medical Company, New York, whose "Vitalia Remedies" now enjoy such world-wide fame. Cancer, tumor and all malignant blood diseases and their scientific cure are thoroughly described.

Vitalia Remedies cure these dread and insidious foes by going to the root, and by the twofold process of destroying the germs, purifying and strengthening the blood and tissues on which they feed, thus eliminating and eradicating the entire growth.

This company have opened branch offices in Canada. They will give or mail free to anyone interested a 100-page book that contains valuable information about the workings of this wonderful cure. Address or call, Abbott Myron Mason Medical Company, Department L. A., 238 Yonge street, Toronto.

Free

from black specks, hulls, dirt or any foreign substances. Tillson's PAN-DRIED ROLLED OATS are free from these common oatmeal faults. Even the best oats this year are said to be unusually dirty. So, look for yourself. Pan-Dried Rolled Oats are sold by the pound, you know.

The Tillson Co'y, Limited, Tilsonburg, Ont.

PURE ICE

Taken from water approved by the health department. For good wholesome ice give us your order. Our trade mark the "Polar Bear." Orders received at A. J. TARVIS', 197 King street. Telephone 755.

A. Stanton, Proprietor, 345 Horton Street. 10b yt

BLOOD POISON

HAVE YOU Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Aches, Old Sores, Ulcers in Mouth, Hair Falling? Write COOK REMEDY CO., 307 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill., for proofs of cures. Capital, $500,000. Worst cases cured in 15 to 35 days. 100-page book free.

THE BIG DEPARTMENTAL

208, 210, 210½, and 212 Dundas Street.

Will wind up Jubilee week with an array of bargains rarely, if ever seen in a retail store.

Those who have attended these sales (and their name is legion) can testify to the fact that they have always found everything here on Bargain Days exactly as advertised, and we can assure you this Saturday and Monday will be no exception. Here's a miscellaneous list taken at random. Read it right through—you may see something you want:

In Basement.

One crate Printed Cups and Saucers, 3 colors, 70c, regular $1.

Seven pounds Standard Granulated Sugar and one pound of our Imperial Blend Tea for 50c.

Same snaps in Wall Paper as last week to clear.

Dress Goods.

(Ground Floor.)

Grenadines, 50c, regular 75c.

Grenadines, 75c, regular $1.

Grenadines, $1, regular $1 39.

Grenadines, selling at $1 25, $1 50 and $2, worth one-third more.

Black Figured Lustre, selling 25c, worth 50c.

Black Figured Lustre, selling 35c, worth 60c.

Black Figured Lustre, selling 50c, worth 85c.

Fine Summer Tweeds, 25c, worth 50c.

Fine Summer Tweeds, 50c, worth 75c.

Blouse Silks, from 25c to $1.

White Bed Spreads, 2¼ yards wide by 2½ yards long, 89c, worth $1 25.

White Spreads, fine, $1, worth $1 40.

Organdie Muslins, 10c, worth 17c.

Lappet Muslins, 20c, worth 30c.

French Dimities, 20c, worth 35c.

Linen and Silk Batistes, 20c, worth 35c.

Parasols selling $1, worth $1 50.

Parasols selling $1 50, worth $2 25.

Parasols selling $2, worth $3.

Fine Bleached Table Linen, 64-inch, satin finish, 45c, worth 70c.

Fine Bleached Table Linen, double Damask, 72-inch, 60c, worth 90c.

72-inch, Half Bleached Tabling, Belfast goods, 43c worth 60c.

Large Table Napkins, ¾ size, choice of patterns, 85c, worth $1 10.

Large Table Napkins, fine goods and pure linen, $1, worth $1 45.

Ceylon Flannels, 10c, worth 15c.

Good Shaker Flannels, 4½c.

36-inch Gray Shirting, 5c, worth 7c.

36-inch Bleached Cotton, 6½c, worth 9c.

72-inch Twilled Sheeting, unbleached, 12½c, worth 17c.

72-inch Twilled Bleached, Best Hochelaga, 19c, worth 25c; 81-inch do., 21c, worth 27c.

On Saturday night from 7 to 10 we'll have a Sale of Silk Ribbons, Flowers, Sailor Hats and Jubilee Spoons at less than half price; also specials in Blouses, Gloves, Hoisery and Handkerchiefs.

The Harpers Will Play From 7 to 10 Saturday Night, and You're Invited.

Runians & Butler.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Ready Reference Guide of London . . . . . .

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Auction Mart, Storage and Moving.
PORTER & CO., 'phone 1,162.
MILLER'S ELECTRIC PARCEL EXPRESS, 223 Dundas, 'phone 836.

Artists.
J. P. HUNT, 344 Dundas street.

Architects.
J. A. GAULD, 180 Dundas.

Old Books and Curiosities
JOHN CONNOR, 338 Richmond St.

Accountant.
FRANCIS G. JEWELL, 388 Richmond

Banks.
BANK OF TORONTO, 369 Richmond.
MERCHANTS' BANK, opp. custom h.
DOMINION SAVINGS AND INVESTMENT SOCIETY.
CANADIAN SAVINGS AND LOAN.

Brass Founders and Finishers.
IRWIN & GELDART, 'phone 525.

Blank Book Manufacturers.
REID BROS. & CO., 391 Clarence.

Brushes.
THOMAS BRYAN, 61 Dundas street.

Building and Loan Companies.
BIRKBECK LOAN CO., 169 Dundas.
PEOPLE'S BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION, Molsons Bank Bldg.

Bill Posters.
BELTON & ROOTE, Opera House.

Books and Stationery.
JAS. I. ANDERSON & CO., 182 Dundas

Combination Organ.
SCRIBNER ORGAN AND MFG. CO.

Clothing.
BURNS & LEWIS, 337 Richmond.
R. GREENE MFG. CO., 137 Carling.
LONDON PANT AND OVERALL MFG. CO.

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HUNT BROS., 363 Richmond street.

Cigar Manufacturers.
KING BOLT CIGAR CO., 'phone 816.

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JOHN FRIEND, 117 Dundas street.

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JOHN C. GREEN, & CO., 122 Ridout.

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BOWMAN, KENNEDY & CO., York.

Hairdressers.
F. J. MILLER, 223 Dundas.

Iron, Brass and Wire Works.
DENNIS WIRE & IRON CO., King.

Insurance.
SUN LIFE ASS. CO., A.Macgregor,agt.
NORTHERN LIFE, Masonic Temple.

Leather.
GEO. KERR, 353 Richmond street.

Lumber Boxes.
LONDON BOX MFG. & LUMBER CO (Limited).

Monument Manufacturers.
LETHBRIDGE BROS., Talbot & Carl.

Paper Box Manufacturers.
GEO. BAYLEY, 89 Dundas street.
REID BROS., 391 Clarence street.

Physicians' Supplies.
W. E. SAUNDERS & CO., 352 Clarence

Pork Packers.
JOHN PARK, Market House.

Plumbing Supplies.
W. H. HEARD & CO., 357 Richmond.

Stock Brokers.
HAMPDEN DAY, Hiscox building.

Shoe Uppers.
R. F. LACEY & CO., 398 Clarence St.

Sign Writers.
WM. C. MORRISON, 90 Dundas.

Tea Importers.
MARSHALL BROS. & CO., 67 Dundas.

Veterinary Surgeon and Horse Shoer.
J. A. TANCOCK, 94 King street.

Wholesale Druggists.
JAS. A. KENNEDY & CO., 342 Rich.

Wholesale Jewelers.
J. & J. A. STEVENSON, 115 Carling.

Wholesale Grocers.
A. M. SMITH & CO., 176 York street.
T. B. ESCOTT, 146 York street.
ELLIOTT, MARR & CO., 333 Rich.

Woolens and Gents' Furnishings.
A. E. PAVEY & CO., 331 Richmond.