

FASHION'S FANCIES.

Dresses for bridesmaids should be made of some of the delicate tints, with a great deal of white in combination. A beautiful skirt for evening is made of fine lawn hung over white silk and trimmed with two wide lace frilled flounces set one over the other. Cashes are once more in high favor, smart gowns being seen without anything of the kind. Black is most used, in velvet, taffeta or thin silk. A stylish and elegant hat is of fine felt. The brim is wide and rolled up at the side. The trimming is of heavy rolls of velvet and long, thick ostrich plumes. Astrakhan and fur cut in designs of waves, scrolls or conventional figures will be used for the garniture of winter gowns. Laid on as applique they are most effective. A novelty in neck dressing is made of narrow strips of fur, set closely on a satin ruche. It is finished in front with a labor of cream colored lace, the upper ends of which are finished by two large velvet bows. Chantille toques and capotes promise to be favorites. Some of the new shapes have a bow set under the crown, which gives a resemblance to the college morriscoards. Rembrandts are also popular. Some of them show wonderful groups of cornflower blue.—New York Tribune.

Good and Bad. "Th. Tomm, and hoo are ye?" "Well." "That's guid." "No see guid either. I marrit a bad." "That's bad." "No see bad either. She had a when shep." "That's no bad." "Aye, but they had the rot." "That's bad." "No see bad either. I sell them and get a hoose." "That's guid." "No see guid either. The hoose was bad." "That's bad." "No see bad either." "Hoo's that?" "She was in it."—Pick Me Up.

Love's Test. Mamma—I wonder why it is that George plays and sings so much for Albert and they've become engaged. She never seems to cease from the time he comes into the house until he departs. Papa—I guess she wants to make sure that he really loves her.—Chicago Record.

THE LIQUOR AND DRUG HABIT

I guarantee to every victim of the liquor and drug habit, no matter how bad the case, that when my vegetable medicine is taken as directed, all desire for liquor or drugs removed within three days, and a permanent cure effected in three weeks. The medicine is taken privately and without interfering with business duties. Immediate results—nominal appetite, sleep and clear skin, and health improved in every way. Indisputable testimony sent sealed. Invite your investigation. Address Mr. A. Simon Dixon, No. 40 Park Avenue Montreal.

GLOVES FOR LADIES.

Black Cashmere gloves, 13c, 18c, 22c, 25c and up. Fancy wool gloves; 18c up. White wool gloves; 32c. Kid gloves, 5 stud lacing, 35c, 59c and up. Guaranteed quality lacing, 69c. Perrin's guaranteed kids, 7 stud lacing, 1.35. Some splendid value in lined gloves. See our Astracan driving gauntlet mitt at \$1.45.—Jas Paton & Co.

HACKLE BOAS, COQUE BOAS, BLACK BOAS.

Paton's.....

The Perils of Posters.

An eminent scientist has been telling the sanitary congress that sensational theatrical posters are highly detrimental to the moral health of the community. It seems that they induce imitative actions. The argument appears to be that a man sees on the wall a pictorial representation of a murder scene in a thrilling melodrama and rushes home to cut his wife's throat or throw her out of the window. On the same principle, I suppose, when he sees a picture of an ark in a teacup, he will hasten to the nearest public house and endeavor to discover a man in a quart pot. We shall be told next that the pictures of fat babies which advertise various infants' foods are responsible for the alarming increase of the population, and I know not what besides. It may be so, but I would suggest a little healthy skepticism until some definite evidence is forthcoming of this new danger. It is not so very long since some enthusiasts on the county council got up a crusade against street posters on burial grounds, and the result was hardly encouraging. In spite of moralists and weather there is probably more good than evil on the street boardings.—London Truth.

Cure People Don't Want.

"See it has been decided that love is a disease." "Then there must be a cure." "Unquestionably. But it isn't known and probably never will be." "Why not?" "There's no incentive for any investigation in that line. You couldn't sell a pint of it in ten years. People don't want it. Instead of trying to find a cure they are going to sleep nights trying to catch the disease. If you should get a roomful of the germs, most of the population would be fighting to see who could get in first."—Chicago Post.

DECLINING A BULLDOG.

A Theatrical Stenographer Put It on the Same Plane as a Play.

Dog stories are plentiful, as are also fish stories, but here is a genuinely true one, vouched for by Manager Will J. Davis and Myron B. Rice, which alone should be sufficient evidence of its truthfulness. Mr. Davis is a fancier of dogs, and he is continually bothered by his friends for young specimens. In the summer Mr. Davis had a kennel of bulldogs which were unusually fine. He had remembered Mr. Rice visiting his farm in the Henry Irving engagement, where he much admired all of Mr. Davis' canine family. He thought Mr. Rice would be pleased to possess one of these fine bulldogs, so he forwarded one to New York city.

Mr. Rice while in New York lives in an apartment, and as apartments in New York are similar to those in Chicago the janitor protested against Mr. Rice having a dog in his rooms. He did not know what to do with the pup, having no place to keep him, and yet not wishing to give it to any one else. He therefore thought it would be best to return it to Mr. Davis. He took the dog to the office and there had it packed for shipment. In the meantime he had requested his stenographer to write a polite letter to Mr. Davis, telling him the facts and expressing thanks and regrets. Now, in Mr. Rice's New York office they are in the habit of receiving numerous manuscripts of plays.

"Will you dictate this letter?" asked the stenographer.

"No. Go ahead and write it yourself. I am busy just now. With all the experience you have had you certainly should have tact enough to decline a bulldog without giving offense."

A few days later Mr. Davis received the following polite letter of explanation and thanks from his friend, Myron B. Rice. At first he could not comprehend its meaning. He, however, kept it and expects to have considerable amusement out of it at the expense of Mr. Rice:

DEAR SIR—We regret that we are compelled to decline the bulldog you so kindly submitted to us. We have carefully examined it and are sincerely sorry that it does not seem wholly available for our use.

Of course you are aware that many considerations besides quality must govern the acceptance of bulldogs, and the rejection of any particular bulldog does not necessarily imply that it is lacking in merit.

This and a hundred other reasons may cause the rejection of any offered bulldog without reference to its intrinsic worth. The simple fact of refusal, therefore, does not carry with it any adverse judgment as to the excellence of the bulldog, but it is merely a statement that it cannot be used at the present time. We thank you for your courtesy in submitting same and remain, very truly yours, Myron B. Rice, Per F. J.

—Chicago Tribune.

Tired of the Choir.

If we are to sit back in our pews and gaze up at a lot of singers and not be able for the life that is in us to distinguish five words of their hymns, anthems, etc., then let choirs come down. If our prevailing thought as listeners is, who is the handsomest female singer or the ugliest male one—if she went up to C and he down to Z, if the heart has not been impressed by the sentiment of the song, which they have kept all to themselves, then let them stop off awhile and take lessons in elocution from an elocutionist.—Atlanta Constitution.

Editors and Gentlemen.

A Georgia paper somewhat infelicitously remarked of the late General Avery of Atlanta that, although he was a great journalist, he was an ideal gentleman. This suggests to the Montgomery Advertiser the old story of the editor and the barber on a steamboat. When the editor offered to pay for his shave, the barber drew himself up and remarked, "We don't never charge editors nothin, sah." "But you can't carry on your business unless you charge for it," persisted the editor. "Dat's all right, sah," replied the barber. "We makes it up off'n gentlemen."—New York Tribune.



Few men understand women. When a woman is weak, sickly, nervous, fretful, irritable and despondent, the average husband imagines that she is simply out of temper. An average husband will probably simply go out and leave her alone for awhile, "to have it out with herself." A bad husband is liable to go off and get drunk. The fact is that the poor wife is suffering from illness of a description that breaks a woman down sooner than anything else. Her back is weak and aches. Her "sides stitch." She has pains and a dragging sensation in the abdomen. Her appetite is touchy and she suffers from giddiness, dizziness, cold chills, flushings of heat, shortness of breath, palpitation, disturbed sleep, frightful dreams, irregularities and nervous and trembling sensations. Her pain-racked nerves are a continual torture.

A woman in this condition is suffering from weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs concerned in wifehood and motherhood. Dr. Pierce's Food and Motherhood. These organs voraciously prescription makes these organs strong and well. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration and soothes pain. It has transformed thousands of sickly, nervous, petulant, childless and unhappy women into happy, healthy, helpful, amiable wives and mothers. It banishes the discomforts of the period of prospective maternity and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. Good medicine dealers sell it and an honest druggist does not try to urge upon you an inferior substitute for a little extra profit.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, a 1008-page home doctor-book, paper-covered, sent for 31 one-cent stamps, to cover customs and mailing only, or French cloth binding 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE EVOLUTION OF CHRISTMAS

You enter the store at the centre, and the Christmas Spirit immediately falls upon you. The Silver threads glisten in the colored lights of Christmas Trees, upon which so many young eyes gaze with winsome gladness



KRISS KRINGLE



OLD KING COLE

There's a White Witchery Over the Woods.

KRISS KRINGLE

—AND—

Old King Cole

—AT THE—

BIG STORE

SATURDAY



"CYCO" BEARINGS ARE LIKE WINGS ON BISSELL CARPET SWEEPERS. MEAN LESS WORK NO NOISE NO OILING LAST LONGER. LARGEST SWEEPER MAKERS IN THE WORLD. BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO. GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. "CYCO" BEARINGS

This Store Must Satisfy Everybody.

—and it will satisfy everybody but us. If we thought it perfect, we should stop trying, and stop means to go backward, or to get ready for it.

But the store satisfies you because it makes every transaction satisfactory. It is too much to hope that we shall run this business without an occasional blunder. But blunders are fewer and fewer as the days go by, and at no time in the past has the store been so perfectly equipped for the vast business that surges here during the Xmas holidays.

We expect large business this Xmas—planned for it—gathered stocks a third greater than we ever had. And made greatest economies to the gathering. Today's news and each day's news this opportunity for wise saying in supplying personal and household needs. Only satisfactory goods can be counted cheap.

A Regular Saving Bank in Furs.

The sample kind are the best because the skins are more carefully selected and sewed together better.

Here's a lot comprising collarettes, Collars, Caps, Mitts, Muffs, Gloves, Jackets, Capes, Boss, In Seal Astracan, Persian, Baltic, South Sea Mink, Gray Lamb Electric Opposum, Wool Seal, Conev Seal Mitts and Gloves, worth 10.00 and 12.00 for 5.00, 6.00 7.00

Ladies' Baltic Seal Mitts at Wholesale prices. Ladies' Gauntlet Astracan Mitts \$1.45 Ladies' Mitts, \$2.00, 2.75 and 3.00 worth 3.00, 4.00 and 5.00.

JAS PATON & CO.

What shall I give for Xmas.....

This is the question of the day, but a visit to THE BIG STORE will easily, delightfully, economically solve it. Perhaps it's to be a Fur Collar for your best fellow, we have Beaver and Persian Lamb Collars and Mitts and Gloves in Seal.

JAS. PATON & CO.

Old King Cole that Merry Old Soul And the King with the Black Bird Pie

Will open for SATURDAY EVENING at the big store. Holiday Times will show the capacities of the Big Store for Children's White Fur Sets, Collars' Mitts and Caps at \$1.50—a serviceable, useful sets and just the thing to keep little Maggie, Russell or Gordon warm.

Muffs.

Hair \$1.25, 2.00, 2.50. Astracan \$2.50, 3.50 and 4.00. Opposum \$2.60, 3.25 and 4.50. Wool Seal 4.50, 5.50, and 6.00. Black Opposum, Brown Opposum 2.25. Baltic Seal, 4.50. Sable Muff 9.50. Black Thibet 6.00 and 7.00. Beaver 9.00 and 10.00. Persian Lamb 8.00 and 9.00.

Fur Capes.

13 Greenland Seal Capes at 25 per cent off for spot cash. Prices are as follows—22.50, 25.00 and 30.00.

Got a Husband ?



What a question. Of course you have, or you'd not be reading this ad. What are you going to do to make Christmas happy? Do you know that lots of men dread the coming of Christmas? Yes indeed they do. And it's all because they're so often remembered with something that they don't want. Don't let anything of that kind mar your husband's Christmas. Here's a store full of things for men, bought to sell to men, bought to delight men, bought for men to wear. What a happy place to come to, if you've a husband or a brother on your Christmas list. All we've been learning these years about tickling men's fancies is at your service. All these things that we have bought to sell to "him," and that we know "he" needs and wants are here and waiting for you. What a happy man he'll be, who discovers his wife trying to hide an Edwards bundle from his sight, not many misgivings can that lucky fellow have about his Christmas.

Ruffs.

Blsek Hair Ruffs 1.00 np. Minks 1.00, 1.50 and 2.00. Grey Lamb 5.00 and 5.50. Sable 7.00 and 8.00. Astrakhan 5.00 and 6.00. Chinculla 1.35. Thibet Boa 9.00.

Ladies Storm Collars

Persian Lamb Collar \$15.00 with ripple. Opposum Collar 4.00. Greenland Seal 12.50 with ripple. Grey Lamb 12.50 with ripple. Beaver 7.50. Conev Collars 2.55. Fur Sets Ruffs, and Mitts for \$2.00.

JAMES. PATON CO.