Athens Reporter

TUESDAY AFTERNOON

B. LOVERIN

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR SUBSCRIPTION

FROM THE WHITE CITY. INTERESTING LETTER FROM THE ON

TARIO PRESS AGENT.

Would's Fair, Chicago, (Special).—
Two more milestones will have been passed in the way of life in the White City by the time this letter is in type—the arrival of the Spanish caravis and the Norwegian riking ship, which as nearly as possible under modern conditions, repeated the voyages which made the names of Christopher Columbus and Leif Ericson famous. The caravies arrived on Friday and were escorted to their berths by U.S. men of war, or what pass for such on the lakes, the antiquated revenue outters



chigan and Andy Johnson, which were i boats when I tried my hand at fresh-ter navigation early in the sixtles. The shoughn and Andy Southern water navigation early in the sixties. The U.S. coast survey steamer Blake, which came round from San Francisco to be a part of the U.S. Government exhibits, and which is the most complets vessel of its kind in the world, was also one of the guard of honor. There was a grand reception to Captain Concas, Admiral of the Columbus fleet and his officers, and the caravels were opened to visitors. The vandals at once began to get in their work, and before night slivers had been taken from the woodwork and shreds of rope from the rigging, till it seemed as if in a few days the boats themselves would disappear piecemeal. The craze for relics is one of the queer features of this fair, and nothing that can be lifted is safe from the ravages of the souvenir hunters.

The craze for relice is one of the queer features of this fair, and nothing that can be lifted is safe from the ravages of the souvenir hunters.

The viking ship, Gokstad-find, will arrive to-morrow. It is a reproduction from an actual vessel found in a mound in Norway, of the galley in which Leff Ericson and his 35 hardy Norsemen 900 years since voyaged to the Labrador coast and the mouth of the St. Lawrence, which they christened Vineland, on account of the quantity of wild grapes they found growing there. Of this, the historical authority is not quite so good as for the voyages of Columbus but it is near enough to celebrate. The viking and her commander, Captain Andersen, will be escorted to the White City with the same honors as the caravels, and will also become one of the sights of the Exposition. I was glad to be honored with an invitation from Captain Davis of the Johnson, to accompany a party which went out on her to welcome the caravels, chiefly on account of the opportunity it gave me for a pleasant chat with Secretary of the Treasury, Carliels and Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, the well-known American writer, who with their families were on board. Mr. Carliels had a good deal to say about Canada and her resources to which he has paid a good deal of attention and was well informed concerning them. The forcible annexation of a country larger than the United States leaving out Alaska, was out of the question, but if there was ever a consolidation of the two countries the initiative must come from Canada. In the meantime it was absurd that a war of tariffs should be kept up, the manifest duty of each country was to cultivate the fullest commercial and social relations. To that end the best energies of leading men should be devoted. Mr. Carliels also spoke of raw minerals as a source of enormous prospective wealth and promised me to visit the Canadian sections specially in the various buildings.

Mr. Warner had a good deal to say about the frequent trips he had made through Canada, dwelling especially on the

al lines.

ONTARIO FRUITS.

The apples and other fruits which have formed so attractive a feature of Ontario's display in the Horticultural building, are now past their best, but are being replaced by fresh fruits in their season. For some time great difficulty was experienced in getting the packages here on time, cases of strawberries being in some instances four or five days on the way, and unit of course for exhibition when they came, but these obstacles have been overcome, and ship-



ments are coming forward regularly. The principal sources of supply so far have been Grimsby, Hamilton, Burlington, and Leamington, and the strawberries and cherries forwarded compare very favorably with those from the fruit States about Chicago. A few currants and gooseberries have also arrived, and later we expect to astonish people with these particular fruits, as these of last year preserved in glass are far and away ahead of anything on exhibition. Even Canadians have been astonished at the capabilities of Ontario in the pomelogical line, as shown by the really excellent display we have made. In no single instance hasour exhibit of fruit been equalled for extent, variety and high quality. I would urge all Ontario fruit growers to do their utmost to keep up for the Province the reputation it has already established.

The Street of Peace

seffects of orbec. The injury so select at Orbec. The injury so select at Orbec. The injury so select and the end came suddenly, they so told. There are not many grieve to for him. Jules, remembering that this man was more than willing to aid him in wrong-doing, cannot mourn deeply for him, though the shock of his death is a severe one, and there are few others who ever cared for him. Still others who ever cared for him.

It is madeleine who is greeting the little same Babette in the Rue des Boucheries, to whom he has been kind, for the brother of Susette was not without some pleasant traits. He will never more give her bonbons or stop to say a kind word, and so Babette weeps and will not be consoled. When the funeral is over, Jules arranges his affairs so that he can leave Lisieux for a time, and a day or two after his departure Madeleine and her aunt return from Trouville with Annette. Mme. Sicard is so much quieter and soberer than is her, wont that Alexandre thinks it is plain that the air and bathing at Trouville cannot have agreed with her, and that after all she would have been better off at home. But the journey has done more for his wife than he can possibly know. In place of the little sirs of matronly superiority which Annette used to assume, to the secret amusement of Madeleine, has come a very tender, loving trust of her friend.

very tender, loving trust of her friend.

The months go by and another summer comes. Jules has long since returned to Lisieux and is working hard at his profession, his principal relaxation being a couple of hours now and then with his friend Eugene in the latter's studio. But the artist is not as busy as usur'i. His canvasses stay longer on the easel than they used to do and old Cauchon says playfully that Eugene is getting lazy. But the fact is that art is not just now first and foremost with Eugene. Something has intervened, and, after all, it is the fault of Theophile.

"Eugene, mon fils," he says to him one day, "thou will be getting married one of these times, I trust."

"Not I, for there is no one who would have me," is the response.

"Almost any girl in Lisieux would be glad of thee for a husband," says the old man enthusiastically.
"But no, thou art, much mistaken,"

glad of thee for a husband, "says the old man enthusiastically." "But no, thou art much mistaken," says the painter with a laugh, as he pauses to survey the effect of the last stroke of his brush.

stroke of his brush.
"I'know the very person for thee," persists the other.
"So thou used to tell me years ago when I was in Paris. I should like to know the name of this person," responds the young fellow carelessly.
"Her name is Madeleine Sanchon," is the answer, given quite slowly and impressively.
Eugene in his surprise lets his brushfall to the floor.

Eugene in his surprise lets his brush fall to the floor.

"Madeleine will never marry, I think," he remarks as he stoops to pick up the brush, "and besides she thinks of me only as a friend she has known all her life. No more."

"That is for thee to find out," observes Monsieur Cauchon sagely, and says no more.

more.

It is a new thought that has thus been put into the painter's mind, and not an unpleasant one when he allows himself to think that Madeleine may possibly love him. He turns it over and over in the course of his long walks in the neighborhood of Lisieux. Perhaps it is because of this new thought that on these walks he finds so little material just now for his work. And the more he walks

walks he finds so little material just now for his work. And the more he walks and thinks the clearer it becomes to him that he loves Madeleine far more than he ever loved Annette. His absorption does not escape the notice of Theophile and after some time the old man concludes to speak again.

"I saw the aunt of Madeleine Sanchon to day," he remarks in the course of a casual conversation. Eugene listens, but says nothing, and the other continues: "Yes, and I said to her that it would be a most excellent thing if her nicee and Eugene Bernay were to marry. She was quite of my mind, thou must know, so I said to her father that if such a wedding took place I would give thee 100,000 francs. Thereupon she said she would give Madeleine 50,000 francs. So far then, mons fils, the way is clear for thee, thou seest."

Tears of gratitude came into Eugene's eyes.

"Thou art always good to me. but—"

Tears of gratitude came into Eugene's syes.

"Thou art always good to me, but—"
He hesitates, for gratitude, love and hope are so commingled in his mind that he cannot find words to express himself clearly.

"But what?" queries the other, purposely misunderstanding. "Thou dost not wish me to see Madeleine for thee, I think!"
Eugene laughs and recovers himself. "There will be no need of that," he answers, with decision.

The summer comes to an end and October follows. The vines that trails in

The summer comes to an end and October follows. The vines that trail in the waters of the Orbiquet and the Touques are turning a deep red. The vines in the Rue de la Paix are reddening also, and two people passing down that quiet street stop to gather some of the brilliant spirays. One of them, a man, is partly in shadow as one sees them from the Rue aux Fevres, but the sunshine lights up the white gown and gorgeous Lieuvin cap of his companion. "Who are they?" asks a tourist of a matron who, like him, is gazing down the Rue de la Paix.

It is Annette Sicard to whom he speaks. "Only a stranger could ask that," she replies. "It is our great artist, Eugene Bernay, with his bride. They were married but this morning. Madeleine is her name and she is my friend," Annette adds, as the tourist passes on.

A Long Named Village. A Long Named Village.

It must be quite a relief to the residents of Llanfairwilg wyngyllgertrobwilgerchwyrnbyligogerbwitzantivsiliogogogob, the village in Wales that has the longest name in the world, to know that it should be properly written Llanfairpwilgwyngyligogerychwyndrebwillysalilogogogob, needing only fifty-five instead of seventy letters.

"JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL."

THE MANAGER'S SAFE.

miled the duty which brought him thither he went out closing the door sentity behind him.

The manager watched him as he retired, watched him through a transparent pane in the glass door after he had retired, watched him as he took his hat from a peg, and watched him with especial sagerness as he passed through the swing doors on the way out (no doubt) to dinner; and the expression in the face of the great man might have suggested to a witness, if there had been one, the existence of some grave suspicion regarding the security of the contents of the safe. After making an examination of the papers shut in behind the iron door, in order to satisfy himself that they had or had not been tampered with, and after transferring some papers from the safe to a drawer of his writingtable which he locked around him frequently to see that he was alone—the manager turned his attention to the slip which had been placed on his table by the young man who had just left the room. Upon the slip were written thase figures:

"£10,000 to morrow, Saturday, Mesers."

The manager pressed his hand to his forehead, and gave up his thoughts to some problem that weighed upon him. Presently he shook off this moodines, and reaching out his arm, gave two sharp strokes to a hand bell standing beside his inkstand. The double signal was a summons for the chief cashier, who answered it without delay.

"Come in, Mr. Price. Shut the door, if you please."

"Come in, Mr. Price. Saut the door, if you please."

The cashier did as he was bidden and came to the manager's table, to hear what that gentleman had to say. But the latter did not speak, he stood facing his colleague, and looking into his eyes with a scared expression of countenance. Mr. Price was startled.

"Anything the matter, sir?" he inquired.

"Anything the matter, sir?" he inquired.
"Yes."
"Nothing serious, I hope?"
The manager did not reply. He appeared to be steadying himself, to be suppressing an excitement which was entirely unusual with him. When he spoke at last, he seemed anxious to prove to himself that his memory had not failed him.
"What time was it, Mr. Price, when you and I went down to the strong-room this morning?
"It was precisely twelve o'clock, sir."
"You remember what bonds and securities I handed to you there?"

"Perfectly."
"Please to confirm my memory by en-

"Please to confirm my memory by enumerating them."

"Certainly, sir." And the cashier toldthem off on his fingers. When he had
finished, the manager reminded him that
there was still one lot of securities which
he had omitted to mention. Did Mr.
Price recall what they were?

"To be sure, sir! how stupid of me!
There were also Messrs. Bulling & Co.'s
first lot of £1,000 bonds."

"For what amount?"

"For what amount"
"Why, sir, you know as well as I do.
They amount to £8,000."
"You placed them all in the usual letter-basket, did you not?"
"Yes, sir. But you were present yourals."

"Yes, sir. But you were present yourself."
"Quite so, quite so. My observation,
however, has failed me, and I am anxious to take up the clew through you."
"Idon's quite understand," began Mr.
Price; but his chief interrupted him.
"You placed Messrs. Bulling's documents in the basket with all the others—
under my eyes. You brought the basket to my room here—under my eyes.
Finally, you deposited the basket and
its contents in my safe here—under my
very eyes. Your memory confirms mine,
does it not?"
"Assuredly."
"What time is it now?"
"Striking one, sir."

"What time is it now"
"Striking one, sir."
"When do Messrs. Bulling come for
this first batch of bonds?"
"They will take them away at two
o'clock."
"They cannot take them away."
"Why not?" asked the cashier with

surprise.
"They are gone already." "They are gone already."

"Gone! What do you mean?"

"They have been stolen! You had better see for yourself. Here is the key"

Mr. Price opened the safe, and made a careful search. In two minutes he convinced himself that the bonds were missing from the safe, and in five minutes more he satisfied himself that they were not in the room; unless, indeed they were locked in the manager's desk—an alternative which was instantly dismissed from his mind.
"I am entirely at a loss," he began.
"So am I, Mr. Price," broke in the manager. "I have not left the room since you deposited the bonds in that safe. It is true, the door of the safe has been standing open most of the time. But, on the other hand, I have received no visitors; not a soul has entered the

had been abstracted. He desired that an able detective should return with him to the city, to make an investigation and give his advice. The request was promptly complied with.

Shortly before 8 o'clock the manager entered the bank, accompanied by two detectives from the Criminal Investigation Department—namely, Inspector Crump, and an officer in piain clothes, they were met by the cashier with the significant announcement that young Mr. Aspin had not returned after his dinner hour.

alipped the packet between the leaves of a fedgar within the safe, put the keys in his pocket, draw up his chair, and returned to his former position.

But some peculiarity of the packet had been noticed by him notwithstanding the rapidity of the action.

Some two minutes had elapsed when the cashier returned alone. The manager still sat in the same attitude. Apparently he had not moved during the other's absence. He started as Mr. Price spoke to him.

"I am sorry to say, sir, that young Aspin went out immediately after you noticed his suspicious presence in this room. There is nothing to be done but to wait till he returns at 3 o'clock." "What if he should not return? said the manager.

"If he is innocent he will return as a matter of course. And if he is guilty, he will return to allay suspicion. His failure to return would be his condemnation."

"Do you think so?"

and the second officer were asked to hold themselves in readiness for a summons to join them.

The circumstances already entailed in the conversation between the manager and the cashier were forthwith communicated to the Inspector. The manager, moreover, opened the safe, and described how the various parcels of bonds brought from the strong room had been laid in a row on the middle shelf; and how he had perceived, immediately after Mr. Aspin had left the room, a gap in the row where Messrs. Bulling & Co.'s script had been laid. The inspector was then requested to make a careful survey of the room and fits contents.

While he was doing this, the manager defty slipped a paper from his pocket into the leaves of a ledger within the safe, much in the same manner, it will be remembered, as he had acted with another packet. Having done this, he "swung to" the door, which fastened with a snap.

During this operation, Inspector Crump was looking in the opposite direction. But he was doing so to some purpose; for he saw the movements of the manager clearly reflected in the ground glass partition separating the enurron the general office. There was something about the manager's action which fixed the circumstance in his mind.

The detective next interviewed the nation"
"Do you think sot"
"I am sure of it."
"But consider," said the manager,
"Messra. Bulling & Co. will come for
their bonds at 2 o'clock. No explanation
which we can at present give will reconcile them to the temporary loss of their
property."

'Mesers. Bulling & Co., will come for their bonds at 3 o'clock. No explanation which we can styresent give will record: which we can styresent give will record which we can styre the property."

Mr. Price reflected for a while. He seemed to be more ready of resource than his superior officer. The property was a state of the seemed to be more ready of resource when he was a series of the property was contented with record was a series of the first the record of the seemed to be more ready of resource than his superior officer. While he was doing this, the manager superciatively. "By 8 o'clock we shall have discovered something either from Mr. Aspin or otherwise."

"I know a discovered something either from Mr. Aspin or otherwise."

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"I brow any, Mr. Proe," added the manager spreciatively. "By 8 o'clock we shall have discovered something either from Mr. Aspin or otherwise."

"I brow any, Mr. Proe," added the manager spreciatively. "By 8 o'clock we with a spin. "How the manager steally," there is the key of my writing table." He detached it from the bunch which hung on a chain secured round his waist. "Please took through every drawer, and satisfy yourself beautiful the manager in the force of the same and the proposite direction. But he was doing so to some pure secured round his waist. "Please took through every drawer, and satisfy yourself the manager has a secured round his waist. "Please took through every drawer, and satisfy yourself beautiful the manager in the force of the same and the proposite direction. But he was doing so to some pure secured round his waist. "Please took through the manager in the force of the same and clapped on his high his different proposite direction. But seemed the manager in the force of the same and the proposition of the proposite direction. When the manager in the force of the same and the

anything out of the bonds in this country?

"It is very unlikely."

"Do you think sir, that he had any money about him to go away with?"

"I cannot say; but I'll inquire."

The answer brought by Mr. Price to this inquiry was one that provoked a hearty laugh.

"Mr. Aspen was "hard up." He was always 'hard up.' He had borrowed half-a-crown that very morning to pay for his dinner."

After some further information as to Mr. Aspin's affairs had been asked for by Mr. Crump, and given to him, that gentleman decided to make inquiries of Mrs. Aspin, and to have that lady's house watched in case her son should return home.

where he had a full view of the street from right to left.

He watched here for about five or ten minutes, when the figure of Mr. Aspin, on his return from dinner, was perceived coming down the street on the opposite side.

Before the young man reached the steps of the bank he was stopped by the manager, who said sharply: home.
"I will cause a description of young Aspin to be circulated in order that he

status of the bank.

At 10 o'clock the following morning Inspector Crump arrived in Old Broad Street. He was greeted by the manager and some of the directors of the corporation. The detective addressed himself to the manager with a confidence and respect which set that gentleman entirely at his ease.

"The supposition you expressed, sir, has been fully justified. The young man suspected of stealing the bonds crossed to Calais yesterday. I have arranged that he will not slip through our fingers. I cannot say more at present. The first information which lottained concerning him was given by Mesers. Gaze, the tourist agents, at whose office he bought two tickets for Madrid. From the fact of his taking two tickets, it is presumed that he is travelling in company with a female, possibly an accomplice. He paid Mesers. Gaze with a fifty-pound note, of which I have taken the number. The question is, where did he get the fifty-pound note? Can you tell ne?"

At first the manager made no reply, and he avered his account as the state of the state. "So and J. M. Fries, "broke in the manager." I have not left the room as well and the series of the state in the series of the series of the state in the series of the series of

business, he is more sinned against transiming."

"If that is all you have to say," broke in the chairman of the Board of Directors, "we shall be obliged by your keeping your opinions to yourself, and confining yourself to your duty."

"It is my duty to warn you, sir," retorted the detective. "The manager has averted suspicion by throwing it on

till we have had it out with Aspin. Not that the young one has the bonds. The old one has the bonds himself, or he has posted them to Spain."

"Spain!" exclaimed the directors.

"Yes," and the Inspector laughed. "No extradition treaty between this country and Spain, you see."

"But, if the manager is the culprit, why has he risked detection by staying here?"

"Why, sir, because he hasn't got all the bonds he wants, I should say."

"Monstrous! Perfectly monstrous!" declared the directors, unconvinced.

"Besides," urged one of them, "he could not reach Spain before his absence was discovered, and we would overtake him by telegraph."

"Think so, sir?" said the detective.

"Why, he might slip off unperceived to-night, be in Paris on Sunday morning, and across the Spanish frontier before you gentlemen are awake on Monday. "Then directors could hardly fail to appreciate these remarks, although they still remained incredulous.

"There is not the ellightest foundation," urged one of them, "for suspecting that the manager has any intention whatever of running away to Spain or anywhere else."

"Excuse me, sir," returned the detective, "but it is my business to suspect. Please to remember that although Mr. Aspin has absconded, we have only the manager's story against him. We ought to hear what the young man has to say. Remember that the bonds were in the manager's story against him. We ought to hear what the young man has to say. Remember that the bonds were in the manager's spoy sagainst him. We ought to hear what the young man has to say. Remember that the bonds were in the manager's spoy sagainst him. We ought to hear what the young man has to say. Remember that the bonds were in the manager's spoy sagainst him. We ought to hear what the young man has to say. Remember that the bonds were in the manager's spoy sagainst him. We ought to hear what the young man has to say. Remember that the bonds were in the manager's sey? I have socertained for a fact that Mr. Aspin had no companion with him."

"Then what is your advice, Mr. Crump?"

"My advice, gentlemen, is—treat the manager as usual, and wait until he runs away with all he can lay his hands on!"

At this curious counsel, the several elderly gentlemen constituting the Board of Directors of the Continental Banking Corporation uttered one cry of fear and astonishment.

astonishment.
"But why not arrest him at once?"
"Because he has possibly provided against that event, by sending away the bonds he stole yesterday, and we could prove nothing."

bonds he stole yesterday, and we could prove nothing."

"What on earth. then, are we to do?"

"Treat him just as usual, I say—just as if nothing had happened, gentlemen. Leave the rest to me."

When the manager returned, he carried a small black bag in his hand. This he locked up in his safe. One of the directors suggested that any valuable papers ought to be deposited in the strong room. But the manager demurred.

"They will be safe enough here," he declared, in a casual manner.

The directors began to suspect in their hearts that there might be some wisdom in attending to the detective's warning. They took care, however, not to betray themselves.

It was comparatively early on Sunday morning, before the good Paris folk had sat down to dejeuner, that Mr. Aspin, having thoroughly enjoyed his short sojourn in the French capital, betook himself to the railway station where he intended to take train in his flight toward sanctuary.

But his steps were arrested before the scene of an accident in the street. A little crowd was collecting round a hired conveyance which had been upset. The occupant, a middle-aged man with a

conveyance which had been upset. The occupant, a middle-aged man with a dark beard, had been thrown out, and was stunned by the fall. A hand-bag lay close beside him; it had burst open, and some of the contents were slipping from its mouth.

One of these papers Mr. Aspin raised out of the mud. As he did so a cry of surprise escaped him: the document was the very same bond, belonging to Messrs. Bulling & Company, which he had stolen and restored.

"You know this gentleman?" asked a voice in English, and a hand was laid on Aspin's shoulder.

having been "bested," in spite of all his suspicions.

"Why, it was this way. The manager goes home that Saturday afternoon, looking as inuccent as a saint, and carrying a handbag crammed full of bonds.

"So I says to him. Not much fear of my troubling you, sir, sill Monday. That young rascal Aspin won't betray himself all at once, I guess, wherever he is now. We must be content to watch him." "Says the manager, 'I want a little rest badly. This affair has upset me terribly. Don't worry me, if you can help it, on the Sabbath day?" I won't sir, 'says I.

"I put my watchers on—one in front,

sir, says I.

"I put my watchers on—one in front, and the other behind—his private residence. They were both good men. But he fooled one of them entirely. Just as the evening was getting dark, the parlor-maid halls a four-wheeler from the stand opposite, and brings a Gladstone bag along, and out comes a gent muffled up to the eyes, and cabby is told to drive to Euston like mad. My man stationed in front of the house follows in haste, believing it to be the manager. It wasn't! He started two minutes later, and landed at Charing Cross, while my man was messing about the London and North Western Railway.

"How did I find it out? Why, I went round as usual to see how my men were getting on, and I found one gone. Up I marches to the cab stand, asks a cabby some questions. Front man on the rank says he was hailed to the house, but a growler got the fare to Euston. Presently another gent leares the house in another growler. The describes this gentleman and says he heard him holloa "Charing Cross." That's how I knew.

"And then I telegraphed on to Folkstone, Dover and Paris, mighty sharp, but the manager disguised himself before he got to Dover; and, by Jove! if it hadn't been for the carriage accident in Paris, we should have lost him!"...

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