

PRESENTS

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—Lindsay—

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The Victoria Wardees

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1897.



A union hearts and a union of hands
A union none can sever;
A union of homes and a union of lands
And the flag, BRITANNIA, forever.

MANUFACTURE THE LOGS INTO LUMBER AT HOME.

The new American tariff is so arranged that Canadian lumber going into the States pays \$2.00 per thousand, while Canadian sawlogs go in free.

There is a further clause that if the Canadian government imposes an export duty on logs, the United States duty on lumber shall be correspondingly increased. The easiest way to bring the Americans to their senses, and above all to protect the Canadian in his rights, is for the Ontario government to require as it has the right to do, that all logs cut in Ontario shall be sawn into lumber in Ontario.

Such a policy would greatly benefit this country. Now many a home is broken up because the breadwinner is forced to follow the logs to Michigan and earn a pittance as best he can. But his comfortable Canadian home is broken up and he and his little family become wanderers. Further, this country loses the great wealth from the millions of money that would be spent here by the additional wages paid to the laborers.

The people of Fenelon Falls can readily appreciate the benefit to Canada of lumber cut at home.

Formerly saw-mills ran at the village and all was prosperous and bright. Then for some years the mills were closed down. The people—who were left—used to watch the drives of logs as they glided by and shot down the timber slide. But the people of the village received no benefit from seeing the logs float by. Then mills were again put into operation at Fenelon Falls, and the place flourished, and still flourishes.

May success attend the effort to force the Ontario government to manufacture the lumber in Ontario.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Goldwin Smith recently gave an interview to a correspondent of an English paper in which he expressed the opinion that Christianity was one of the finished things, that imperialism was a farce, and that Canada was sure to be annexed to the United States. He finished up by saying that "he sometimes thought he should live to see the last horse, the last poet and the last woman." The British Weekly says he is no doubt congratulating himself that he cannot possibly live to see the last ass.

"RATS LEAVE THE SINKING SHIP."

Why does D. J. McIntyre seek to get the junior judgeship of Victoria? Is it because he sees the handwriting on the wall announcing the downfall of the Ontario Government, and the consequent dismissal of all "offensive partisans"? As junior judge he would be under the control of the Dominion government while as police magistrate he is amenable to the provincial authority.

When Mr. Whitney comes into office next June he would be perfectly justified in enacting retroactive legislation to remove the public immorality of the Hardy government agent junior judgeships and other public offices.

All junior judges appointed under the Hardy Act of last session should be "beheaded" by making the legislation retroactive if such were possible.

It is only eight months at farthest until the "conservatives" will be in power in Ontario and only three years till the liberal party will be turned out of the Dominion government. But much iniquity might be perpetrated meantime. The successors in office would be justified in undoing all public wrongs.

J. P. WHITNEY IN VICTORIA.

The two meetings, Fenelon Falls and Lindsay, held in Victoria by J. P. Whitney Esq., assisted by J. W. St John M.P., P. J. H. Carnegie, M.P.P., Samuel J. Fox the coming M.P.P. for West Victoria, and Col. Sam. Hughes M.P., chairman of the Midland counties conservative association, have been characterized by very large attendance of electors very intelligent listeners, and very able addresses. The effect of the meetings has been most satisfactory to the conservative leaders and the people at large.

Mr. Whitney has made a most favorable impression and has won many an independent reformer to enrol himself in his following. The way is rolling onward and "Hardy is going out" is the almost universal watchword.

Mr. Whitney may well congratulate himself on his successes thus far, but singlehanded he cannot win the province. His presence everywhere, however, is the signal for enthusiastic action among old time conservatives; for the winning over to his cause of independent reformers, and for the causing to be thoughtful and independent many old time "hardshells". The world moves on and, when elections come on the Hardy government will quietly move on. But rest assured, when Mr. Whitney becomes Premier of Ontario, while allowing his opponents to march out with all the honors of war, he will speedily put the affairs of this grand old province under capable managers and will expose the years of grit deception.

FENELON FALLS.

From our regular special correspondent.

One of the largest, most orderly and best conducted political meetings ever held in our village, took place on Tuesday evening in the skating rink, in the interest of Mr. J. H. Carnegie, M.P.P., in his canvass for the forthcoming election in the local legislature. Mr. H. J. Lytle, of Fenelon Falls, president of the conservative association acted as chairman and discharged his duties in such a manner as to increase his, at present, great popularity. The first speaker of the evening was Mr. John Fell, our former and highly respected member, who spoke a few words in a pleasing vein, and was followed by Mr. F. D. Moore, Col. Sam Hughes and Mr. Fox, in short addresses and then Mr. J. H. Carnegie, M.P.P., our popular candidate spoke for a short time in his usual pleasing and gentlemanly manner. Mr. Carnegie's address was very short, but he made his views and principles clear to all. He was followed by Mr. J. P. Whitney, who spoke for some length in a straight forward manner on the questions of the day, and dealt with them so clearly and lucidly that even a fool could understand. In this limited space, it would ill behoove your humble correspondent to attempt even a slight synopsis of Mr. Whitney's address, particularly as reporters and the talented editor of THE WARDEE were present. The inhabitants of Fenelon Falls present missed a rare treat as Mr. Whitney is clever, eloquent and gentlemanly, and left behind him the impression that he would be a difficult person for an opponent to meet on a political or any platform. Amongst those on the platform we noticed Messrs. J. D. Naylor, Dr. Laurie of Cobocook, W. Jordan, and many other well known faces.

The water wheel in connection with Mr. P. Sandford's mill has been placed in position, and whilst working at the right to do, that all logs cut in Ontario shall be sawn into lumber in Ontario.

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Letter No. 11.

Col. Sam. Hughes' Trip to England.

A gentleman accosted me on Lindsay streets last week who informed me that he knew Rev. Allan Bayne, the clerical friend of the Vale of Leven and Loch Lomond side. The same day I had received a box of "Bonnie Hielan Heather," one spring being white, others pale pink, others deep purple; as well as a photograph of Rev. Mr. Bayne, taken on the top of the mountain at the "Ladle Spring" where we had rested on that memorable Sunday, another photograph of the Latin inscription on Smolett's monument in Ranton, besides a letter and a piece of poetry commemorating the finding of the white heather. These shall be preserved as mementos of my good friend, and, though needless for this purpose, will brighten the recollections of the Vale of Leven and Loch Lomond.

SABBATH ON CARMAN.

Sept. 6th, 1897.

"I wandered over all the moor;
The rains had fallen; night drew near;
The common heath, like the poor,
Around me everywhere appear.
The pale, the ruddy, the almost white
Are seen in beauty all around;
Showers over there—and comes the night.
No heather white's seen on the ground.

I gave up looking—walked along;
Lo, at my feet and all alone,
This sprig of white that makes my song;
I pluck it for a land unknown—
Unknown to me but not to you.
May it now speak thoughts above
These things, the low and the untrue—
Speak of the Christ of "Perfect Love."

To Lr. Col. SAM. HUGHES, M.P.,
Lindsay, Canada.

From REV. ALLAN BAYNE,
Ranton, Vale of Leven,
Scotland.

Carman is the mountain overlooking Loch Lomond and the Vale of Leven on the south west.

But to return to the western and northern Highlands to bid them a hurried adieu.

The Caledonian canal divides Scotland, entering Loch Linne from the Sound of Mull and Kerrara Sound, thence to Loch Aber, past Loch Eil, up Neptune's staircase, i.e., the canal locks overcoming the rapids of the river Lochy; thence through Loch Lochy, Laggan Loch, and Loch Oich into Loch Ness and onward through the river Ness to Inverness.

Inverness, I am to say, was not visited by me, though on two occasions it was quite close. It was my intention to visit Aberdeen, Inverness and the north-eastern coast later, but being called to return for military camp prevented the carrying out of the plans, so the pleasure of a visit there rests in the future.

The western trips, however, were carried out and volumes could be written on each. Any one of the islands, Islay, Jura, Colonsay, the McNeill head-quarters; Mull, Skye, immortal for her soldiers, statesmen and divines; Lewis and Harris famed like Skye for the greatness of their people and as being the headquarters of the Clans MacLeod; North Uist and South Uist where "memory ever fondly strays"—all these western islands with their rugged beauty, wild history, charming romance and noble people form fit themes for tourist's pen, and for tourist's visits.

On another occasion these scenes will be described at greater length. The horses are studded with castles of the McLeods, Macdonalds, Macdonalds and other noted clans of the district. Every bay, promontory, cave and plain has its romance of love or war. Few miles of the rugged coast but are famed in the romances and wanderings of "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

Even yet the name seems magical amid the Highlands, and one can readily imagine the sentiment that enthused a people to sing and to put their song into practice—

"Who was he that followed thee,
King of the Highland hearts,
Bonnie Prince Charlie."

In a lonely spot, away in the northern part of Skye, is "Flora Macdonald's grave." The history and sad fate of that charming young lassie are known to our readers. Becoming attached to "Bonnie Prince Charlie" she followed him faithfully through all his joys and sorrows, his successes and reverses; and, in his trials and dangers, when all else had forsaken him, young Flora Macdonald gave the world an example of how true a Highland lass's love can be. James Hogg, "The Ettrick Shepherd," has immortalized her. He pictures her parting from "Prince Charlie" as the latter was occupying to the Continent after his defeat—

Farwell to the lad I shall ne'er see again;
Farwell to my hero the gallant and young.

Flora remained faithful, and her lonely grave rests a monument viewed annually by thousands of tourists who, while lamenting her folly, and bewailing her fate, yet admire her fidelity and truth.

Another Scottish songster, Macgillivray, has commemorated the unhappy love affair from Bonnie Charlie's view point—

"Farwell to my bright dreams of fame,
Love and glory;

Farwell, Bonnie Highlands, still dear,
Dear to me;

Farwell to my lost love, my soul's dearest
Flora.

My last sigh I'll give to dear Scotland and these.

See, see you proud eagle thro' stormy clouds soaring,
How fearless the flight of the wing that is free.

Such joy may be mine, love, when Heaven restoring
The land I love dear and my Flora to me."

On several points along the shores are scenes of the prowess of the famous MacLeod clan with the early sea kings or Macdonalds. Many a bloody battle was fought, and the fact that the MacLeods are in possession still of the islands seems proof that though descended from the Scandinavians of the third and fourth century periods, yet they were able from the 9th century onward to hold their own against all comers.

Such too is the record of the great MacKenzie clan, one which till the present is commemorated in the famous Seaforth Highlanders.

The Spanish Armada wrecks also furnished many an eventful story along the shores of the wild Hebrides. But I cannot now take either time or space to relate them.

In leaving the North-Western Highlands and Western Isles one recalls the famous lines of Burns—"My Heart's in the Highlands"—

"Farwell to the Highlands, farwell to the North,

The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;

Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands forever I love."

But tho' I bid adieu to those lovely and romantic scenes for the present, let me hope that many and useful are the lessons taught by the few weeks spent amid those historic places and people. Those people have never yet hesitated to stand for liberty. They

"Ne'er cringed to proud usurpin' might,
But foremost stood wrong's stern avenger."

In the Scotchman as in the Englishman, and in the Northern Irishman, the love of liberty is strong. One's personal liberty is valued more highly than ought else, and there is fortunately almost an entire absence of that great American weakness—a gentle duplicity or hypocrisy in matters of principle. No one in Britain is offended if one does not agree with his views. Indeed no one makes any pretence to care much whether his views on this or that subject are acceptable or not. It is taken for granted that every man has the full right to exercise his own opinion and to act within the most liberal bounds up to his opinion. As a consequence coercive laws, unless for positive injury or crime, are almost unknown. I greatly admired the Britisher, and especially the Highlander, for in his rugged home amid the mountain glens, or on the wild western islands, he has ever kept the fountain springs of liberty pure, fresh and vigorous.

Long may the same spirit flourish in my hearty wish.

Of the scenes and the hearts encountered amid the Highlands and Isles I can truly quote—

"Still in visions I behold thee,
Still I see thee fresh and fair;
Hearing legends love has told me,
And I breathe thy mountain air."

I can never forget of repay my good, true and noble friend, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal—our Canadians still love to term him—Sir Donald Smith.

The fine views obtained of his beautiful castle and estate, Inverness, on the banks of Loch Leven in the Highlands, will be cherished as mementos of pleasant hours spent in such historic ground. The famed Coe, with the more widely noted "Pass of Glencoe," are at the left hand; in front and extending far up to the right or to the north-east extends Loch Leven into which flows a river Leven. On the further, or northern side, is the Lochaber shore, while behind towers aloft the "Pass of Glencoe" and across the rugged mountains. On such an estate well may Canada's noblest citizen seek periods of rest and repose after years so well spent in his country's upbuilding. Descended as he is from the Royal family of Stewart, his mother being one of that noble house, Lord Mount Royal gives evidence of all the best and truest characteristics of that capable family. His cousin, Field Marshal Sir Donald Stewart, stands to-day with service in India and Afghanistan; while in the famous McNeill family Lord Mount Royal finds other kindred of whom he may be proud. Long will that grand and noble gentleman be honored in Canada and the great Empire he so judiciously seeks to uphold.

NOTE.—There are several Lochs and rivers "Leven" in Scotland. The chief river of that name flows from Loch Lomond to the Clyde, while the chief loch borders Lochaber and lies alongside "Invercoe" and Glencoe.

Again adieu to the Western Highlands; and away to Perthshire, Dundee, Edinburgh, Tweed and Melrose, Liddesdale, the Border country, and above all back to Glasgow and down thro' Ayr, Dumfries, Wigton and other south-western parts.

"Bonnie Doon" with all its associations—past and especially present; Maxwellton Braes, Afton Water, and many other interesting spots were visited and will be daily described in succeeding chapters.

As the Highlands produce one noble type of man and woman, so the Lowlands have another. Each is strong in all the essentials that go to make up noble man and womanhood, that tend to greatness. But in social life there is a slight difference. The Lowlands of Scotland are unrivalled for warm hearted, friendly, loving people. Bobbie Burns was but one, and his songs are typical of that great people. They clearly agree with Burns that

"The wisest man the world e'er saw
He dearly lov'd the laesie, O."

And nearly all can sing—

"I have been blithe wi' comrades dear;
I have been merry drinkin' O;
I have been joyful gatherin' gear;
I have been happy thinkin' O;

But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubled fairly O;
That happy night was worth them a',
Among the rigs o' barley, O."

On reaching Glasgow from the North and getting "caught up" the journals the papers, for I had seen the journals very irregularly in the mountains and islands, I was greatly surprised to read Sir Wilfrid's sensational speech at the Cobden Club. In all his public speeches up to that time Sir Wilfrid had been very judicious and had given general satisfaction even to a cranky fellow like me. Indeed, I hoped that owing to some good influence, I did not claim the credit for it, that worthy Canadian was going to adopt the conservative policy and, casting aside his past political follies, go actively in for upbuilding the Empire and thus of course greatly benefit Canada.

But, whether it was his visit to that dear old but dotting statesman, Gladstone; or his desire to state well with the Parliament; or whether the visit to His Holiness the Pope had rattled him, certain it is that he greatly surprised his friends. No one of importance was at the Cobden Club. Sir Wilfrid should have known Ireland and the people have learned that free trade is not responsible for Britain's commercial growth and greatness in recent years, but that in spite of it she has progressed because of the following reasons:

1. Her merchants were quickest to take advantage of steam in the propelling of vessels and of iron in their construction.

2. These factors gave her merchants first and most absolute control of the avenues of foreign and colonial trade, in itself equal to an enormous protection, for it is difficult to overcome established lines of business.

3. Iron ship building and the impulse given to inventions in machinery following altered conditions of trade produced by the use of steam and iron, gave great impetus to home industries and afforded employment to hundreds of thousands of people.

The great growth of British trade and industry was one not to Cobdenism but to those causes. All Britishers now realize

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this; and the surprise is that Sir Wilfrid should have for once while in Britain made a serious slip. But let it be hoped he has retrieved the error, by becoming as his more recent utterances indicate—a good preferential trader "within the Empire."

Next week I shall write of Ayr, and Bonnie Doon.

DR. MCKAY AND J. P. WHITNEY

EXAMPLES.

Many parents, mothers especially, are averse to their sons becoming volunteers. They dread "bad company" and "bad habits," and fear their darlings might be called on some time for active service.

Review the men of Canada to-day and those who have had the opportunity of belonging to the militia will testify to the ennobling effects thereof. Instances in hundreds can be quoted, but in this country it will be sufficient to state the fact that in addition to those of the local force, two well known men look with pride on their old militia days, i.e., J. P. Whitney, Esq., leader of the conservative party in Ontario, and Dr. McKay, M.P.P. of Woodville. These gentlemen were soldiers together upwards of a quarter of a century ago. Are they any the worse to-day for having worn Her Majesty's volunteer uniform?

A young fellow weak enough to be led astray while soldiering is weak enough to be misled at home, and the likelihood of his going wrong at home is much greater than at camp.

Once, in Fenian raid days of 1870, it was expected a certain corps would be called out for frontier service, and the men were actually ordered out for drill. One fine young fellow was hidden by his foolish mother in the hay loft. The fact leaked out and the young fellow lost last year in a northern lumber camp village, a common drunkard and wreck. He had "gone through" a fine property and was about as low as possible. In conversation over old days he said his mother's act in hiding him had unmanned him forever. A thousand times better had that misguided mother sent her boy off and let him run his chance of being shot.

With commendable spirit Dr. McKay of Woodville has encouraged both of his sons to join the 45th battalion, and is fully alive to the benefits to be derived from such a training. Many others in the county are also asking that their sons may be enrolled in the regiment.

On one occasion also during Fenian raid days of 1870, a mother different from the previous one, on being told by her son that he was going to enlist to go to the front, did not hide him or discourage him, but said, "Go and God bless you my son, and never turn your back on the enemy." And that son stands that throughout his whole life the strength of his mother's encouraging words has had an ennobling effect.

Let all Victoria mothers do likewise.

Society Notes.

THURSDAY, 21.—Regular meeting of Midland Chapter No. 94, Royal Arch Masons, at 8 p.m.

BIRTHS.

CAYANA.—At Cannington, Saturday, Oct. 2, 1897, the wife Mr. Chas. J. Cayana, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

HARTER—COCHRANE.—At the residence of Mr. Jas. Cochrane, the bride's father, 3rd con. of Fenelon, on Oct. 8th, by Rev. J. A. McKenzie, Mr. J. Hartle to Agnes Cochrane, both of Canby.

PLANK—EDWARDS.—At Cannington, Sept. 29, Miss Carrie Edwards, of Cannington, and Mr. Charles A. Plank, of Uxbridge.

STODERT—WILSON.—At Methodist church, Fenelon Falls, by Rev. M. Steele, on 29th Sept., 1897, Miss Maud Wilson, daughter of John Wilson, Esq., of Fenelon, and Mr. Ellsworth Stodert, of Seginaw, Michigan.

ACTON—THORNBURN.—At the residence of Mr. John Thornburn, township of Meriposa, on the 6th inst, by the Rev. A. Currie, M.A., Mr. Edward Acton, of Victoria Corner, and Miss Margaret Jane Thornburn.

ARMSTRONG—MCADYDEN.—At the Baptist parsonage, Cannington, on Tuesday, October 5th, 1897, by the Rev. A. H. Brace, Mr. Wm. J. Armstrong and Miss Annie Bell McAdyden, both of Manilla.

WHALEY—BELL.—On the 13th inst., at the Methodist parsonage, 38 St. Paul street, Lindsay, by Rev. J. Macfarlane, Mr. Mart Whaley of Harwood and Miss Maud Bell of Fenelon Falls.

Deaths.

BRYANT.—In Lindsay, on Monday, Oct. 11, 1897, James J. Bryant, aged 61 years.

DAWSON.—At Dorrville, Saturday, Oct. 2, 1897, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Dawson.

CAYANA.—At Cannington, Monday, Oct. 3, Archie Allan, infant son of Chas. J. and Euphemia Cayana.

MCQUEEN.—At Blackwater, Tuesday, Oct. 4, 1897, Edmund McQueen, aged 47 years.

IRWIN.—At the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. John McKinnon, St. John street, Cannington, on Friday, 1st, 1897, Mrs. Mary Irwin, aged about 75 years.

MAY.—At his father's residence, Queen st., Cannington, on Saturday afternoon, October 2nd, William, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. John R. May, aged 1 year, 6 months and 37 days.

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