

CLEARING SALE of all SUMMER FOOTWEAR

For the NEXT THIRTY DAYS we are offering every line we have at greatly reduced prices. We are not offering you bargains in a bankrupt stock, goods that have been on the shelf for years, but we are offering you MONEY BARGAINS SAVING ON NEW AND UP-TO DATE SHOES.

LOOK AT A FEW OF THESE:

WOMEN'S FOOTWEAR	MISSES' FOOTWEAR	BOY'S FOOTWEAR	MEN'S FOOTWEAR
—30 pair Dongola Oxfords, regular \$1.25, on sale for 90c.	—Misses' Fine Dongola Boot, \$1.25	—Boy's Fine Dongola Bal, Vesting top, sell regularly at \$1.75, clearing at \$1.35	—Men's fine Dongola Bal, regular \$2.25, on sale for \$1.75
—Women's Box Call Shoe, regular \$1.25, on sale \$1.00	—Misses' Fine Dongola Oxfords, regular \$1.40, on sale for \$1.10	—Boy's Fine Buff Bal, riveted sole solid leather, regular price \$1.65, clearing at \$1.25	—Men's Box Call, double sole make, an elegant fall Boot, regular price \$3, clearing at \$2.25
—Women's Dongola Butt. or Bal Vici Kid, regular \$1.40, on sale 1.15	—Misses' Oil Pebble Boot, solid make, a fine school boot, regular price \$1.25, clearing at 75c.	—Boy's Heavy Oil Grain Boot, riveted and pegged sole, solid all through, reg \$1.50, now \$1.15	—Men's solid leather Harvest Boot 90c.
—Women's Kid Slippers clearing at 75c.			—Men's 1/2 seamless Plough Boot, heavy extension sole, at \$1.25

ROBINSON & EWART

will pay you, if you intend travelling, to examine our line of

RUNKS

—AND—

ALISES

WATERFALLS AWAY DOWN

PAUL WAS FILLED WITH BOER BULLETS

Paul Escaped Without a Scratch

The following letter is the last received from Paul of Janetville, who is a Strathcona Horse. It is addressed to his brother-in-law, Mr. Wm. Waterfall, July 16, 1890.

Brother, —The time seems rather long when a letter is posted until it returns. On the 12th of July I got into the saddle about 10 o'clock. I got the paper you sent me and your letter. I struck me very hard in the slight difference in the way we celebrated the 12th; for you were to celebrate and I went in pur-



the enemy. On that day I was seven that were picked out for us. We were about 25 miles north of Pretoria. It was a wet morning, and I started off. The troops were on the right flank and they had a scrap. We had one man killed, and three horses killed. I got orders from the general that I was to go about five miles further to find out if it was true; so I rode our weary steeds on the way. Two of our party lay down, and they could not go any further, so that we had to finish the day. We went through the rain until we came to the place and with my glasses I saw the enemy moving in a mass on the left flank. We drove them out and they were killed. We have been fighting every day since. I have not had a rest all day.

July 13th there were 24 of us sent to a German mine and we met a Boer. He led us into a trap; he caught us up a long piece of burnt rope and when we were about 200 yards from it 900 Boers rose from the rocks and came to the front and they fired until we were wounded, six taken prisoners and three killed and four wounded. The

remainder of us got back to the main body. The fight lasted for about three hours.

The enemy set fire to the grass to delay our progress and the following day it was so smoky that we got under fire of their large guns and pom-poms before we had time to realize it. The fight did not last long. We came out with few casualties. Have had short notice to scribble these few lines, so I will have to close as the mail is going out right away. I am going to send you a photo of my chum Alex. Kruger, and also a Transvaal coin with Kruger's head on it.

Give my kindest regards to all inquiring friends. You will please tell Tony or any of the family to not be offended at me for not answering their letters. I will write to you and that will do for all. I remain your sincere friend, J. PAUL

A Heroine.

In a cemetery on the banks of the St. Lawrence river, near Prescott, is an epitaph saying that the stone was "erected to the memory of Elizabeth Richardson, who heroically defended the life of her lover by sticking a pitchfork in a mad cow's nose." The heroic Miss Richardson was 38 years old when she died.

HAIR

Wealth of hair is wealth indeed, especially to a woman. Every other physical attraction is secondary to it. We have a book we will gladly send you that tells just how to care for the hair.

If your hair is too thin or losing its luster, get

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

Growth becomes vigorous and all dandruff is removed. It always restores color to gray or faded hair. Retain your youth; don't look old before your time.

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Mrs. N. E. HAMILTON, Norwich, N. Y., Nov. 28, 1888.

Write the Doctor. If you don't obtain all the benefits from the use of the Vigor, you desire from it, Address, Write the Doctor about it, Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

THE SECRET SERVICE

HOW IT LAYS TRAPS INTO WHICH SMUGGLERS TUMBLE.

Affable Agents Who Travel on Ocean Liners and Beguile Those Who Would Cheat Your Uncle Samuel Into Giving Up Their Secrets.

How smugglers smuggle is well known in every country that puts a duty on certain imports, but how the government officials put their hands on the violators of the law is quite another story. Some think it no crime to steal from the "rich" government, and they lay their plans to bring in dutiable goods free as cautiously and cleverly as does the burglar who is about to break into a house.

It is not generally known to globe trotters or even stay at homes that the United States has several of the "brightest" men in the customs service constantly on the go crossing and recrossing the Atlantic in search of those who are likely to have had memories when it comes to the point of making a declaration. The latter is a strong legal document to which every incoming tourist has to swear and affix his signature. So that when a traveler is found guilty of bringing into the country that which does not appear as an entry on his declaration he is likewise guilty of perjury.

The government employees who make these regular trips on the big liners are in the pay of the treasury department. It is obvious that they are obliged to have a gentlemanly presence and an affability that usually mark the great traveler. This affability is worth a good deal to the government, and it has been the downfall of many smugglers.

Confidences are exchanged while the huge twin screws are churning the water astern, and the man with the diamonds or other precious stones concealed in his bicycle tires or inside the cheap cigars that he has purchased abroad learns with a great deal of interest that his agreeable companion, who says that he is a broker or something of the sort, also intends to devote his energies to defrauding Uncle Sam. Of course this agreeable companion does not intend to do anything of the sort, but this is one of his many ruses for finding out how the wind blows on the other side of the fence.

He makes the acquaintance of everybody worth knowing during each trip, and he entertains the smoker, as well as the social hall, with the latest and best stories. When the ship reaches Sandy Hook, he knows most of the other passengers better than any one else. He is the first man ashore, and in the examination of his luggage comes the funny part of the whole thing.

Having made his declaration in the main saloon coming up the bay the same as the rest of the passengers, subscribed to the paper and received a square, white card with a blue penciled numeral drawn across its face, he presents this to the customs officials on the dock, and an inspector, who looks at the card and the number, and while the passengers are swarming to the pier from the ship and hundreds of bedroom stewards are lugging ashore the great tangle of trunks and personal effects, the secret agent of the government has run within halting distance of somebody who does know him.

They shake hands as warmly as if the whole thing was not made up, and they act as if they hadn't seen each other in 20 years. The newcomer is on the collector's staff, and he finds a neatly folded piece of paper in his hand when his baggage. This paper is known from A to Z by its new owner within a few minutes, and the next interesting chapter is when the whole thing is over and the would be smuggler is alone and asks himself:

"Now, how in the name of all that's reasonable did they know I had that jewelry?"

Under such secrecy do these agents operate that even the navigators of the ships on which they travel do not know their calling. They pay full fare and take out tickets in the regular way, sometimes through main offices, but most frequently through a tourists' agency.

Their pay varies, but the minimum is \$10 per day and all expenses paid. They stop at the best hotels while abroad, for they find the best results for their labors there.

In addition to these traveling agents the government has in the chief cities of Europe secret agents who keep track of all the big exporting houses and large jewelers. These men get \$8 per day and all expenses. There are four of these agents in London, five in Paris and three in Berlin. The land agent abroad gets the majority of his tips through the employees of the houses where American purchases are made. That the reins may be drawn as tightly as possible on dishonest tourists the government has a secret understanding to divide the value of seized goods where the information is furnished by a disinterested party. This rule is most profitable to both the government and the one giving the information.

There are certain houses abroad which sell diamonds, silks or other dutiable goods to American buyers and notify the treasury agents immediately. Thus it is that frequently the moment a tourist steps on board a ship on the other side with valuables that he may "forget" to declare on arrival here the fact is cabled to this side, and the boarding officers and inspectors pass him the compliments of the day on the pier.

To draw the strings around the dishonest ones tighter they gather at the pier of every big steamer on arrival a staff of treasury officials whose sole business it is to discover anything that may have escaped the observation of the agents abroad. Among these are several inspectors, who can spy a bulging gown several cable lengths away.

The pay of these secret agents and the reward that goes to the informant come from the secret or contingent fund of the government, of which the public never learns. Every civilized country has a fund of this kind.

Somewhat Shady.

"Aha," exclaimed the policeman, "reading a paper are you? I thought you claimed to be a blind man."

"So I am," replied the beggar, who had been taken off his guard. "My trade is putting blinds on windows."—Philadelphia Press.

When thought becomes rampant, it breaks forth into speech and becomes eloquence. When lack of thought becomes burdensome, it finds voice and is twaddle.

If a man has a good scheme and makes money out of it, people call him a genius; if he loses, they call him a fool.

Rascality would have a much harder row to hoe if it were not for fools waiting to be victimized.—Chicago Demo

Straw Horseshoes.

Straw is put to strange uses in Japan. Most of the horses are shod with straw. Even the clumsiest of cart horses wear straw shoes. In their case the shoes are tied around the ankles with straw rope and are made of the ordinary rice straw, braided so that they form a sole for the foot about half an inch thick. These soles cost about a half penny per pair, and when they are worn out they are thrown away. Every cart has a stock of fresh new shoes tied to the horse or to the front of the cart, and in Japan it was formerly the custom to measure distance largely by the number of horse-shoes it took to cover the distance. So many horseshoes made a day's journey, and the average shoe lasted for about eight miles of travel.

The Lobster.

A scientist has entered a protest against the use of the term "lobster" as an epithet implying lack of skill or courage. He says that lobsters on the Nova Scotian coast draw up in battle array and fight for hours according to thoroughbred rules, the coast being littered with claws and other evidences of dismemberment when the struggle is over.

DUEL WITH POTATOES.

How a Kentucky Preacher Turned a Desperado Into Ridicule.

One way of combating an evil practice is to make it look ridiculous. It was by this means that dueling was stopped in a certain district in Kentucky. A traveling preacher named Bowman—a strong, muscular fellow—was conducting services in Kentucky. At one of his meetings a well known desperado character created a disturbance, and, being publicly rebuked by Bowman, sent him a challenge to fight. Bowman, as the challenged party, had the choice of weapons. He selected a half bushel of Irish potatoes, as big as his fist, for each man, and stipulated that his opponent must stand 15 paces distant, and that only one potato at a time should be taken from the measure.

The desperado was furious at being thus freshly insulted, and made an indignant protest, but Bowman insisted upon his rights as the challenged man, and threatened to denounce the desperado as a coward if he failed to come to time. As there was no way out of the fix but to fight, the desperado consented. The encounter took place on the outskirts of the town, and almost everybody in the place was on hand to see the fun. The seconds arranged the two men in position, by the side of each being a half bushel measure filled with large, hard Irish potatoes. Bowman threw the first tuber. It struck his opponent and flew into pieces.

A yell of delight went up from the crowd, which hurried the desperado, and his potato flew wide of the mark. Bowman watched his chance, and every time his opponent stooped for a potato another hit him in the short ribs, knocking the wind completely out of him, and doubling him up on the grass. The people were almost crazy with laughter, but Bowman looked as solemn as if he had just been preaching a funeral sermon. The desperado was taken home and put to bed, and staid there for more than a week before he recovered from the effects of the Irish potato duel.

Turkish Police Justice.

A trifling dispute between a Kurd and an Armenian on a street in Constantinople led to an amusing instance of justice as it is dispensed by the Turkish police.

A tobacco box was found on the sidewalk, as alleged, by a Kurd. An Armenian claimed the box as his own. Neither would give in, and the dispute waxed warm. From words they were near coming to blows when a policeman came up. But he could not decide the question of ownership.

At last the Armenian suggested that the policeman ask what was in the box. "Tobacco and cigarette paper," said the Kurd promptly.

"The box contains nothing but a 25 cent piece," said the Armenian, smiling. The officer opened the box and, finding the Armenian was right, settled the dispute by giving him the box.

"The Armenian is the owner of the box," he said. "The Kurd is a liar." Here he smote the Kurd over the head. "Allah be praised! For my trouble in deciding this complicated affair I will keep the 25 cents."

Heliographs in 1500.

In "The Art of Warre," by Nicholas Machiavelli, dated 1500, and translated by Peter Whitehorn, at the end of the book the translator has added some original matter. Here is "How to write and cause the same that is written to be read afar off without sending any message."

"A captain besieged in any town or fortress unable to communicate without by letter may, by day, as far as a burnished glass can cast the sun on a hut or such-like, may be described—he having arranged with his friends the order of signal—one or two lights being flashed, hidden or displayed again." What is this but the heliograph of the present day?—London Chronicle.

A Remarkable Canal.

Running from Phillipsburg to Newark, N. J., there is a remarkable canal. It is 60 miles long and was operated before any railroads were built in the state. At times it runs side by side with the Lackawanna railroad. Locks are not used, the boats being drawn up and down elevations on great cars on a track 18 feet wide.

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