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STEPPING IN.

One of the fiercest battles of the Civil War was at its height. A Union recruit who had become separated from his company found himself in the presence of General Sheridan, the officer in command. The young fellow was willing, but he was uncertain.

"General," he said. "I'm durned anxious to get at them pesky Robs; where shall I step in?"

"Step in anywhere, you scoundrel," roared the General; "there's good fighting all along the line!"

Young man, I'm the general in command of these few paragraphs. You are the recruit, willing, but uncertain; listen to me, and I'll tell you how to get into the fighting.

In the first place, the battle is at its height. The man who is sitting about with the notion that this is a time of peace is going to get his head taken off by a cannon-ball the first thing he knows.

It is understood, then, that you are desirous of getting into the firing-line, or of being promoted to sergeant. In other words you want a job, or a better job.

Let me tell you how two young friends of mine got jobs.

The first was named Tom Sullivan. He was tired of the country, and decided to go to the city. His ambition was large, but did not point in a direction beyond his capacity—he wanted to become a truck-driver. He had just arrived in the city, and was standing in front of the railroad station, experiencing a feeling of astonishment to see that the street-car horses didn't have a pole between them and a neck-yoke, when he heard a terrific uproar, and a runaway team, attached to a truck, came tearing down the street, minus a driver. "There's my chance!" thought Tom; and, as the truck shot by, he threw himself aboard, fell on his stomach, struggled to his knees, gathered up the lines, and at the end of two blocks he had stopped the horses. Then he pointed to the name and street number on the seat, asked a policeman to direct him to the place, drove around there, and asked the boss truckman where he would go for the next load. Tom owns the business now.

Young man step right in anywhere.

The other young fellow was named John Thompson. He was born and reared in a city, but he didn't like, and he wanted to become a farmer. He went to the railroad-station, and asked for a time-table. Then he ran his finger down the list of stations till he

came to one named Podunk Corners. Somehow, it sounded rural to him. So he bought a ticket for Podunk Corners. Arriving there, he was the only passenger who got off. There was only four houses in sight, but he thought he would be on the safe side, so he stepped up to a man wearing chin-whiskers and tattered boots, and briskly asked if there were any farms around there. "Young chap," said the man, waving his hand at an expanse of country ten miles square, "that there ain't a lawn-tennis court." John started out along the road. When he had gone about two miles he saw a bull coming toward him like a locomotive, with a man behind shouting: "Head 'er!" John picked up a stick, and smote the bull on his nose. The bull was open to reason, and turned around, and started back. John grabbed the bull's tail, and followed. I have a reputation to maintain, so I dare not say how long John's steps were. They bowled over the farmer, and went on. When the farmer reached home he found the bull in the barnyard, and John nailing up the fence where he got out. "I'm going to stay, and be your hired man," said John to the farmer. "Be- pin to pay me when I get to be worth something to you." John owns the farm. Yes, there's good fighting all along the line.

There are always jobs which have got away from somebody, and are running around loose. Grab the first one that comes along. The bigger and better one you see coming may dodge, and get away, if you wait for it. When you get your job, do all your own work and part of some other fellow's. The other fellow who will let you will always be there.

I know a young man (he wouldn't like to have his name mentioned) who began as a clerk in an insurance office. There was a higher clerk at the next desk who got five dollars a week more. After my friend finished his own work, he used to help the higher clerk. The higher clerk was willing. As my friend learned to do his own work in less time he had more to devote to the higher clerk's. Soon he was doing about half of it. Then the chief of the division decided he might as well do it all. So my friend is now the higher clerk, and gets the five dollars a week more.

I know two other young men, one named Willie Smith, the other Bill Smith (no relation); each has a position in the same publishing-house as some sort of minor assistant in the bookkeeping department. I was in there the other day when the porter was struggling with a box of books too heavy for him. Willie put his pen behind his ear, and

smiled broadly. Bill jabbed his pen into a dish of shot, jumped over the railing, and with the porter's assistance, made that box walk along to its proper place. I caught the eye of the general manager, and pointed out the scene with a speaking thumb. The general manager nodded his head. He understood. Bill is going to get promoted unless he changes his ways. Willie is safe.

General managers and proprietors and other varieties of boss aren't always such fools as some men who work for them think.

If you are ambitious to get into the dry-goods business, and have an uncle who owns a big store, don't ask him to make you head buyer for the house. Don't go near him. Go to the rival store, and get a job in the basement at nailing up boxes. Nail 'em up tighter, and with fewer nails, than any boxes were ever nailed before. While you're resting, head up barrels. Then, when you get an interest in the business, make your uncle sit up by advertising every morning the biggest bargains in dry-goods ever heard of in your town.

So this is the way, young man, to get into the battle; step in anywhere, and go to blazing away. There's good fighting everywhere, and the general in command will notice how you fight long before he observes whether your gun is nickel-plated or just iron.—Hayden Carruth in the Cosmopolitan.

Develop Natural Resources.

Huron Expositor: Sir William Macdonald, the millionaire tobacco manufacturer, of Montreal, gave utterance to a wholesale trade truism in his evidence before the Tobacco Commission at Montreal a few days ago. He expressed an unfavorable opinion of encouraging tobacco-growing by means of duties. He believed, he said, that the country should endeavor to produce what it was best adapted to producing, and should import for consumption from foreign countries those articles that could be best and most economically obtained in that way. The present duty of 34 cents a pound on tobacco forced the consumer of the foreign leaf to pay that sum to encourage the production of domestic tobacco. Sir William thought that the growing of Canadian tobacco as an article of commerce should not be encouraged. It would be all right for the framers to grow tobacco for their own use. The farmers or the tariff would not change the character of soil or the climate of Canada. Tobacco could not be grown here of as good a quality as in more tropical countries. "I would not encourage raising tobacco here," he said, "any more than I would the growing of tea, coffee, or spices here. It is a

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blunder, a gross blunder, to encourage growing it here. But governments are always making blunders." Sir William might also have stated that a pound of Myrtle Navy tobacco that used to cost the consumer 60 cents per pound now costs 90 cents on account of this attempt to fight against nature, which he pointed out, and all to encourage the growth of tobacco in Canada, when the land and labor used in its production could be used very much more profitably in the production of some other product indigenous to the soil and climate of this country.

The Killing Instinct.

The wild pigeon, which existed in countless millions forty or fifty years ago, is practically extinct, so far as this country is concerned. Some idea of how it has become extinct may be gathered from an incident which occurred in Chicago.

The last wild pigeon seen in Chicago, so far as known, was encountered one morning in 1894 by Edward B. Clark, an ornithologist and bird-lover. He was strolling through Lincoln Park, a favorite resort for birds, and saw the pigeon sitting on the topmost bough of a tree.

He was examining it with interest through a powerful field-glass and feasting his eyes on its beautiful plumage, when a hasty exclamation from some one behind him caused him to turn his head.

A middle-aged man was looking hungrily at the bird.

"Good gracious!" said the man. "That's a wild pigeon! It's the first one I've seen for thirty years. I wish I had a gun!"

He Worked The Banker.

Recently a wealthy merchant in Paris who does an extensive business with Japan, was informed that a prominent firm in Yokohama had failed, but the name of the firm he could not learn, though he was most anxious to ascertain whether it was the one with which he did most of his business in that city.

He could have learned the truth by cabling, but instead he went to the man, a well known banker, who had received the news and requested him to reveal the name of the firm to him.

"That's a very delicate thing to do," replied the banker, "for the news is not official, and if I gave you the name I might incur some responsibility."

The merchant argued, but in vain, and finally he made this proposition: "I will give you," he said, "a list of ten firms in Yokohama, and I will ask you to look through it and then tell me, without mentioning any name, whether or not the name of the firm which has failed appears in it. Surely you will do that for me."

"Yes," said the banker, "for if I don't mention any name, I cannot be held responsible."

The list was made. The banker looked through it, and as he handed it back to the merchant said: "The name of the firm which has failed is there."

"Then I've lost heavily," replied the merchant, "for that is the firm with which I did business," showing him a name on the list.

"But how do you know that is the firm which has failed?" asked the banker in surprise.

"Very easily," replied the merchant. "Of the ten names on the list, only one is genuine that of the firm with which I did business. All the others are fictitious."

Made Little Phil Laugh.

General Phil Sheridan was at one time asked at what little incident did he laugh the most. "Well," he said, "I do not know, but I always laugh when I think of the Irishman and the army mule. I was riding down the line one day when I saw an Irishman mounted on a mule which was kicking its legs rather freely. The mule finally got its hoof caught in the stirrup, when, in the excitement, the Irishman remarked: 'Well, be-gorrah, if you're goin' to get on, I'll get off!'" —New York Tribune.