The Porcupine Advance

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FRIDAY, NOV. 8.

Do you ever wonder what used to run on the railroad track before they invented trains.

No one seems to be safe in these progressive days. An Oregon woman has kissed Eugene V. Debs.

It isn't "Turkish Delight" which the Bulgarians are handing out to their ancient enemies.

A good many door mats with "welcome" can be safely classed as dirty liars.

It might be well to remark before some one beats us to it, that it is time to commence your Christmas shopping.

A girl in New York has received $500 for an injury to her patella. A common knee-pan would have been worth only about a hundred.

There is always an excuse for failures and if all men got to the top there wouldn't be sufficient foundation for them to stand upon.

What queer things evolve from brutes. Men who kick at a soiled towel will fondle and kiss good-bye the dirtiest kind of a $10 bill.

President Taft said he would be elected for obvious reasons and the betting men offered odds against him for various reasons.

It will soon be the "swearing off" season, and habit, that sly dog of Satan chuckles softly, when it hears its victim say he is going to "shake it off."

A man arrested in Vancouver by the name of Scott Brown, says he was paid $60 to commit bigamy. The high costs of husbands is coming down.

A woman in Chicago was struck by lightning while playing the piano. The provocation may have been great, but the method of punishment is a little severe.

One could not blame the Turk these days if he should happen to ask his way to the Hague Peace Palace.

Dealers are again going to raise the price on hams and probably put on an extra wrapping of paper. What a bargain and a luxury that old fashioned soup bone would now be for 10 cents.

A love letter has been unearthed which is said to have been written five thousand years ago. Change the date and even a judge in a divorce case would not know but what it was one of the every day, up-to-date ones.

Fate is defined as an inevitable destiny or necessity; appointed lot; ill fortune; doom; final issue; Women meet their fate when they find a husband who will foot their bills, with or without grumbling.

According to news dispatches Mrs. Grover Cleveland is to be married again, thus indicating a satisfactory solution of the problem that has worried the people of the United States, as to "what shall we do with the widows of our ex-Presidents."

The spirit of Thermopylae is still alive. A Greek whom we know by the name of Peter Anagnas has written that he is leaving Saturday to take up arms in defence of his country and bids us farewell. Our reply to Peter is also "Farewell."

Bankrupt Stock Sale

B'ot the $5000,00 Clothing and Furnishing Stock of The COMMONWEALTH STORE at 55c on the Dollar

Along with which we have added the Bankrupt Stock of THE FORD CLOTHING CO., Yonge St., Toronto, also purchased by us at a ridiculously low figure, which consists of the choicest and newest lines of Men's Apparel viz---

2 Cases Men's Fancy Worsted and Tweed Winter Suits
1 Case " Blue and Black Worsted and Serge Suits
3 Cases " - - - Newest Winter Overcoats
5 Cases Winter Underwear, Shirts, Socks, and etc.
14 Cases Boots, Shoe Packs. Mocassins, Rubbers, etc.
10 Cases Men's Furnishings, Hats, Caps, etc., etc.

The Store will be closed until Wednesday, November 6th

to give us a chance to check off the goods, and prepare them for sale. Being Bankrupt Stock Buyers to sell the entire stock at once, is our plain duty, and we'll do it in the way we have always done things--in no half hearted fashion--but we'll "take the Bull by the Horns", so to speak and place the entire, magnificent stock on sale, commencing

Wed. Morning at 9 o'clock

At Unheard of Prices

You want to know about the low prices?--- Well we have certainly fixed them low enough, and will say that everything must be sold by the earliest date possible.

"Prices melt like Magic"

The news of this great sale will spread like wild fire--"Big Ben" will howl--so be on hand early, as the store is crowded to overflowing with goods, and standing room will be at a premuim. Out everything goes at startlingly low prices

LOOK FOR THE BIG RED FRONT

On the Busy Corner

The Bankrupt Stock Buying Co.

Golden Ave., So. Porcupine

Successors to the Commonwealth Store and Selling the Bankrupt Stock of the Ford Clothing Company

There are a very few families who spend less than $150 a year for meat and milk and butter cost the averagefamily $75 more, and these figures are taken from statistics which tell you how to live on $9 a week.

The appeal of womanhood, "We want to vote so that we can stop the white slave traffic, sweated labor and save the children." It has been estimated that the white slave traffic alone costs the United States and Canada over tnree billions of dollars each year. This estimate does not include the expense of caring for the sick, the blind, the insane, the paralytic—all well-known results of the spread of this life-sapping system, which can only finally spell physical rot and mental decay. Let the women vote if they can stop any part of it.

A little story from real life comes from away out in Portland, Oregon and it mostly concerns only a little child and a cur dog. Five dogs were impounded and the law had set a day for their killing. But Chief of Police Shaw came to their rescue, why not auction off instead of kill off, he asks; and before 10 a.m. of the day set he mounts the auction block.

A black shepherd sells first call. A Shepherds specialty is driving sheep. A little Spitz brings a fair price. Lap-dogging is a Spitz's specialty, and there are some women who prefer lap dogs to children. Two fox terriers sell like hot cakes. Fox terriers' specialties are rat-catching and giving the neighbors nervous prostration.

And now Auctioneer Shaw puts up for bids the last, an ordinary street cur, mongrel through five generations and altogether miscellaneous. What do you bid for just a dog? What's offered for this fine model of just hair, flesh and bones? Bring on the chloroform, Mr. Poundkeeper! But a little girl comes through the crowd. She wants that dog. Why? The cur has no specialty. Worthlessness is written all over him. 'He is friendless. But he wags his tail. His eyes appeal. The child wants him to love him, that's all. She asks them to hold back the chloroform until she can go home and get her pennies from her little savings bank.

Only a cur dog, thought the chief of police, but what a price he brought—the love of a child. You see, the chief had for years been rubbing up against human nature. He had seen it in the slums and in the environs of the aristocracy. He had known strong, able workmen to be auctioned off in the wage-market. Always he had seen folks bidding in at lowest possible price the things of the highest value, for profit's sake. Always he had seen the poor, the friendless, the unspecialized chloroformed in some way or other—put out of the way in behalf of the profitable. Here was pure love, backed by the pennies of a child's bank, offered just for love's sake, and as the chief put the mongrel pup into the child's arms, he must have said under his breath, "You lucky cut!" for the greatest of all specialties is the ability to return love for love, at which there are few creatures more accomplished than just a plain dog.

Withdrawn from the Courts

An important Patent suit, commenced by the Canadian General Electric Company against The Canadian Tungsten Lamp Company, has been withdrawn from the Courts, The Canadian Tungsten Lamp Company having arrived at a settlement with The Canadian General Electric Company, and secured from that Company a license to manufacture and sell drawn wire Tungsten lamps.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

Father—"Ethel, did I not see that young man put his arm around you as he said good-bye last evening?"

Ethel—"Yes, father; but you don't believe in absolutely universal disarmament do you?"