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CULLED FROM EXCHANGES

A MIDNIGHT MISHAP.

UNCLE NED returned from his 'possum-hunt about midnight, bringing with him a fine, fat 'possum. He built a glowing fire, dressed the 'possum, pared and split the sweet potatoes, and pretty soon he had the "possum and 'taters" in the oven. While the meal was cooking Uncle Ned amused himself with his favorite old banjo. When the 'possum had been baked brown and crisp, he took it out of the oven and sat it on the hearth to give it time to cool. Mentally congratulating himself upon the glorious repast he thought soon to enjoy, he sat silently for awhile in the old arm-chair, but presently was snugly wrapped in the arms of "tired nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep."

It happened that two young fellows who were pretty well acquainted with Uncle Ned's habits had been stealthily watching about the house, waiting this particular chance. As soon as they were convinced that the old man was safe in the arms of Morpheus, they crept into the house and hurriedly helped themselves to Uncle Ned's supper, including even the coffee and bread. When they finished the hasty meal, by way of attempting to cover up their tracks they smeared Uncle Ned's hands and mouth with the 'possum gravy and then beat a retreat.

After a time Uncle Ned aroused from his peaceful slumber. It is needless to say that he had dreamed about his supper. At once he dived down to inspect the viands, when, lo and behold, the hearth was empty! Uncle Ned steadied himself and studied awhile.

"Well," said he finally, "I must 'a' et dat 'possum; I must 'a' et dat 'possum in my sleep!"

He looked at his hands. They were greasy. He snift his hands. As he did o he said: