

WHISKARD'S

Busy Stores.

230 and 232 Dundas Street.

We call your attention this week to our new Chenille Table Covers, at 40c, \$1, \$2 and \$2.25 Each.

Chenille Curtains, worth \$5, we are selling them at

\$3.50 Pair.

Ladies' Flannelette Night Dresses at 50c and 75c Each.

Ladies' Fancy Embroidered Night Dresses, full size,

Only \$1.

Something new in Sideboard Scarfs, stamped, at

20c, 25c Each.

Large and small Linen Dollies, stamped and fringed,

8c, 12½c, 15c Each.

Very wide Madras Muslin, Only 20c Yard.

Fancy Art Muslin, 60 inches wide, worth 20c,

Whiskard's Price 12½c Yard.

Ladies' Navy Blue Peaked Caps, Only 20c Each.

Children's Corded Waists, in white and drab, all sizes,

25c Each.

See our special line of T. G. W. Corsets, in all sizes, at

50c Pair.

Large size Honeycomb Towels, 5c Each.

Silk Russia Braid, all colors, worth 20c,

Whiskard's Price 5c Bunch.

See our Gray Flannel, worth 18c, selling at

12½c Yard.

Ladies' White Lawn Aprons, trimmed, at

20c, 25c, 35c Each.

Children's White Muslin Aprons, all sizes,

Only 25c Each.

Infants' Wrappers, trimmed with embroidery,

From 40c Each Up.

Infants' Fancy Embroidered Robes, From \$1 Each Up.

Infants' Wool Booties, 10c Pair.

Infants' Quilted Bibs, trimmed with lace,

Only 5c.

Infants' Fancy Wool Jackets, Only 25c Each.

Black Fibre Chambray, 63 inches wide,

35c Yard.

Fancy Hair Pins, gilt and silver tops, worth 20c,

Our Price 5c Each.

We have just received a splendid line of very fine White Lace Curtains, 3½ yards long, new patterns, at

75c Pair.

A special line of Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose,

Only 20c Pair.

Ladies' Black Cotton Hose, seamless and spliced heels, at

12½c Pair.

Children's Black and Colored Cotton Hose,

Only 5c Pair.

Lamb's Wool Soles for crochet slippers,

25c Pair.

Silk Ribbon, in all shades, at

3c, 5c, 8c Yard.

Fancy Crepon Art Silk, worth 65c,

Whiskard's Price 35c Yard.

The Scrap Bag

Small talk, says the Outlook, is often contemptuously spoken of as the accomplishment of small-minded people, whose capacity is limited to superficial comment on trivial matters. If small talk is the only talk of which a person is capable, humorous contempt is not too pronounced an attitude to take towards it. If one has only a few ten-cent pieces to his fortune, his case is a sad one; but the man who wishes to take a cable car and has fifty dollars in bills of large denominations in his pocket and no small change, is, for the moment, in a position quite as embarrassing. Small change is a slender foundation of fortune, but for certain purposes and at certain moments small change is invaluable. Small talk of the right sort is the natural medium of exchange in which a good deal of our social intercourse is carried on. We underrate the value of casual or routine contact with each other—the kind of contact which does not admit of continuous or deep-going discussion. There is no small civilizing power in that touch-and-go intercourse which makes up so considerable a part of our lives, and which affords opportunity for geniality of temper, friendliness of spirit, and a light play of talk on incidental and timely matters. To talk lightly and talk well is much more difficult than to talk gravely and to talk well; it involves lightness of touch, quickness of wit, and an open and courteous mind. The elephantine tread of the solemn-minded thinker is always heavy and sometimes oppressive; it is more significant of lack of intellectual variety and freshness than of presence of intellectual strength.

Percy—Doesn't the skin on an elephant's leg sag awfully, Ellen?
Nurse—Yes, indeed, Percy.
Percy—I should think the keeper would put stockings-supporters on the poor thing.

When a man acts from impulse, what he does may be unwise, but it is generally honest.

Robert Louis Stevenson sleeps soundly enough in far Samoa, but not more soundly than does that other "kindly Scot," whose last wish is thus embalmed in the ancient ballad:
Ah, bury me by the bracken bush,
Beneath the blooming breer,
And let never livin' mortal ken
That a kindly Scot lies here.

Mr. Abner Jennings was never known to say a harsh thing to or about any one. His form of speech was invariably mild, and exaggerated statements were viewed by him as almost as reprehensible as lies. Once, in the spring of the year, when the roads were in a fearful condition of mud and mire, the team of a "traveling merchant" was stalled a short distance from Mr. Jennings' house. The old man at once brought out his oxen and went to the peddler's assistance.

The team could not be instantly released even with the aid of the yoke of oxen, and the peddler, who was a man of high temper and little self-control, proceeded to vent his rage in language which first amazed and then disgusted the equable Mr. Jennings. He bore it as long as he thought was necessary and proper, and then unhitched his oxen and went calmly home.

"I want to try and help him," he explained to his wife as he walked into the kitchen on his return. "but he talked so poorly that I came off and left him."

One day he caught some boys robbing his black cherry tree, and surveyed them for some moments in speechless disapprobation.

"Boys," he said at last, giving the culprits the sternest glance of which he was capable, "boys, I think you've been doing 'very poorly'."

After administering that stinging rebuke, he turned and walked slowly away to the barn, and never referred to the matter again.

In days of old, if woman all too plainly showed when she loved, nor "practiced to deceive,"

We smiled to see her burning incense vainly,
And said, "She wears her heart upon her sleeve."

But now she does it daily, little caring. For hearts have shrunk, however we may grieve.

And, who would notice now, a woman's wearing
So small a thing upon so big a sleeve?

Miss St. Upid—How many States are there, Mr. Jester?
Mr. Jester—Forty-four, I think, without counting matrimony.

Miss St. Upid—Matrimony?
Mr. Jester—Yes; it's one of the united states, you know.

Miss St. Upid—No-o, I didn't know; but they've admitted so many lately that I never can remember all their names.

"What were your husband's last words?"
"He didn't have any?"

DAILY HINTS TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.
The small duties of life are those which test the character.

BREAKFAST—Apricots, Hominy, Muffins, Chopped Beef, Lyonnaise Potatoes, Lemon Butter, Coffee.

DINNER—Roast Beef and Potatoes, Rolled Onions, Lettuce and Cucumber Salad, Summer Squash, Blackberry Sweet Pickle, White Bread, Fruit Puff Pudding.

SUPPER—Browned Potatoes, Split Biscuit, Dried Beef, Stewed Peaches, Cake, Tea.

SPLIT BISCUIT.
One half cup sugar, tablespoonful butter, two eggs, one pint milk, one quart flour, half teaspoonful salt, compressed yeast, Mix sugar, butter and eggs; add milk and yeast; then flour. Let rise to double its bulk (about five hours). Add as little flour as needed; roll thin, cut round, lay two together with a bit of butter between. Let rise until very light, two hours at least. Bake in quick oven.

As one of the many short women, I wish to protest against stock collars. My patience is long-suffering, but it seems about time to abolish the high collar from the necks of women. Tall folks have had their day. Let the shorter ones have a chance.

We have seen a few low collars this summer, but unfortunately they have been altogether on outing and negligee gowns, and with the fall comes every prospect of the



IN BLACK AND WHITE.

renewal of neck bondage. Why not protest all ye little folk, and start a crusade against high collars? We're so much prettier in low ones.

The maiden pictured has a pretty neck, and she intends to make it look clumsy no longer. The gown which she wears is simply made of white and black striped silk. Plain white silk is the material used in one of the collars, or the triple alliance, as she has named the neck adornment of her gown. The sleeves end at the elbow, and when in the open air she wears black elbow gloves.

Let each one try to discover if a collar like the one pictured would not be preferred by little women, and let the first vote be cast by

THE LATEST.

For Summer Decoration.
August and September are the best months for gathering ferns and utilizing them for house decorations.

Generally the young girl of the house, with her bon companions, sallies forth to the hills, and returns with woodland beauties for the events which is to take place in the evening.

The staircase is the decorator's first consideration. At the extreme foot of the stairs, below the landing, bank up some flowering shrubs, masses of green leaves and old-fashioned flowers, such as hollyhocks, or even bunches of golden-rod in all its splendor.

Let each upright of the balustrade, four or five feet may be fastened with twine securely hidden; while around the rail proper the gracefully-twisted clematis vine will give artistic effect.

In most country houses the large stove, which is such a friend and comfort in winter, becomes in summer the bete noir. Place on the top of the stove a large round jardiniere, in which ferns of large size can be planted. These plants can be placed in a bank of wet earth or sand, which, if well watered, will not only last for this one special evening, but insures freshness for several days.

The next duty is the body of this black affair. Around the centre of the stove, at equal distances, fasten some stout twine, which will form a foundation for the greenery massed thereon. This decorative should be vines having large leaves. Any sort of foliage will hide completely this clumsy iron-work.

On the floor around the stove bank up in good taste one solid mass of green, either plants or tree foliage.

For decorating pictures in the country, the clematis vine is beautiful in effect. This flowery vine will creep of itself in wonderful line, and if carefully gathered will last some days.

Poles on which curtains are hung can be ornamented by ferns and golden rod massed in bunches at the top of the pole, and with white curtains to the window the symphony is complete.

For the decorating of old fashioned pier glasses what is better than the wood fern? To make this affair a strong focus in a room, cover the entire top of the wood-work of the glass with ferns in different shades of green. Let the middle of the scheme stand out with heavy bunches of ferns in bold relief, while the sides should be gracefully laid so as to form an equal division of leaf and color.

At the pier glass proper, with very small tacks, fasten five wires at equal distances at the top of the glass, carrying them down in equal lines to the bottom of the glass, fastening them securely. Select the finest of ferns for these wires, adjusting them by a thin green string, the nearest possible approach to the color of the leaves.

These ferns should be of the choicest, so that by reflection the looking-glass intensifies the beauty of these already charming plants. At the foot of the glass bank up any sort of palms, rubber plants or shrubs.

Ferns can be gathered in the autumn, and planted in pots of good dimensions. These beautiful offerings of nature give beauty to dining-room, to windows or an odd corner, a library window, or a shaded spot in a drawing-room; and, more than that, they will last until the holidays, sometimes longer.

Brave Little Woman.
It was a Chery Chase car. She was tall and bright and her diamond earrings were very tight and her diamond earrings were very large and sparkling. She sat next the end of the seat, and she might have moved along to make room for some bobby else, but she didn't. She simply sat and stared haughtily ahead. There was a tiny little mouse-colored woman standing, and the sight of the be-diamonded one made her nervous. You could see her very toes twitch. At length she leaned over with great politeness:

"Pardon me, madam," she said, "but have you paid for two seats?"

The stout woman was speechless.

"Oh," went on the mouse-colored one, "I thought you had. Please move along, then."

And the other moved, but I feel sure she had a peep when she got out of the car. You would see it coming, and

Sunday's Tragedy.

By Which Robert and Richard Warwick Lost Their Lives.

Coroner Ferguson Begins the Inquest in the Case.

John Warwick's Account of How the Fatality Occurred.

He and His Cousins Had Been Drinking at Ward's Hotel—So Had Others—Contradictory Evidence.

The interim sessions room at the court house was crowded to the doors last night, when the inquest into the cause of Sunday evening's fatality, whereby Robert and Richard Warwick, of Miles street, lost their lives in the Thames, was begun before Coroner Dr. Ferguson, of South London. The spectators were mostly from the north end of the city, and included many relatives and scores of friends of the two brothers, whose career was brought to such a sad and sudden end. A sister of the Warwicks is completely broken down, while the mother is said to be seriously affected in her mind, and her condition is critical. Mrs. Warwick had been very ill for some weeks previous to the accident.

The evidence adduced only went to prove what had generally been surmised—that the three young men, the third one being John, a first cousin of the deceased, had been drinking at the Ward hotel, and were in the river from Springbank, and were incapable of rowing back to the city.

The evidence indicated several cases of infraction of the liquor law by Ward, and further proceedings by the crown are certain.

HOW THE ACCIDENT HAPPENED.
Heretofore only a bare outline as to how the accident happened has been given, but full light was thrown upon it by John Warwick, John, who is a first cousin, is an employee at the bookbinder's, and on Sunday afternoon he met Robert and Richard at their home and walked down town. They spent two or three hours walking around, during which they called at three places, having four drinks in the first, three in the second and two in the third. The trio walked away the time until 7 o'clock in the evening, when they went to the house of John Milne and hired a boat. According to witness story, they were all "feeling pretty good," but were not drunk, and intended to return by 9 o'clock. The trip to Ward's was made without any noteworthy incident except a stop near Wonderland during a shower.

"Did you have anything to drink at Ward's?" asked Mr. McKillop.

Witness—We had five or six drinks. Q.—And the city liquor had not affected you? A.—Not in the least.

Q.—What kind of drinks did you get? A.—The first was lager and the next was whiskey.

Continuing, the witness said there was quite a crowd hanging around the hotel, probably about fifteen. They might have had seven drinks. When they started for home the trio were affected by their load. Witness was very drunk; Robert was intoxicated. Richard was the soberest of the party.

JOHN'S EXPERIENCE.

The three men were accompanied to the boat by a young man named "Shorty" Evans, a friend of Richard's. "As I reached the wharf I stepped into the boat, and as I was about to take my seat in the stern I lost my balance and fell into the river. I was soon pulled out, regained my seat, and started for home. Richard was rowing at first, and after we got well under way Robert decided to use the other oar. I went to sleep and did not wake until about 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning, when the boat had drifted against the bank and under a bush. I was very stupid, and did not know where I was until I rowed about, and saw Ward's hotel. I returned to the city then, tied the boat up and went home, arriving there about 3 a.m.

Juryman James Wilkins elicited the information that Warwick had been to Ward's the Sunday previous to the accident and had secured several drinks.

WARD'S STORY.
There was a tale as to how Ward, proprietor of the resort, was called, and Harry McCann and George Evans were ordered into another room. Ward remembered the three men coming to his hotel on Sunday and also two of them the previous Sunday. There were quite a number about the place on the second occasion, some of whom were barbers, while others had driven down from the city. In direct contradiction to John Warwick's statements, Ward said the deceased had only four drinks each at his place. The first was lager and the rest a mixture of beer and ginger beer, which was not as intoxicating. When they started home about 9:30 they were well able to take care of themselves, and John Warwick said everything was all right.

"You heard Warwick say that they were all drunk and that they had secured several drinks," asked Mr. McKillop.

Ward—Yes, and it is untrue. Q.—And you want the jury to believe your story, when John Warwick was so drunk that he did not know enough to call for help when the two men were in the water? A.—Yes, every word of it.

Mr. McKillop—Well, I guess you are the only man in the room who believes it. Q.—And two of these men had been at your place on Sunday, Aug. 11? A.—Yes.

"NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS."
Harry McCann, an employee of the water commissioners, who boards at Ward's, saw the Warwicks in the bar-room on Sunday, and when they left Robert seemed a little shaky.

Mr. Wilkins (Juryman) asked if it was true that he (McCann) did not want to appear as a witness in the case.

"I did not want to appear if I could help it," answered McCann.

Mr. Wilkins—You told some person not to subpoena you?

Witness—Yes.

Witness (hotly)—None of your business.



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