

GRAND OPENING COOPER & TISDALE

NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS
IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

New French Worsted Coatings. Nobby Patterns of Scotch Tweed Coatings. Splendid Patterns of Canadian Tweeds. New Black Cashmeres. New Fancy Dress Goods. Ladies' Mantles. Ladies' Furs. Ready-Made Clothing, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Grain Bags, Boots and Shoes, Fresh Groceries, Fine Flavored Teas. Family Groceries of all kinds. Teas a Specialty.

A LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO CASH BUYERS.
E. SPROULE & CO., Cannington.

COOPER & TISDALE 'XMAS GR

Laugh and
'Xmas is
COOPER & TISDALE Has
With a desire that our many friends be happy at this season of the year, we have
lowest Rates.

THE LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTED STOCKS
Ever brought into Beaverton, and equal to any north of the City of Toronto, consisting of
DRY GOODS, MILLINERY, GROCERIES, BOOTS AND SHOES AND READY-MADE CLOTHING.

All of which we are selling at such astonishing low prices that all will declare with a feeling quite fair that Cooper & Tisdale takes the lead, as shown by the following list:—

DRY GOODS.

- 20 yds Cotton for \$1.00
- 20 yds Wincey for \$1.00
- Table Linen 20 cts. per yard.
- Gents' Tweed Suits \$6.00
- Towelling, 5 cent per yard
- Brown Duck, 10 cents per yard
- Fancy Flannel, 20 cents
- Ladies' Felt Skirts, 75 cents each.
- Fancy Crotonnes, 12 1/2 cents per yard
- Best Kid Gloves, 2 buttons, 50c. a pair
- Best Kid Gloves, 4 buttons, 75c. do
- Twill Sheetting, 2 yds wide, 25cts.
- Good Factory Cotton, 7 cents per yard
- Black Cashmeres, from 20 cents do
- Black Lustros, from 10 cents up
- Splendid Dress Goods, 10. do
- 200 yard Spools, 3 cents each
- Brown Duck Overalls, 30 cents a pair
- Cotton Shirting, 8 cents per yard
- Wool Clouds; from 15 cents up
- All Wool Shawls, from \$1.40 up
- 12 White Cambric Pocket-hkfs, 38 cts.
- Splendid Hemp Carpet, from 12 1/2 cents
- Brown Holland, from 8 cents
- Woolen Yarn, \$1.25 per bunch

GROC.

- 14 lbs Sugar for \$1.00
- Myrtle Navy Tobacco, stamped T. & B. 20 cents per plug
- Solace Smoking Tobacco, 30cts. per lb
- 20 lbs Rice for \$1.00
- New Valencia Raisins, 10 cents per lb

Boots and

- Men's Long Boots, \$1.25 per pair
- Boys' Long Boots, \$1.25 do
- Men's Buckle Felt Overshoes, \$1.45 do
- Women's buttoned Felt do \$1.45 do
- Children's Leather Lined Leather Boots, 65 cents a pair. No. 1 Stoga Boots, 50 cts
- Misses' and Boys' Leather Boots, sizes 11 and 12
- English Grain Leather Boots, hand sewed and hand pegged, (warranted) and
- Boots, Women's Fine Goat buttoned Boots, and
- Children's best quality Buttoned Boots

REMEMBER, we keep A FIRST-CLASS

REMEMBER, we keep a large stock with which he purchased some
REMEMBER, we keep Mantle Cloth
REMEMBER, we cut Mantles free of
REMEMBER, we make Mantles to order
REMEMBER, we have a large and
REMEMBER, we keep a FIRST CLASS
REMEMBER, we have 500 patterns
REMEMBER, we keep a large stock
REMEMBER, we keep a complete
REMEMBER, we keep Buffalo
REMEMBER, we keep everything
REMEMBER, we sell everything
REMEMBER, you can save 25 per cent
REMEMBER the place.

COOPER & TISDALE BEAVERTON.

Next door to the Hamilton Block.
AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT!

The reason why Cooper & Tisdale can sell cheaper than any other house in the trade is because

THEY BUY FOR CASH

and in large quantities. We now wish you the Compliments of the Season, and trust you will favor us with an early call and inspect our

Mammoth Stock. COOPER & TISDALE

How an Eating House was Ruined.
There is a well-known story of the ruin of a London luncheon shop by a spiteful and envious rival. The latter hired a boy to enter the successful shop exactly at the time when it was most crowded, and to lay on the counter, before the eyes of all the wondering and horrified guests, a dead cat. "That makes nine, ma'am," said the brazen-faced wretch, as he deposited his burden and left the shop. What avail were protestations of innocence from the indignant president of the counter? The plot had been carefully laid, and it resulted, as was expected, in a stampede of the diners to return no more.—*Temple Bar.*

Story of a Milkman.
Jones, the Hastings milkman, one morning forgot to water his milk. In the hall of the first customer in his round, the sad commission flashed upon Jinks' wounded feelings. A large tub of fine clear water stood on the floor by his side, no eye was upon him, and three did Jinks dilute his milk with a large measure filled from the tub, before the maid brought up the jug. Jinks served her and went on. While he was following down the next area, his first customer's footman beckoned him from the door. Jinks returned, and was immediately ushered into the library. There sat my lord, who had just tasted the milk. "Jinks," said his lordship,—"My lord," replied Jinks.—"Jinks," continued his lordship, "I should feel particularly obliged if you would honorably bring me the milk and water separately, and allow me the favor of mixing them myself."—"Well, my lord, its useless to deny the thing, for I suppose your lordship watched me while—"—"No," interrupted the nobleman; "the fact is, my children bathe at home, Jinks, and the tub in the hall was full of sea water, Jinks."

The Whistling Laborer.
A mason was in the habit of whistling to his laborer whenever he wanted a fresh supply of lime, and as the scaffold on which he wrought was rather small, this occurred very often during a day's job. A joiner noticing Pat answer dutifully to every call from the mason, thought of playing a trick on him by imitating the whistle, and thus brought him up with a bucket of mortar when there was no room for it. The mason told Pat that he had not whistled, so he had no other alternative than to trudge back with the load. This having occurred the third time during the day, Pat thought he would watch to hear where the whistle came from. He had not waited long with the load on his shoulder when he heard the identical whistle underneath where he stood, and leaning over, he saw the head of the joiner protruding out of the window immediately below. Pat, without more ado, emptied the bucket over the whistler's head. The joiner yelled and spluttered while attempting to clear himself from the adhesive mass; and in the midst of this confusion heard Pat above shouting at the top of his voice, "Whistle, me bhoy, when you want some more mortar."

He came in a little late, stepped out ping-pong, and, striding in with careless grace, he seated himself in the velvet chair with the young man who is accused to the figure sitting in dim obscurity on the sofa. "My love! I thought I was never going to see you again. Your mother never been away from the house nowadays. Does she mind?" "Well, not amazingly frequently," cheerfully replied the old lady from the sofa. "Mind's so much of her name out now I can't stay."

Song of the Surf.
On the shores of Time we wander,
Picking pebbles as we go;
Pebbles cast up by the waters
In their ebbing flow.
Finding here one bright with pleasure,
There—one dark with sorrow's shade;
Grief and gladness mingled ever
On the soul together laid.
List to what the surges murmur,
Every pebble is your own;
Seek not only those of pleasure,
Earth is not for joy alone.
"Learn the lesson of contentment,
Light and shadow both are blest;
Take whatever lies before you,
All are given for the best."

While along Time's shores we wander,
Gathering pebbles as we stray;
Let us not and still remember
What the murmuring surges say.

Buying an Overcoat in Detroit.
Yesterday morning a tall young man of 20 landed at the Union depot with a bundle under his arm, and after three or four minutes spent in getting his bearings he walked up Jefferson avenue and turned into a clothing store.
"Do you wish to try on some coats and vests for a dollar?" asked the proprietor, as he ushered from behind the counter.
"No, I guess not. Do you deal on the square?"
"My friend, dot is exactly what I does. I vas so square dot I lose \$2,000 last year. Can I sell you an overcoat for ten dollar?"
"No, I guess not. Here is an overcoat that I bought of you three weeks ago."
"Bought of me?"
"Yes, I think you are the man. When I got it home we found that it was moth-eaten. I can pick it to pieces in a dozen places."
"Is dot possible! Und how much do you pay?"
"Eight dollars."
"My friend! And what you want now?"
"I want my money back."
"Whell—whell. My friend, I am sorry for you. You seem like an honest poy, and it vvas too bad."
"Yes, it vvas a swindle, and I want my money back."
"Dowee, but I wish you vvas here yesterday. Let me explain to you. You bought dot coat four weeks ago?"
"Yes, four weeks ago to-day."
"Whell, I had sold out to my cousin Philip shust one day before. Philip ish not a square man."
"What have I got to do with Philip?"
"Let me explain. In three days Philip makes assignment to my brudder Louis. Dot Louis is a bettle off. He would cheat your eye teeth away from you."
"Yes, but I haven't anything to do with Louis."
"Let me explain. Louis kept de place a week, and he gif a shattel mortgage to my fadder-law, and vvas bounced out."
"I don't know anything about it."
"Let me explain. My fadder-law vvas took mit a fit and—"
"My wife was gone to Europe for two years, and she leaf me as agent. Now you see how it was. I can not tell you who sold dot coat. Maybe it vvas Philip, maybe he Louis, maybe my fadder-law. It couldn't haf been me, for I vvas in Chicago. If you leaf dat coat I will write to my wife. She is square, shust like me, and may be she writes back dot you can take a linen duster and two white vests and call it all right."
"Say, this is a sneaking swindle," exclaimed the young man.
"My friend, vvas Philip vvas a great liar."
"I'll go to the police."
"Theu, dot is all right; maybe de police vwill help me catch Louis, I shust found out last night dot he cut all der hind buttons of all der coats in der store before he left."
"If you'll step out doors I'll mash you!"
"Whell, I like to oblige you, but you see I vvas only agent for my wife."
"Well, you'll hear from me again, and don't you forget it!" said the victim as he went out.
"I hope so—I hope so. I like to make it right. I vvas only agent for my wife, but I feel so square dot I take dot coat back for \$8 if you vwant to trade it out in paper collars."

Military Politeness.
It was during the days of June, and a company of the National Guard, of which the actor Hyacinthe was a sergeant, was engaging a body of insurgents behind a barricade at the other end of a short street. One of the insurgents in particular from a corner of the barricade was making remarkably effective practice on the assailants.
At that moment up came a general, who was informed of the state of things.
"We must get him to expose himself," said the general; "one of you must clamber up on top of the barricade; then when our friend at the other end of the street shows himself to take aim, two or three of you fetch him down. Up with you, sergeant!"
"Beg your pardon, general, but perhaps, you see, an insignificant non-commissioned officer like myself may have no attraction for him. But a handsome, distinguished man like you in that stylish and becoming uniform—he'd be more than mortal if he could resist the temptation! I'll lend you a hand, general!"—*French Wit.*
"Know thyself," may be an excellent sort of proverb, but it's forcing a pretty tough acquaintance on some folks.
Don't throw away your old flour barrels. They are useful! It has been found that an ordinary flour barrel will hold 578,900 silver dollars.
Said the irate editor who had been kept waiting in the hall: "I'd have you know, sir, that time's money." Replied the languid debtor: "I'll pay you then in time!"
"Plies talk, so an English scientist says, but as interviewers they don't come up to bees, and for a stinging article they are far behind the intelligent but biting mosquito.
"Who did that churning last week?" asked Farmer Fourlock. "I did," said Bill. "Then you do it again this week?" said the old man; "one good churn deserves another." Covert expressions of joy by all Bill's brothers and sisters.
A MILLER in Peru, Ind., fell asleep in his mill, and bent forward till his hair got caught in some machinery and was yanked out, and of course, it awakened him, and his first bewildered exclamation was: "Dern it! wife, what's the matter now?"
It is printed as a rather remarkable fact that "Washington's body servant" was not at the Yorktown Centennial. His absence will not appear so strange when it is explained that the old man was down in Texas cutting seventeen cords of wood on that day. He wanted to come, but business is business, and the wood had to be cut.
She sported a wart on the end of her nose, she had false teeth and a glass eye, her hair was red, her face freckled, and she was pidgeon-toed and wore a No. 8 gaiter. In spite of all this he resigned the love of a beautiful maiden to marry her. And was he happy? He was. Why? Easy enough. He had been a newspaper man for fifteen years, and the girl was rich.

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