

# ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.



This Powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. SOLD ONLY IN CANS. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, New York.

## MEN'S DEPARTMENT

A SPECIALTY at

Murray & Taylor's.

This season we have placed this Department in the front part of our store and have given special attention to Gentlemen's Wear in every particular, and have now a Complete Stock

### READY for INSPECTION.

Call and see the Bargains we are giving in the following lines:

Heavy All-Wool Tweeds at 35c, worth 45c, 40c worth 50c, 45c worth 60c, 50c worth 65c.

Fine All-Wool Pant Cloths at Lowest Prices.

Fine All-Wool Suitings Vary Cheap.

Fine All-Wool Corkscrew Coatings.

Fine All-Wool Diagonal Coatings.

Wool Underwear, best value ever shown at 25, 30, 40, 50c. Better goods equally cheap.

See our Special Line, All-Wool, at 95c a Suit.

Top Shirts 50, 60, 75c and up.

Men's Laundered and Unlaundered Shirts Cheap.

Men's Flannel Shirts in Laced and Buttoned.

Also a Large Stock of Silk Ties, Braces, Linen Collars and Cuffs, Woolen Gloves, Kid Gloves, Cashmere, Squares, Celluloid Collars and Cuffs, Cuff Buttons, Collar Buttons, Neck Scarf Pins, &c.

And a big stock of Ready-Made Clothing always at Lowest Prices at

Murray & Taylor's,

176 PRINCESS STREET.

### STOVES AND HARDWARE.

#### UNIVERSAL STOVES

Are the Leading Stoves of the day; also the new

#### FIRE KING, IN 4 SIZES.

These Reliable Stoves are for sale only at the EW STOVE DEPOT.

#### BIBBY & VIRTUE,

335 and 337 King Street.

#### IMPOSSIBLE.

Owing to the rush of business on account of the large number of Stoves and Ranges which we are selling, we find it impossible to exhibit at the Central Fair, but we shall be pleased to show to visitors the large array of GURNEYS, RANGES and STOVES at our Warerooms, NO. 189 PRINCESS STREET.

R. M. HORSEY & CO.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### D. McEWEN & SON.

#### Machine, Engine and Boiler Works.

Engines and Boilers for all purposes, from 1 to 100-horse power, and fully guaranteed. Steam Rock Drill and Mining Repairs constantly on hand. Cheese Factory Boilers and Fittings.

Also a number of New and Second-Hand Engines and Boilers.

## Tamarac

Jas. H. Gilmour, of T. Gilmour & Co., Wholesale Grocers, Brockville, says: "I have used 'Tamarac Elixir' for a severe Cold and Cough, which it immediately relieved and cured." Hiram Baker, Lumber and Cheese Dealer, North Augusta, Ont., says: "Tamarac Elixir" is a wonderful medicine for Coughs and Colds, Throat and Lung Complaints. It is without doubt the best medicine I ever used, and never fails to give immediate relief. We consider it a household necessity.

### BOB BURDETTE'S HUMOR.

#### NUGGETS OF FUN FROM THE PEN OF A HUMORIST.

**A Reminiscence—Eggs That Taste a Little Egg—The Confounded Deacon—A Minister Who Falls Only When He Is Tempted—The Barbed-Wire Fence And the Tramp—Not a Last Week's Joke—Hints For Sleepless Men.**  
(Copyrighted, 1887.)

#### REMINISCENCE.

"What is that, mother?"  
"The rink, my child; the year it was built all the people went wild. They crowded its walls, and to music's glad sound On furniture castors they slid themselves round; But the Fool-killer came, with his two-handed club; And the building so silent is used, as you see, By the Mourners Embalming and Shroud Company."

#### TOO WELL RECONCILED.

"My brother," said the pastor, laying his hand tenderly upon the shoulder of the weeping man, "I know not how to comfort you. You have lost the best and dearest friend in all this world, but the bible teaches you resignation—" "Never!" howled the stricken postmaster, springing to his feet, "Never! I'll hold on to the end of my term, and you haven't got enough influence in your whole party to put me out! Don't come around talking resignation to me!"

#### EGGS THAT TASTE A LITTLE EGGY.

"Fresh eggs are heavier than stale ones," remarks a poultry journal. Not on the human stomach they ain't. We don't profess to know much about hens, and a man who buys his eggs in town isn't supposed to know anything about eggs; but we do know that after eating an egg that was born some time during the war a man is apt to lie down and dream something like Dr. Jekyll and Henry Hyde, whereas if he confines his hen fruit to the vintage of '87 he has a clear approving conscience, and wants to sit at a sunny window and sing hymns.

#### THE CONFOUNDED.

Last Sunday morning Reverend Melchior Winwordmor, in his sermon, alluded to "the condemned anarchists," when Deacon Yeasany got up and walked right out of the church. He said he had no more sympathy for the anarchists than any one else, but he "wan't goin' to sit still and hear a minister swear about them in the pulpit."

#### PRODUCED BY EVAPORATION.

"George Gulp," said his friend warmly, "is one of the salt of the earth." "I believe you," replied the other man; "he's dry enough to be all of it."

#### LURED ON TO RUIN.

Mr. Roadaloud picked up this morning paper, glanced at the headlines, and gasped. "Great Scotland! look at this—'Another Holocaust! A Rotten Bridge! From Sleep to Death! Thousands of Human—'" He turned pale, sank into a chair, and whispered, "That is the train the children were coming home on! Read, read! I cannot see!" His wife staggered across the room, picked up the paper, looked down the column for names, and seeing that of Lybia Drinkham, sole proprietor of Bott's blood remedy, smiled faintly, and fell down dead on the floor. And the next day the *Daily Reposer* lost one of its oldest-subscribers and a good advertiser.

#### STANDS ON ITS HEAD.

Dr. Leuf, in the *Medical News*, says the normal position of the stomach is vertical and not horizontal. It is always vertical while at sea, we know; the only trouble is that it is vertical with the wrong end up. What shall it profit a man if he eat a seventy-five cent dinner and then get sea-sick.

#### TOWNS THAT KEPT THE PROPHECY BUSY.

A minister down-east took for his text a few Sundays ago Isaiah 60: 4, and then preached on "What I saw in Omaha." Do you know, we always thought that Isaiah had Omaha right in his mind about all the time he was prophesying? This is hard lines on Council Bluffs and Sioux City, but maybe some commentators may be found who will favor those cities, unless, indeed, Dakota should get onto the revision first.

#### HE FALLS ONLY WHEN HE IS TEMPTED.

Rev. Hugh O. Penecost, of Newark, is the minister who says, "When I want a drink I take it." For the soul of me I can't see anything very remarkable in that even in a preacher. He would be a fool to take a drink when he didn't want it. But when he does want it that's the time to take it. Even a donkey does that, and the donkey can't be compelled to drink when he doesn't want to. So you see, my son, there is the difference between the man and the donkey. Any man, parson or layman, can do as the donkey, and take a drink when he wants it, or even refuse to take a drink when he doesn't want one. But it takes a man, my boy, to refuse a drink when he wants it. And when he has this control over himself he practises louder and more in a day than the reverend pentecost can preach in a year.

#### SCRATCHED, SNATCHED, AND PATCHED.

"The barbed-wire fence," remarked the tramp in the orchard, as he ceased from swearing for the purpose of inspecting the seat of wore, "is a cursed 'em more dishonored in the breeches than the observance."

#### NOBODY GETS HURT THERE.

"Where is the safest place during a cyclone?" asks Herbert Lawson, of Hiawatha. Well, we should say a Mississippi duelling ground, Herbert. That seems to be about the safest place in the world all the rest of the year, and we don't see why a cyclone should disturb it any more than the duel.

#### NOT A LAST WEEK'S JOKE.

A cucumber four feet long was on exhibition at the Maine State fair. If the democratic party can only secure this cucumber it can carry Maine at the next election without a struggle. How so, thou silly one? Because it can double its—Hello! Managing editor? Well, what do you want? Hey! Had this same joke in last week? Not much, another joke altogether; entirely different; last week I said "Republican Party." Don't want it anyhow? All right, then, she's dead. Never did know a managing editor who had as much sense of humor as a cow, anyhow. Play ball, there will you?

#### NOTES ON INSOMNIA.

What pleases me, when I am tormented with sleeplessness is a little health book of my own, in which I have jotted down a few—a very few—of the "infallible remedies" for sleeplessness which had been tried in thousands—or perhaps it was millions of cases, most of which were in the prescriber's own immediate family, or, at the farthest circle of intimate friends, and had never once failed to effect a permanent and, it is needless to say, instant cure. All of these cases collectively and each one by itself individually were and was exactly like my own in cause, duration, and operation. The simplicity of the combined remedy appeals at once to human confidence:

Eat nothing within three hours before retiring.

Eat a light but substantial luncheon just before going to bed. Nature abhors a vacuum. (This is one of the prescriptions I like.)

Read light literature before going to bed. Read nothing after supper. Walk a mile in the open air just before bed-time.

Go to your room an hour before retiring, and read until bed-time. Give up smoking altogether.

If you are a smoker, a cigar just before retiring will soothe and tranquilize your nerves until you can't keep awake.

Don't think about sleeping; you scare away slumber by wooing the drowsy god. Resolutely resolve as you lie down that you will go to sleep, and sleep will come naturally.

Take a warm bath, and go from the tub into bed.

Take a cold sponge bath, jump into bed, and you'll be asleep before your head touches the pillow.

Walk slowly about your room half an hour.

Lie on your right side with your cheek on your hand.

Lie on your left side with your head resting on your arm.

Count up to one thousand. (I tried this inhuman bit of bloocy one night. I came very near falling asleep two or three times, but was startled wide awake by suddenly becoming conscious that I had lost my count, and had to begin over again. This cure kept me awake one whole night, when I was so sleepy I could scarcely hold my eyes open. The friend who gave me this prescription is not living now. She was a woman, and I could not, as a gentleman, offer her violence. So I dosed a box of marshmallows with Rough on Rats and sent them to her.)

Drink milk. (This, according to my experience, is the best prescription in the lot. It will make you sleep better than all the bromides going, which are snares and delusions. But milk diet not only makes you sleep at night but you want to sleep all the next day. It makes you intolerably stupid all the time. It is a very pleasant, half-awake feeling, if you have nothing else to do, but to enjoy falling asleep at any time and in all manner of places, like Couville in the best-told story of these times, "Indian Summer;" but if you have any work to do it is embarrassing.)

So what is a sleepless man who wants to sleep going to do? If he eats a light luncheon, smokes a mild cigar, reads Bunner an hour, walks a mile in the air, comes back and walks another mile about his room, takes a sponge bath, cold followed by a tub bath, warm, drinks a pint of milk, jumps into bed and lies on both sides with his head on one arm and one hand, and counts a thousand, it will be time to get up, anyhow and he can have a few nervous fits during the day.

It is a fact, however, that even men who think they suffer from sleeplessness do not lie awake half so long as they imagine they do. When a man says to me, "I did not close my eyes once all night." I know he lies. Not intentionally, of course; he thinks he was awake all night; the probability is that he did not get to sleep until two hours after his regular time, and it seemed as age to him. Really, it isn't often that a man lies awake the whole night through. I am not a physician, and cannot speak by the book, but I believe that men fib about their sleepless nights more than any other ill to which our weak humanity is heir. Now, take your own case; you remember the last time you lay awake all night, don't you? Yes, I see you do. Well, don't you remember that same night you heard the clock strike two and then the next time you heard it, it struck seven? Yes? I see you do. Well, that's one of the mysteries about insomnia that is difficult to explain.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

#### REPLYING TO DR. SMYTHE.

#### The Way the Indian Children Are Treated—Should Be Cared For As Others.

Dr. E. H. Smythe has been writing Rev. E. F. Wilson that the cost of the Shingwauk and Wawanosh homes seems to be too great a charity. The expenditure is \$10,000 per annum, exclusive of gifts, the average cost per pupil for the last four years being \$150. Mr. Wilson refutes this, saying that the entire cost per head did not exceed \$139. The cost for board of boys is 4c a meal and of girls 3½c a meal. He considered this low enough and does not intend to make it lower. Then he asks: "Where is this excessive expenditure? My own salary comes from the C. C. S., and from friends in England, and although it appears in the report it ought scarcely to be put against the cost of each child—as my time is mainly taken up with travelling, account-keeping, editing and correspondence. The salaries of all my employees are very low."

"I myself, as those who live with me know, take no perquisites. I pay the Shingwauk every time I use a horse for private purposes, pay for my washing at the laundry, and for my coal, milk, eggs—everything. I don't believe in treating Indians as paupers. They have as good a right to good, wholesome, sustaining food, and plenty of it, as we have. The Shingwauk is not a workhouse, or even an orphan asylum, but an institution, a home, for training young Indians in the way of christianity and civilization. I, for my part, am not a believer in one part of the community living in luxury and plenty, and another part having their tasteless food doled out to them by the ounce and drachm. I wish the Indian children to be as well cared for, if possible, as my own children."

"Dr. Smythe again, charges me with taking children from such fertile districts as Walpole Island, where the Indians, he says, are well off and have church and school. I think in order to carry out our main object, which is to raise the whole Indian population as a people to a better position socially, morally and intellectually, we are justified in taking children from semi-civilized settlements as well as from the prairie and bush. Those who have come to us from Walpole Island have almost without exception been unable to read or write or speak English and many of them have been in quite as destitute circumstances as those we take from Manitoulin Island or Lake Superior. In selecting pupils we give preference to those of heathen Indians, but we do not refuse the children of christian parents. I know of no Indian institution either in this country or the United States that does so."

#### Wong Chin Foo Meets the Avenger.

Morning Journal.  
While strolling along Park Row yesterday Denis Kearney, the California "sands lots" orator, accidentally met Wong Chin Foo, leader of the Anti-Kearney party. In a few minutes they became tangled in an argument and Mr. Foo told Dennis that he was the beau ideal of a "chump."  
"You are no good," replied Kearney, "and I never knew a man named Chin Foo who amounted to anything."  
"Oh, rats," retorted Wong Chin Foo.  
"Yes, they are a favorite dish with your countrymen," said Kearney, sneeringly.  
Foo said something about Celtic bills of fare, which caused Kearney to flare up and he clinched his fist angrily, but did not strike the celestial.

#### Grand Results.

For several years R. H. Brown, of Kincardine, suffered from dyspepsia, he says he tried several physicians and a host of remedies without relief. His druggist recommended B.R.B. which he declares produced "grand results," for which he gives it his highest recommendation.

# FANCY WOOL GOODS

In endless variety and all marked to

## SELL AT SIGHT.

### NEW CLOUDS, FASCINATORS,

Hoods, Sleeveless Vests, Children's Wool Jackets, Gaiters, Mitts, Bootees, Tuques, Tam O'Shanter's, Caps, &c.

### BREAKFAST SHAWLS, OPERA SHAWLS,

Fur Caps, Etc.

Come at once and secure a Bargain.

## F. X. COUSINEAU & CO.

5c PER PAIR HURRY UP AND SEE THE GLOVES AT 5c PER PAIR.

### SPENCE & CRUMLEY

Will sell To-day and To-morrow 50 Dozen Heavy Lined Gloves and Mitts at the Following Prices:

12 Dozens Children's Lined Lisle Gloves from 5 to 8c per pair.  
15 Dozens Ladies' Lined Lisle and Silk Gloves at 15c per pair.  
14 Dozens Ladies' Lined Silk and Cloth Gloves at 25c per pair.  
3 Dozens Ladies' Gauntlet Kid Gloves, slightly spotted, 25c per pair.  
6 Dozens Lined Kid Gloves and Mitts at 50c per pair.  
Also another Great Show of New Millinery and Mantles to-morrow.

SPENCE & CRUMLEY,

132 and 134 Princess Street.

# FANCY WOOL PLAIDS.

FINE OPERA FLANNELS,

## BEAUTIFUL NEW DRESS MATERIALS.

Combination Suits for Children,

Combination Suits for Ladies

## GOOD VALUE IN WOOL HOSIERY.

## WOOL UNDERWEAR--SPECIAL PRICES.

## John Laidlaw & Son.

### All the New Colors and Styles in Cloakings

JUST ARRIVED AT

## - M'MAHON'S -

The Best Value in the city at \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50 and upwards. Don't fail to see them.

A. J. McMAHON,

110 Princess Street.

## 45c WARM SLIPPERS. 45c

Women's Warm Lined Felt Slippers, extra value, 45c.

Women's Leather Slippers 35c.

Women's Cloth Slippers 25c.

Children's Strong Lace Boots 50c.

Misses' Strong Lace Boots, sizes 11 to 2, 65c.

Our Fall Price List will be issued soon. Look out for it.

HAINES & LOCKETT.