HARK Something' Fell !

CROCKERY and FANCY GOODS, Talcott, bracing himself on his short leg have all dropped lower in prices.

Do not purchase your Christmas presents too soon. We have \$1,000 better just think over about this here worth of Fancy and Useful articles fence, said he, as he turned stiffly away. to open for Christmas trade. Do not Mrs. Talcott had come out of the house be deceived by travelling pedlers and with a little bowl in her hands ; a pleasing send away for Furniture when you remains of sandy-haired prettiness. can buy it cheaper at home and get satisfaction.

READ SOME SAMPLE PRICES.

Walnut Parlor Suits,....., Marble Top Chamber Suits. . 33 25 Woven Wire Mattrasses. . Brussels Carpets, 95 cents per yard, cut to in the moment before the fried pork had frozen, a few dead bushes cut down, and match and made up free of charge. Dinner Sets from \$7.50 up. *

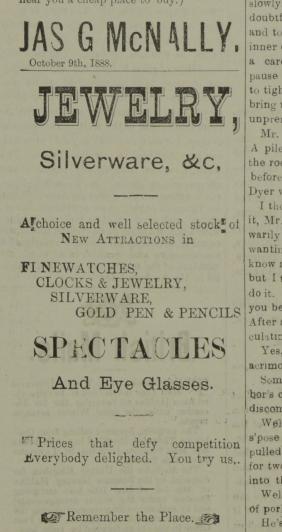
Ivoryware Tea Sets, ... All Brass Library Lamps. Parlor Lamps with Argand Burners

and Etched Globes—a real beauty, 1 50

and 70 cts. per dozen. Best Rockingham Teapots, 15 cts., 20 cts., 25 cts.

Best Crimped Chimneys, 4, 5 and 6 cents. inquiring. Counter for Christmas has become an established rule. Our customers ask for it. It will be on a larger scale than usual this season and genuine

bargains may be expected. (Do not pay high prices when there is near you a cheap place to buy.)



Continued. Mr. Long turned his eyes upon his irate

countenance. He was slower to anger than his neighbor. About them hens, he said, I ruther guess this line fence better be fixed up; needs it. They couldn't get in orchard, and that ain't likely. I hain't been calculating to lay out any-

YES, FURNITURE CARPETS, thing on fences just at present, said Mr. defiantly. Mr. Long's thin face grew grim. You

Mrs. Talcott had come out of the house

I want you to take some of my rising to Hannah, she said. They had known each

other by their first names some fifty years. When Mrs. Long opened the kitchen 3 00 stood looking out at the early August day sizzled itself quite brown, and the coffee come to a boil-her faculties concentrated . 2 75 themselves upon an unexpected circumstance just beneath her eyes.

Elias, she said, he's tearing down the White Granite Cups and Saucers, 50 cts. line fence. He's got Job Dyer helping him. She was devoid of suspicions concerning the fact; her voice was merely

Mr. Long was tipped back against the of his chair to the floor at his wife's announcement, and came to the door rather slowly. He stood there rubbing his chin doubtfully; and then went down the steps and towards his neighbor's yard. Some inner consciousness prompted him to make a careless and indirect approach-to felt something of the tranquillity. pause and inspect the garden, and stop to tighten the empty clothesline, and to bring up to the fence in an incidental and

unpremeditated way. Mr. Talcott was working energetically. A pile of worm eaten posts, pulled up by the roots, and broken pickets, lay down before him. A little further down Job Dyer was amassing a similar heap.

I thought likely you'd think better of it, Mr. Long observed with his eyes fixed warily on the other. This fence has been wanting fixing for quite a spell. I don't know as it's worth while tearing it down; but I thought mebbe, a little fixing up'd do it. But I'm willing to do my share, if you be calculating to build a new one. After an unresponsive pause, You're cal-

culating to build a new one, I s'pose? Yes, I be, Mr. Talcott rejoined, with acrimonious promptness.

Something in his voice shook his neighbor's composure. But he carried off his discomfiture creditably. Well, he said; it'll be a good thing.

into the house.

of pork on the table. He's set out to build said Mr. Long, taking his seat and shovtines of his fork.

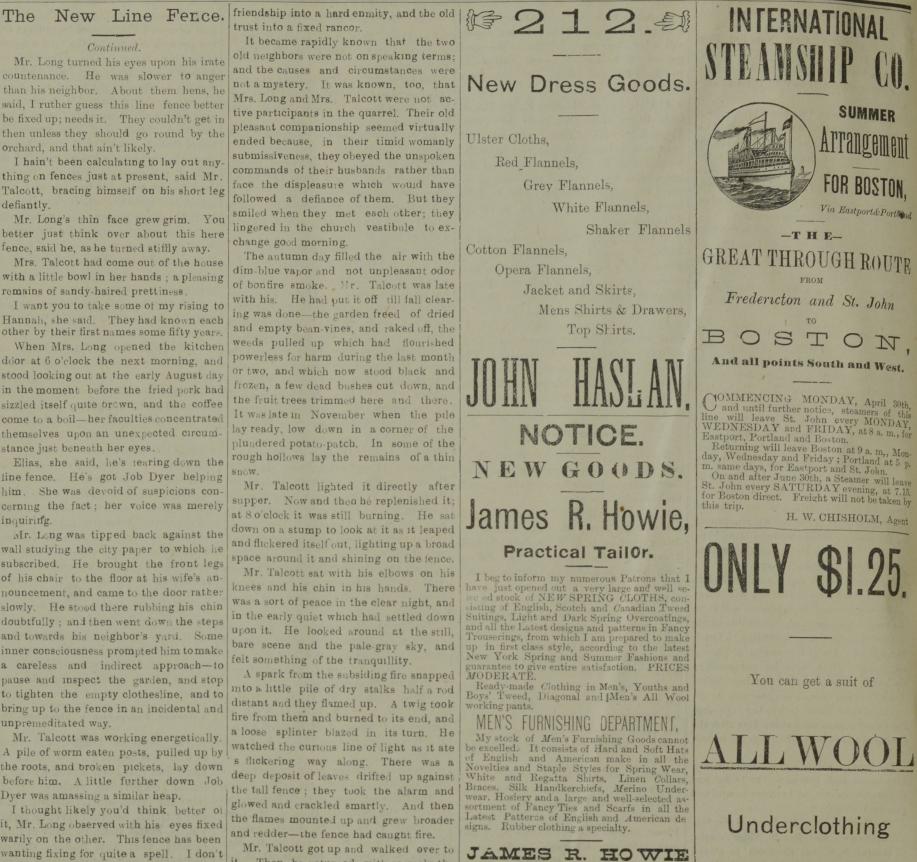
It became rapidly known that the two old neighbors were not on speaking terms; and the causes and circumstances were Mrs. Long and Mrs. Talcott were not active participants in the quarrel. Their old then unless they should go round by the pleasant companionship seemed virtually ended because, in their timid womanly submissiveness, they obeyed the unspoken commands of their husbands rather than face the displeasure which would have followed a defiance of them. But they smiled when they met each other; they lingered in the church vestibule to exchange good morning.

The autumn day filled the air with the dim-blue vapor and not unpleasant odor of bonfire smoke. Mr. Talcott was late with his. He had put it off till fall clearing was done-the garden freed of dried and empty bean-vines, and raked off, the weeds pulled up which had flourished or two, and which now stood black and the fruit trees trimmed here and there. It was late in November when the pile lay ready, low down in a corner of the plundered potato-patch. In some of the rough hollows lay the remains of a thin snow

> Mr. Talcott lighted it directly after supper. Now and then he replenished it; at 8 o'clock it was still burning. He sat down on a stump to look at it as it leaped wall studying the city paper to which he and flickered itself out, lighting up a broad subscribed. He brought the front legs space around it and shining on the fence. Mr. Talcott sat with his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands. There was a sort of peace in the clear night, and in the early quiet which had settled down upon it. He looked around at the still, bare scene and the pale-gray sky, and

A spark from the subsiding fire snapped into a little pile of dry stalks half a rod distant and they flamed up. A twig took fire from them and burned to its end, and a loose splinter blazed in its turn. He watched the curious line of light as it ate s flickering way along. There was a deep deposit of leaves drifted up against the tall fence; they took the alarm and glowed and crackled smartly. And then the flames mounted up and grew broader and redder-the fence had caught fire.

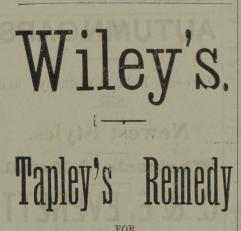
Mr. Talcott got up and walked over to it. Then he returned, with scarcely the haste that might be looked for, and start. ed for the pump. He seemed rather to linger on the way ; when he reached it, he stood a moment without doing any thing in parcicular before he filled a wooden pail, which lay near, and went back with it. The fence was flaming brightly; but he stopped to pick out a chip which had got stuck in the sole of his boot, and ued the woolen muffler he wore I around his neck with hands that were not s'pose it ought to been done before. He quite steady. Then he peered all about pulled a grass and chewed it undauntedly him, in an oddly guilty way, emptied his for two or three minutes before he went pail of water on the ground, and went and sat down on the stump again He looked Well, said his wife, as she set the dish cold and cross and uneasy, and anything but heroic; but there was a new-found warmth within him. There was quite a crowd about the ing his knife up and down between the place half an hour later, looking at the blackened remains of the line tence-His wife turned to look at him. Her several men attracted by the flames, and sharp intuition rooted out the dark side a few women hastily wrapped up. Mr. Long had come out and watched the con-You hain't had words with him, Elias? flagration from a discreet distance. But HANGING LAMPS, she said, a quick alarm in her pleasant he had drawn gradually closer, till he face. Now you didn't have no trouble finally stood poking over the warm cinders with one foot. Mr. Talcott stood I told him, said Mr. Long, reaching for near by. They did not look at each other for a moment. Then the latter spoke in a voice made high and sharp by the great-Went down jest like paper, he said. guess there couldn't anybody a-stopped it. I couldn't do anything against it-nothing wife watched him wistfully. She looked at all! He telt that he had regained by this some of the dignity he had lost by his own conception; he looked relieved. His neighbor did not reply directly. The darkness hid his softened, perturbed expression, and he was not the person to make it manifest. His tone, when he spoke, was composed and even conde-According to law, he said, I suppose I'm called on to put up the next one, the barn roof. It rose tall and stern and I might do it at any time: I ain't so terseeing you put up this here one. I s'pose rible busy just at present.

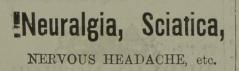






258 Queen Street





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of the statement.

with him yesterday about them hens? the coffee-pot, his hens had been making tol'able free in my garden, and the fence better be fixed up. If he's a mind to ness of the effort. flare up like a fool, I don't know as it's any of my concern.

He took a swallow from his cup.' His dazed.

She went about the house that day with an uneasy apprehension in her face. I don't know what to make of it, she kept thinking, in a troubled way.

Sheknew by the next night. The new line fence was done. It was seven feet scending. high. There was nothing to be seen across it except the upper half of Mr. Talcott's house, the tops of the trees and forbidding. And there was no gate. It was a hostile, uncompromising barrier. It was an effective monument to Mr.

The Summer passed on into the Fall, have a been relieved and cured by and the Fall became raw and windy, and have ye?-Frank Leslie's. eventually snowy. Mr. Long's tomatoes had not suffered again from Mr. Talcott's

hens. They had been eaten raw and that loves me, he that bates me, and he stewed; they had beep made up in catsup, that is indifferent to me. Who loves me, and they had been pulled quite green to teaches me tenderness; who hates me, be sliced and pickled.

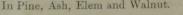
Mr. Talcott's fence had accomplished me, teaches me self-reliance. this, and a greatideal more. It had stood

old communication, and turned the old acter rather than being one.

Well, said Mr. Talcott looking down the garden, I rather guess you better build a picket. I guess picket'd do full as well. You hain't heard how old Lem Parson is,

These are my friends, says Panin: He teaches me caution; who is indifferent to

there like an evil monster, and had never Be careful to be just what you would been crossed. It had come down like a like to appear to be. We often think too curse from the skies, and shut off all the much of appearing to be a worthy char-

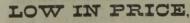


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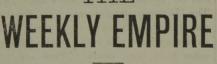
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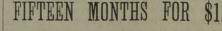
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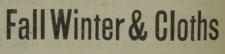


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