

Central Hardware Store

(S. P. WHITE'S OLD STAND.)

FARMERS!

- Barb Wire, Machine Oils, Paint Oils, Forks, Spades, Shovels, Glass

And everything in the hardware line cheaper than ever, call at

LEWIS BROS.,

125 Princess Street, July 16.

HARVEST TOOLS!

Sperry Rakes, Hay Forks, (Best and Straight Handled.) From 40c. up.

Scythes, from 50c. up.

Snaths, (Ring and Patent Heel.)

Best Machine Oil!

Best American Barb Wire!

AT

McMAHON BROS.

SIGN OF THE "BIG PADLOCK" July 19th.

City Tailoring!

FIRST-CLASS WORK AT LOWEST PRICES

Gentlemen who like neat fitting and well-made clothing, will do well to call on

Lambert & Walsh,

MERCHANT TAILORS, 173 PRINCESS ST., (Monty's Block), Kingston.

We have always in stock a choice selection of the finest Dress and Tweeds, and also Ready-Made Clothing, which we sell at Genuine Close Prices.

Don't forget the place: It is a store between Ross Bros. & Kennedy's on Princess Street.

LAMBERT & WALSH,

Aug. 12.

MILES STORMS & SON

Sydenham.



UNDERTAKERS.

Coffins, Caskets, Metallic Boxes, Graves, Shrines, and everything in the Undertaking Line.

Best and most Expensive Funerals arranged. Every requisite kept in Stock. Badges, Kiss Gloves, etc., furnished free. All orders promptly attended to. June 19th.

MORTGAGE SALE

Valuable Farm Property!

Situate in the TOWNSHIP OF LOBOROUGH.

UNDER and by virtue of the power of sale contained in certain mortgages from Thomas W. Guesse to the Ontario Building and Savings Society, which mortgage will be produced at time of sale, there will be sold by Public Auction on

THURSDAY, SEPT. 10th, 1885

at twelve o'clock noon, by WILLIAM MURRAY, Esq., Auctioneer, at his Auction Rooms, Market Square, Kingston, the following valuable Real Estate in one parcel, viz:

The east half of Lot No. One in the Second Concession of the Township of Lobbrough, in the County of Frontenac, containing 191 acres.

The Vendor reserves to themselves the right of one acre.

Terms of payment liberal; 10 per cent. of purchase money down, 20 per cent. additional within thirty days and balance may remain on mortgage at 5 per cent. interest if desired, or all may be paid within the 30 days.

Large houses with kitchen, woodshed, etc., at school; barn 32x44 feet; good orchard of apple, plum and pear trees. House and barn in first-class order.

For further particulars apply to

B. M. BRITTON, Vendor's Solicitor, Kingston, Aug. 30th, 1885.

FARMERS!

REMEMBER—You can save money by buying your Flour, Cornmeal, etc. directly from the

Grist Mill at Kingston Mills,

For Uncle Sam's Miller is doing excellent work and the undersigned is bound to satisfy his Customers.

CORNSHALL, FLOUR, FEED, &c., ALWAYS ON HAND.

J. W. THOMPSON,

Aug. 11th.

FRESH FROM THE PEN

1 Set of Whole Arm Capitals for Eight 3c

1 Set of Italian Capitals for Ten 3c. Stamp.

1 Set of Abbreviated Boston Capitals for Six 3c. Stamp.

Your name written on 12 Cards different styles, for Eight 3c. Stamp.

A beautiful specimen of Pen Flourishing sent free with each order.

A. NEWLANDS, Penmanship Institute, Kingston, Ont. Aug. 6th.

DRS. SULLIVAN & GARRETT

Physicians, Surgeons, etc. 30 SULLIVAN, M.D.; J. W. GARRETT, M.D. 30 King St. East. 91 Wellington St. Feb. 5

"BRING MYRTLE."

A number of letters were awaiting Colonel Haldane, Commandant of the Newly, on his return from parade. He was unmarried, rich and rather distinguished looking. It will therefore surprise no one that he was accustomed to receive a great many sweet-scented, delicately-monogrammed, prettily worded letters from the various members of the fair sex with whom he was acquainted.

Among the little heap which lay before him was one conspicuous for its careful hand-writing and rough envelope. Oddly enough, this was the one he selected first for perusal. Scrawled on the lip of the envelope were these words, "Bring Myrtle."

Colonel Haldane put up his "gentlemanly eyeglass," and held his head a little on one side; he twisted his ironing moustache into a yet more poignant expression as he inspected those curious words, "Bring Myrtle." Who was Myrtle?—What was Myrtle? How many times he read and re-read that message he was perhaps unaware. But it was useless, "Bring Myrtle" remained on the lip of the envelope, an unsolved enigma.

Slowly he opened the letter. It was an invitation to afternoon tea at the Whites—people he knew slightly, as he knew so many in the heavily garrisoned naval and military town close to the barracks at Newly.

The letter was from Miss Florence White, who wrote in her mother's name.

He called up a vision of Florence White. Tall and stately, a girl with a mass of golden brown hair, rolled off her forehead; a girl he had greatly admired, as one admires a serene and lovely landscape; a girl who made him feel provokingly "foggyish." Other young ladies rattled away at him as if he were a sub, asked him to play tennis with them, and treated him like a mere youngster. But this young lady had placed him, with due regard for his complexion, in a shadowy corner of the drawing-room on one of two occasions when he had taken "tea" there, and had introduced him to some deep-toned matrons as if in that direction lay his natural bias; and now this stately young lady sends him a jocular postscript bidding him "Bring Myrtle."

Colonel Haldane sat down in the comfortable velvet chair which faced the parade ground, and commanded a fine view of the ever-companionable sea. The little ripples were laid at his feet, and the white sails of the boats and the buoyant clouds were chasing one another like school-boys on a common. How innocent and fair was the world of nature! He sat dreaming over his problem "Bring Myrtle" quite happily.

A knock with the knob of a stick on the door breaks into his reflections, and Captain Hilton enters with his customary off-parade familiarity. "Well, old fellow, what's up? Sea and sentiment, eh? It's fatal to sit in that attitude, looking at the sea. What's up, I ask you?"

Colonel Haldane roused himself from his reverie with an effort; he gently tapped his left hand with the letter which yet remained idly between his finger and thumb. "Jane," he said, addressing Captain Hilton by his nickname, "Jane! what on earth does it mean when you receive a message from a young lady to 'Bring Myrtle'?" and he handed the envelope to Captain Hilton.

Jane, who had a rolling eye and a jollying smile, took the envelope daintily, and after reading it, pressed it to his heart, and said, with a strong brogue, "Why, man, it's a proposal! What do the ladies wear on their festal brows and twist in the flowing satin of the bridal gowns but myrtle? 'Bring myrtle.' I tell you it's a proposal—a bonafide proposal. I wish you every joy! She is a sweet girl, if a bold one."

Without a word Colonel Haldane sprang in a melodramatic manner at the throat of Captain Hilton, and held him with a grip of iron.

"How dare you speak of Miss White like that?" he said, the least distinguished girl of my acquaintance. Apologues, Captain Hilton rolled his eye with a ghastly appeal on Colonel Haldane, when the latter suddenly relaxed his grasp and said:

"Forgive me, Hilton, but really I—I object to such an unseemly idea."

"I beg your pardon, Colonel," said Captain Hilton, stilly; "I object equally to being throttled. Allow me to wish you good morning."

"Stop, my friend," said Colonel Haldane, confusedly; "I don't know what is the matter with me! I'm half asleep. I think, sea and sentiment, as you said just now. Come, my friend! Do tell me what on earth Miss White means."

"Means? something green," said Hilton, viciously; "but whether sprouting in a tub, after the fashion of the blossoming shrub, or done up in a glass case, after the artificial mode, I know not. I wish you good morning, Colonel."

And with that he retreated to the mess-room.

"Blossoming shrub," murmured Colonel Haldane, "Bless his Hibernian wit! Eureka! Now I have it!" And with that he sat down at his writing-table and penned the following letter:

Au Myrtille, 10, Avenue Victor Emmanuel, a Menton, Alpes Maritimes. Send the finest flowering myrtle you possess to the following address: Miss Florence White, The Grange, Portersdown, Sussex. The myrtle must arrive on the afternoon of September 7, one week from this date.

The Colonel Haldane rang the bell hastily, and told the man to post his letter. This done, he placed the note from Miss Florence White in the pocket of his frogged coat, and then proceeded to read the rest of his correspondence.

The afternoon of the 7th duly arrived, and with a strange palpitation at his heart (a sensation which ought to have aroused his suspicions as to the exact state of his susceptibilities), Colonel Haldane drove, up in his little hooded carriage, with the tiger jumping up and down behind, to the gates of the Grange.

"Here comes the pig in the poke," said Felicity White, a younger daughter, who was given to using her brains in off-hand criticism. "If a man will drive a carriage with a hood, what is one to call him but a pig in a poke, you know? He is fidgeting at the gate most awfully, Florence; do come and look."

"I like that hooded carriage," said Florence. "It's a style of Thomson's." And then she turned with a ready grace to meet Colonel Haldane, who had just entered the room.

"Felicity and I were drawn to the window by the magnetical influence of your charming little carriage," she said. "I so admire your 'poke.'"

"Do you?" said Colonel Haldane, gratefully. "It is very kind of you!"

and then he looked steadily at Florence, absolutely blushing as he did so. Florence, catching the glance interrogative, was arrested in her amiable intention of transporting him to the other end of the long, lone drawing-room, and introducing him to Mrs. Harrington, the rector's wife. This agitated gentleman did not look exactly in a fit state to be discoursed to about Winter blanket clubs and working-men's clubs and friendly societies.

It's all very fine talk about leading an unimpeded existence like Jane Austen; but why on earth did old Colonel Haldane look at her with this unfathomable glance from his undeniably fine grey eyes? What did it mean? She fell away from him, musing, and turned the outward machinery of trite commonplaces on her greeting of the numerous guests, who were rapidly arriving.

The Whites had just started a page, who answered to the ubiquitous name of "Tommy," one of those specimens much adapted by ambitious matrons as an improvement on parlor maids; a creature raw of the fields, with the expression of an animated turnip and brains to match. In the midst of a buzz of voices intermingling with the frou-frou of rich dresses, Tommy suddenly darted into the room and made straight for Miss Florence White, carrying in his lobster-colored hands a book suggestive of the P. D. Company.

Colonel Haldane, from his solitary seat in the deep recess of the bay window facing the entrance to "The Grange," felt an awful sensation coming over him. Was this the myrtle arriving? and had the Menton folks absolutely charged the carriage to Miss White? What should he do? He shrank behind the deep amber of the curtains, then as suddenly emerged.

"Bring Myrtle!" These were her own words, and he made a violent rush across the room to her side.

"It's the myrtle," he said, breathlessly. "Allow me! The stupid page has made a mistake," he continued, incoherently. "The idea of charging the carriage to you! And he threw a sovereign into Tommy's bushy fingers."

Miss White looked at Colonel Haldane with ever-enlarging pupils. He had returned lately from Egypt, had been indefatigable at the bombardment of Alexandria, had had an illness on his return, and she remembered having heard that he had been obliged to have his head shaved. She continued to look at him quite tenderly, as if her thoughts dived phantasmically about her.

"Thank you, Colonel Haldane," she said. "You have saved me the trouble of fetching my purse. This is a new boy-country manner, you know, he wants instruction." And, smiling pleasantly, she moved out of the room after the vanishing figure of Tommy.

In the round, roomy hall stood a huge tub matted up and bearing the name, "An Myrtille, a Menton," etc.

"It's a flowering myrtle, Miss," said Tommy, and he handed the carrier, as it ever fell to his duty to do so.

"Fetch a pair of gardening scissors, Tommy," said Miss White, "and another time never venture to bring P. D. C. books into the drawing-room. Go to the housekeeper with that kind of thing."

Tommy took the color natural to him in yet deeper hues, and ran for the scissors. Miss White soon snipped the detaining strings, and gave way to a very natural delight as the starchy blossoming myrtle was exposed to view.

"Very good," she thought, "it's addressed unmistakably to me. Poor Colonel Haldane! What does it mean?"

Thinking again of the shaven head and the bombardment of Alexandria, she sighed a little pensively, and a little compassionately, and returned to the drawing-room just in time to escape the entry of Mrs. Danvers, whose forest cart, drawn by a lovely pair of Welsh ponies, she saw turning in at the gate. The lady now entered, followed by her inseparable companion, a perfect Dandy-Diamond, a long-legged, long-eared, dapper, pedigreed creature, which rejoiced in the possession of seven prizes.

Florence immediately made a rush at the dog.

"What you have brought Myrtle! I was afraid, when I saw you this morning, that you would forget, though I mentioned it in my note!" Both ladies had moved in the direction where still sat Colonel Haldane, plunged in stiller reflection, in the recess of the window. Was the long-backed, long-legged, dapper dog the honored object of the message?

"Of course, I brought dear old Myrtle," purred Mrs. Danvers. "I should subscribe at an afternoon tea if I hadn't a bit of natural life like that trusty Seteban about me."

"Now it's explained!" said a deep voice from behind the amber curtains, and Colonel Haldane came forward once more.

The hesitation of his manner had vanished; he was smiling serenely, and his eyes were fixed with an expression of perfect understanding on the countenance of Miss White.

"Bring Myrtle!" he continued, laughingly. "This is Myrtle! Royal Myrtle! they may be, but this form of Myrtle can't be improved upon!"

Again Miss White's pupils enlarged sympathetically. Worse and worse! Poor Colonel Haldane! She trembled for his reason. Not so Mrs. Danvers. Fixing him with her bright eyes, she said: "What is explained? Confusion of circumstances?"

"Confusion of envelopes. 'Bring Myrtle' was scribbled on the wrong back to the ally," said Colonel Haldane.

With a sudden illumination, Miss White sank down beside Colonel Haldane in the recess, with a deep blush of mortified confusion.

"Does that account for the presence of the flowering myrtle in the hall?" she asked, after a moment of horrified silence.

"Yes; charming mistake for me," muttered Colonel Haldane. "Gave me an opportunity that I—"

and he looked at Mrs. Danvers, who, with a fitness worthy of her, dashed away to the other end of the room to meet the extended hand of an apropos acquaintance. He went on smoothly enough now. "An opportunity that I wanted. Will you one day wear a sprig of that other myrtle for me, Florence?"

TELEGRAPH BRIEFS.

A Budget of Interesting Items From All Parts of the World by Electricity

Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 20.—Gov. Hood has been nominated for Governor and Warwick for Lieut.-Governor.

Belfast, Aug. 21.—A banquet was given here yesterday to the Catholic Bishop of Down and Connor. The usual toast to the Queen was ignored, the first toast being to the Pope. Messrs. Gray, Biggar and other Nationalists were present.

Pembroke, Aug. 20.—Mr. George Dunlop, Cobden, on Tuesday evening, while using a machine for raising stumps, received a terrible blow on the back, from the effects of which his body and limbs are completely paralyzed.

Berlin, Aug. 22.—The reported wreck of the German corvette Augusta is confirmed. Her crew of 238 officers and sailors were lost. Her value was \$1,750,000. She was lost in a cyclone in the Red Sea.

Berlin, Aug. 21.—The Emperor William was advised by his physicians not to attend the recent unveiling ceremony at Potsdam on account of the inclemency of the weather. The Emperor replied that a king, unable to go to his soldiers to fulfil his duties, ought to resign.

London, Aug. 20.—The police yesterday raided the Socialists' houses in Hague and Amsterdam. A man was arrested in Amsterdam for placarding a wall with socialistic circulars. He was sentenced to one year's imprisonment.

London, Aug. 22.—Lord Salisbury and M. De Giers have reached a definite agreement with regard to the Afghanistan frontier question. A protocol, embodying its settlement, has been drafted and sent to St. Petersburg and it is expected that signatures will be exchanged next week.

London, Aug. 20.—Although the prospects of peace with Russia are unusually bright, the work of strengthening and reorganizing the British navy proceed steadily. Large drafts of men were despatched today to fill the complements of the war vessels in the Mediterranean fleet.

London, Aug. 22.—A rich maiden lady named Mendenhall recently disappeared. A female servant, Mercier, told the neighbors that the lady had entered a convent, leaving her to manage the property. The servant brought her own relatives to the house to live. Suspicion being aroused, the police entered the premises and discovered the lady's body buried in a kiln in the garden.

Quebec, Aug. 16.—A 7th Batt. volunteer writes to a local paper: "Now that Father Aubin's letter has been made public I suppose there is no need of any further reserve. For my part I can state that I have it from the mouth of a rich haberdasher of Batoche, Solomon Vicene, that General Middleton stroops, before the very eyes of Vicene's wife and children, plundered his house of \$12,000 worth of furs."

Ottawa, Aug. 19.—Mr. L. Brophy, while in the North-West with the sharpshooters, found an idol in Pounmlaker's camp. Inside the heathen god was a lock of hair enclosed in a piece of bark. Mr. Brophy, with a view of ascertaining what the curiosity was, showed it to one of the Indians attached to the Wild West show. Just as soon as the Indian caught a glimpse of it he became greatly excited, his eyes glaring with surprise at what was presumed the fact of this article being in the possession of a white man. The Indian held it firm and hurriedly summoned those of his tribe around the place to look at it. They all appeared to be excited, and refused to return it to the owner. One of the scouts, however, snatched it from them and gave it to its owner. Mr. Brophy has failed, thus far, to discover the true nature of his curiosity.

IMPOSTERS AT NAPAECE.

A Hungry Old Man Who Deliberately Lied

K. R. West ships out.

An old man, George Grant, was found in a fainting condition in Napaece and taken to the police station. He said he was famishing. The mayor got him accommodation in a hotel and heard his story. He said he was for four years in the employ of Mr. Drennan, of this city, that he had been in Toronto looking for work, that he had started home, and was on his way back to Kingston. Mr. Drennan says the man is an impostor. "The only outsider who ever worked for me," said Mr. Drennan, "was a lunatic from Napaece. He worked at two or three days and then skipped out letting me in for \$15." The foreman of the shop knew of no one named Grant working on the premises previous to the present proprietor's time.

Napaece had a stranger for several weeks. He put up at the Campbell House and reported his name E. R. West, the representative of a publishing house. He was a very sociable sort of fellow and constantly with some of the "boys." On Thursday the chambermaid of the Hoffman found his room empty. On investigation it was found that Mr. West had jumped his board, leaving behind an empty valise. The hotel is out \$25 and the merchants the amount of cash they advanced for advertisements.

Lunatics in the Goal.

There are at present confined in the county goal no less than seven insane persons, for whom no accommodation can be found in the provincial asylums. They are, William Bigg, who criminally assaulted a young girl; Pat Maloney, who lately murdered Dr. Metcalfe; William Cummings, who has been in custody for over two years, and another man. Three insane females are also confined. All of them are awaiting transfer to an asylum. If this sort of thing continues a second turnkey is absolutely required. Dangerous men like Maloney must be carefully guarded.

Excitement on the Market.

Montreal cabbage is being shipped to Kingston for sale. An attempt will be made to ostracize the vegetable, the statement being made that it is grown near Lachine and Point St. Charles, and at both of these places the small fox-rabies.

A Summer Precaution.

During the Summer and Fall people are liable to sudden attacks of bowel complaints, and with no prompt remedy of medical aid at hand, life may be in danger. Those whose experience has given them wisdom, always keep Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry at hand for prompt relief, and a physician is seldom required.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Recommended to Mercy—Reasons Why Riel Should Not Suffer a Felon's Death.

The Editor, British Whig.

Sir,—I have been much surprised at the eagerness with which some of the Liberal papers have been urging that Riel should meet with no mercy, but should suffer the extreme penalty of the law. If there is one thing more than another in which they have strenuously insisted, it is that the government, by culpable negligence, by "cruel callous neglect," to quote the *Mail*, is mainly responsible for the rebellion and all its sad results. If so, what possible consistency is there in urging that the lesser culprit should meet a felon's death, while those whom they declare to be greater wrong doers meet with no penalty whatever?

I neither desire to defend Riel to make him out a hero, nor even to prove him insane, i.e., in the sense in which we consider a man's reason so far gone that he is incapable of managing his own affairs in the ordinary course. But it is easy to see that with a considerable strain of foolish vanity, he is, on the whole, a political fanatic, a hot-brained enthusiast full of dreams and fancies. It is easy to understand how an excitable and Jeroid temperament, worked upon by brooding over his people's wrongs, which, we are told, were real enough, and by feeling that he was looked to as the only possible deliverer, should have fancied that he had a "mission" to raise the standard of revolt, which he regarded as the standard of freedom.

Of course his conduct in doing so was rash, misguided, mischievous to the last degree, as too many Canadians know to their cost. But in this he was no more and no less culpable than Jefferson Davis or our own Papineau and William Lyon Mackenzie, and we know that no such harsh deed was meted out to them. It is true—sadly true—that the rebellion led by Riel cost Canada dearly enough in money, in destroying the budding prosperity of a new settlement, ruining the hopes of hard-working settlers, and worst of all, the sacrifice of many precious lives. But Riel did not desire any more than did the government, in sending troops, bullets and cartridges to check the rebellion. It is very doubtful, indeed, whether he expected fighting at all. His former experience naturally gave him reason to hope for gaining all he wanted without bloodshed; and but for what seems the outcroppings of the Duck Lake encounter, bloodshed might possibly have been avoided and a peaceful settlement accomplished.

But every man who provokes a war may be called, in just the same way, the proximate cause of all the misery and heavy loss it involves. Probably no one man has caused greater havoc and loss of life than did the first Napoleon, called "The Great," and this without even the excuse of fighting the wrongs of the oppressed. Yet the combined wisdom of Europe, after his second assault on her peace, decreed him no harsher sentence than his confinement on St. Helena. No man of our own day has sacrificed the lives of so many thousands of brave men, under the influence of "an idea," than has Bismarck; and it seems that he himself often remorsefully feels this. But I do not suppose his greatest opponent would desire his execution as a felon. Arab Basa instigated far greater slaughter and far greater barbarities than any that can be laid to the charge of Riel, yet even he was allowed to retire in peace to Capri, and to find the soil which defied his conduct on the same grounds on which Riel bases his defence. The point at which an appeal to arms ceases to be treasonable and becomes heroic is extremely vague, and seems to be largely determined by the after success, and political executions have come to be pretty generally regarded as a mistaken policy. As things go and have gone even in Canada, the execution of Riel would be a political blunder, as well as a political wrong; putting us back about half a century and receding the military executions of 1870. If Riel, by one section of the people is made a political scape-goat—by another he will be made a political martyr. Nothing would be more fruitful in the seeds of future disaffection, Ireland is still suffering from mistake which sent Emmet to the scaffold. Living, and stringently banished—with a death penalty imposed on his return to the country—Riel could do little harm, especially with moderately good government in the North-West. Diving on the scaffold, he would leave in the hearts of the people who, with all his faults he loves, a bitter memory and a name that would be for generations a rallying cry for sedition and sectional animosity. It would harden our present antagonism of races and religion, and postpone materially the feeling and consolidating forces we all desire. His death cannot bring back one precious life, nor make restitution for the faintest wrong, nor do I think that it would bring balm to any mourning heart to know that the wife and children—now waiting in torturing suspense—should also be deprived of their earthly stay.

Riel Riel be served with the same measure he wants to mete out to "the clergy" and placed on a "island in the Atlantic," or elsewhere, he can do claim to the rocks and waves as harmlessly as did Demosthenes. Superior, next to the North-West, the chief sufferer, has a fine opportunity for showing herself magnanimous, and bidding to her French fellow subjects in a tie of gratitude not easily broken. If in a blind outcry for vengeance she throws this away our dominion may be for generations a "house divided against itself."

Ang. 20. FIDELIS.

A Radical Change.

The best eradicator of foul humors of the blood is Burdock Blood Bitters. A few bottles produces a radical change for the better in health and beauty. It removes the blood taint of scurvy, that terrible disease so common in this country.

For Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint you have a written guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold by W. J. Wilson, Kingston.

Crucially Merited.

In the Province of Ontario every year thousands are being slowly murdered by taking unsuitable, untried nostrum for such complaints as costiveness, indigestion, liver complaint, kidney troubles, etc. who might easily gain lost strength and energy by using "McGregor's Epepsy Cure." To convince them that such is the case we will give them a free trial bottle at A.P. Chown's Drug Store. Price 50c. and \$1.00 bottle. See testimonials from persons in your own town.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria and Canker Mouth. Sold by W. J. Wilson, Kingston.

More Good News for the Farmers.

F. X. COUSINEAU & CO.

Always alive to the wants of the Farming Community. Have purchased at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES!

50 Bales Best Cotton Grain Bags, which will be sold at \$2.25 per Dozen.

Best Cotton Yarn only 75c. per Bundle.

Best Cotton Carpet Warp Reduced to \$1.10.

500 Men's Harvest Overalls and Smocks from 50c. each.

250 Men's Canada Tweed Suits at \$5.00, real cheap at \$7.50.

Save your money by buying the above goods from

F. X. COUSINEAU,

The True Farmer's Friend and Opponent of High Prices.

Aug. 20.

DIRECT FROM JAPAN!

We have received a Large Consignment of this Season's Teas, May pickings,

FRESH AND NEW!

Which we will sell at Low Figures.

Try Our Japans at 20, 25, 30, 40 and 50 Cents.