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The Barnoova Tea Estate,
The Loobah Tea Company,
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lished for the purpose of supplying pur

INDIAN TEAS,

ed with China direct from their estates
e teas stand without a rival for Purity,
th and Flavour.
undersigned has this day received a
consignment of these (the finest teas in
orld) and will be happy to supply those of
stomers, who desire something really
, with a sample of the same.

AMES REDDEN,
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Fresh Eggs,
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Fresh Biscuit,
Fresh Cheese,
Fresh Coffee,
Fresh Canned Fruits,
Fresh Vegetables.

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THE CELEBRATED
K'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER
A PURE FRUIT ACID POWDER.
tains neither alum, lime, nor ammonia
ay be used by the most delicate constitu
with perfect safety. Its great success
g from its being instrinsically THE BEST
E IN THE MARKET, as well as thor-
y adapted to the wants of the kitchen, has
d envious imitations of its name and ap-
pearance. Beware of such.
addition to or variation from
the simple name:
COOK'S FRIEND IS GENUINE.
de Mark on every package

UST - RECEIVED
o Car Loads of the Ontario Brewing
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ALE AND PORTER
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unce the finest in the city.
lso manufacture a superior quality o
r Ale expressly for family trade.
THOMPSON,
No. 10 CLARENCE ST.,
PPOSITE BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL.

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—OF—
LICIOUS DANDELION COFFEE,
breakfast beverage of great excellence.
t and be convinced of its superior quality.
nd basket of good Japan Tea 35c., usually
or 50c. 1 pound Japan or Black Tea with
China Plate for 40c. Apples by the
l at 268 Princess street.
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—FOR FINE—
GROCERIES, FLOUR,
ED AND PRESSED HAY
—GO TO—
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THE LARDER.

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—AND—
REAKFAST - COCOA.
HEARN, Esq., M.D., Toronto, writing
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Your COCOA has given every satisfaction.
n as to purity and flavor. I regard it as an
ellent beverage, highly nutritious, and,
ng to its
FREEDOM FROM FATTY MATTERS
eable to the most delicate stomach. I
pleasure in recommending it to my pati-
, because of its healthfulness, purity, and
ing easily assimilable by the stomach."
FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING GROCERS.
OHN P. MOTT & CO.,
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v Figs and Dates.
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SED GRAIN, PRESSED HAY, CLO-
VER AND TIMOTHY SEED.
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MARKET SQUARE.

HIGH CLASS AUTHORS.

A BOOK-SELLER TALKS OF THE POPULARITY OF THEM.

The Hits Made by Some Writers—Some of the Late Works and How They Are Taking With the Public—The Bonanzas Falling to Publishers' Agents.

Talking the other day with a bookseller on the subject of the popularity of the high class authors, it was learned that Marion Crawford has the largest sales and is bought almost exclusively by cultivated people. Although his books are $1.50 a volume, the demand for them is just as great. He has sold about a half million copies all told. But $2 for "The Immortals" was a little more than people could stand, and that book has languished in consequence. Henry James has shrunk to one-third of his former popularity, and Howells has fallen off perceptibly since the publication of that dreary book, "The Minister's Charge." Mrs. Burnett sells better than any other of the women writers—Craddock next. Anna Katherine Green sells fairly. "She," "Called Back," and "The Bread Winners" are as dead as though they had never been. Haggard is falling off in popularity very rapidly. There is little demand for "Mr. Meeson's Will." "The Lamplighter" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "St. Elmo" and "The Wide, Wide World" still sell. They will probably last as long as human nature. Harriet Beecher Stowe's books occasionally sell in sets. "The Wister Translations" sell and are "charged up" as "Mrs. Wister's novels." "Marlett" is a sort of incident. Maud Howe's book, "Atalanta in the South," sold well when it first came out, but there is no demand for her books. She lacks "go." Edgar Saltus is the most popular of the younger group of authors. All Tolstoi's books sell well.

When publishers' agents go the rounds, with their list of new books, the order is something like this: ten copies of every author of average popularity and of every prominent firm's new issue; twenty-five of Saltus; twenty-five of Craddock; two hundred of Crawford and Mrs. Burnett. Mr. Barnes of New York bids fair to become a standard selling work, and Mr. Potter is still called for. Ouida is on the wane. "Jane Eyre" still holds her own. All the dialect writers have their worshipers. Kismet and Guenn have taken their place in the ranks. Of the French novelists Daudet sells the best. Edgar Fawcett sells when first out. "Robert Elsmere" and "The African Farm" are selling on the strength of their religious element.—Current Literature.

An Animal Tamer's Courage.

A tiger named Athir escaped just before the performance opened, scattering the assembled audience in all directions, sending them in search of refuge to tree tops, house tops, and into houses not their own. It is one thing to beard a tiger in his den, another to fight him unarmed in open air. But Bidel was quite equal to this unexpected call upon his skill and courage; he experienced "l'emotion de l'adolescent a son premier duel;" his only misgiving appears to have been whether he would prove worthy of himself and those waiting open mouthed for the coming fray.

Presently a timid looker on mustered courage enough to half open a window, and to announce in whispers the whereabouts of the escaped beast. The "tigre royal" was in the dark recesses of a deserted locksmith's shop. Into this "gouffre d'ombre" Bidel flung himself; and, having become, as he says, familiar with its obscurity, he espied the crouching Athir in the act of springing, with foaming mouth and burning eye. The situation was what is called critical—it was simply a question of who should spring first, tiger or man. Bidel happily took the initiative, and bounded upon his prey. There was a tremendous tussle—there were foamings, flashings, howlings—but the dompteur triumphed. Bidel seized the tiger by the skin of his back, and lifting him on his loins, thus bore his heavy burden in triumph to his cage—a feat, it must be confessed, not easy to realize, much less to achieve.—Saturday Review.

Soprano in the Harem.

Masini, the famous tenor, who is one of the few living male vocalists who have been invited by the sultan to sing to the ladies of his harem, has a romantic story to relate apropos of his visit. He had just finished an air from "Les Huguenots," when, to his surprise, a charming soprano voice took up the cantabile which follows in the score and sang it through in such exceptionally good style that he was moved to make inquiries as to the owner of the mysterious voice. He discovered that it belonged to the daughter of a Turkish official of high rank, who had been sent to Rome to study vocal music by her father, and who, on her return to Constantinople, had been virtually compelled to enter the imperial seraglio. She is a prisoner in effect, and the gilded chains seem all the more irksome to a fair captive who has tasted liberty and seen the world to the extent implied by a sojourn at the Italian capital as a musical student.—London Figaro.

Pure Water for Cities.

The problem of pure water for cities is getting to be not only more important, but more difficult of a satisfactory solution. The city of Paris now proposes to go 312 miles and draw off one of the Swiss Alpine lakes into her reservoirs and supply pipes. Lake Neufchatel is noted for its perfectly pure water, fed by the snows that are frost curded and clarified, and constantly supplied from above the line of possible human contamination. The expense of this new enterprise will be not less than $100,000,000. The pipes must be carried twenty-two miles by means of mountain tunnels. But the first law of life in these days is to secure pure water, and no expense can be too great which supplies a great city with wholesome drink.—Globe-Democrat.

Queen Victoria's Housekeeper.

Queen Victoria has lost her housekeeper, Mrs. Hutchinson. Her death at Windsor castle has caused the sovereign of England keen sorrow. Mrs. Hutchinson knew how to manage the queen, was cognizant of how far servants should be permitted to arrogate to themselves the prerogatives of royalty, was well up in the science of domestic economics, and was invaluable whenever Victoria wanted a new dress. She also knew just how many India shawls the queen has given away in the last few years, a secret which she carried with her to the grave.—New York World.

An African King's Facetiousness.

The king of Uganda, Africa, is one of the most sportive potentates in the world. He has a bitter prejudice against missionaries and has a good deal of fun killing them. But of late his facetiousness has taken on a new phase. He has 1,500 wives. In order that he may keep his harem filled with novelties, he now has five wives executed every morning before he has had his breakfast. In this way he keeps himself in good humor and begins each day in a pleasant frame of mind.—New York World.

Breck & Booth have the best slabs, hard wood and dry blocks. You can get just what you want in the fuel line at their yard.

HOW THE FEUD BEGAN.

Thompson's boy was tall an' slim,
An' pleggy nigh a fool;
Thompson, though, was proud o' him,
An' evenin's, arter school,
Ust to take him with him when
He went to set aroun'
An' argy politics with men
That loafed about the town.

Nothin' tickled Thompson more
Than hearin' Tobie shout,
So he ust to git the floor
An' draw the urchin out.
Then he'd stand, a-lookin' proud,
Thinkin': "Ain't he smart?"
Never noticin' the crowd
One by one depart.

Waal, one evenin' on the street
Thompson showed him off
'Mong some men he chanced to meet,
One of which was Goff.
Goff was sort o' cross that day—
Wasn't feelin' right—
An' I reckon, truth to say,
Wasn't jest perlite.

Thompson bime-by shouted out,
Pullin' Goff aroun':
"Don't ye reckon he's erbout
The rarest boy in town?"
"Yaas," says Goff, "he 'pears ter be
A little underdone;
I'd bake him over, seems ter me,
Ef I hed sech a son."

That was forty years ago,
But ev'ry sence that night
The Goffs an' Thompsons hated so,
They allus show'd fight.
An' only one is left today—
He's up in Illinoy,
As rich as mud, I've heard 'em say—
Which same is Thompson's boy.
—Time.

Mixed.

He had been the baseball reporter, but during the first game of the season he lost one eye, four fingers from his left hand, and was so all kind of broken up that he didn't seem to be good for much of anything else than a dramatic critic. Of course, he had to be utilized, for it wouldn't do to have him lying around the office, so he was sent to write up Neilson when she was playing "Twelfth Night." When he brought in his copy the dramatic editor appeared cold toward him, and from the yawning depths of the waste basket comes this reason for that coldness: "Neilson came out as fresh as a daisy, and by the way she waltzed up to the bat it was plain to be seen that she meant to play 'Twelfth Night' for all it was worth. In the first inning she muffed it once or twice, and when she came out she had only one strike and a goose egg. On the second inning she tallied three on hot grounders, while the woman who played captain of the other nine looked sick. The third inning was a rattler. Neilson came up to the scratch as fresh as an umpire, and made three bases on a foul ball, and when Malvolio went to the bat she crossed the home plate and scored." There was more, but the infuriated editor had torn off the lower portion in order to light his T. D. cigar.—Press and Printer.

No Use Wasting Time.

Stage Robber—Pile out here! Lively, now! Keep 'em covered, Jim. One, two, three, four, five, six—all right. Throw up your hands!

Facetious Passenger—Well, you're a couple of Veiled Prophets we hadn't expected to meet.

Stage Robber (in an altered tone)—Are you on your way back from St. Louis?

Passenger—Yes.

Stage Robber—Took in the big parade?

Passenger—Yes. We had standing room in the window of a private house.

Stage Robber—Get back into the coach, gentlemen. Lower your gun, Jim. There's no use going through this crowd.—Chicago Tribune.

His Realm.

Affable Clerk—Can I be mistaken? Isn't this the Mrs. Crozier whom I met so pleasantly at Fire Island this summer?

His Customer—Why, yes; I'm Mrs. Crozier, and I remember your face, but I thought you told me you were engaged in religious pursuits.

Affable Clerk—This is the nun's veiling department, madam.—Time.

The Era of Prodigies.

Fond Uncle (to 3-year-old nephew)—Willie, I have brought you a present. Can you guess what it is?

"Well, uncle, before making any effort in that direction I would like to call your attention to a new theory in regard to perpetual motion. I have lately been studying the laws of gravitation and"—

"Suffering Cæsar! Here I've brought this kid a red toy balloon with a string on it."—Lincoln State Journal.

Explained.

"Strange," remarked Mrs. Brown, "I have rung at Mrs. Smith's door three times this week, and I didn't succeed in raising any one. I suppose the family is out of town."

"Possibly," replied Mrs. Jones, "but Mrs. Smith told me just now she could tell your ring among a thousand."—Worcester Gazette.

Good Cause for Complaint.

Railroad Dining Station Proprietor—If the new superintendent of this road ain't discharged pretty soon I'll be bankrupt.

Friend—What's he doin' to ye?

"He's running the trains so regular that the passengers get plenty of time to eat their meals, hang him."—Philadelphia Record.

Smiles Go Separate.

Photographer—Ah, beg pardon, did I understand you to say that you did not want a very large picture?

Patron—Yes.

"Then please don't smile—ah, that's it."—Yankee Blade.

Held Off a Long Time.

Lockjaw has just carried off an old Sioux scout named Mahpeahwakesia at the age of nearly 100. He did well to escape lockjaw so long.—New York Sun.

Fisk Jubilee Singers are coming here.

BLACK GOODS.

We have received the following desirable Black Dress Materials:

Black Silk Finished Henrietta Cloths,
Black Silk Warp Henrietta Cloths,
Black Cashmeres---Extra Values,
Black Camel's Hair Cloth, a Novelty,
Black Drap D'Armure,
Black Jersey Cloths,
Black Imperial Cloths, extra heavy, 58in. wide

LAIDLAWS.

SO THEY TELL US!

We are keeping the Dressmaker busy, and it is not at all surprising to any one who examines the handsome DRESS GOODS we are offering at such low prices.

JUST ARRIVED, another Lot of our Handsome Cloakings and Ulster Cloths, at prices to suit the times.

A. J. McMAHON.

WALSH & STEACY,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, MANTLES, AND CARPETS.

Close Prices & Honorable Dealing our Motto.

SPECIAL OFFERING TO-DAY AND ALL NEXT WEEK OF:

CASH MERE HOSIERY,
WOOLEN HOSIERY,
CASHMERE GLOVES,
KID GLOVES.

The Largest Hosiery and Glove Stock to choose from. Prices lower than ever at

WALSH - & - STEACY'S

80 - DOZEN - NEW - KID - GLOVES
—AT—
R. WALDRON'S.

Ladies' 4 Button Austrian Kid Gloves 60c.
" 4 Button Italian Kid Gloves 75c.
" 4 Button English Kid Gloves $1.
" 4 Button Derby Kid Gloves $1.2
" 4 Button "Dent's" Driving Gl
Gents' 2 Button Dog Skin Gloves $1.25
" 2 Button Antelope Gloves $1.25.
All Waldron's Gloves and Beautifully E
different shades 24 and 27 inch.

money in the house. It is, therefore, supposed the murder was committed by burglars.

Murders at a Card Party.

St. Louis, Oct. 27.—The Chronicle's dispatch from Duquoin, Ill., says: "While engaged in a game of cards in Thompsonville, Ill., last night Warner Jordon shot and [illegible] Charles Davis

MACLEAN, SHAW & CO.
MONTREAL.

SPRING STYLES
IN
H:A:T:S

OUR NEW IMPORTATIONS WILL GIVE FOLLOWING RESULTS

(1.) The wearer will be satisfied.
(2.) The Seller will get a good Profit.
(3) There will be no bad stock left.
(4.) They will sell without trouble.
(5.) Every one will be satisfied.

NO RETAILER SHOULD BE WITHOUT THESE GOODS.
THE HATTERS ALL SAY that they have NO TROUBLE TO SELL OUR GOODS.
We are the ONLY HOUSE IN CANADA who Deal Exclusively in HATS.